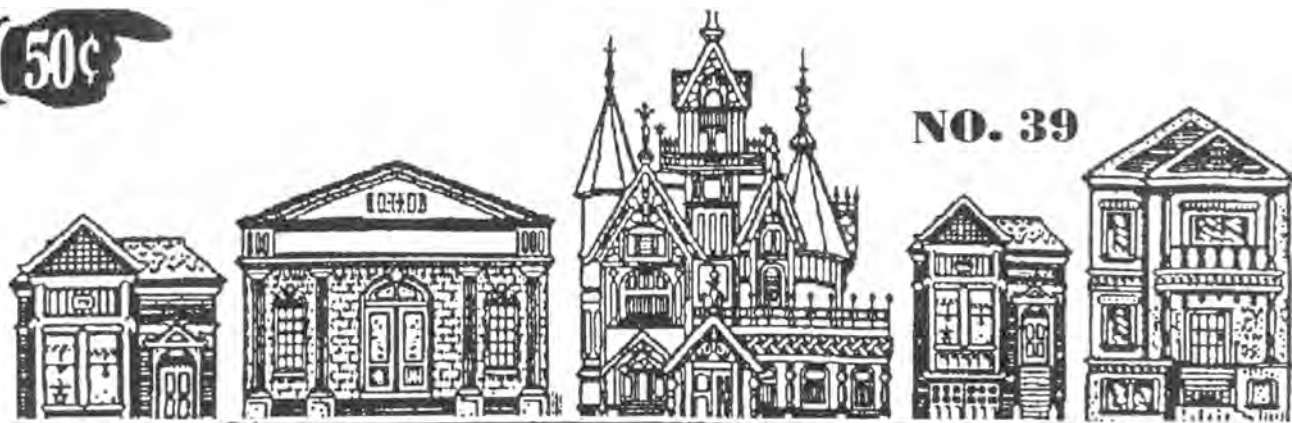


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NO. 39



Old Huntsville

A TICKET TO HELL

*A Story Of Murder, Drugs and
Betrayal In Huntsville*

by Fred Simpson



The never before told story of the events surrounding one of the most dastardly murders in Huntsville's history.

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ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: "THE ORPHAN CHURCH"

A Ticket To Hell

A Story of Murder, Drugs and Betrayal

by Fred Simpson

As the sun rose on Oct. 17, 1961, there was no hint that the day would be any different than thousands of others. Like countless small southern towns, Huntsville awoke to the new day in a lethargic manner.

Old man Putnam, an employee at the downtown pool hall leaned on his broom debating whether the sidewalk was dirty enough for him to bother sweeping it. Earl Frazier, a deputy sheriff, was sitting in his patrol car reading the newspaper and drinking coffee. For some odd reason though, he was having trouble concentrating.

Across town, William "Bill" Bowen was having the same problem. He had shown up for work at the regular time that morning, but was having difficulty focusing on the day's business. The previous day he had gone door-to-door soliciting pest control contracts and one person he had called on was a lady by the name of Janice Thomas. Now, try as he might, he could not get her out of his mind.

No one would have described

Bowen as a ladies man. Short, chubby, with a reddish complexion, he had a history of violent outbursts. Complicating the image that he tried to present was a perpetual shortage of money. Although he had recently been hired as manager of a local pest control firm and given a small raise in salary, a local finance company was calling him every day threatening to repossess his car.

Finally, giving up on any pretense of work, he grabbed his jacket and told an employee he would be out for the rest of the day. His first stop was at Clayton Allen's bootleg whiskey place on Stevens Avenue. There he ran into one of his closest friends, James B. King, with whom he shared a bottle of beer. They rode around for a while before stopping at the First National Bank where Bowen made a deposit for his company. Next they decided to stop at the Pullman's Cafe, where they drank more beer and killed time by shooting pool. When King casually mentioned that he had recently purchased some "bennies," Bowen insisted they go get them.

Bowen had a history of drug abuse and was addicted to amphetamines.

After dropping King off at the Fairground Cafe and picking up a bottle containing some 600 bennies, Bowen went back to work. Again his thoughts turned to the woman he had seen the day before. At about 2 p.m., Bowen decided to visit the woman again.

Janice Thomas' home was in the Green Mountain area in a wooded, secluded spot some 500 yards from the nearest neighbor. Bowen had left a termite control book at the Thomas home the previous day and it seemed the perfect



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Publisher

Cathey Callaway Carney

Senior Editor

Billy Joe Cooley

General Manager

Clarence Scott

Madison

County Historian

James Record

Historical Research

Tom Kenny

Special Assignment

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excuse to regain entrance to the residence.

At approximately 5:45 that evening, Huntsville Police received word of a murder. Janice Thomas' husband had returned home from work and discovered his wife's bloody and mutilated body sprawled on the floor of their home. Thomas felt her pulse to see if she was still alive. She was not.

The first officers on the scene were Sgt. Butler, Officer Hogue and Detectives Owen and Shay. After securing the area they began a preliminary investigation. The partially clad body had been found sprawled on the floor amid a large amount of blood. The murder weapon, a large butcher knife, was still imbedded in the victim's neck. This was said to have been the most cold-blooded and ruthless murder in Huntsville history. Within hours every available policeman was assigned to the case with only one order: "Find the murderer!"

Unfortunately for the detectives there were no clues, no witnesses and no one in the neighborhood had reported seeing anything unusual.

Late that night, with policemen working overtime in an effort to find the killer, an unmarked police car pulled into an alley behind Lincoln School on Meridian Street. The driver of the car, an experienced investigator, waited patiently for a figure to emerge from the shadows and slide into the front seat with him. The man was an informer, a small-time hustler who periodically traded information to police in an effort to stay out of jail. Tonight he was informing on two of his friends who had recently broken into a grocery store.

The investigator, after writing down the information, prepared to leave when, almost as an afterthought, asked about the murder that had occurred that afternoon.

"I don't know nuthin' about that!" The informer said.

There was something unconvincing, something too quick, in the

informer's denial. So the investigator kept prying. The informer, who had several possible charges pending against him, finally told the detective that he would name the killer in exchange for having his own slate wiped clean and his name kept out of the case. A deal was quickly made and within minutes the officer



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had a name. William Bowen, the informer's best friend.

In a matter of hours the police had a printout on the suspect. Bowen, 30 years old, dishonorably discharged from the U.S. Army, twice convicted of assault with a deadly weapon, one count of auto

larceny and four counts of burglary and grand larceny. During one of the assaults he had killed a man for which he spent time in the penitentiary.

At 7:30 on the morning after the murder Bowen showed up at the pest control company. Although he had no idea the police were searching for him, he realized it was probably just a matter of time. Retrieving a sawed-off shotgun from the supply room and a bottle of amphetamines from his desk, he told a co-worker that he would not be back that day.

Another employee of the pest control company later told police that Bowen had long scratches on his face and was acting in a highly agitated manner.

At 9:20 a.m. Bowen cashed a \$900 check at First National Bank on the Parkway. Bowen had either found or stolen this check a year before. He had no trouble forging the payee's name, E.H. Drake, to the check.

Paranoid and terrified that police were closing in on him, Bowen drove to Birmingham, taking pills and drinking alcohol all the way. He

abandoned his car at the Quick Park Parking Lot on the corner of Fourth Ave. and 20th St. in that city.

He walked to a post office, where he mailed a letter and \$200 to his wife. The letter read, "My darling, I am sorry about this, but I couldn't help it, but remember I do love you. Here is \$200, use it good, pay Ed for the gas. I will find some way to come to you soon. The police are after me, I do love you. Bill."

Bowen next took a cab to the Sears Roebuck Shopping Center and bought a suit, shoes, shirts and underclothes. After completing his purchases he checked in at the Plaza Hotel where he bathed and changed clothes. The amphetamines he had been taking all day made it impossible for him to remain calm enough to stay in one place. Two hours later he hailed a Yellow Cab and asked for a ride to Atlanta. The cabbie, after making sure he had the \$56 to pay the fare, agreed to take him.

In Atlanta he registered at a cheap hotel under the name of James Patrick. Around 11 p.m., in an attempt to learn what was happening in Huntsville, he placed a long distance call to the Fairground Cafe. Norma Dauberry, an employee, answered and the operator told her it was a long distance call for James B. King. King, who often frequented the cafe was present. He accepted the call and after a short conversation, told Norma it was Bowen trying to get him to come to Atlanta. He wasn't going to go, even though Bowen had offered him \$20 for expenses.

The following morning after drinking a bottle of cognac and taking more pills, Bowen called his family to learn what was happening. His wife told him that the po-

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lice had already been to their home and questioned her.

Bowen, in his drugged and drunken stupor, next called Sgt. Henshaw at Huntsville Police and said he knew the police were looking for him. The booze and pills had warped his thinking to the point that he thought the noise he had earlier heard outside his room was the Atlanta police. He imagined that they had surrounded the building and were getting ready to tear gas his room.

Bowen told Henshaw that he would turn himself in if Henshaw would call the cops off. Henshaw, playing for time and trying to keep the conversation going, agreed providing that Bowen would return to Huntsville immediately and give himself up.

Bowen immediately took a cab to the airport where he caught an airplane flight to Huntsville. Upon arriving in Huntsville, he took another cab to the police headquarters where he surrendered.

Ironically, the plane also carried two Huntsville policemen who were unaware of their fellow passenger's identity.

At police headquarters, Bowen was ushered into an interrogation room where they began to question him. At first Bowen denied everything, even claiming the scratches on his face had occurred when he was wrestling with a friend. Finally when all other attempts at getting Bowen to talk had failed, he was confronted with a statement from an informer linking Bowen to the murder. The police refused to identify the informer.

Probably realizing that it was useless to deny it any longer, Bowen confessed to the brutal slaying, giv-

ing this account:

As he drove toward the Thomas home the afternoon of Oct. 17, he had already planned to rape Mrs. Thomas. When she answered the door she recognized him and asked if he had come for his termite book. After chatting for a few minutes, Bowen, emboldened by the drugs and alcohol, told her that he wanted to "love her."

Ignoring her pleas that her husband would be home from work soon, Bowen forced her into the

bedroom where he made her begin undressing. His conscience began to bother him at this point and he apologized to Mrs. Thomas saying, "Mrs. Thomas, I am ashamed of myself and I can't go through with this." He started to leave when Mrs. Thomas, terrified, ran past him toward the kitchen.

Afraid that she was going to call the police, Bowen ran after her and began beating her about the head with a rolling pin that was lying on the kitchen counter. During

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the struggle Mrs. Thomas managed to scratch Bowen on his face before she was knocked to the floor, unconscious. Bowen, afraid she would identify him, got a butcher knife from a kitchen drawer and began stabbing her.

She was lying on the floor, "making a funny noise," as he stabbed her approximately 30 times. After the murder Bowen regained his composure and went around the house wiping away all fingerprints that he could remember having made.

Bowen claimed that after hitting Mrs. Thomas' head with the rolling pen his mind went blank. He had been taking amphetamines and opium daily and had injected some that morning. According to his account, he had become addicted to it while serving in Korea during the war.

"What will happen to me now?" Bowen asked an officer after finishing his confession.

"Friend, you've just bought yourself a one-way ticket to hell. You gonna ride the lightning!" was the reply.

Although, he was employed at the time, Bowen claimed to have no resources with which to hire an attorney and the court appointed James W. Baker to represent him.

