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Life On The Tennessee

County Flourished During Steamboat Era

It was considered the pride of the Tennessee River Navigation Company and *The Chattanooga Times* announced the news in December of 1910. The steamboat *John A. Patten*, 300-ton capacity, built for freight haul with first-class passenger accommodations, had burned to the water line while docked at Bridgeport.

This was the same *John A. Patten* which only a few years before had triumphed in what is perhaps the most famous boat-race in Tennessee River history. The *Patten's* rival was a powerful towboat named the *Parker*. It was a race that symbolized the old versus the new on the river. The *Patten*, a graceful, elegantly crafted vessel from the past and the *Parker*, a practical snub-nosed towboat.

The boats raced downriver from Chattanooga, with the *Parker* moving ahead at Williams Island. At this point, according to historian Donald Davidson, the *Parker's* engineer, Jess Allison, stood at the door of the engine room and gestured tauntingly with a rope, offering a tow to the *Patten*. But then river lore has it, the *Parker's* engine blew, propelling Allison from the engine room and into the water, where he was plucked unceremoniously by crewmembers. The *Patten* sailed on to victory, only to be destroyed at Bridgeport by a coal-tar caused fire.

"Life on the Tennessee during the steamboat era was exciting and sometimes dangerous. Navigating the south run was no easy task and steamboat equipment was not always reliable"

By this time, the glory days of the great steamboats were numbered. They would continue to ply the rivers, but their era was coming to an end.

Jackson County was very much a part of the steamboat days on the Tennessee. Safford Burney's *"Table of Landings"* lists no less than twenty-one riverboat landings in Jackson County in 1879. They were: Bridgeport, Big Oak, Ridley's Ferry, Cox's Mound, Capterton's Ferry, Rudder's Landing, McCoys, Coffeys, Bellefonte, Sublett's Ferry, Hitches Ferry, Martins Landing, Cheney's Landing, Pierces, Gossett's Ferry, Finney's Landing, Larkin's Landing, Cobbitts, Grass, and Cowleys.

Jackson Countians even got into the act and built

boats themselves, although not steamboats. The *Virginia Maxine*, the *Flora Mae*, and the *Betty Clyde* were all 5-12 ton boats listed in government records as having been built at Section in Jackson County. Section? Obviously something is amiss here. Section, of course, is on Sand Mountain, an

Jackson County Sketches

By David Campbell

unlikely place for a large boat to be built. Some questioning of Section residents leads to answers, however. The boats were actually built along the river, down the mountain from Section. They were built at Gossett's Landing by J. T. Stringer, a master carpenter who operated a sawmill at the foot of the mountain. The boats were owned by the Rudder brothers, Sam and Will, and named for family members. Two daughters still live in the Section area: Betty Clyde Smith and Virginia Green. Both remember the boats clearly.

The boats were used by the brothers to haul corn to Chattanooga. In the fall the Rudder brothers would buy the corn from farmers at the landings along the river, shell the corn with a corn sheller on board, then carry the corn to Chattanooga and sell it. In turn they would buy merchandise to sell in Jackson County.

These boats were operated by gasoline motors and therefore were not steamboats. But their trade was much the same as the steamboats that were operating at the time.

Corn was raised all along the river bottom throughout the valley. Scottsboro resident Bob Ashmore remembers that landowners often would rent their offshore land. Farmers would deposit the landowner's share in elevated cribs beside the river for later shipment to Chattanooga. So much corn was raised this way that soil erosion began to take place and sand bars began to form in the river.

Reportedly, the first steamboat to navigate the entire length of the Tennessee River was the *Atlas*. In 1828, it left from Cincinnati on the Ohio River. A prize of \$640 was presented to the captain of the *Atlas* by the city of Knoxville when the *Atlas* reached that city in March 1828, approximately two

and one-half months after it had begun its trip.

In time Chattanooga became a main steamboat landing, because of the city's railroad connections. From Chattanooga steamboat companies operated runs upriver to Knoxville and downriver to Decatur.

Life on the Tennessee during the steamboat era was exciting and sometimes dangerous. Navigating the south run was no easy task and steamboat equipment was not always reliable. Two of the most treacherous points on the river were at Muscle Shoals and at what was called the "Suck" south of Chattanooga. Since Muscle Shoals was so hard to navigate, most steamboats from Chattanooga ended their run at Decatur, at the head of the Shoals. Other steamboats would cover the Florence to Ohio River run.

The Suck, also called the Boiling Pot, the Skillet, the Frying Pan, and the Narrows, was a 30-mile stretch where the river ran through the Mountains south of Chattanooga. This area was lined with boulders, but what made it even more treacherous was that the river narrowed, causing a strong, unpredictable current to flow.



Since steamboating was dangerous, steamboat captains had their superstitions to ward off bad luck. One superstition was to never begin a run on Friday. A Friday start was certain to doom the boat to an ill fate. One steamboat captain had his own special superstition. He believed that a combination of a red-headed woman, a preacher, and a white horse on board was certain to bring bad luck. If he discovered that such a combination existed he would immediately stop at the nearest landing to eliminate one of the three.

Despite these rituals, steamboat accidents were frequent and sometimes deadly. Boiler explosions

(Continued on next page)

"The Parker's engineer, Jess Allison, stood at the door of the engine room and gestured tauntingly with a rope, offering to tow the Patten. But then, river lore has it, the Parker's engine blew, propelling Allison into the water."



The John A. Patten would haul 300 tons of freight and passengers but was swift and powerful enough to win what is perhaps the most famous steamboat race in Tennessee

River history. In December of 1910, it burned to the water line while docked at Bridgeport.

(Photo Courtesy Of Chattanooga Bicentennial Library)

Steamboat Era...

(Continued from page one)

were a frequent cause of deaths and injuries. Records show that on a number of occasions boats were destroyed by what were described as tornadoes, bringing to mind the recent tragedy involving the recreational boat the SCItanic near Huntsville. A windshear was considered the cause of that accident.

Steamboating season usually was from November to June. During the summer, the lack of rain made travel impossible. Mrs. Betty Clyde Smith remembers being able to even wade across the Tennessee River one summer as a child.

Perhaps the strangest weather phenomenon was in the winter of 1871-72, when much of the river channel froze. Steamboats sometimes broke the ice with their paddle-wheels by running backward.

On another occasion in 1867, rains swelled the river one winter so much that water rose 70-feet in the "Suck" gorge. One steamboat captain was talked into making the south run during this great flood. The captain was Woods Wilson and his boat was the Cherokee. Passengers at Chattanooga were desperate to get to Decatur and persuaded Wilson to take them. Wilson later reported that everything that would float was going down river--logs, small boats, whole haystacks, barns, houses, and flatboats with refugees. The Cherokee made the 60-mile trip to

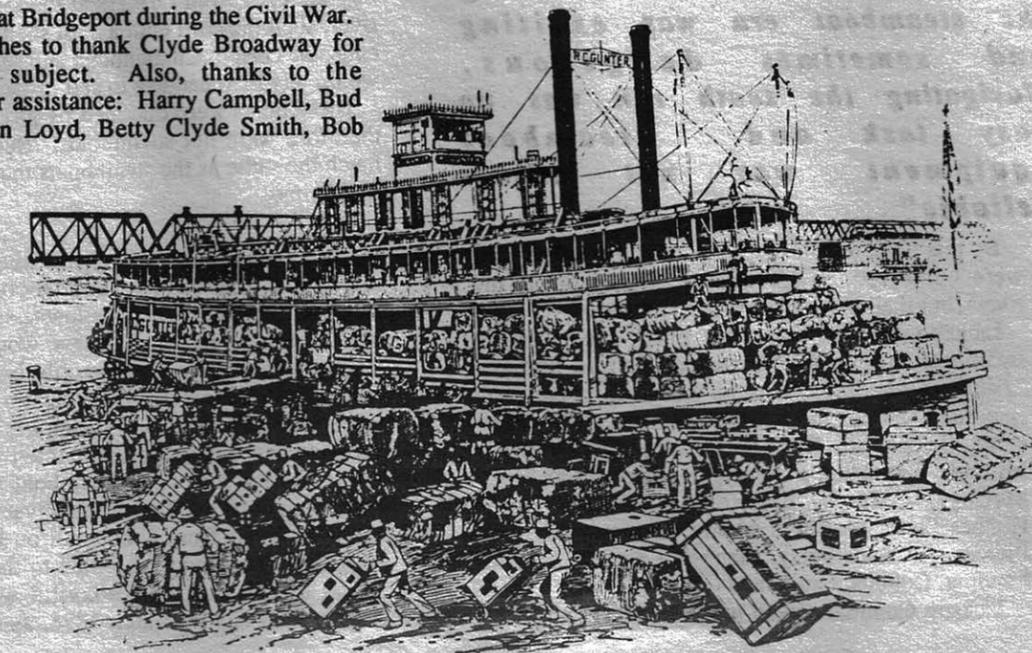
Bridgeport in less than two hours, a record time. Later, Wilson safely delivered the passengers to Decatur.

Next Issue: famous Tennessee River steamboats and boat-building at Bridgeport during the Civil War.