On Nov. 14, 1961, William S. Bowen Jr. was arraigned. A trial date was set for Dec. 5, 1961. Before the trial, lawyer Baker offered to plead his client guilty to first-degree murder for the reduced sentence of life in prison. The offer was rejected, so Baker pled his client "not guilty by reason of insanity."

Circuit Judge Elbert Parsons presided over the case which was prosecuted by Solicitor Thomas N. Younger and his assistant, David L. "Dea" Thomas. The trial's outcome was almost a foregone conclusion. The state paraded a steady stream of witnesses in front of the jury to collaborate Bowen's confession, which was the state's whole case and had been obtained with the help of an informer. There was no hard evidence that Bowen was the killer, only his word and that of the informer, who ironically testified as a friend of Bowen.

The jury took less than two

hours to render a verdict of guilty. Bowen stood before the judge with his hands clasped in front of him, apparently unmoved as the judge sentenced him to death. His only comment was that he "deserved it."

Later, Bowen asked for a meeting with prosecutor Younger. After shaking hands Bowen broke the ice saying "no hard feelings."

Younger replied "It's just a



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job.”

On Jan. 15, 1965, some three years after his conviction, Bowen ate a heavy meal and went unassisted to the death chamber where he joked with guards as they strapped him in the electric chair, preparing him to “ride the lightning.”

Bowen died without ever knowing the identity of the friend who had betrayed him and sent him to the chair.

The informer was killed in a honky-tonk brawl a few years later.



The number of a person's relatives is always directly proportional to one's fame.
Barbara Strickland, clerk

A President Speaks



Among the many presidents to have visited the Tennessee Valley was James Earl Carter, better known as just plain “Jimmy.” Carter visited Tuscumbia during the 1980 election campaign, and the President's visit brought people out by the tens of thousands. “I like what he's saying,” said a visitor from Mississippi. “He's talking like a Southerner.” Equally crowd pleasing was the entertainment provided by country music star Charlie Daniels and his band.

A sour note had been provided earlier that day in the form of a march around the courthouse by some 70 members of the Ku Klux Klan, evidently bent on causing a disturbance. The presence of the Klan caused the President to depart briefly from his prepared remarks.

“As a Southerner,” he said, “it makes me angry to see them with a Confederate battle flag. The klansmen,” he said, “just do not understand what our country stands for.”

The crowd burst into applause.

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Weird News in 1905

Walter Bradford, a weaver employed in the Huntsville Merrimack Mills, was probably fatally injured yesterday afternoon by allowing the elevator to descend on his head. The young man was looking down the elevator shaft and did not see the car descend from above. The floor of the car caught his head on the gate and his scalp was almost torn off. The accident was a horrible one and Bradford is not expected to live.

The extraordinary conduct of a man who tried to kill his sister by inches by forcing her to swallow pins and needles is reported to have resulted in the arrest of the brother. The brother had systematically mixed pins and needles in her food and had forced her to swallow them. The story was at first discredited, but a doctor who was called declared that the girl was virtually a

living pin cushion. He extracted 72 pins and needles from her body and it is believed that she will fully recover. She doesn't sew.

Admitting that he shot his son but stoutly maintaining that he was forced to do so "to teach him a lesson" for speaking disrespectfully to his mother, W. A. Laurus, a grocer at Poplar and Dunlap streets, told the police that it was the only method to be used when boys forget themselves so far as to act disrespectful to the women at home.

The police made no arrest. Young Laurus ran away from home after the shooting.

Rice penetrating the ear of the bride broke up the honeymoon and may cause permanent injury to her by defecting her hearing, according to the opinion of the specialists who have been called in for consultation. The ceremony, which had been performed uniting Miss Eustice Newell and Mr. Richard Southwick, was followed by a reception at the home of the bride. The old fashioned custom of throwing shoes and rice at the happy couple was resorted to and many shoes and much rice was hurled in the direction of the couple, but no damage was done until a grain of rice penetrated Mrs. Southwick's ear, injuring the drum, the physician said. It caused such pain that the honeymoon was abandoned.

James Slep, a conductor on the Virginia and South Western, has brought suit against his wife, Hennie, in the law court here. The couple were married for several years and he claims that his wife was untrue to him. He substantiated his

suspicious in an ingenious way. He had telephone wires extended from the front phone to the basement of his house and sat and listened to the conversations of his wife with other men.

Mrs. Helen Mays, a widow who resides near New Market, was killed by a bolt of lightning this morning while chopping cotton near her home. The lightning first struck the hoe she was using and slivered the handle to fragments. She leaves several small children, who were depending on her for their support.

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Preacher Condemns Huntsville's Sins

Rev. J. H. Newberry, who is conducting revival meetings in the big tent at the Calhoun lot, says that Huntsville has many influences for evil. He has directed his batteries at the popular amusements of the city and says that the picture shows, the skating rinks and the natatorium should not be tolerated by the Christian parents of this city.

He said that the mothers who allow their daughters to go to the rinks and roll on the skates there are allowing them to run the risk of rolling on into hell. He said that the bathing pool and the picture shows have influences against social purity. He promises to continue in his denunciations until he receives a sign telling him to stop.

Two weeks later the following article appeared:

Storm Destroys Revival Tent

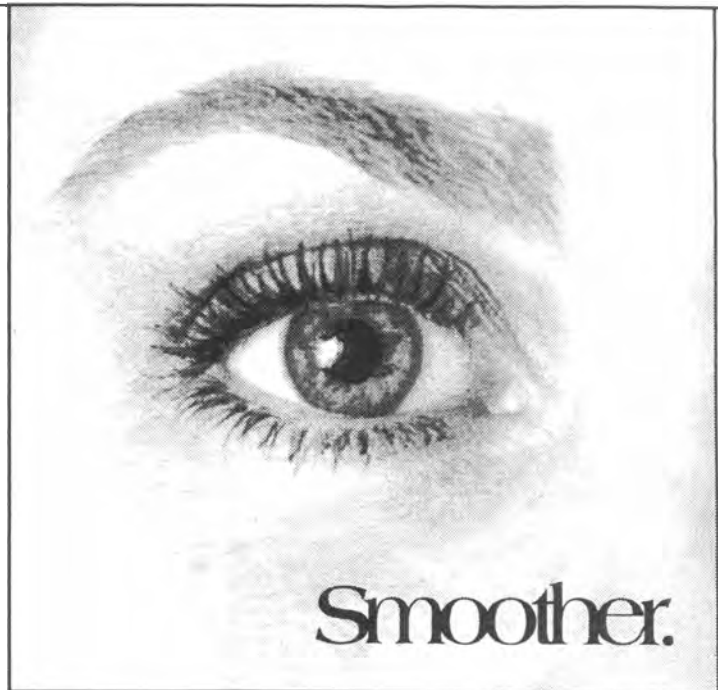
The gospel tent that has been put up in the Calhoun lot for the evangelistic services that were to have begun Sunday afternoon, was blown down in the storm of Sunday afternoon, an hour or two before the services were scheduled to begin. It was impossible to open

services then. Preacher Newberry is spending the time working on new sermons.

From 1907 newspaper

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The Myth Of Andrew Jackson

by Clarence Scott

General Andrew Jackson, the great Indian fighter and hero of the Creek War, and seventh president of the United States has gone down in history as one of our nation's most rugged individuals. He was so tough he was nicknamed "Old Hickory," for his unyielding nature.

But was there a compassionate side to this great war hero that people don't know about? Was he really just an old softy who has been misunderstood all these years?

Consider the circumstances of his "adopted son," Lyncoya. ...

On November 3, 1813 after the battle of Tallushatches was won by Jackson's troops, an Indian child was found on the field of battle sucking at the breast of his dead mother. The child was taken to Jackson, who offered money to any

of the captured squaws who would take the child and care for it. All refused, saying that as the child's parents were dead it would be better off dead also.

Unable to kill an innocent baby, Gen. Jackson had his servant Charles care for the boy with the only provisions that the soldiers had left; brown sugar, biscuit crumbs and water. By this means the General and his servant were able to keep the Indian baby alive until it could be sent to Huntsville, Alabama where it was cared for by Col. LeRoy Pope.

Pope's daughter, Maria, named the child Lyncoya and he stayed with the Pope family until the end of the Creek War in 1814, when, Jackson returning home, resumed charge of the boy and carried him home to the Hermitage.

In time, Lyncoya became healthy and strong, thanks to the

care he received at the hands of Mrs. Jackson. As a child, legend has it that he liked to dress up his head with any kind of feathers he could find around the barnyard. Legend also has it, that as a five year old he made himself a bow and became fairly proficient with it on Jackson's chickens.

When Lyncoya was eight, Jackson sent him to school with Andrew Hutchings, the son of the late John Hutchings who was a close friend of the General. Lyncoya was slow to learn during his first two years in attendance, however, after that time, his faculties seemed to awaken. He progressed rapidly, so rapidly that once again the General conceived the idea of making him a trained soldier. This subject was discussed with President James Monroe, who, it is said, heartily approved it.

Unfortunately, before

Before he gets away. . .

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Lyncoya's education had progressed far enough for military training, John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay held the reigns of government and from them Jackson could expect little in the way of political favors of the sort needed to get an Indian boy into the military academy at West Point.

As fate would have it, instead of a glorious military career Lyncoya was apprenticed out, in 1827, to a Nashville saddle maker. The following winter a cold settled on his lungs and he was finally given a leave of absence to go home. Mrs. Jackson did everything she could to nurse Lyncoya back to health but he died of pneumonia at the Hermitage June 1, 1828 at the age of sixteen.

The question is, did Jackson "adopt" this boy out of love and compassion or was Lyncoya nothing more than a piece of property that the General was fond of? As politically powerful as Jackson was he would have had little trouble in securing military training for the boy if that is what the General wanted.

If Lyncoya was an "adopted son" why was he apprenticed out to a saddle maker? This was nothing more than indentured servitude. Furthermore, why would the "adopted son" of the great General Andrew Jackson be forced to live in the unheated tack room of a livery stable where he would catch his death of pneumonia? And why would Jackson's "son" need a leave of absence from the livery stable to finally go home?

Yes, Mrs. Jackson did everything she could for Lyncoya to nurse him back to health, but who in those days looked after the sick slaves, but the mistress of the house?

Lyncoya was an Indian child, who was given fifteen years more life than he would have had had not Andrew Jackson taken him from the field of battle, yet the legend that he took him to be his son is just that, a legend. Jackson, probably was fond of Lyncoya, but he meant no more to him than any of his other slaves.

Andrew Jackson really was "Old Hickory," recalcitrant, resolute, unbending ... hard. Certainly

not the soft-hearted sort that would adopt a little Indian baby as his own.

The End

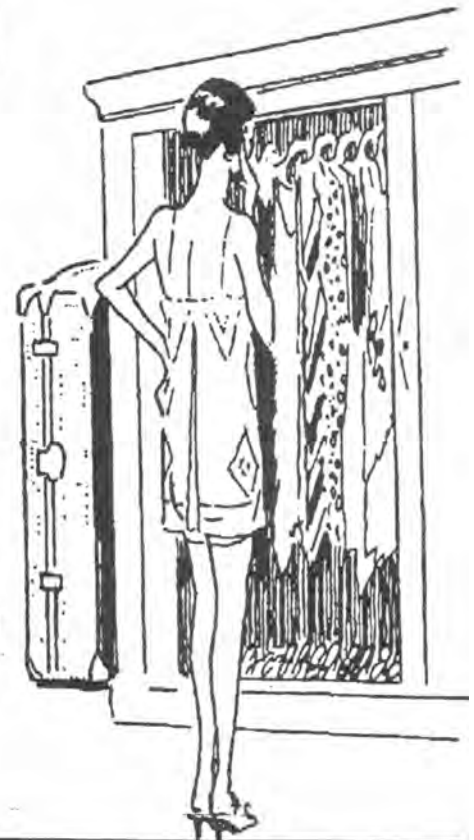
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Old Man Leeman's Ferry

by Jack Harwell

In the last issue of *Old Huntsville*, I mentioned that the origins of some of the local street names are not always obvious. Some, however, seem to defy any attempt at logical explanation. Leeman Ferry Road is a good example. Who is this Leeman? What ferry? The only body of water the road comes close to is the Big Spring Branch. And why does a street named for a river crossing lead instead to the city landfill? The precise answers to these questions have been obscured by the passage of time, but it's still possible to learn a little about such things, even at this stage.