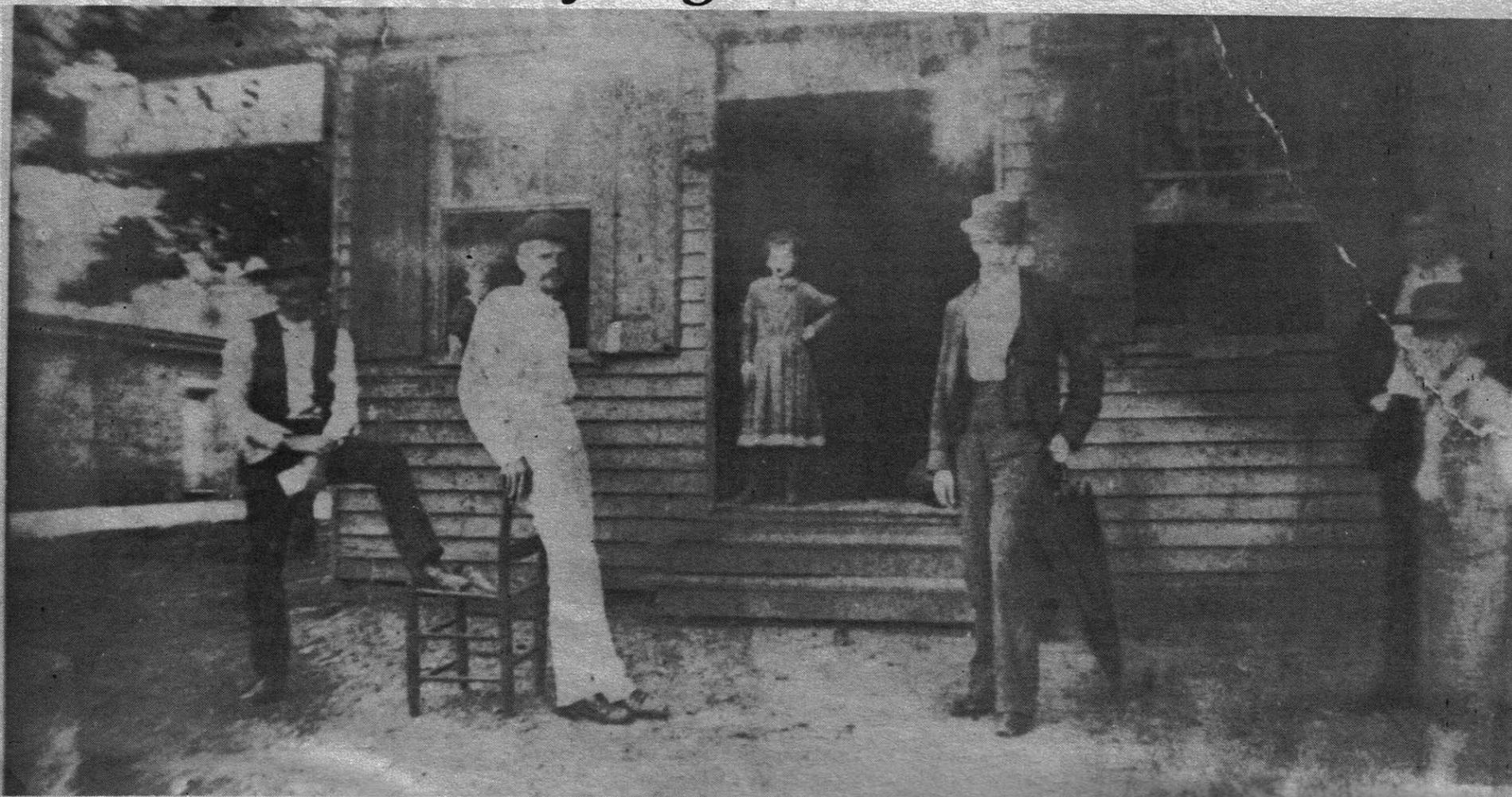
The author wishes to thank Clyde Broadway for suggesting this subject. Also, thanks to the following for their assistance: Harry Campbell, Bud Campbell, Marion Loyd, Betty Clyde Smith, Bob

Ashmore, Harold Ambrester, and Virginia Green. An excellent book on this subject is Donald Davidson's The Tennessee.

Loading Cotton at Bridgeport



A Century Ago in Scottsboro



Arn's Family Grocery was an historic Scottsboro landmark.

Born in Switzerland, Gottfried Arn (in white with derby hat, center) moved his family to Scottsboro from Terre Haute, Indiana in 1884 and established Arn's Family Grocery. By the time of his death

sixteen years later, he had become one of the town's most beloved and respected citizens. This photo shows a rare street scene of Scottsboro in 1887 or 1888. (Photo courtesy of Sam Chappell III)

By Ann B. Chambless

The sign and old store stationery read Arn's Family Grocery. The photo affords a rare view of Scottsboro in 1887 or 1888.

The gentleman in white is store owner Gottfried Joseph Arn, who moved south from Terre Haute, Indiana in 1884. Mr. Arn's Scottsboro customers had known few Gottfrieds, and they soon shortened the Gottfried to Godfrey or Guf.

The wide variety of goods sold by Mr. Arn was a welcome addition to the local market. He soon became prominent in business, church and social circles. Mr. Arn was chronicled as kind and affable in manner. His obituary stated that to know him was to like him.

"In an era when foreigners and Yankees were not readily accepted in small southern towns, Arn earned respect."

Godfrey Arn first rented and then bought the former home of Dr. John J. W. Payne on Oak Street in 1889. This house is now the residence of Ben Sanford. The Arns added an addition about 1895 to accommodate their growing family of seven children. According to the youngest, Jessie (Arn) Henderson, who was born in this house in 1888, the Arn home was humorously called Yankee Hill because their very close friends lived on Rebel Hill. The W.H. Payne home was built in 1881 on the southwest corner of Houston and Peachtree streets. One block south of the Payne home, Peachtree Street dead-ends in front of the John Snodgrass house on South Street. Both W.H. Payne and John Snodgrass served in the CSA Army. Thus these family residences prompted the name Rebel Hill.

Godfrey Arn was born in Switzerland in 1845, the son

of Johannes Arn. In 1875, he married Elizabeth Van Brunt, daughter of William and Harriet Gibbory Van Brunt, in Terre Haute, Indiana. Both Mr. and Mrs. Arn suffered frequent respiratory problems and decided to move to a warmer climate. Mr. Arn only lived sixteen years after their move south. He died on July 17, 1900, and is buried in Cedar Hill Cemetery in Scottsboro. The editors of the *Scottsboro Citizen* eulogized Mr. Arn as "one of our most beloved and highly respected citizens—a noble Christian gentleman of the purest integrity, genial and sociable."

In an era when foreigners and Yankees were not readily accepted in small southern towns, Mr. Gottfried Arn earned quite a tribute in sixteen short years. The editors closed the Arn obituary by stating: "The many floral offerings were elaborate and beautiful. The remains were followed to their resting place by a large concourse of friends."

Mrs. Arn continued to live in Scottsboro after the death of her husband. She and her daughters spent some time in Arizona in an effort to improve Mrs. Arn's Health.

In the early 1900's, the Arn's son, Fred, was secretary and treasurer of Card Lumber Company. In 1901, Fred Arn married Jessie Lee Brown, daughter of Jessie Edward and Virginia Elizabeth Wood Brown. Jessie Lee is the sister of the late Mrs. A.D. Kirby and Lawrence and Virginia May Brown.

The picture of Arn's Family Grocery was given to your editor by Sam M. Chappell III, a descendant of Gottfried Arn through his son, Fred. Mr. Chappell also shared limited memoirs of his great aunt, Jessie Van Brunt (Arn) Henderson, which were used in documenting this story. However, the only two people identified in the old photo by Mrs. Henderson were Gottfried Arn as the man in white and his eldest daughter, Mary, as the young girl in the doorway. Mary Arn married James Card in 1904.

ARN

Has an Excellent line of Groceries

Oranges, Lemons, Apples, evaporatd, Macaroni, Corn Starch, Flavoring Extracts, Prepared Coconut, Raisons, seedless, tanned and Layer. CANNED GOODS. Raspberries, Cherries, Corn, Chipped and Arbuckle's, Hullman's and Dillworth's. BLACK and GREEN TEAS, STATIONARY, ETC., ETC. No trouble to show goods. Come and examine them.	Bananas, Apples, dried, Cheese, Pickles, Corned Beef. Peaches, Pears, Tomatoes, Corned Beef. ROASTED COFFEES, Arbuckle's, Hullman's and Dillworth's. BLACK and GREEN TEAS, STATIONARY, ETC., ETC. No trouble to show goods. Come and examine them.
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Poterlin's Rootz

This advertisement for Arn's store appeared in the Friday, May 4, 1888 edition of *The Progressive Age*

The Making of A Mayor

By Stanley S. Jones

"Paint Rock Valley has given to the County, the State, and the Nation, some notable men and women," so wrote John Robert Kennamer of Woodville, in 1935, in his *HISTORY OF JACKSON COUNTY*. Little did he dream or know that there was a fledgling in his midst, 23 that year, who was on his way to continuing the heritage of Paint Rock Valley of producing great citizens for the Nation. The young fellow was John T. Reid (1912-1984).

In the judgment of this very biased observer (and first cousin), John T. is the "Citizen of the Century" for Scottsboro and Jackson County because of his superb record as Scottsboro's mayor from 1956 to 1976.

In 1927, Ida Collins and Raymond Reid of Estill Fork in the Paint Rock Valley sent their children Rowena and John T. to Scottsboro to attend Jackson County High School. Rowena received an invitation to live with Ida's sister, Alice Collins and her husband John Jones. John T. was invited to live with Ida's other sister, Am Collins and her husband Harvey Henshaw. Rowena also "boarded" with the Henshaws later in the 1920's.

(Ida later returned the favor to the Joneses many times over...by bringing Alice and her two sons to live with her after Alice's husband, John, died in 1931. Rowena also returned the gift to the Henshaws by suggesting that Am and Harvey's son, Bryan, live with her and husband Frank McConnell, in Huntsville in the 1940's)

John T. showed up in Scottsboro in 1927 and quickly made friends with Horace Armstrong. Both went to work for a dry cleaving firm to earn spending money. Horace and his spouse to be, Willie B. Shook, remained as dear friends until their deaths in the 1970's. Their son, Tommye, was close by during John T.'s final days.

John T. showed an early interest in athletics that lasted a lifetime. Weighing almost 130 pounds, Reid was substitute end on the 1929 JCHS football squad. In those days, Scottsboro's bitter rival was Stevenson. The last game of the season was always played on Thanksgiving. In the 1929 game, Scottsboro gained an early lead in the game, and after the outcome was beyond doubt, John T. was sent into the game. Quarterback Ed Hays called a pass play for Reid in the end zone...and threw a perfect strike. The ball hit John T. in the back of the neck as he crossed the goal line! Even so, Scottsboro won hands down...and Reid was kidded about that incident for years. He and Ed Hayes (now of Tuscaloosa) were friends and boosters of the University of Alabama football team. (An aside: the rivalry between Scottsboro and Stevenson became so fierce, it was discontinued for several years, in the 1930's.)

Reid graduated from JCHS in 1930 and enrolled at Mercer University to study pharmacy. But, earlier, a pretty young lass, Elizabeth Hunt, the daughter of a prominent merchant, had caught his fancy. After one year at Mercer, he came home to marry Elizabeth, a staunch Cumberland Presbyterian who soon joined John T.'s church.

Reid was employed by Jim Holland, owner of a local drug store. At the age of 21, Reid bought out the Hollands... and he was on his way to becoming the future mayor and political genius of Scottsboro. The store was located on the east side of the square. Renaming the store "Reid Sundries," he and Elizabeth began a partnership that brought out the best in each. They both worked seven days a week from 7:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m., perfecting recipes for milk shakes and a special sauce for hot dogs that brought in customers galore. (To this day, no one knows the special ingredients for those famous recipes.)

What a prankster John T. Reid was. Each day, one customer would receive a "rubber" hog dog...another would find a fly in his spoon or one would encounter a black snake racing

around the floor.

There was a particular incident which gave locals a laugh for years. One day, Reid locked two misbehaving lads in the bathroom and then poured ammonia under the door. The door soon came crashing down as the two youths sought fresh air.

Reid also gained city-wide fame as a counselor on the "birds and bees" to local grooms. Each had to have a session with Mr. Reid before approaching the altar.

Reid Sundries became the "hang-out" for teenagers and young adults. After school, the youngsters gathered to drink cokes and milkshakes, eat hot dogs, (and the occasional fly), ogle each other, talk sports, and put a nickel in the nickelodeon.

The 1930's was also the era of Coach Mickey O'Brien's basketball fame. He, too, used the Reid Sundries booths encouraging his players to meet him there after practice for further coaching and refreshments.

Reid did not forget his friends in Paint Rock Valley. He employed James "Shorty" Robertson and E.J. Prince as soda jerks. Those also made their mark in Jackson County. Robertson, died December 27, 1984 at 60.

The years passed quickly and the war came. John T. was drafted in 1942. Off to serve his country, he emblazoned a large sign over Reid Sundries entrance: "Closed for Hitler's funeral!"

In 1946, after the war and Hitler's funeral, John T. returned to Scottsboro to start over on the west side of the square. He leased space near the stores of those owned by Elizabeth's brothers, David and Carter, and one operated by his mentor and former landlord, Uncle Harvey Henshaw.

Am and Harvey were key figures in the development of John T. and Elizabeth. They worked near each other, were the best of friends, and in the 1950's their houses backed up to each other. Uncle Harvey taught John T. how to garden and also inspired Reid to surprise his neighbors with the bounty from his garden. When he could do nothing else, he worked in his garden, it flourished, and the neighbors rejoiced.

Reid was once asked what was the most emotionally wrenching thing he had ever had to do. Without searching for an answer for a moment, he replied: "Having to tell Am that Harvey had died suddenly of a heart attack back in 1960."

Several G.I. friends and relatives assisted Reid and Elizabeth (sometimes, she called him "Reid") in literally reconstructing the new location. One of those was the fledgling attorney, Robert Jones. When Bob Jones announced for his first and everafter successful bid for Congress, Reid Sundries' booths became the site for Jones' political planning and strategy sessions, which led to his victory. The now retired Congressman Bob Jones was a pall bearer at Reid's funeral.

Renewing his business also brought about the renewal of lasting friendships: Willie B. Shook and Horace Armstrong; Margaret Hunt and Dozier Proctor; Eddie Ray Hembree; Joy Page and Gene Airheart; Virginia Harbin and Grover Hodges. Many of them were friends who had sipped coke together at the east side of Reid Sundries. Those people became members of Reid's kitchen booth cabinet after he became mayor. Most of them were with John T. when the end came.

Shortly thereafter another renewal occurred...the renewal of life itself. In 1948, they were blessed with the birth of their only child, Rosa, named for Elizabeth's late sister, Rosa Hunt Keeble.

Again, their business flourished; again, they worked seven days a week.. 7 a.m. 'til 9:00 p.m. Again, the crowds flocked to Reid Sundries to eat, to socialize, to hang out, to participate in Reid's pranks and jokes, and to



share his and Elizabeth's scintillating presence.

In 1956, John T. attended a local gathering. He was quite shaken as he listened to a local leader rant and rave that "Scottsboro do need to grow; Scottsboro doesn't need to expand. Well, this somewhat late bloomer in politics heard enough! He decided on the spot that he not agree with that...and he announced that he seek the mayorship! (Legend has it that he tried to persuade others to do that...but the "others" knew he was the one to do it.)

Locals soon learned that the soldier who went to war to stop Hitler also had a vision and plan for resurrecting and reinvigorating Scottsboro! His vision was matched with a steely determination to carry out his dream for making Scottsboro the town of the future in all of Alabama!

So Reid, bolstered by Elizabeth and Rosa, hit the campaign trail. He also received much encouragement from Eddie Hembree; Willie B. and Horace Armstrong; Joy and Gene Airheart; Am and Harvey Henshaw; Alice Jones; R.L. Charles Hodges; Hank Downey; Paul Conley; Charles I. John Clinton Harris; John Will Gay; Wayne Jones; I. Griggs Bobo; J.C. Jacobs; W.R. Henshaw; Rubye Green Jones; Virginia and Grover Hodges; Margaret and Dozier Proctor; Charles David Presley.

John T. Was elected mayor in 1956...and for the next 20 years...the exquisite sum of \$710.00 in the city coffers...to run the government! But that was no obstacle for Reid. He had a plan, and he worked patiently to carry it out.

His achievements are recorded throughout the city's history: establishing an effective city forum; extending the city's improvements in the street, water, and disposal systems; bringing in new industries; building a new city hall and library and new streets; leading the way in starting a new school spanning the nearby Tennessee River; and helping to change the citizens' attitude toward progress; raising their expectations for the future, and building pride in their city.

He sold Scottsboro to the nation, but most of all, he sold it to the citizens on themselves...and on what could be done by working together. His optimism...Elizabeth's optimism...and their vision were contagious! They were not islands unto themselves; they could not have done anything without the support

Times Of John T. Reid

A "biased observer" recalls the man who brought Scottsboro industry, growth, new facilities and a new sense of civic pride and the possibilities of the future.

(Reid Photo Courtesy Of Gist Studio)



Mayor John T. Reid

citizenry.

Years later, even though he suffered two defeats for re-election, he never "soured" on Scottsboro or her people...nor was his vision dimmed for a greater and better Scottsboro. He envisioned that Goosepond would one day be the best resort spot in the South, surpassing Callaway Gardens in Georgia.

Are there any clues in Reid's background that point to the dreamer and achiever he became? His father and mother (Ida and Raymond Reid) were successful entrepreneurs in the one-store post office, blacksmith shop and polling place of Estill Fork. Yes, they kept their store open seven days a week, albeit, they attempted to sleep late on Sunday, but were seldom able to do so! Both parents knew how to sell and to serve a community! After Raymond died, Ida went to live with Rowena in Huntsville. There, she became the best sales lady for Dunavants. Sister Rowena, also had the charm of the master sales-person. She was a member of the "Welcome Wagon" squad which extended warm greetings to newcomers in Huntsville. Both John T. and Rowena "inherited" the marvelous salesmanship trait from their parents.

Caring for the people and sharing with those in need was another characteristic Reid acquired from the example of his parents. Ida became the matriarch of the Collins family...bringing in "strays" and other relatives to their home.

Still another trait he absorbed from his parents, that of owning a place where people could hang out and socialize, similar to the style of the Estill Fork store. On any summer day, the small porch of the store was jam-packed, locals sitting on nail kegs playing rook and checkers; spewing tobacco juice; carving walking canes and figurines; listening to the blacksmith singing and shoeing horses; talking politics; humming tunes; keeping a stake-out for "revenooers" (true!); and admiring the lady shoppers.