There actually was at one time, a ferry on the Tennessee River called Leeman Ferry, operated by one William Leeman. (I should point out here that research for this story turned up at least four different spellings of the man's name. To

avoid confusion we will stick with the one that appears on all the street signs.)

Rivers were the primary means of transportation in pioneer days, carrying goods to market and settlers to the lands west of the Appa-

lachians. But they also were barriers to overland movement. The technology of the day would not allow for the construction of bridges, so ferries were used.

Leeman's Ferry was one of seven ferries mentioned in the minutes of the first meeting of the Cotaco County Court in March of 1819. (Cotaco County was renamed Morgan County in 1821.) Within a year another three ferry operators had been granted licenses. One of the latter was operated by one Hopkins Lacy, brother of John Lacy, for whom Lacey's Spring is named. Mr. Leeman placed his ferry near Lacy's, about three miles downstream from Ditto Landing.

Leeman apparently got into ferrying in a big way. In his history of Madison County, *A Dream Come True*, James Record says that Leeman provided stock pens and cabins on both sides of the river for his customers. To provide access to his facility, he cut a road from the Whitesburg road west to the site of the ferry. This could be called the first Leeman ferry road. It roughly paralleled the current Green Cove

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Road. Records further state that Leeman seems to have had all the business he could handle.

Exactly how long Leeman's ferry stayed in business is not certain. But with more than a dozen ferry operators essentially duplicating each other's services, it seems likely that competition would soon reduce their numbers. Nor is it known if the ferry survived Leeman himself, who died in mid-century and may be buried at the Leeman Cemetery near Somerville. The ferry is shown on Civil War maps as "Leman's" Ferry and also on a state map published in 1892. Leeman Ferry remained the place name for close to a century and appears on maps published as late as 1918.

At the beginning of this century there were still two ferries crossing the river between Madison and Morgan Counties, one at Whitesburg and one at Triana. With the coming of the automobile, however, the days of the river ferries were numbered. New and better

roads were being built for motorists. Bridges were finally appearing, thanks to the availability of steel. The Keller Memorial Bridge was the first, opening in 1928 at Decatur, a town that grew up around, what else? — a river ferry. Soon bridges began appearing all up and down the Tennessee valley, including the Houston Bridge at Guntersville and the Comer Bridge at Scottsboro. When the Whitesburg Bridge opened in 1931, it killed not only the ferry at Whitesburg but the one at Triana as well, forever stunting that town's growth. The Leeman Ferry road now went nowhere.

Leeman Ferry Road reappeared in 1928, beginning at Huntsville Hospital and running south to the old ferry site. On city maps it was called "Leeman ferry or Triana Road," apparently so there would be no doubt as to where the road led. As the city grew, the street layout changed and Leeman ferry (or Triana) Road got shuffled. The section nearest the hospital became



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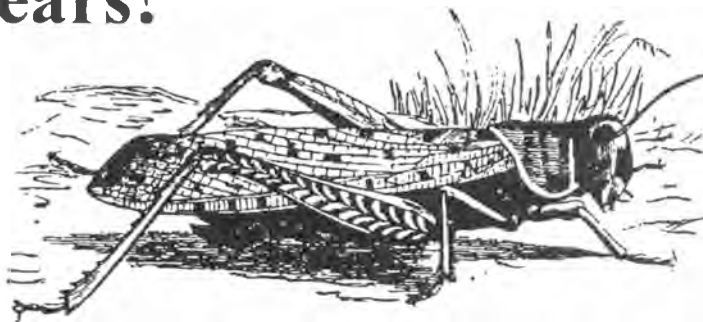
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Sivley Road, and remains so today. The northern terminus of the road moved to Clinton Avenue, near the Pollard Street intersection. Then in the mid-1950s, Memorial Parkway chopped the road in two. (Spelling was not standardized at that point: the name was spelled "Lehman" on maps of the day.) By that time, of course, the road no longer went anywhere near Leeman Ferry (or Triana, either), since the southern part of the road was on land that the U.S. army took for Redstone Arsenal. Recently, the part that lies east of the Parkway was renamed as an extension of Monroe Street.

The site of the ferry is just west of the Civilian Recreation Area on Redstone Arsenal. There is a rock bluff there, still listed on topographical maps as "Lehman's Bluff." Somewhere near that bluff, Mr. Leeman built his ferry, complete with cabins, and left his name to history — though not, perhaps, in the way he intended.



Grasshopper in Tom Wall's Ear For Three Years!



A grasshopper, after being lodged in the ear of Tom Wall of Monrovia for 3 years, was extracted last Saturday by Dr. M. R. Moorman of this city.

Mr. Wall says that about three years ago he had a feeling of some bug or insect entering his ear. He called his wife's attention to it and she treated his ear with hot water. After some inconvenience he thought no more about the matter, as his hearing was not inter-

fered with in the least.

A short while ago, his other ear began giving him trouble, and he went to Dr. Moorman for relief, casually telling him of the insect's getting in his ear long before. Dr. Moorman made an examination and found something imbedded in the ear against the drum, as far down as it could be. He drew it out and much to his surprise and that of Mr. Wall, it was a grasshopper of medium size. It was in a perfect state of preservation. The shell, of course, was all that remained, the other parts having decomposed. Dr. Moorman says that while the case is unusual, such things are not unknown in medical history.

from 1907 Huntsville newspaper

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Someone with one watch
knows exactly what time it is;
someone with two watches is
never quite sure.

John Rader, retired

Captain Frank Gurley Seeks Revenge On Yankee Turncoat

The year was 1914 and the Civil War had been a memory for almost a half-century. A new and more terrible war had just started in Europe and by its conclusion millions would be dead and many more millions would be left in desolation with no hope.

In Alabama, Capt. Frank Gurley, the stouthearted Confederate veteran was in the twilight of his days. A hero and defender of Huntsville and North Alabama, Gurley had tried to live a peaceful existence since those long ago days when he had pledged his honor and life to the Confederate States of America.

As Captain of the 4th Alabama Cavalry, he kept in touch with the remaining men who had fought beside him against the northern aggressors. Gurley felt it his duty to represent these men and do for them all he could in matters pertinent to them.

In the fall of 1914 it was brought to his attention that one D.B.F. Whitaker was on the pension rolls of the State of Alabama Pension Bureau for the relief of Confederate soldiers and sailors. Whitaker was listed on the pension

rolls as a private in Company D of the 49th Alabama Regiment.

Certainly a commonplace occurrence for a surviving veteran of the Confederacy.

The only problem with Whitaker's name on the pension rolls was the fact that he was also on the pension rolls of the United States of America as having served as a Yankee soldier!

In his application for pension relief from the State of Alabama, Whitaker stated that he was an enlisted private from March 10, 1864 until July 3, 1865. Capt. Gurley knew from his men that Whitaker had only served in the Confederate Army a short time and then had deserted to join the Union Army, and now, nearly fifty years later, Whitaker was drawing a pension from both sides of the conflict!

This was an affront to every brave soul that had fought and sacrificed everything for the Rebel cause.

Gurley would not stand by and let such an injustice continue. The wounds of the Civil War were deep and the people of North Alabama

had suffered enough without having to endure the indignity of giving a turncoat a pension.

On October 31, 1914, Frank Gurley wrote to the Pension Bureau in Montgomery revealing all he knew about the Rebel traitor. Three days later Whitaker was sent notice that he had been charged as ineligible to a pension because he was a deserter from the Confederacy and was drawing a Union pension. Whitaker was given twenty days to respond and defend himself. If he failed to respond to the charges, it would be taken as an admission of guilt and loss of pension.

D.B.F. Whitaker never responded to these charges, was dropped from the rolls and never heard from again.

In some small way Capt. Frank Gurley, C.S.A. had come again to the defense of Huntsville and North Alabama. He had restored to his native land its honor and dignity and driven out the Yankee invader from his home.



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Chewing Gum Results in Death of Young Woman

from 1907 Huntsville newspaper

Miss Elizabeth Goodwin, 21 years old of Birmingham, died today in the Huntsville hospital from lockjaw, a victim of her own habit of chewing gum almost incessantly.

For ten years she has been addicted to the chewing gum habit, and her jaws have worked incessantly, finally becoming cramped and then they clamped shut to open no more.

Her parents remonstrated with her but their scoldings were fruitless. In the corners of the house, under the tables and chairs, behind the bedposts they found bars where the girl had pasted them to use them again when she had no more money to buy fresh gum.

When the young woman became engaged several months ago her fiance asked her to give up the habit. He told her it made him nervous to watch her jaws moving constantly and Miss Goodwin made a determined effort to give up the habit. She was unable to do so and several days ago was taken to the hospital suffering from lockjaw. Food and medicine were given her by means of a hypodermic syringe but she grew steadily worse. Her parents could not bear to see their daughter in agony but her fiance remained to the last at her bedside.

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Tips From Grandma's Day

If you have trouble with digestion, add basil to food while cooking. It will also help prevent constipation.

Products like coffee, chocolate and cigarettes contribute to depression and highs-and-lows of energy. Eat a sensible diet of whole grains, steamed green vegetables, lean meat and fish, and raw garlic in huge salads with sprouts, onions and lots of seeds and raisins.

Those who drink raw sauerkraut juice every day seem to be able to avoid the flu.

Certain kinds of cancer can be avoided by eating just 3 almonds a day, according to psychic healer Edgar Cayce.

Brown rice is good for the skin - it contains amino acids that you need.

For female problems in general, massage the back of the leg around the ankle. Rubbing that area can relax tension, stimulate circulation and soothe the female organs.

To prevent nightmares from recurring, soak your feet in warm water for 10 minutes. Take half a lemon and thoroughly rub your feet with it, don't rinse but pat dry. Happy dreams!

Paper cuts can be painful. Clean the cut with lemon juice, then dip the area in ground cloves. The pain should be gone in a matter of seconds.

For that bad hangover: rub a quarter lemon under each armpit; or take 1 tablespoonful of honey every minute for 5 minutes; or, take 1/8 teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a glass of water; or try a cup of ginger tea.



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Hair Designs



by
Sue Crow

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FIRST SIGHT!

by Ron Jeffries

The first memory I have of Huntsville is hundreds of yellow lights that shone brightly on the hill at Haystack Apartments (now the Hunt Club).

My pal and I were 16 and heard that we could meet lots of girls in the clubs over here. We soon learned that it was true, so we would drive over every weekend from Tuscumbia.

There were very few businesses to speak of on University Drive west of Sparkman, so those big bright lights always signaled that we were right on target. They came into view just as we topped the hill out by Waddell's RV sales place.

Even though we were minors, we must have acted pretty responsibly, because Ken Moss would let us in the Fogcutter, which he had recently built. Later he hired me as DJ there.

I had arrived!

Since then I have enjoyed some good years in Huntsville as manager of some excellent night clubs and now as owner of my own Club V downtown.



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Ronnie Giles, trucker

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- 6 oz dry black-eyed peas
- 1 tbl and 1 tsp safflower oil
- 1 cup chopped onions
- 3 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 2 bay leaves
- 3/4 tsp dried thyme
- salt, pepper to taste
- 2 cups cooked brown rice

Put your peas in a large bowl filled with water, soak overnight.

Next day, heat the oil in a large saucepan over medium heat, adding onions and garlic. Saute til tender, 10 minutes or so. Reduce heat to low. Rinse and drain your peas, add them to the saucepan. Add 1 1/2 cups water and the rest of the ingredients, but not rice. Cover, simmer for 30 minutes or until one of the peas tastes tender.

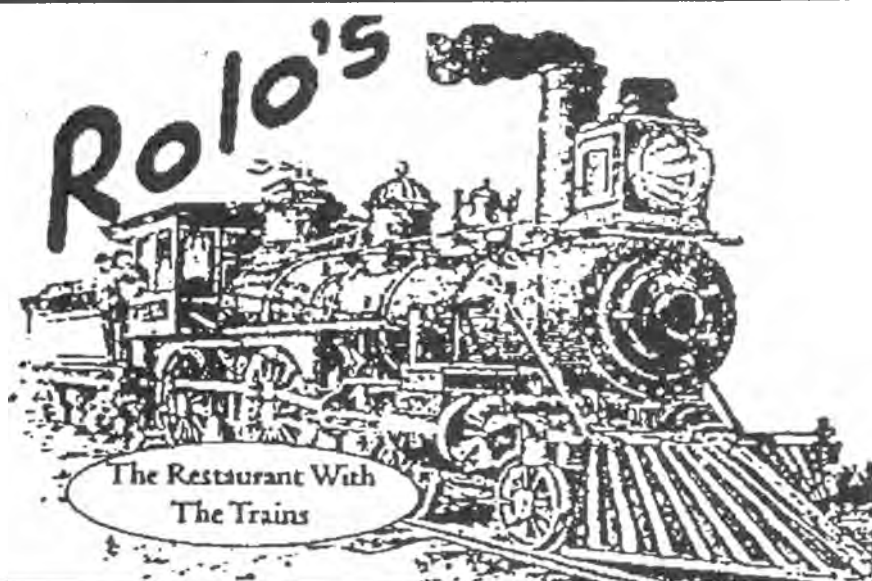
Add the rice, cook for 10 minutes and stir occasionally. Drop in a bit of Tabasco sauce, for bite. Remove the bay leaves before serving.

Spicy Pork Steaks

- 1 pound boneless pork chops
- 3 tbl soy sauce
- 1/4 cup dry white wine
- 2 tsp sherry extract
- 1 tbl Dijon mustard
- 1/2 tsp garlic powder
- 2 tsp vegetable oil

Spray a shallow baking pan with Pam, place pork chops inside. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour over the chops. Marinate in the fridge for several hours, turning occasionally.

Preheat your broiler or grill. Place the chops on a grill or under broiler and turn once while cook-



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ing. Baste with the remaining marinade, til done.

Garlic Leg of Lamb

4 pound leg of lamb
5 cloves garlic, slivered
salt and pepper to taste

Preheat oven to 325 degrees, make small slits in the meat surface with a sharp knife and insert the slivers of garlic into the slivers. Place the meat on a rack in a shallow roasting pan, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast, uncovered, for about 35 minutes per pound, or until your meat thermometer registers 175 degrees.

Meat and Potatoes

1 pound lean ground beef
1/2 pound lean ground sausage
1/2 cup finely chopped onions
1/2 cup grated carrots
5 oz grated potatoes, unpeeled
3 tbl ketchup
1/2 tsp dried thyme
1/4 tsp dried oregano
salt and pepper to taste

Preheat oven to 350. In a large bowl combine the meat, sausage and remaining ingredients, mix well. Shape into a loaf, and place on a rack in a shallow baking pan that you've sprayed with Pam.

Bake, uncovered, for 1 hour.

Soy and Pineapple Chicken

3 pounds skinned chicken breasts

1 cup canned pineapple chunks, unsweetened and drained

1 cup pineapple juice, not sweetened

4 tbl soy sauce

1/2 tsp garlic powder

1 1/2 tsp ground ginger

Place the chicken in a casserole dish, add the pineapple chunks. In a small bowl, combine the rest of the ingredients and pour over the chicken. Cover and bake at 350 for one hour.

Peppered Tuna

10 oz drained, water-packed tuna, flaked

2 eggs plus 1 egg white

3 slices of whole wheat bread, crumbled

1/3 cup water

1 cup chopped green pepper

1/2 cup chopped red onion

1 tbl vegetable oil, plus one tsp

1 tbl prepared mustard

1/3 tsp garlic powder

salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients, mix well. Spray a 4x8 loaf pan with Pam,

place the tuna mixture in the pan, pressing down with spoon. Bake this for one hour, til it turns golden, at 350. Take out, let stand 5 minutes, then invert onto a serving platter.

Oregano Tomatoes

4 Whole Tomatoes

1 tbl olive oil

1/2 tsp garlic powder

1 tsp dried oregano

1/2 cup wheat germ


Fresh ground black pepper

Preheat your oven to broil.

Place the rack in the middle of the oven. Halve the tomatoes horizontally, place on baking sheet with cut sides up and brush cut sides lightly with olive oil.

Combine the remaining ingredients and spoon over the tomato halves. Drizzle more olive oil on top of each half, approximately 1/2 teaspoon on each half. Broil 3 to 5 minutes, or til nice and brown.

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The Vengeance of Captain Slick

by John Crow



One of the first priorities in the settling of any region has been the establishment of law and order. The Muscle Shoals area was certainly no exception. North Alabama was actually part of the American Wild West during the early part of the 19th Century and as such attracted a variety of malcontents and ne'er-do-wells. In these years before the territorial government had established even a small degree of authority over the sparsely settled region, the burden of protecting the peace fell directly on the townspeople themselves.

Judge Thomas Jones Taylor of Huntsville described the situation. "For the enforcement of law," wrote

Taylor, "there was in every community an organization known as 'Captain Slick's Company' (I have been unable to ascertain where the name originated) who were the conservators of the peace. Whenever a man became notorious as a counterfeiter or a horse thief, he received a notice signed by 'Captain Slick' to leave the country in a certain number of days. This order was usually promptly obeyed, because one knew from experience that if found in the territory after the time stipulated, he would first receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back well laid on, and in case he still proved reluctant, he would probably have both ears cropped and a brand applied to his

cheek or the palm of his hand."

As Judge Taylor noted, no one is certain just how or where the expression "Captain Slick" originated. Perhaps it had a historical origin, as did "Judge Lynch" and "Lynch Law," which are said to derive from a Virginia justice of the peace during the American Revolution who dispensed swift judgement to pro-English Tories. Just as likely, however, it is nothing more than crude frontier humor.

Counterfeiting was a particular plague on the early American frontier. Unlike today, many state and private banks of that time issued their own paper currency. Furthermore, many less familiar foreign coins—mostly Spanish and French—were still in circulation. Counterfeiters who duplicated this money could easily bring financial ruin on a struggling young community.

"Captain Slick's Company" is known to have broken up a "gang of rogues and counterfeiters" who operated from a cave at Coles Spring in eastern Madison County, Alabama. Without doubt, there

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must have been many more such incidents that went unrecorded.

"Captain Slick's Company" brought justice to a miscreant who robbed John Edie's store. Edie had been dismayed one day to find his cash drawer entirely cleaned out. Every stranger in town was closely watched, but no one seemed to have suddenly come into any large unexplained amount of money. Finally, "Captain Slick" decided to devote some attention to Edie's handsome young clerk. The none too gentle methods of the "Captain" soon persuaded the clerk to confess. The thief obligingly led his interrogators to the money's hiding place beneath the steps of the Presbyterian Church. As a local writer described it, the "Captain's Company" then "bestowed on him their benedictions and gave him a coat of feathers, and sent him out into the world to seek his fortune."

It was rough justice, but those were rough times to live in.

The End

Residents of Dallas Village To Test Cow Law

There is a popular outcry in Dallas village against the enforcement of the city ordinance which forbids allowing cows on the streets of Huntsville and it appears likely that a test case will be had in the courts at an early date.

Since Mayor Smith gave instructions for the strict enforcement of the ordinance there have been about fifteen or more cows belonging to residents of Dallas taken up. Several of the owners have been placed under arrest when they appeared to pay the fine for impounding and they have been fined in the city court.

The residents of the village al-

low their cows to graze on the common and they claim that the animals ought not to be taken up because of this.

Some of the people of the village have set about to make up a purse with which to employ a lawyer and take the question into court.

1907 Huntsville newspaper

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Although Huntsville's annual Christmas parade was believed to have started around the turn of the century, the actual details of its origins are shrouded in mystery.

Few people realize it, but at one time it looked as if the Christmas Parade would be permanently discontinued. In 1976 the Downtown Development Committee, who had been sponsoring the parade, was forced to stop because of budget and manpower shortages. When Mr. M.D. Smith, owner of

WAAY TV, heard of the cancellation he immediately assembled his staff to see what, if anything, could be done.

There were only three weeks left until the parade was to take place. To coordinate thousands of details with so many people seemed impossible in such a short time. Regardless of the difficulty, Mr. Smith decided to try.

In the true spirit of Christmas, almost the whole staff of WAAY TV volunteered their services when they

heard of the decision.

By working night and day, the staff was able to organize about 75 clubs, bands, groups and organizations to march in the parade. Three weeks later, when the employees of WAAY TV saw the thousands of happy faces lining the parade route, they knew their effort had been worthwhile.

Since the humble beginnings of that first year, WAAY's parade committee, headed by Debi Benton, have assembled a group of dedicated volunteers, numbering literally in the thousands, to insure that Huntsville continues its tradition of the Christmas Parade.

The people of Huntsville owe WAAY TV and all of its dedicated employees a big Thank You.



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My Earliest Memories: 1921

by Nell Rutledge Porter



I cannot remember how old I was when Daddy had scarlet fever. He was so afraid that all of the rest of our family would take the dreaded disease. We told Mother that we must move out of the house and into a little old tenant house a few rods down the path to the barn. We moved only the items that we would need, but I am sure that we took more than we used for we did not know how long Daddy would be sick.

I can remember going to the spring and bringing water for Mother. We dared not use any water from our well because Mother thought that was the source of the fever. Someone had built a concrete trough below the spring and put a pipe down to it. The water was so cold that it hurt your teeth to drink it. I could have stayed up by that spring all day, but I had to hurry with my burden, for Daddy had a great fever and Mother must keep cold water by him as much as she could.

She would reach in at the window and put the stone pitcher on a table. Then she would pour out a glassful of water for Daddy. Sometimes he was out of his head and talked funny. At those times he would not drink any water. The doctor was not afraid to go into this room and he came about every day.

Every time I could get away, I would go for water because I loved to watch it trickle down over the

moss on the side of the trough. It formed a little stream that ran down under a culvert across the road and into the meadow.