On many occasions, Ida would sponsor an all-day quilting party of 12 ladies in the Reid's front yard, some 30 feet away from their store's porch where the gentlemen were playing their games. The gossip, laughter and banter flowed loudly and clearly between the groups. Shades of Reid Sundries; it became a gathering place for friends.

Did Raymond Reid ever play a prank on anyone? Well, let's investigate. Uncle Raymond kept a blue-black (harmless) snake in his store to devour and control mice and other varmints.

Many a time, Raymond would yell to

a customer to bring him a can of beans from one of the shelves in the rear of the store. Just as often, the customer would reach for the can...and draw back his hand in unholy horror, screaming, "There is a snake there, Mr. Reid, kill it!". Well, had anyone killed that pest controller, Raymond would have killed him! It seems John T. recalled that marvelous idea when he first owned Reid Sundries. John T. picked-up a sense of humor early, from his father.

Long hours, hard work, shared partnership, low -key soft-sell, yet effective salesmanship, a gathering place for friends and a sense of humor...maybe, just maybe John T. acquired these traits from his parents.

From whence cometh his political genius? His uncanny leadership? His grandfather on his mother's side, "General" Anthony Bureaugard Collins was elected and served as Tax Assessor for Jackson County from 1909-1913. His third great-grandfather, Col. Barbee Collins of Huntland, Tennessee (part of Paint Rock Valley), was a hero in the Battle of New Orleans, serving General Andrew Jackson (a Democrat!). Col. Collins and Gen. Jackson also visited and fished together near Huntland.

If one wishes to search history in the extreme...and for a good tale...one can be found in Dublin, Ireland! Reid's 14th grandfather, Sir Adam Loftis (1533-1591), was a political leader in Ireland and England...also the first provost of Trinity College in Dublin.

It is possible that Reid learned more from his mother's bachelor brother, Uncle John Collins. (John lived with Ida and Raymond.) Legend has it that Uncle John could deliver all of Estill Fork's 30 votes to the "right" candidate. It is known that John T. observed his uncle and that he knew how Uncle John wooed voters in the behalf of candidates...much as John T. would later woo new industries to Scottsboro.

On the Reid side of the family, Uncle Avery Reid was president of Howard College, (now Sanford U.) in Birmingham... (after daughter Rosa became a teenager, Uncle Avery assisted her in getting a job at a Baptist summer camp.)

This analysis is, of course, fraught with much speculation. Everyone knows that a successful politician is the "right person, at the right time, in the right circumstances." Yet, the drive, motivation, character, and genes do combine to make the "right" person. And Reid was one such person.

Early on, he and Elizabeth and Rosa struggled...on little means...no salary...but they persisted. They gradually attracted new industries to Scottsboro.

His political base expanded and he began to come in contact with national Democrats. He met and visited with Senator Jack Kennedy in Birmingham in 1959. His name became well known in Alabama and he was elected president of the Alabama League of Municipalities.

In January, 1969, tragedy struck. His beloved Elizabeth died suddenly. And he and Rosa were alone. By then, his fame had reached the White House and from President Lyndon Johnson and Vice President Hubert Humphrey came condolences. Reid relished showing those private notes to his close friends, all Democrats, of course.

Rosa graduated from Jacksonville State Teachers College and became a teacher. Today, she is one of Scottsboro's outstanding teachers. She was soon to marry Robert Baty...and they were to have three sons Alan, Steven and Ryan.

In the spring of 1969, friends of Reid began to "look after his interests" by trying their hands as match-makers. Jim Pitts, a florist in Scottsboro, had been doing business with a recently widowed florist, Mary Slayton Bailey of Athens...(Mary's late husband, Charles Bailey, had been

the mayor of Athens, serving only two months before dying suddenly in December 1968.)

Pitts told Reid about Mary Bailey, but before any contact was made, he had to know (1) was she a Democrat? (2) what was her church? and (3) what did she look like? Weight? Height? Etc. Pitts satisfied him on all queries...and John T. called to see if he could visit Mary Bailey. Visit they did, and were married in September, 1969.

Reid was blessed with another attractive, versatile, supportive, caring wife who was devoted to him and "his" Scottsboro. And she remains so today.

From 1969 until 1976, Reid continued to put Scottsboro's interest at the top of his agenda. With Mary's support, he led the city to new heights, sound growth and progress, a resurgence of pride and public spirit.

He decided to retire from office in 1976 and so announced it. Then friends persuaded him to run again. He did and was defeated. Then again in 1980, he tried without success. In those years, he and Mary traveled and he "gardened" and advised industries on locating in Scottsboro. He was treasurer of the Baptist Church. And he enjoyed his grandchildren!

After he was defeated the first time, one of the leading railway systems sought to entice Reid to become their top marketing and public relations director. Quite a plum for this taciturn, shy, laconic, smiling, winsome fellow from Paint Rock Valley. They attempted to "sweeten the pie," offering to let him return to his home in Scottsboro while traveling about the country. He refused. He wanted to spend as much time as possible with his family.

(An aside: Reid was not much at writing letters. If one ever received a communique from him, he was a privileged person, and if it were more than one sentence long, it was considered lagniappe!)

Reid became sick in January, 1984. In the summer of that year, he was heard to make this observation. "Man, you haven't lived until you have a grandson duplicate what Babe Ruth had done in 1932". "What was that John T.?" "Well, you will recall that Ruth walked to the plate for the Cubs and pointed to the centerfield fence and then hit a ball over that part of the wall. My grandson strolled to the plate the other day, but before he got there, he turned and yelled to me 'I am going to hit a home run for you' and over the centerfield fence he did." Man, you ain't lived until that happens."

Through the fall of 1984, Reid struggled and fought valiantly against an incurable disease, and he enjoyed visits from friends and relatives. Mary and Rosa and Bob and grandsons loved and stood tall beside him. One day, he asked his grandsons over, telling them that he would leave them soon, but they would see each other again in the future. He died November 27, 1984.

Surely this lad from Paint Rock Valley is Scottsboro's "Man of the Century." His physical presence lives on in his daughter and grandsons and in the physical structures which were his handiwork. "The John T. Reid Parkway" which encircles much of Scottsboro is a constant reminder of that. (He loved to ride on that parkway!)

Possibly of more significance is his spiritual legacy. This Reid spirit lives on in the consciousness of those who were touched by his influence. They absorbed this spirit, as if by osmosis, infusing his ideas, salesmanship, drive, and character into their own lives. Possibly, they will strive to be better citizens for the benefit of Scottsboro, Jackson County, the state, and the nation because of John T. Reid.

Reid was once asked, "What does the "T" stand for?" Smiling, he replied, "Nothing!" Shades of another famous Democrat, Harry 'S' Truman!

Old Photograph Reprint Service Available At Scottsboro Library

By Ann B. Chambless

A new service to preserve the visual heritage of Jackson County is open to the public at the Scottsboro Public Library. The library staff is photographing old photographs as well as documents such as early land grants and old letters. This project is sponsored jointly by the Friends of the Library and the Jackson County Historical Association.

Book Review

By Ann B. Chambless

SIX PATRIOTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND ONE PROBABLE LOYALIST WITH DESCENDANTS IN JACKSON AND DEKALB COUNTIES, ALABAMA was written and published by Frances Lyles Gay Varnell (Mrs. Nelson) in 1986. The probable loyalist is her ancestor, Phillip Armprister. Her six Patriots are: the Rev. John Harris M.D., David McCurdy, Lt. John McCurdy, Elijah McCurdy, William Gay, and Alexander Craig.

Mrs. Varnell's excellent family history traces successive generations from Pennsylvania and Virginia to Tennessee to Jackson and DeKalb Counties, Alabama. When possible, she brings each line down to the youngest child in 1986. In some lines she is able to document the descent through her generation only. However, her labor of love provides ample references which can be used by any who want to extend the coverage on their individual families.

Family pedigree charts are included which take several of Mrs. Varnell's lines back to England and Scotland in the fifteenth century. The generation numbering system used by Mrs. Varnell is easy to follow, and she provides a complex index. Names in addition to Ambrester, Gay, and McCurdy include, but are not limited to, Durham, Stover, Hess, Snodgrass, Hembree, Garland, Stafford, Patterson, Starkey, Jones, Wheeler, Flowers, Ferguson, and Bain.

A limited number of books are available from Mrs. Varnell whose address is 1006 Birchwood Drive, Scottsboro, AL 35768. The following have been accepted by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution as patriots and have been credited to Frances Lyles Gay Varnell:

- Rev. John Harris, M.D. of South Carolina
- Lt. John McCurdy of Pennsylvania
- William Gay of Virginia
- Alexander Craig of Virginia

Applications papers for David McCurdy have been submitted to NSDAR but had not been processed at the time the book was published. Mrs. Varnell will submit papers for Elijah McCurdy in 1987.

Reprints of your old photographs and documents will be catalogued and stored in four by five picture envelopes. Negatives will remain the property of the Library and will be stored in acid-free containers. Volunteers from the Jackson County Historical Association are assisting in developing and maintaining this foresighted project.

Think on the value of this service. It is comparable to an insurance policy. If you allow the library to photograph your pictures, a reprint will always be available in case of fire, theft or natural deterioration. As they age, old photographs fade. In time, reprints will be more clear than the original.