The days ran on and soon Daddy was able to sit up. None of our family could go into the house though because the house must be fumigated. On a pretty sunny day Mother helped Daddy outside and into her old rocking chair. Then a neighbor lady came and she and

Mother worked on our real home. First they built a fire on the hearth and when it had burned down good they transferred the live coals into an old iron kettle. Then they poured sulfur onto those coals. Before they did that Mother had taken all mirrors and pictures out of the house because the smoke would have ruined them. As the fumes rose up into the air, the two ladies ran from the house. No one could live in those fumes, not even a mouse. That was how they fumigated houses in those days.

We moved back into our home in a few days, and it took Daddy a long time to get his strength back. His skin peeled off and the men folk called him "Skinny" for a long time. I didn't like that name.

The End



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billy joe cooley

AN EDUCATED MAN

BARTENDER Robert Grumbles and bossman **Ernie Ritch** of Judge Craters Tavern helped **WTAK's Pat Batson** and a dozen other ex-Johnson High students give their pal **Greg Dotson** a birthday bash Dec. 6, along with a dozen other ex-Johnson High students.

Bryant Castellow was kept busy during the holidays with detailing cars at his Dandy Detailing shop.

Sam Hess and educator **Freddie Hargett** spent an hour or more swapping tales of early Huntsville the other day.

Kevin Sharp, who erects communication towers around the world, was in The Vapors the other night conversing with barkeep **Jon Hansen**.

REUNION! Keith and Shannon Allen were in Ryan's Restaurant the other night making plans to attend the Butler High 10-year reunion in June. At the next table were **Chris Bullard** and wife **Wendy**, whom you may remember as **Wendy Knight**, a fun name. At still another table **Wayne and Delores Bridges** were celebrating her birthday while **Kevin, Kymberly and Tiffany Brown** cheered.

Darren Little and Randy Clark of Little Heating & Air were discussing great literature after work the other day in the Turning Point Lounge.

Congrats to **Bradley and Ronda Holland**. Their son **Avery** enjoyed his first Christmas. The other **Hollands, Judy and Nick**, are elated. So are their pals **Terrell G. Milby and Donnie Helums**.

BARBERSHOPPING! **Jane Fain**, a teacher at AAA school, watched on Christmas Eve as actor son **Bill**, 9, got a fancy haircut from **Floyd Hardin** at Jackson Way Barbershop.

Monday lunchtimes are special on Jordan Lane now that **El Mejicano Restaurant** has started opening seven days a week.

That was a wingding of a Christmas welcome given **Chick Carter** by his sister **Marilyn Horne** and hubby **J.D.** They had excellent dining at the Outback and a night-cap at Bubba's with balladeer **Tony Mason** and musician **Tommy Shepherd**. Maury County, Tenn., standout **Jeff Sullivan** and a dozen pals showed up. The **Roden** brothers and **Rich Barnes** headed the local doo-doo boys singalong delegation.

Christmas Day dinners were abundant this year as Huntsville's choice cooks took to their kitchens in droves. At the forefront were such culinary specialists as Mississippi delight **Julia Clark**, Hobbs Island's **Tracey Blackmon**, chef student **Clift Critelli** and Hillsboro Road's **Rita Brunet Otto**. Fat times



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were had by all. Even Nashville's **Shane Crowsey** came down for the doings, guesting with his pal **Mike Tozzano**.

GRANNY RUN OVER! Thanks to **Patty Trigg** (of *Elmo & Patsy* record fame) for letting us sing along Christmas night on her newest rendition of "Grandma Got Run Over By a Reindeer." It was on the **Doyle Brady Show**, which airs Saturday nights on Channel 48. Actually, it's at 1 a.m. Sunday mornings. Same difference.

Johnny Tona has finally bought a house and is moving out of his fancy mobile home. He'll sell it with all furnishings for \$4,500. Meanwhile, Grissom's **Scott Schlapman**, **Erin Keenan** and **Chris Lowe** were honing up on their expertise at Johnny's Family Billiards the other night. At the next table were **Taber Conwell** and **Nathan Bridges**. Then came **Tommy Kulick** (first-place in state precision machinist competition last year and 22nd in nation) with pals **Ray Hannah** and **James Gilbert**. **Greg DeVries** brought church teens **Jared Davis**, **Nichael Scott** and **Greg Ogle** (who turned 13 that night, Jan. 4).

Jamie Cook and pal **Brian** sumbody did the extra-nice tile work at the newly improved Club V downtown.

PRETTY TERRI Flanders (one of the twins) bounced into Eunice's the other day showing off her engagement ring. She'll wed **Danny Featherston** on March 26 at Whitesburg Baptist. **Deana** and **Roger Christopher** send to Eunice's for "10th anniversary bis-

cuits" on Jan. 14. Meanwhile, **Myra Dell McGlynn** brought the classy **Monetious Blackburn** to breakfast that day, along with **James Rollston** and impressive Georgia kin **Nick** and **Marie Porzio**, he of The Bombay Co. fame. At the next table were Blount County collegians **Charlie Hallman**, **Drew** and **Brad Holland**.

That's a happy crew at Brody's Bar & Grill (formerly Gator's) in Madison. The popular **Denny Cannon** entertains on Wednesday and Friday evenings. **Jeff** and **Sheilia Brody** are the new owners.

You never know who will show up at Bandito Burrito. Huntsville High pals (from 15 years ago) **Joe White** and **Sam Barnes** dropped in the other day. Joe's a direct mailer these days. **Brad**

Lusk, **Bart LaFans** and were swapping sports philosophies.

FRED LACKEY brought his video camera into Finnegan's Irish Pub the other night to tape daughter **Garmion Baugher's** birthday doings. **Lance Foslien** and his Applebee's pal **Billy Shostrom** showed up wearing a derby and a tophat. Hilton pianist **Charles Cruce** and **Susan** were also there, having completed a year of sailboating the Gulf of Mexico.

Pretty **Jessica Holt** arrived at The Turning Pointe the other night with **Robert Holt**, son of boxing enthusiast **Rock Holt**. Socializing at the next table were **Brian Bemis**, **Scott Couch** and **Mickey Clark**. Mickey was boasting about brother

continued on page 47

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Remembering The Cotton Mill Strike

by Ruby Crabbe

When I was a youngster growing up in Dallas Village, so many things happened it would be hard for me to remember them all. But the things I do remember I'll never forget, like the "Famous Strike" at Dallas Textile Mills.

The picket line in front of the mill was long and the strikers were tired. Some of them carried large banners proclaiming the strike and warning people not to cross the picket line. I can't remember who all took part in cooking food for the strikers but I do know that my mother, Josie Allen, did. My step-Dad, Mr. Lonnie Allen, took part in the cooking also.

Every day at noon he and Mama would fix hamburgers and coffee for the strikers. Now when I say hamburgers - I mean it would be such a large sack full it would be hard for us kids to even carry. Plus, we carried a pot that held three or four gallons of hot steaming coffee.

I remember one night several of the union members had a meeting at this certain house. During the meeting someone spoke up and said, "Boy, what would I give right now if I had all the good fried chicken I could eat!" At that remark the lady of the house got up and excused herself from the meeting. It wasn't long before the odor of good fried chicken just filled the house. It appeared that three good-

sized fryers had been roosting on a water pipe right outside the back door. Don't know whose chickens they were but they were never seen again on the roost.

I remember the union members and the nonunion members having a little get-to-together on 5th Street, now known as Andrew Jackson Way. The union members were on one side of the street, the nonunion members on the other. On the union side a large platform had been erected, and on top of it was what appeared to be a machine gun. Don't know if it was the real thing or not but a lot of the people didn't hang around long enough to find out. And on top of that platform stood Bill Jaco. He was singing loud and clear "We shall not be moved." That song generated a lot of angry offensive yells, but did that bother Brother Bill? No, it only made him sing louder and louder, "We Shall Not Be Moved!"

The End

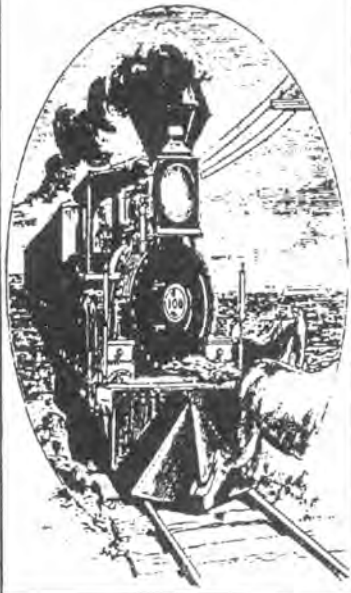
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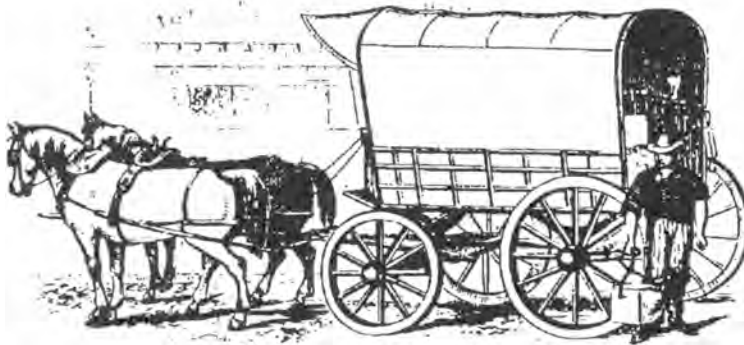
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The Wade Brothers, The Buggers and a Slave Named Sandy

by John Crow

Times were good in the Tennessee Valley. If a man had a trade and didn't mind some hard work, he could carve out a pretty good living for himself. Then the war came. Most historians barely mention North Alabama in their commentaries about the War Between The States. Since no major battles were fought here, it was considered a backwater of the main conflict. To the people of this region trying to survive during these perilous times, whether they were pro-union or secesh, it was no backwater, but rather a permanent struggle against constant and unseen dangers. Sometimes a hero would emerge from this struggle. This is a story about the times, a family, and just such a person.

William "Billy" Wade and his younger brother John Dickie had seven other brothers and sisters besides themselves. Their parents, Richard and Sarah, owned a tobacco plantation in Virginia where the boys grew up.

When he was 21 years old, Billy decided it was time to fly the nest and seek his own fortune. In 1828, he and his neighbor friend, Samuel Adkinson, took off for Nashville. Both young men were skilled millwrights and Nashville was a bustling young town, so they

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figured they could put their skills to good use there. Sure enough, there were plenty of opportunities where they could put their mechanical aptitudes to good use.

In 1830, Billy was living in Lauderdale County, Alabama and had developed a fair trade at building bridges and iron furnaces. Billy's brother, John Dickie, turned 21 in 1835 and left home to join up with his brother. John Dickie was also a skilled millwright. The two brothers started their own contracting business and began to expand their trade.

Sometime prior to 1838 the boy's mother, Sarah, requested her

sons to come home to Virginia for a visit. While there, Sarah gave to John Dickie \$1500. To Billy, she gave a slave named Sandy. Sandy's grandfather had been brought to Virginia on a slave ship from Senegal on the coast of northwest Africa. Sandy himself was an intelligent man with striking features. He had thin lips, a narrow nose, a fair complexion, and sandy colored hair. He was a skilled shoemaker, and accomplished farmer, and also a millwright.

When the Wade brothers and Sandy returned to the Tennessee Valley, Billy and John Dickie cut a deal with John R. and S. S. Henry to build a bridge across the Tennessee River. The bridge was to be located east of Florence and was to connect the north bank of the Tennessee with the town of Bainbridge with wooden piers. While the construction was in progress, the Wade brothers had a disagreement. As a solution, Billy purchased his younger brother's interest in the contract. Part of the purchase price was Sandy. Billy completed the bridge and it was the first one across the Tennessee in this part of the country. Unfortunately it didn't stand very long after its completion, for a flood washed it away.

During the ensuing years prior to the Civil War, the Wades settled their differences and went on to establish a profitable business. They acquired substantial land holdings in North Alabama and Tennessee, and Billy, with the help of Sandy and John Dickie, built a town house at 219 West Tennessee Street in Florence. Sandy planted a maple tree and two pine oaks in the front yard and a maple tree at each end of the house.

These were good times for the Wade brothers and Sandy. In addition to their contracting business, they both now had plantations to run as well as wives and children to support. John Dickie's plantation was at Iron City and was known as "Little Egypt" because even in drought years when corn would be in short supply, the neighbors could always borrow or buy corn from John Dickie's place.

These were busy times for Sandy as well. John Dickie was often away on business, and Sandy was left in charge of not only running the plantation at "Little Egypt" but also another one at Waveland (Cloverdale). As if that weren't enough, Sandy was given the proxy father role of correcting the little Wades. The Wade boy children could be a handful at times as illustrated by the following incident.

John Dickie had built a Christian church for his slaves. The preacher was a slave named Big Sam. Big Sam would preach twice on Sundays, once during the day, and once at night. It was during one of the evening services that the Wade boys and some of the younger slaves stealthily secured the doors and window shutters to the church, while one of the boys snuck up to the church attic. Big Sam was really getting into his sermon which was about the Children of Israel and the Walls of Jericho. Just as the congregation was worked up to a religious frenzy, the Wade boy in the attic blew a conch shell for all he was worth. The congregation, upon hearing Gabriel's horn, exploded into a mass confusion of arms, legs, and congested bodies trying to get out of that church. Unfortunately there were some minor injuries and

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Sandy had to tell John Dickie when he returned home late that night. John was pretty well upset and had Sandy get the children out of bed and tan their little backsides.

Life went on, some of the children grew into young adulthood, but then, which is so often the case in life, events occurred which shattered the tranquil existence of Billy, John Dickie, and Sandy. The South's secession led to civil war. As was the case with many of the inhabitants of North Alabama, the Wade brothers were opposed to the war. It wasn't a question of being pro Yankee as it was of being anti-war. The family was split, however, as Billy Wade's son, Samuel, enlisted in a Confederate cavalry unit, and John Dickie's son, Andrew, enlisted in a Union regiment.

Life for the inhabitants of North Alabama was very difficult during the War Between The States. The region was occupied by Union forces, off and on, for most of the war. For the farmers and towns people trying to eke out a living, this created untold hardships. Under Union occupation, livestock and foodstuffs were often confiscated for the Union army, regardless of a person's political persuasions. To carry on what was once normal commerce between towns now required special passes from the Union generals, which may or may not be granted. Even if one were to secure a properly authorized pass there was no guarantee that one could successfully reach one's destination with person and property intact. There were always Yankee patrols who weren't always too kind to "reb" civilians, particularly if the Confederate raiders had been active.

Then there were the Confederates, whether regulars or parti-

sans, who were always in short supply of everything. Sometimes they might pay for what they confiscated with Confederate money or scrip. The only problem with that was that you couldn't buy anything with it. To make matters worse, if a neighbor had a grudge on you all he had to do was to inform whichever authority was in power at the moment that you were aiding and abetting the enemy and your might find yourself in some filthy jail, or worse, at the wrong end of a dangling rope.

There was one other variable in this survival equation, and it was the most dangerous and vicious of all. These were the roving bands of

ruthless outlaws that indiscriminately stole, pillaged, raped, and murdered the poor inhabitants of North Alabama. They were made up of deserters from both Armies, common criminals, and any other low life that cared to join. Besides preying on the weaker civilian population, they would sometimes bushwhack the quartermaster and payroll wagons of either Army and thus were hunted by both Union and Confederate Army patrols. In North Alabama they were called Buggers.

The Wade brothers tried to carry on and make a living amongst all this mess. Sometimes they were

continued on page 35

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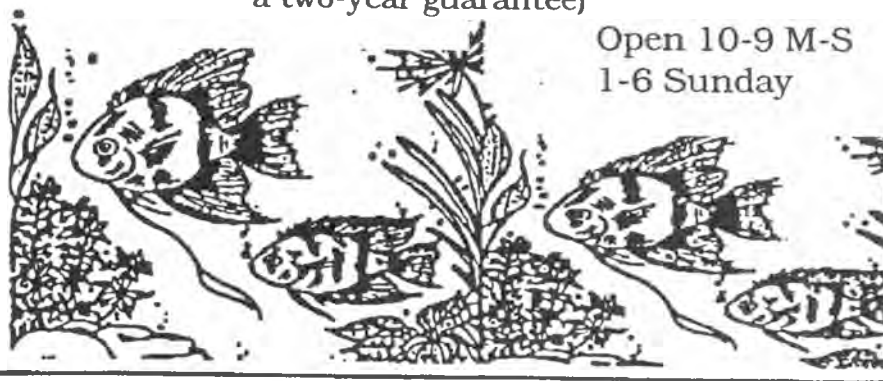
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Tips from Earlene

A very old cure for influenza is to take equal parts of good vinegar and water; to a teacupful of this mixture add one spoonful of Cayenne; sweeten with honey or sugar. Take a tablespoon at going to bed, and one during the night, if the cough be troublesome.

Clean a brass kettle before us-

ing it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

Woolen goods should be washed in very hot water with soap, and as soon as the article is cleansed, immerse it in cold water, let it then be wrung and hung up to dry.

To renovate your feather pillows, set your clothes dryer on air setting and let the pillows tumble for 15 minutes. Make sure there are no holes or the feathers will work their way out.

Anytime your washer overflows from too many suds, sprinkle salt on them. Suds will disappear.

Whenever you get a knot in a fine necklace, put a drop or two of salad oil on a piece of waxed paper. Lay the knot in it and by using two straight pins, undo the knot.

Nail polish remover is good for removing tar and grease stains from white shoes.

For great results when hand washing sweaters, put a capful of creme hair rinse in the final rinse

water.

Get a bottle of wintergreen oil (available at all drug stores) and soak a few cotton balls in it. Lay these balls in closets, bathrooms and hallways for an inexpensive way to freshen up your home.

To get those mineral deposits from the inside of your iron, fill it with equal parts water and white vinegar. Let it steam for several minutes, then disconnect and let it set for an hour. Empty it and refill with clear water.

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The Wade Brothers

continued from page 33

engulfed by it. In 1864 Billy Wade was able to secure a pass from Yankee General William Rosecrans that allowed him to go to Nashville, conduct some business, and return. Billy was able to procure some supplies, medicine and foodstuffs for himself and many of his neighbors. On the way back he ran into a Federal regiment that, under the direction of their colonel, took everything he had. By Billy's account that amounted to three loaded wagons and 11 mules and harness.

Determined to get the property back, Billy once again went to Nashville to see General Rosecrans. The general wrote a letter to the colonel of the regiment that took Billy's property, asking for an investigation. He also wrote out a pass for Billy to go to Pulaski, Tennessee where the regiment was billeted. While he was in Nashville, Billy also checked on seven bales of cotton that he had with a buyer there. Even though cotton was at a premium sell price, Billy figured he didn't have time to tarry if he was going to get his property back, so he left without selling the cotton.

When Billy got home, he tried to round up some men to go to Pulaski with him. Word was out at that time that the rebel General Forrest was camped on the Tennessee River, and was also headed toward Pulaski. Because of this Billy couldn't get anyone to go with him, so he decided to call the trip off for the time being and go back to Nashville to sell his cotton.

While on the road to Nashville, Billy discovered that the culprit

Yankee regiment was ahead of him. His first impulse was to leave the road and hide, but then he reasoned that the letter and pass from General Rosecrans would protect him. Sure enough, he ran into the Yankees and was brought before Col. Spalding, the regimental commander. The good colonel didn't bother to read Billy's papers, but stuffed them and Billy's book into

his pocket. What followed next is best described in Billy's own words, "... in a few minutes I was taken off of a very fine riding mare worth \$170.00 and my pocket book had \$760.00 in it. It was 20 minutes from the time I met the Federals until I was penniless, shoeless, and without any hat to wear on my head." Billy was taken to Pulaski and thrown in jail. He languished



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there for 9 weeks. Finally, during Confederate General Hood's advance toward Nashville, Billy and some other prisoners were overtaken by the Confederates and finally released. Billy had been in captivity a total of 11 weeks.

Billy did make it to Nashville and back in the Spring of 1865. He had been on a cotton selling trip for himself and John Dickie. Apparently it had been a successful trip for he brought back \$12,000.00, mostly in gold. He had brought the gold back through Union lines by concealing it in a hollow oxen yoke.

When John Dickie received his share of the gold, he hid most of it in the family cemetery. The rest he concealed in a hollow oxen yoke that was hung in full view on the barn. The rest of the gold he stashed under the stairs of his home. It wasn't too long before news of such a large amount of money became public knowledge.

On the night of April 9, 1865, the Buggers paid "little Egypt" a call. The scoundrels were dressed in Federal uniforms, probably captured in a raid, and at first claimed to be members of a Union regiment stationed close by. They roused John Dickie from the house and demanded to know where the gold was. Seeing that their threats were having no effect on him, they decided to play a little rougher.

In the front yard of the house was a large T-shaped hitching rack. The leader of the Buggers snarled out orders, and before he knew it John Dickie found a noose around his neck with the other end draped over the top of the hitching rack and being pulled taut by the Buggers. Again the leader demanded to know where the gold was. John Dickie

rasped out that it was in the bank at Nashville. At a signal from the leader the rope tightened, and John Dickie found his feet off the ground and blackness closing in as he gasped for breath.

While all this was going on, Sandy, who had remained concealed, decided he was going to

have to do something to save his master. He quickly grabbed fifteen year old little Johnny Wade and told him to go fetch his older brother Andrew's bugle. While Johnny was off doing that, Sandy quietly rounded up the other children and some of the slaves. When Johnny returned, Sandy led his little army

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up to a knoll behind the house and out of sight of the Buggers. Sandy whispered his plan to the group and at the proper time, Johnny sounded the charge on the bugle and shouted to the top of his lungs, "Charge them men and give no quarter!" The rest of the group then let out a hair raising Rebel yell. Upon hearing all of this, the women folk down below on the front porch screamed, "The Rebels are coming! The Rebels are coming!" The Buggers were thrown into a state of fearful confusion. Their leader decided that the local climate wasn't exactly healthy anymore, and he and his men jumped on their horses and rode hell for leather away from there. Meanwhile, poor blue faced John Dickie was left dangling, feet kicking, and hands clawing at the rope around his neck. The women quickly cut him down, and Sandy and son Johnny were able to revive him.

It wasn't long after the encounter with the Buggers that the Civil War came to an end. John Dickie gave his former slave, Sandy, a section of land for his own. Sandy built himself a home and settled down with a wife in 1870.

Years later the house was torn down to make room for another building. The two pine oaks and the maple tree that were planted on the property by Sandy are still standing, silent tribute to times past, good and bad, and to unsung heroes.

If people listened to themselves more often they would talk less.