Think, also, of the value of dissemination. Imagine finding a picture of your great-great-grandparents made from an original now located in Texas. An effort is being made to inform out-of-state-and/or county genealogists of this service. Most visiting genealogists share freely and will support this local effort. An interchange between Jackson County and out-of-state relatives will be possible through the reprint service.

The Jackson County Historical Association will be able to use these reprints in accordance with their purpose: to record, compile, preserve, and disseminate the history of Jackson County. When the inventory warrants, a photographic exhibit will be open to the public at a regular meeting of the Historical Association. Reprints will be used in the Association's quarterly publication, *THE JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES*.

No reprints will be released by the library staff for profit without a notarized release by the owner of the original photograph and/or document.

The library staff will make up to three photographs while the owner waits. Any number above three can be left at the library and picked up within five working days or at a time designated by the librarian.

The library staff will accept photographs and documents in the following categories:

1. Persons related to Jackson County heritage
2. Events in Jackson County
3. Landmarks in Jackson County
4. Family and farm life
5. Commerce/industry
6. Churches and Cemeteries
7. Schools
8. Wartime events and people (Civil War through Vietnam War)
9. Transportation
10. Houses (family and business)
11. Jackson County graffiti
12. Sports
13. Land grants
14. Military discharges prior to 1920

15. Old letters prior to 1940
16. Incorporation of county towns
17. Old town plats prior to 1900
18. Memphis & Charleston Railroad share certificates
19. Family Bible records
20. Commercial handbills relating to Jackson County enterprises printed prior to 1940.

Jackson County Chronicles- A New Beginning

THE JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES, the quarterly publication of the Jackson County Historical Association, has a new look. This issue marks a new beginning with the move to newspaper print. At the same time, the Historical Association has launched an extensive membership drive in an effort to serve a broader interest in historical preservation.

YOUR support is essential in accomplishing the purpose of the Jackson County Historical Association: to compile, record, preserve, and disseminate the history of Jackson County, Alabama. **YOU** are invited to join the Association by mailing your annual dues to treasurer, Charles H. Loyd, Route One, Box 261, Stevenson, AL 35772. Life memberships are available for a tax deductible donation of \$100.00. Regular yearly memberships are \$10.00.

Membership entitles **YOU** to advance notice of quarterly program meetings held in various locations throughout the county in January, April, July and October. Members also receive *THE JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES* published in these same months.

Articles in future issues will be written by guest journalists, Bill McCutchen, Jr., Jackson County Circuit Judge Bob Hodges, Dr. Alan Walworth, Rev. Terry Greer, and Wayne Sims. Editor Ann B. Chambless and associate editors David Campbell and Carlus Page, are always searching for previously unpublished stories and old photographs.

Mail **YOUR** membership dues to Mr. Loyd today so **YOU** will not miss a single issue in Volume II of *THE JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES*. There's no better way to get to know a county than to have someone who lives there-and loves it-show you around.

JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES is published quarterly in January, April, July and October by the Jackson County Historical Association, Route 4, Box 265, Scottsboro, Alabama 35768.

Editor-Ann B. Chambless
 Associate Editors: Dr. David Campbell and Carlus Page
 Production Manager: Jeff Tryon
 Editorial Policy Board: Ann B. Chambless, Delbert Hicks, Mrs. William W. McCutchen, David Campbell, Margaret Ann Loyd, Walter Hammer, Carlus Page, Jeff Tryon
 Photographers: Charles H. Loyd and Wendell Page

JACKSON COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION'S PROGRAM MEETING

PUBLIC INVITED Will Be **PUBLIC INVITED**
 Sunday, April 26, 2:30 p.m. at the
SCOTTSBORO JACKSON HERITAGE CENTER
 Corner Of Peachtree And Houston Streets (One Block West Of Courthouse Square)

You Are Cordially Invited To Join Your Historical Association
MEMBERS RECEIVE THE JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES QUARTERLY IN JANUARY, APRIL, JULY AND OCTOBER

1987 Paid JCHA Memberships

As of March 1, 1987, the following have paid their 1987 J.C.H.A. membership dues. If your name does not appear below, please mail your check to our TREASURER, CHARLES H. LOYD, ROUTE L, BOX 261, STEVENSON, AL 35772. Annual dues for regular membership are \$10.00. Life memberships are available and encouraged for a tax-deductible contribution of \$100.00. Members received THE JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES quarterly in January, April, July and October.

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The names of members paying after March 1, 1987, will appear in the July edition of THE JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES.

Ancestor Searching In Jackson County, Alabama

PERCY B. KEEL, 209 Mill Road, Madison, AL 35758, writes a column called HERE AND THERE in Madison County Record published in Madison, Alabama. He will be happy to publish your queries and they do NOT have to relate to this area.

JUDY JOHNSON ERICKSON, of Route 2, Box 152, Boyd, Texas 76023, seeks information on three Johnson men thought to be brothers: 1. JOHN, born 1780-90 TN; first wife's name unknown; married second LOVIE PULLEN or PULLIAN, daughter of William Pullian who died in 1838 in DeKalb County, AL. JOHN JOHNSON died 1854-60, probably in Dent or Texas County, MO. Known children: Sally Canady, Elizabeth, William, Eliza Ann, Harvey, Matilda, Jane, Thomas, Marion, and Aaron Francis. 2. WILLIAM, born 1774, probably TN. Married Sara Bean, born 1781 TN. William believed killed in War of 1812. Known children: Rebecca, Nancy Jane, William P., Francis Justice, Aaron, and Isaac.

3. ISAAC, born 1787 TN. Married Elizabeth Shelton in Warren County, TN in 1816. Isaac was War of 1812 veteran. Isaac died May 25, 1876, Houston, Texas County, MO. Known children: Milley, Woodlife, Polly, Elizabeth, James, Jasper, Frances, Benjamin, and John.

All three families migrated from Tennessee to northeast Alabama about 1820 and on to Missouri 1850-55. John and William's families settled Texas, Dent and Phelps Counties. Isaac's family went to Lawrence County from 1855-71 when they moved to Texas County. Family tradition says JOHN JOHNSON operated a grist mill in North Alabama at the time the Indians started west, and Indians had him grind corn to take on the trip. Will exchange any related Johnson information.

C.R. CLARK, Route 6, Box 292, Winston Salem, NC 27107, would like to exchange information on the family of James Clark, born 1820 TN, who married the widow Nancy Evett, born 1836 GA, circa 1867. In 1870, they were living in DeKalb County near what became Rainsville. Included in James Clark's household in 1870 were his six children by two marriages: Lucinda, James R., Thomas J., John W., Anderson, and Mary C.; his first two children by Nancy: J.W. and Paralee; and Nancy's Evett children: Thompson, George, Javan, and Betty A. Evett.

ANN B. CHAMBLESS, Route 4-Box 265, Scottsboro, AL 35768, would like to exchange info on family of YOUNGER WALDROP RICHEY, born 1830 in ILL, son of John Ann (y) Richey, and grandson of Moses Richey. John, born ca. 1800 KY and died ca. 1850 in DeSoto County, MS. John's known children: Moses II, Martha J., Younger Walrop, James R., John F., William J., Tabitha E., and Frances. Younger Waldrop Richey married as his second wife Martha Jane Judge, born 1840 in Jackson County, AL, in Dec. 1867, in DeSoto County, MS. YWR had 3 children by his first wife, Jane, who remained in Mississippi when Y.W. and Martha Richey moved to Jackson County, AL in 1890 with their four children: Mary Jane, Annie Eliza, Mattie Lee and John Lipsey Richey.

NECROLOGY

Mr. William Bradford Huie, Scottsboro
 Mr. James E. Money, Tuscaloosa
 Mrs. G. T. (Madge) Walker, Scottsboro

Noted Alabama Author William Bradford Huie Dead at 76

By Ann Chambless

One of Alabama's most prolific writers, William Bradford Huie, died on November 20, 1986. He was buried in his native soil in Hartselle, Alabama, ten days after his 76th birthday.

William Bradford Huie was a journalist, novelist and writer. In his early years, he worked as a newsman for the *Birmingham Post*. He was one of the first editors of *ALABAMA MAGAZINE* in 1936-37. His first novel, *Mud on the Stars*, was published in 1942. Wayne Greenhaw, present editor of *ALABAMA MAGAZINE*, called Huie's book, *The Revolt of Mamie Stover*, the greatest novel ever about our free enterprise system. The book sold 15 million copies in paperback.



Mr. Huie

Other novels by Huie were: *The Americanization of Emily*, *Hotel Mamie Stover*, *The Klansman*, *In the Hours of the Night*, and *The Execution of Private Slovik*.

Mr. Huie wrote about North Alabama and the South-about whites and blacks and our century old struggle to accept and appreciate each other. Even in 1987, it is amazing to reflect on how he wrote his stories of the South in a universal language which had international appeal when five of his books were published in the 1950's and 1960's.

Both *The Americanization of Emily* and *The Execution of Private Slovik* were adapted to films by Hollywood.

William Bradford Huie adopted Jackson County as his home after his marriage to Scottsboro native Martha Hunt. Bill, as he was called by his friends, became an active member of the Jackson County Historical Association. He was always a welcome conversationalist in any circle. No subject matter was beyond his recall, and his wit ran as deep as his encyclopedic mind. He will be sorely missed in literary circles nationwide and in the post office and restaurants of Scottsboro as well.

Photo Courtesy of THE HUNTSVILLE TIMES

Dream Of World Travel Comes True For Stevenson Native

By Eliza Mae B. Woodall

Among the rarities in life is the perfect match of a person and his job and all his job entails. Such a match has evolved between Paul T. Steele and his overseas work in the middle-east.