Shane Crowley



Upstairs, Downstairs

by Helen Miller

If there was any place colder than the North Pole in winter, it was our one and only upstairs bathroom. With bedrooms to spare and all that other room up there you would think it might have occurred to someone to put the bathroom in a more convenient and a little more glamorous spot. Instead, it was built way back down a long hallway on the north end of the house with three outside walls exposed to the elements. From the outside it looked like an "add-on lean-to" with a large black drain pipe securely anchored against the wall.

There was no heat in there and for several months in the winter no one had to wait in line very long to use it. Every bedroom had a fireplace but they forgot to put one out there. Unless you were brave enough to suffer the consequences you drug out the old round galvanized tub and took a bath in the kitchen downstairs by the warm black Majestic. Putting the water in there was no problem - it was tak-

ing it out that I dreaded. It made me think twice before taking a bath and I learned to have something handy to throw at my brothers if they should come charging in. I shouted with indignation about the lack of privacy a girl had around that house but it fell on deaf ears.

I was almost grown before a downstairs bathroom was added and even then no provisions were made to encourage its use on those cold winter days.

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The Doctor Sez

by Dr. Annelie Owens

Alcoholism is a very serious, even a life-threatening condition. In large doses, alcohol is a powerful poison that accounts for 10% of all deaths, either directly (due to physical damage to the body caused by the alcohol itself) or indirectly (by accidents caused by alcohol abusers).

It is considered to be the nation's most abused drug, and statistics show that over 15 million Americans suffer from alcoholism or alcohol dependence. Most people

indulge in what we call "social" or "occasional" drinking and if this is done in moderation, it is generally not harmful to the health of adults. The problem is that it can evolve into *excessive* and damaging consumption of alcohol, and any drug taken in excess, or at the wrong time, can be harmful.

Recently, a report was published in the New England Journal of Medicine, which indicated that moderate alcohol intake - 1 to 3 drinks a day - cuts the risk of heart attack in half. This conclusion is based on the fact that alcohol raises blood levels of high-density lipoprotein (HDL), the so-called good cholesterol. The fact is, however, that drinking can cause high blood pressure, stroke, cirrhosis of the liver, car crashes, impaired cognitive abilities, birth defects and possible breast and bowel cancer.

Since these conditions are more common among older people, they should be especially wary of the consequences of alcohol abuse. Another point about the older generation is that they represent about

11% of the population in the United States but they consume 25 % of all medications prescribed in this country. Therefore, among older people who drink, the chances of an adverse drug interaction with alcohol are greatly increased. Long-term alcohol abuse will take a toll on the body, and such functions as vision, sexual activity, circulation and nutrition are all impaired by this abuse.

Because of its role in metabolizing alcohol, the liver is a prime candidate for the detrimental effects of alcohol abuse. It can only process alcohol at a certain rate - about one hour for an ounce of alcohol. The only antidote for drinking too much is to wait until the liver can convert the alcohol into a non-toxic substance.

Experts consider that about one in five long-term heavy drinkers develop cirrhosis of the liver. They are also susceptible to infection and may develop serious diseases of the stomach, heart and brain.

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with alcohol abuse, which affects drinkers as well as nondrinkers, is traffic accidents. It is estimated that about half of all automobile accident fatalities in the United States are alcohol-related.

If you think that you are jeopardizing your health through excessive drinking, now is the time to start limiting your intake of alcohol. If you are determined to give up alcohol, you can. If you find that it is impossible to cut down on the amount and frequency of your drinking, then you should seek help without delay, either from your family, your physician, or from an organization such as Alcoholics Anonymous.

A Letter



I am a native Huntsvillian. My great-grandfather helped lay the foundation of the Merrimack Mill. He worked there and his children worked there. My people were all cotton mill people but we were raised to show respect. When they tore the mill down we knew that an era had passed.

My husband's father passed away on December 3. He died in the same house he was born in, the house he raised his children in, and the house where he watched his grandchildren grow up in. He worked hard all of his life and was proud to be a Huntsvillian.

We buried him on December 5, without a funeral procession. There was a parade in town and the police department said they could not spare the officers necessary for a funeral escort. We were told that the police would like to get out of the funeral business, and that we shouldn't have a funeral on Sunday. He was sorry, and said maybe the answer is everyone should pay for this service.

I realize there is no law requiring people to stop for a funeral procession. For most of the people that grew up in Huntsville there never was a need for a law. People stopped as a sign of respect.

On the day of the funeral, with no police escort, we were forced to stop at ever redlight. Many of the mourners from out of town could not keep up and got lost. Many people, more interested in going to the parade, completely ignored the funeral procession.

Has Huntsville, in its rush to become a big city, lost its ability to show a little kindness and respect?

Julie McLemore Cook, Huntsville

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Robert May

Tracing The Petty Family Roots

by Richard Smallwood



A name that is familiar to residents of Madison County and surrounding counties of Alabama and Tennessee is that of Pettey or Petty. (Before 1900, either spelling was used, after 1900, it was usually spelled "Petty.")

The name first appears in Madison County, in 1817, when William Pettey and his wife Lucretia "Lucy" Wright bought property east of Macon Lane north of Darwin Road. Up to 1850, most Madison County Petteys appear to be related. An exception, was a George Petty, who lived in Southeastern Madison County and was engaged in the

mass production of cotton.

William Pettey was a Revolutionary War veteran born in Stafford or Fauquier County, Va. He moved to Madison County from Surry County, North Carolina. On 29 October 1832, he successfully applied for a pension. In his application, he states that he served twice as a private in the North Carolina Militia. He stated that he was drafted the first time he served. The second time, he was a paid to substitute for a man who had been drafted. He

was a guard for the North Carolina Legislature and took part in scouting parties to engage the British in limited attacks.

He died on 26 September 1834. His wife died on 16 August 1842. They are buried in a private cemetery on the property they owned. William Pettey's Will named the following children: Nancy (Hickerson), Eli, Lazarus, John Wright, Zachariah, William Thornton, James Williams, Thomas Meree, Benjamin Franklin, Eliza (Eastland), Amelia (Carlton), and Daniel Harrison (the youngest child).

Lazarus Pettey lived in Georgia and had the following children: Amelia M., Margretta W. and Sarah L.

William Thornton Pettey married Abigail Bayless in 1821. He bought land in Madison County. The Deed Records of Madison County indicate that he died before 1845.

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Music - Pool - Darts - Fun - Friends						

Zachariah Pettey married Rebecca Shackelford in 1822. She was the daughter of Richard and Mary Ann Shackelford. He died in 1854, at 61 years of age. He is buried near Mint Springs Rd. His children were Rebecca A., Mary E. (Spragins), Nancy (Guynn), Richard and William L. Pettey.

Eliza W. Pettey married Alfred Eastland in 1825 and lived in Madison County.

Brothers Thomas Meree Pettey and James Williams Pettey married, respectively, Louisa Roberts and Elizabeth Morgan in a double ceremony on August 1, 1825.

Daniel Harrison Pettey married Susan Stone in 1833. When his mother died, his father's farm passed to him. In 1847, he and his wife sold it to a husband of a niece, Thomas E. Spragins.

John Wright Pettey and his wife, Anna, appear to have been married in North Carolina. In 1822, he bought property in the same general area where his father and his brother, Zachariah, lived. John was a medical doctor and was occasionally listed as a justice of the peace in the Madison County Deed Books.

William Pettey, the father, and his two sons John Wright and Zachariah show an unusual pattern of buying and selling land. They do not buy land to be closer to each other or other family members and they do not sell their lands just to buy larger farms. Each time they buy land, they buy better land, even if it means moving further away from other family members.

This was a moneyed family, the males were literate and most owned slaves. In the 1830 Census Report,

William, the father, owned 4 slaves, John W. owned 4 slaves and Zachariah owned 16 slaves. In the 1840 Census Report, William's widow, Lucretia, had 2 slaves, John W. owned 6 slaves and Zachariah owned 22 slaves.

There were two unusual occurrences in Dr. John W. Pettey's life that concerned slaves. In 1821, he records the "Love and Affection" gift of two slaves from his mother-in-law, Sarah Harris, of Montgomery County, North Carolina. The slaves are identified as Gilford, a boy, 4 to 6 years old and Lamer, a girl, 3 to 6 months old. In 1821, Dr. John W. Pettey had at least three children younger than 3 years old. Since our society has so greatly changed, we will probably never understand the logic his mother-in-

law used giving him two additional, very young, children to care for. No reason is stated as to why his mother-in-law separated the 3 to 6 month old baby from her mother. Since they were a "Love and Affection" gift, there is serious doubt that Dr. John W. Pettey could contemplate giving them or selling them to someone else. He probably had no choice but to raise them as part of his family.

Secondly, in William Pettey's Will, he gives his wife the use of the labors of a slave, named Richmond, for as long as she should live. In 1859, 17 years after the death of his mother, Dr. John W. Pettey sells a slave named Richmond for \$800.00. In the 1870 Census Report, a Black man named Richmond is listed as living next to John W. Pettey.



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Dr. John W. Petty's estate names the following children: Sarah A., Anna E., Clinton R., William W., Albert G., William H., John Jr., Nancy, Richard P., Annie M., Daniel B., Cornelia A., Lucretia, and Newton E. (Yes, there are two brothers with the first name of "William")

Sarah A. Petty first married a Eli Mitchell in 1841, by whom she had a daughter, Amelia. She next married a W. Damron (or Dawson) and had a son named William. Her third marriage was to a man named Branaugh. She was living in the town of Madison in 1876.

Anna E. Petty married William Howard in 1852. They lived near New Market.

Clinton R. Petty married Eliza Ann Palmer in 1850. They moved to Blanche, Lincoln County, Tennessee. They are buried in Blanche Cemetery in unmarked graves.

If William W. Petty married, he did not marry in Madison County. He first moved to Blanche in Lincoln County, Tennessee and opened a store. When a post office was established, he was its first postmaster. In 1855, he sold all his prop-

erty, including store stock, lands, wagons, slaves, and store building, and left the area. In 1896, he was living in Winchester, Franklin County, Tennessee.

Albert G. Petty moved to Scott County, Mississippi where he married Luvenia Brewer in 1845. He remained in Mississippi.

William Howard Petty married Sarah Power in 1845. They moved to Madison County, Texas where they remained.

John W. Petty, Jr. married Matilda Power in 1856 and also moved to Madison County, Texas.

Richard P. Petty married Margaret Norris in 1869. He owned the Petty House Hotel in Fayetteville, Lincoln County, Tennessee. He had four children, Gertrude, Annie C., Burton, And Mabel. He died in Fayetteville, Tennessee.

Annie M. Petty married William A. Love and remained in Madison County.

Lucretia Petty married Thomas O. Love in 1856. They moved to Cluttsville on the West side of Madison County, Alabama.

If Newton E. Petty married, he did so in Lincoln County, Ten-

nessee. He lived in Fayetteville and near Cane Creek.

Nancy, Cornelia A. and Daniel B. Petty never married.

Dr. John W. Petty died near New Market, Alabama in 1876. His grave is not marked. Since only "The Huntsville Democrat" newspaper carried his death announcement, it appears that he was a Democrat. (The newspapers in Madison County at that time were politically partisan.) His wife, Anna Petty, died in 1869 and was buried in Foster Cemetery on J. B. Walker Rd.

Members of the early Madison County Petty family seemed to have been fairly close. But after the death of Dr. John W. Petty's children, family members lost contact with each other. By sheer accident, descendants of two of Clinton R. Petty's children, George W. Petty and Fannie T. Petty (Smith), unknown to each other and unaware of their family's early history, returned to live in Madison County. These descendants include: Ellis L. Smith, Jr. with the Madison County Sheriff's Department, Mrs. Kathleen Ritch formerly with South Central Bell and Ernest Ritch of Ritch Realty and Judge Craters on South Side Square.