Paul, now in his late thirties, was born and reared in Stevenson, his parents being Willie H. ("Sap") and Evelyn (Thomas) Steele, both descendants of pioneer settlers in the greater Stevenson area. He has one brother, Reagan.

The schooling Paul received only whetted his insatiable appetite for knowing more and more about ancient history that was to him only touched upon in his school books. He wanted to know more about the cities, countries, rivers, and mountains of the world, more about great battles and events that changed history, more about the cultures and beliefs of people both here and abroad, more about how things work and how various things are built, more, more and more. Early on, he poured over encyclopedias absorbing a reservoir of knowledge, little dreaming how it would blend in and enhance his work as an adult.

He attended Northeast State for two years before serving a two-year stint in the Army. Stationed at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, he nevertheless spent some time at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville and at other bases in the U.S. Leaving the Army in 1972, he entered TVA Operators Training School at Rogerville, Tenn. From there he went to Cumberland Power Plant, near Erin, Tenn., and then to a plant in North Dakota. In all these assignments, Paul explored the countryside and local attractions and visited with the local people; thus he thrilled to the sight of Old Faithful in Yellowstone, The Badlands, Mount Rushmore, The Tetons, Elk and Moose on Highland Meadows in The Rockies, and much more.

In 1979, Paul allied himself with a construction firm engaged in building power plants for foreign governments. He was assigned to a team whose responsibility it was to teach and train local engineers in undeveloped countries to operate the newly-built steamplants. Among the

challenges in such a job was attempting to impose a technical outlook and frame of mind on workers who had not quite caught up with the twentieth century. Armed with only textbook knowledge of technology, the recently graduated local engineers had to be led slowly, step-by-step through the intricacies of operating an \$800,000,000 power plant after Paul's steam started it up. He has compared his job with the task of moving men of Biblical Age Outlook in one easy step to modern day technology.

His work has been the avenue for him to visit exotic places, to make international friendships, to experience unusual foods and gourmet cuisine, to see the flora and fauna of foreign lands, to acquire more than a smattering of many languages and dialects (He speaks Arabic with some fluency), and to see firsthand and to appreciate

peoples and cultures so different from Stevenson, Jackson County, Alabama.

His overseas assignments have been in Ju'Aymah and Jabail, both in Saudia Arabia, and in Cairo, Egypt. In those places he enjoyed contacts not only with the Saudis and the Egyptians, but also with workers from other countries who were there building or training local people, perhaps in fields other than power plant operation.

During short vacations, Paul traveled both locally and to other countries, mostly European. He usually rented a car, did the grand tour, and then got out into the countryside, away from the usual tourist attractions. On one return home from Saudia Arabia, he elected to travel east and complete the circuit around the world. Not on a tour, his time and stop-overs were dictated by his own interests. Thus he visited Sri Lanka, Singapore, Thailand, and Hong Kong. One has only to see his collection of over 500 slides and hear him talk to realize the depth and scope of his experiences.

I am not personally acquainted with an individual as widely traveled and as knowledgeable about such a plethora of subjects as Paul Steele, Stevenson native. Yet he is so unassuming that most Stevensonians do not realize what lies behind that calm exterior of his.



(Photo Courtesy Of Eliza Mae Woodall)

Paul T. Steele with his Turkish water pipe.

Sulphur well is just a memory now

By Stanley S. Jones

Did you know that a fountain of youth and a cure for all infirmities and old age is buried on the northeast corner of the

Jackson County Square?

Yes, according to many wisecracs and the resurrected memories of several old codgers, a sulphur well is covered

with asphalt and cement at that exact spot. The author remembers the well because it was the source of his first job. As a lad of 10 (1932), he pumped

and carried a gallon of that health-restoring, "sweet" smelling water to Miss Lizzie and Mr. Ernest Parks (brother and sister) each day, being paid 50¢ a

week! Both lived to a ripe old age!

Some even preferred the sulphur "medicine" to a prescription from Presley's (later Hodges) Drug Store. Instead of stopping at the drug store, elderly locals, frail and bent of body, would hobble across the street, take several drinks of that powerful water, then run and dance away, straight as an arrow.

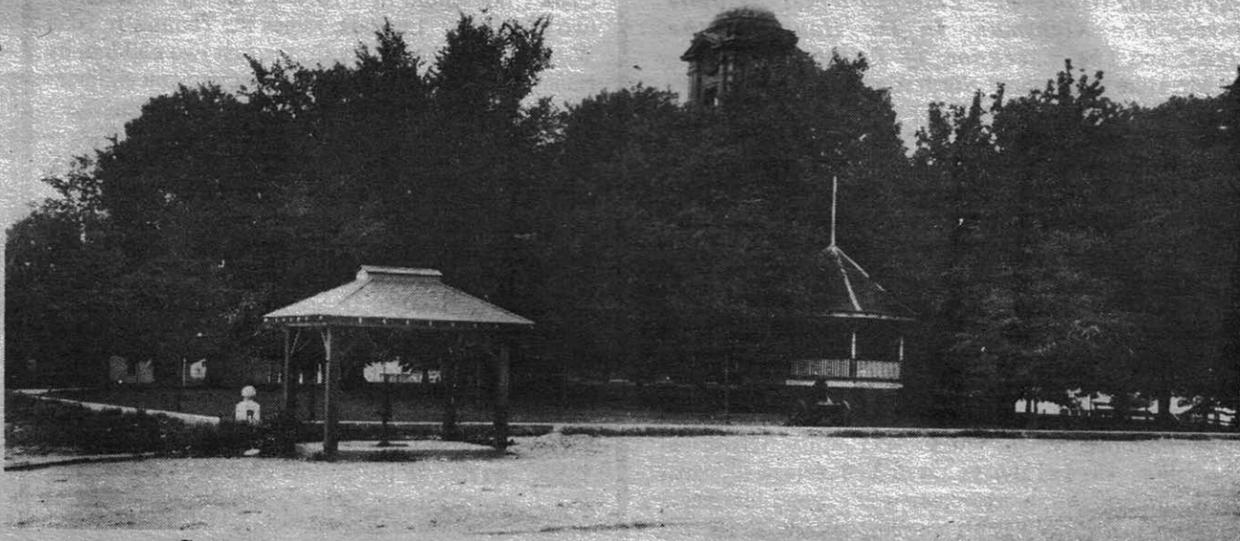
And what a sight to behold on "First-Monday." Traders had to "queue up" to get a long slurp of that salubrious water, getting fortified to make their cleverest bargains on that big day.

The well-site was the favorite gathering place each night after ball practice for Coach Mickey O'Brien's stalwarts. Mickey would spin yarns

about past exploits and challenge each player to drink a quart of that fragrant potion. For you see, that strong mixture would induce a good night's sleep, as well as prime the athletes for great victories the next day.

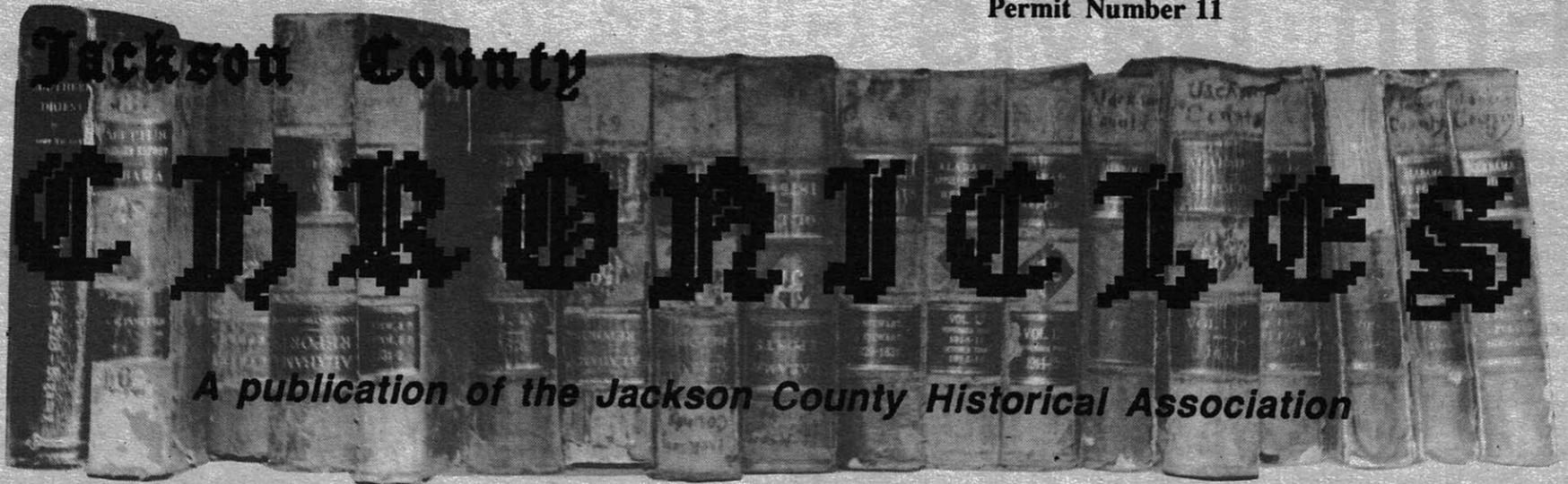
And during the war years, Opalea Sentell Webb, Joy Page Airheart, Annie Louise Russell Gentry, et al gathered each night on the square near the well, singing battle songs and hymns, awaiting the return of their guys from the war.