The End

Richard Smallwood is a professional genealogist specializing in Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and Scotland. He is the author of numerous articles on researching family history and studied genealogy at Brigham Young University and Stanford University.



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The Orphan Church

Situated in the beautifully restored town of Mooresville is one of the oldest, historically significant church buildings in Alabama.

Even though a member of the congregation left a trust fund valued at more than a million dollars to the church, the building has sat abandoned for years, neglected and in disrepair because, as strange as it may seem, no one seems to know who owns it.

The building, commonly known as "The Little Brick Church," had its beginning in 1837 when Governor Thomas Bibb and his wife Pamela donated land for its construction. Mooresville had become an affluent community in those days and, although it contained many stores and businesses, it lacked a permanent meeting place for religious congregations.

Bibb, seeing the need, donated the land for a nondenominational church where all the different faiths could meet and worship.

The same craftsmen who built the governor's home, Belle Mina, were used to construct the church.

One of the most popular preachers in Mooresville during that time was Robert Donnell, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister. Because of his charismatic character and the religious fervor sweep-

ing the south at the time, the Cumberland Church soon became the predominate denomination in Mooresville. Though other religious groups continued to meet at the brick church they were soon at the mercy of the much larger and more powerful Cumberland Church.

What had been a peaceful co-existence erupted into a bitter dispute in 1843 when members of Donnell's congregation decided among themselves to secure the church for their own use and to bar ministers of other denominations from using it. Within a matter of days the whole town had chosen sides. Angry church members made fiery speeches while others, not quite so subtle, made threats of bodily harm to anyone who would dare to bar them from the building.

In the midst of this excitement a craftsman was hired by the



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Cumberland Church to install locks on the doors. This was the first time in history the building had been locked. Capt. James H. Gamble, a devout parishioner who had donated money to purchase the bricks when the building was constructed, was so incensed that he threatened to "tear out with his own hands every brick he had bought for the building."

Regardless of who was right or wrong, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church ended up with the building.

Although Mooresville was still bitterly split over the issue, the varied congregations managed to co-exist until 1868 when it became embroiled in another dispute. This con-

trovsky centered around the Rev. C. B. Sanders, otherwise known as the "Sleeping Preacher."

Sanders was supposed to have had clairvoyant powers, able to see into the future and perform miraculous feats while in a trance. Stories of his strange powers circulated throughout the country, even appearing in Chicago and New York newspapers.

While many parishioners believed in his psychic ability, an equal number scoffed at the idea. This dispute only served to intensify the already bitter feelings connected with the church. Several years later when a book was published about the psychic preacher the furor was so great that the books were collected in Mooresville and burned in a bonfire.

Ironically, few books on Mooresville's history touches on the controversy among the church members caused by the presence of Sanders.

Whether due to continuing conflicts or a diminishing interest, by 1892 the church was without a minister. The remaining membership was transferred to the rolls of the nearby Salem Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

The building sat empty until around the turn of the century when it was briefly rented to a Church of Christ congregation. This group, after a few years, disbanded. Then, Baptists rented the building, but soon moved to another location.

Next, it was the Methodists, who probably occupied the facility longer than anyone. They also moved.

By the 1960s the building had been largely abandoned. The roof was falling in, the wood was rot-

ting and the once-beautiful windows were now decorated with broken window panes. The only people who seemed to take an interest in the building were the citizens of Mooresville who took it upon themselves to keep the grass cut and perform what limited maintenance they could afford on the building they did not own.

There matters remained until a member of a Cumberland Presbyterian church began hearing rumors of an immense trust that was supposed to have been left to the church by an eccentric and wealthy parishioner around the turn of the century. Intrigued by the story he began researching old records in an effort to learn the whole story.

Mary "Mollie" Walton had been a member of the Little Brick Church from almost the day it was founded and had contributed largely to its upkeep. Through an inheritance and wise investments she had become one of the wealthiest women in the county.

In 1876, fearful of a surgical operation she was about to undergo, she prepared a will leaving her property in a trust with the proceeds from the rents to go to educating young ministers. This property consisted of almost 700 acres near the present Jetplex.

Some relatives believed, however, that she prepared another will before she died twenty-three years later, but such a document has never surfaced.

Ironically, though the newspapers of the day reported her being buried in Maple Hill Cemetery, no one has located her grave. The twelve grave sites she owned at Maple Hill all contain the bodies of other people. Her own grave site has



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been lost.

After Mollie's death and a bitter court fight by her relatives, who unsuccessfully contested her will, the trust ended up in the hands of a sole trustee. The fact that the will called for three trustees was apparently ignored. The property stayed in the trustee's custody until his death, when his son took over the trust.

Strangely enough, the church membership supposedly knew nothing of the woman's will, and the trustee made no effort to contact them.

During the trustee's administration of the land, part of it was sold to the TVA. No one knows what happened to the money received from the sale. Also during this time the trustee was the recipient of government farm subsidy funds, even though he did not own the land. Again, the money was never accounted for.

Almost 75 years after the trust was established the Cumberland Presbyterian Church gained possession of the property. The first year after taking possession of the trust, the Presbyterians collected almost \$35,000 in rents from the 700 acres.

The rent collected from the land for the previous 75 years has also never been accounted for.

With the notoriety of the will stirring up a lot of modern-day interest, it appeared for a short while that definite steps might be taken to preserve "The Little Brick Church."

In 1980 a major fund raising campaign was launched to restore the old church, with almost every notable in Madison County serving on the advisory committee. Indications are that a sizable amount of money was raised. Somehow, it appears, the money never reached the

church. The residents of Mooresville say there was only a limited amount of work performed and the Presbyterians claim to have paid for that work from their own funds.

No one admits to knowing what happened to the money.

Another controversy arose when the Cumberland Presbyterians, after gaining possession of the trust and learning the value of the property, disposed of it, even though the will stated the land was to be rented and the money applied to the education of young ministers.

The Cumberland Church realized \$1.3 million from the transaction.

Equally disturbing to a lot of people was another clause in the will that had been ignored. Mollie Walton had stipulated that her family cemetery, consisting of four acres and located in the middle of the property in the trust, was to be maintained and the fence surrounding it kept in good repair.

Many tombstones have been bulldozed down and the cemetery at one point was used as a hog pen. Though a fence was finally erected

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around part of the cemetery, many of the graves have become lost. Not exactly what Mollie Walton had in mind!

With everyone making money from The Little Brick Church it would appear as if someone would take steps to preserve the building. Unfortunately, the standard answer seemed to be, "There's no money."

The residents of Mooresville, concerned about the building continuing to deteriorate, approached the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in 1990 about acquiring the property. It finally looked as if definite steps were going to be taken to restore the building.

Unfortunately this was not to be the case. After months of negotiations between the church and the City of Mooresville, it was discovered that the Presbyterians do not even own the building!

Apparently, according to one of the trustees of the Cumberland Church, the property had been sold years ago to another church. Evidently, the people involved in the transaction "forgot" to tell anyone.

After much frustrating re-

search the only facts to emerge were:

The Cumberland Presbyterians deny ownership of the building.

The Methodists know nothing about it.

The Church of Christ has no records.

The Baptists have never heard of it.

Sad to say, with no one claiming ownership, the building has no insurance on it. The Little Brick Church has become an orphan, waiting for someone to claim it.

And the citizens of Mooresville continue to cut the grass, hoping that someday it can be restored.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:)

1. Just prior to press time *Old Huntsville* learned that the probable owner is the United Methodist Church, which is "entering into a dialogue" with the city of Mooresville about establishing ownership and taking steps to restore the property.

2. A few people learned of our research into this story and one of

these, in a vague attempt to disguise his voice, phoned to warn us against printing this story. "You'll regret it," we were told, "if you keep asking questions."

Somebody must have something to hide.



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continued from pag 47

Thad's bow hunting prowess

Dan Higgins is one of the area's foremost guitarists and demonstrates it every-other Tuesday night (Feb. 1, for example) when he and his **Cathy** serenade classical and more in Lanny's Club downtown. No cover charge. That popular establishment often has two bands on weekend nights. Lanny has a "From the Door" info sheet available on the various bands, in case you want one.

FREDERICK Wright is all set to manage the new restaurant, *Richard's on the Square*. He toasted it the other night with friends **Matt Book** of Intergraph, **Greg Davis** of Heritage Club and others.

Occasionally we salute a valley product of quality. We found such a product in *Cotton Fields* tasty salad dressing (all purpose dressing, actually). **Margaret Hargrave** and **Connie Moore** produce it in Madison. We used it on barbecue at the Jack Daniel cookoff last fall. Excellent!

During the frigid snap the other day we received Florida greetings from **Adrian Wall** in Key West, **Gary Bridge** in Jacksonville, **Wes Ward** in Sebring, **Darius R. Keith** in Daytona, **Lee Kitchens** in Tampa and **Wally Varner** in Winter Haven. They all invited us to "come on down out of the winter." It was very tempting. Ah shucks, why not! If you miss me around town I'll be somewhere down there. This would be a good time to visit my dad in Cocoa Beach.

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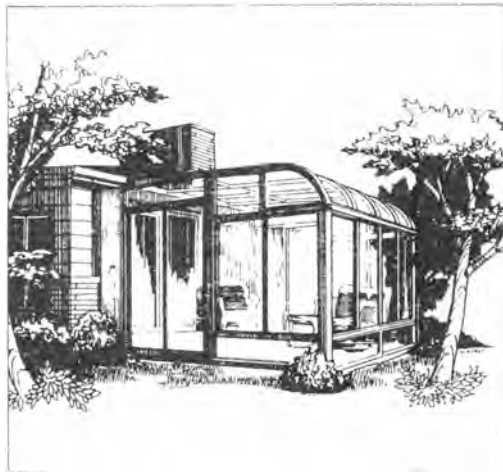
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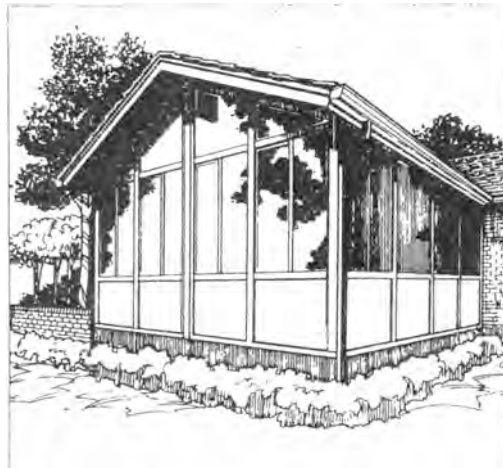
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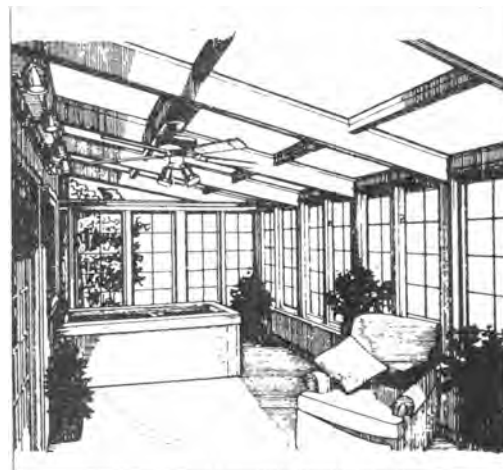
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