Surely someone will volunteer to lead a crusade in restoring that landmark! After all, it is the heritage of all Jackson Countians. Many who read this are here today for having drunk of that longevity-producing water!



(Photo Courtesy Of Ann Chambliss)

Sulphur well and pump on the Scottsboro Square before 1926



Volume Two, Number Two

July 1987

Erin Davis - A Prologue And A Legend

By Robert L. (Bob) Hodges, Jr.

On a bitterly cold day in December of 1983, six men stood huddled around a newly opened grave in the cemetery of a country church in Dutton, Alabama, on Sand Mountain, where they had borne the coffin of Erin McGriff Davis. As the minister intoned the last rites, one of them, a former student, braced against the bite of the cold, looking down at the flowers bedecking the casket, and thought of a prologue and a teacher who loved growing flowers.

*"What that April with his showres soote
The droughte of March hath perced to the
roote,
And bathed every veine in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendered is the flowr..."*

The words still came to him from over twenty-five years before, as they had fondly, to many of her former students whenever they gathered to reminisce. As the mourners began to drift away to the warmth of the little country church, and the casket was lowered to rest beside that of her husband, he thought of Chaucer's "Prologue," and of how to legions of high school students who passed out of her classroom door into the world, the commitment to memory of those words and the recitation of that prologue in the old English dialect of the Middle Ages, was part of the discipline she lived in the classroom, a discipline of learning so central to her beliefs and her teaching philosophy and so common to all who had met her requirements. And yet, he thought, as the red mountain dirt was shoveled over, it was a discipline so tempered with enthusiasm and compassion for the future of all her charges that he had often thought of her as a kind of Methodist Mother Superior in the classroom.

"Whatever you do," she had said to him in those last days of his senior year so many years ago, "whatever you do, write. Don't ever you let that go. I want you to write."

And so had she counselled many who were leaving her in the forty-eight years she graced the teaching profession--to write, to go into business, to go on in basketball, to teach, to be a minister, and so on. It was as if she had some insight they had not, in their young years, that was out there for them, to perceive some of it, and to incite the nurturing of it. And, in the end, she brought that about, and in the markets of those she sent out into the world's marketplaces and armed services and



Erin McGriff Davis

governments, she made for herself, quite without fanfare, a legend.

The legend began when she was born to William Earl and Mary Ellen McGriff, in Albertville, Alabama, on October 1, 1903, the oldest of six children, four of whom were girls. When she was a small child, her parents moved to Hodge, Alabama, near Dutton, and her father established a store at Dutton. There was a rudimentary school of sorts nearby, administered by Professor Cyrus Ulrich, of German descent. Ulrich was the first real influence upon her, by all accounts, which probably set her early on a path toward the teaching profession. He would stop by the McGriff Store, and, being besieged by her on his visits, finally urged her parents to let her accompany him to school. She did, and, at age four, began her education.

It was Cyrus Ulrich who gave her her first book, a copy of John Milton's "Paradise Lost." She cherished it, and, in those tender years, it was her constant companion. Her insistence many years later that Milton's epic be read

by her students is perhaps owing to her fondness for her very first book as a child.

She is remembered by some who survive from those early days of this century as an energetic and enthusiastic little girl with a thirst for learning. Nellie Nichols, in those days at Ulrich's school a child of 12 years, now 91 years-of-age, recalls that she and a friend, Mae Chaney, made a "pack-saddle" with their hands and carried Erin to school.

Her very first teacher, Cyrus Ulrich, lies buried a scant distance from Erin Davis, in another small country churchyard at Chaney's Chapel, near Dutton. He died November 24, 1927.

The continuing truth of her legend exists today in the memories of her colleagues in the profession, who write to the former student these accounts:

"The Master Teacher."

"Tough."

"An individual dedicated to excellence, whether it be teaching, bridge playing, homemaking or flower gardening."

"...no one could deny that she motivated her students to do great things with their lives."

"Her contribution to the teaching profession and the great influence she has exerted on her students will long be remembered."

She attended high school at Jacksonville and Jacksonville Normal at Jacksonville, Alabama, and, in her tenure there as a student, excelled in women's basketball. Her sister, Iris Reed, remembers seeing Erin in those days only on vacations, when she would help unpack Erin's trunk where there was always a gift for a sister.

She then attended the University of Alabama, where her days as an undergraduate were distinguished by

Cont. on Page Two

Erin Davis -

Cont. from Page One

academic excellence, her marriage to Newman Davis, the birth of a child, Margaret Ellen, and graduation from the University with an All-A record, a bachelor's degree in education, and a Phi Beta Kappa key. She was only the thirteenth woman to receive that key there.

In later years, after the death of her husband, to whom she was devoted, she confided to her attorney, the former student:

"He was a lovely man. I adored him."

In the same conversation she reminisced with the former student of the time when her husband proposed to her. The account of this is, by best recollection, as follows:

"I was in love with him. I knew it, and I knew he was the man I wanted to marry. On his visits to my father's house, he had noticed, as had many people, that my father spent a great deal of his time at home doing chores around the house and in the yard, and took great pride in it. Newman, this particular afternoon, had taken me for a drive and, sure enough, proposed. But before the matter was concluded, he said:

'Now Erin, there's something I have to tell you about me before you give me your answer.'

My heart skipped a beat, and it was one of the most anxious moments of my life. I thought, 'Oh, Lord, what is he going to tell me? He is such a beautiful man and I do so want to marry him, and now he is going to tell me something awful about himself.'

And Newman said then:

'Erin, you need to know this. I do not do yard work.'

She actually began her teaching career before her graduation from the University, and her first position was at Bridgeport, where she was hired as a home economics teacher, but actually taught English.

She married Newman Davis in 1923, and her daughter was born in South Pittsburg, where she taught next, and there taught home economics.

They moved to Oxford, Alabama, where she continued to teach home economics for three years and English for seven years. It was at Oxford where she had as a student a young athlete named Q.K. "Dusty" Carter. In later years, he was a highly successful and beloved basketball coach on the same faculty with her at Scottsboro, Alabama. Having been under her tutelage as a student, Coach Carter took extra steps to insure that his basketball players maintained their eligibility, and, many days of the school year, one could hear, from within his office in the gymnasium, the lines of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven," and other classical Erin Davis-required reading, wrenched by rote from the throats of all-state athletes.

After Oxford, the three Davises moved on to Montgomery, Alabama, where Erin taught at Sidney Lanier High School for five years. They then returned to Jackson County, Alabama, where Erin taught at Pisgah High School for two years.

"At the graveside, her former student-turned-pallbearer thought also that he could see her standing in that classroom many years ago, waiting for an answer from him with those foreboding eyes, with that stern jaw that tolerated nothing less than an excellence response, and with the hint of a smile that betrayed her eagerness to propel him into some intellectual debate she knew she would have fun winning."

In the school year of 1942-43, she came to Jackson County High School at Scottsboro, and there joined a

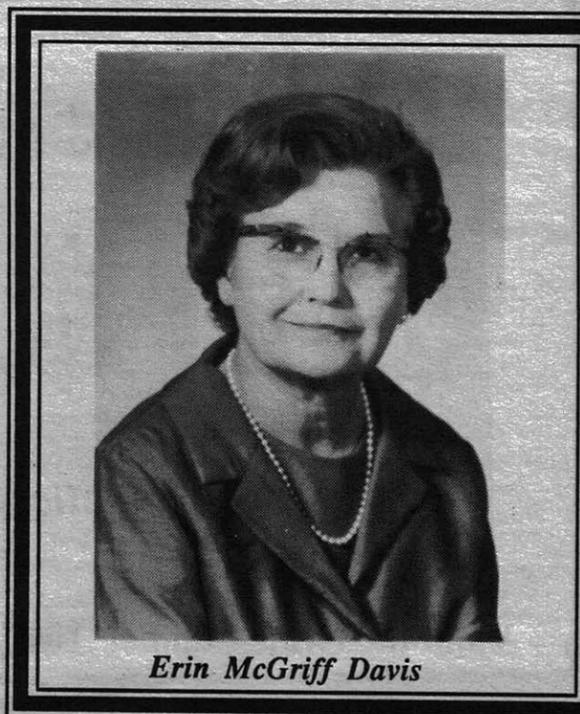
faculty which included Coach Mickey O'Brien, her brother-in-law. Her career there included, of course, English classes, public speaking, and a role which became very special her--the supervision of commencement exercises for the senior class every year. It seemed to be a special occasion for her, as if this event were the fruition of all her efforts, the coming together of all the excellence she strived for in her students. She gave to it a sense of dignity, insisted on it, and spared no meticulous detail in preserving both the pomp and circumstance of it. Her attention to detail and her discipline can today be seen if one simply takes a stroll down the hall of the old Jackson County High School and looks at the composite of each graduating class. A local photographer, one of her former students, recalls that the senior class picture each year, by her requirements, featured all the girls in each senior class dressed in sweaters with white dickey collars. It was only after her retirement that the girls in the senior class were permitted to be pictured, as is fashionable now, with bare shoulders draped. It was a small and barely noticeable rule of hers, but so characteristic of her rigid discipline and dedication to excellence and detail--a small facet of the legend.

"It was as if she had some insight they had not, in their young years, to know what was out there for them, to perceive some special talent, and to incite the nurturing of it. And, in the ways she brought that about, and in the accomplishments of those she sent out into the world's colleges and marketplaces and armed services and governments, she made for herself, quite without fanfare, a legend."

It is a legend that lives today, and perhaps, as her former students talk to their grandchildren of the rigor of the old days, is embellished upon and enlarged. Any legend, by the generations who perpetuate it, comes to beg the truth, after time enough has passed. The continuing truth of this one is in legions of her students who have gone on to establish themselves in colleges and universities, many of them in advanced English classes, where they have excelled with the tools of grammar she made almost instinctive, and with the power of comprehension and written expression she commanded in her classroom, and with the familiarity with great works of literature she utilized to teach them all, in a subtle and beautiful way, how to be better human beings.

The continuing truth of her legend is also in the many who did not go on to college, but who became, fresh from her classroom experiences, parents and citizens and builders of the communities they live in today. She gave them a glimmer of some human values through the lines of Robert Burns to "...see ourselves as others see us..." by the eternal truths of a Shakespearean character's warning that "...all that glitters is not gold..." and Macbeth's somber reminder of the fragility of life as "...a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more..." She touched her students with the profound love between man and woman in leading them through the words of Elizabeth Barret Browning's "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways..." In those cherished moments in her classroom, the heart of many a callused farmboy has been made to soar with a poem, and the will and determination to succeed has been fired in the soul of many a quiet and timid youth.

The continuing truth of her legend exists today in the memories of her colleagues in the profession, who write



Erin McGriff Davis

to the former student these accounts:

"The Master Teacher."

"Tough."

"An individual dedicated to excellence, whether it be teaching, bridge playing, homemaking or flower gardening."

"...no one could deny that she motivated her students to do great things with their lives."

"Her contribution to the teaching profession and the great influence she has exerted on her students will long be remembered."

On May 21, 1971, Erin McGriff taught her last class at Scottsboro High School, after almost half a century in the teaching profession. On December 26, 1983, she died and the prologue to the legend ended.

On that bitterly cold day in December of 1983, at the graveside, her former student-turned-pallbearer thought also that he could see her standing in that classroom many years ago, waiting for an answer from him with those foreboding eyes, with that stern jaw that tolerated nothing less than an excellence response, and with the hint of a smile that betrayed her eagerness to propel him into some intellectual debate she knew she would have fun winning.

Among her personal belongings left to her family is a small book containing a collection of poetry written by her former student, his first published work. On the flyleaf is this inscription in his handwriting, given many years before her death:

"To Erin Davis-who lit the first candle in my darkness."

And, as her former student sits here in his study writing these words, perpetuating her legend, he recalls her command to an eighteen-year-old boy to..."whatever you do, write...don't ever you let that go....write." And so he does, and, in the pursuit of excellence, he can see that first candle, still burning in his darkness.

The author wishes to express appreciation to all persons who have contributed to this Prologue and Legend through their response to his request for their recollections of Mrs. Davis. They are her daughter, Margaret Ellen (Davis) Hodges; her sisters: Mrs. Iris (McGriff) Reed and Mrs. Bernice (McGriff) Powell; her former teaching colleagues; many former students; and the author's 91-year-old grandmother, Nellie Nichols, who was there at the beginning.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author is Robert (Bob) Hodges, Jr., son of the late R.L. Hodges, Sr. His mother, Mrs. Frances (Nichols) Hodges, resides in Scottsboro. Robert (Bob) Hodges is a 1957 graduate of Jackson County High School, where he was president of his senior class. He graduated from the University of Alabama School of Law in 1963. In 1982, he was elected to the circuit judgeship in Jackson County, Alabama. Bob is also a published poet.

--- In Praise of Small Town Pleasures ---

By Betty Ruth Henninger

I believe God, in His infinite wisdom, made three kinds of people, namely: City Folks, Country Folks, and Smalltown Folks.

Since I'm of the mind and pedigree of the later, it suits me just fine to live where I live, in Stevenson, Alabama, population 2,568, and I really don't care much if it stays right there! I'm not a good member for the Chamber of Commerce, nor would I be a good candidate for Mayor. I like it just this size, and I'd like to keep it this way!

I never lived in many cities, thankfully, and only for short periods of time. However, those times made me appreciate where I live now more than ever. In fact, now I use trips to the city as a prayer time, thanking God over and over that I don't live in one, and reminding Him that I'm getting back home as fast as I can. Sometimes, I even pray out loud, "Thank God that I don't live in this mess" as traffic builds up and speeds by me and gas fumes nearly choke me.

Now I realize there are breeds of people who would shudder at the thought of spending one day here in Stevenson, but that's as it should be, and that is why we have big populations living in our cities.

To support my theory of the pleasures of living in a small town, and especially our small town, let me name a few. You will be able to apply these to your favorite little town lists and can even name some others. Well, I could add a few more but that's risky business here unless you can back it up with exact dates and/or ages or family names, and who wants that monkey on your back?

Telephones are an important part of small town life. You realize you could hop in the car and be at the house you are calling almost as quickly as it takes to dial, but you could not peel potatoes or cap strawberries or diaper a baby if you drove over...so we phone.

One definition of a small town is even when you get a wrong number you can still talk for 15 minutes and enjoy it.

Then there is the mystery of not finding a friend's number in the phone book, only to remember you're looking for her maiden name and she's been married 38 years! Or answer your phone, realize she has dialed a wrong number, then end up giving the correct number because you recognize the voice of an old friend and know of her bad eyesight.

In a small town everybody knows neighbors' pets by name, like Sandy Bogart, Duchess Stewart, or Rusty Henninger. They are all friends and you tend them when their owners are away and then they tend yours whether it's a dog, cat, turtle, or fish. Then on the other hand the pets know who to visit for handouts just like the children do. It is an understood small town code.

Neighbors are for borrowing from; a cup of sugar or 2 potatoes. One friend and I have a circulating rib of celery which we never repay, we just swap. Oh, and the summer vegetables shared by friends make them taste better. The food showered on a family at the death of a loved one is unbelievable. There are numberless pies, cakes, hams, and casseroles given to say, "I care, I love you and I'm sorry". This is smalltown compassion. It reflects in the affection shown senior citizens and mentally handicapped citizens. In a city this service must be bought, but here they are treated with tenderness and friendliness. Our older folks can drive longer, attend church longer and take part in civic functions longer because a friend escorts them and they feel welcome.

On the other hand, we do have a few prejudices such as football rivalries handed down from generation to generation in families, but thank goodness they disappear after the bowl games and pop up again every fall. It's the same way with our politics. We all know we can't change anyone's beliefs in this field, but we wouldn't trade places with big city politics for the

world. We know and we understand. Then too, religion comes in for its share of discussions and arguments, but it is usually good natured and is with a loving attitude that we work together.

When a siren sounds or a fire truck pulls out, you have to know where the fire is burning. It matters because you care. Same way with the ambulance, when you see it rush by, you worry and fret until you find out who is the occupant, and his condition, or the scene of a wreck scares you sick, or that is how we react in Stevenson. Not curiosity, but caring. City folks don't wring their hands over a siren's piercing scream, they just turn them off as we do a leaky



"A town is not a mere transient shelter: its essence lies in its permanence, in its capacity for accretion and solidification, in its quality of representing, in all its details, the personalities of the people who live in it."

-H.L. Mencken

faucet, as just a bother.

How many city folks know where the car in front of them is going to turn????? Not one, but here we know if it's Sunday morning and it is Miss _____, that she is going to turn at the Methodist Church. Or we can recognize the sound of a friend's horn. Or see a certain car poking along in front, then we know to slow down and wait cause Mr. _____ doesn't hear well and you don't want to frighten him by whizzing on around. Some folks take a little wider curve to make a turn so you pull over to give them room, or maybe they have cataracts and they make a wide swing to turn in their driveway. Another code of

small town manners that we grew up observing because we care.

When you are working in your yard, friends will pull up, turn off their engines and have a good chat. There are spring and fall visits! It is good to rest and lean on your rake or just crawl in and sit down in the car to visit.

In Stevenson we use certain recipes over and over because we know the cook who passed them on to us, and her brand of cooking. We tended to read a new cookbook,

compare a recipe with our old dogeared one, then keep turning the pages because they never beat what we already use. Is this called stubbornness or loyalty? At a covered-

up. You wouldn't think of serving or giving a recipe for Chop Suey that was not Earlynn's. It is so homey, this cooking with smalltown history stirred into our food. When a recipe has pleased three generations of a family, it becomes a tradition and an item worthy of note in the family Bible. I love it. My Granny's recipe for Spaghetti would send a real Italian into spasms, but it is the one I've used for years on the window-washing days. Good, fast, and cheap.

Another little town novelty brings to mind our cemeteries, they are friendly, educational, and exciting. They explain many family connections.

On a stroll with children, it is a good way to tell them stories about their ancestors and they will remember a great-grandfather when told that he was a conductor on the Southern Railroad and raised prize Irish Setters, rather than just reading his name in a family Bible. They learn some math by subtracting the birth dates from the death dates of their grandmother's brother to get his age when he died.

Some names on the gravestone bring to mind oft told tales of practical jokes you heard as a child, and you watch children chase a ball a ball across several graves and you know their fun is repeating a past generation's love of sports. Their roots and blood lines are made more interesting and understandable and you hope will inspire in them the love of family ties.

Stevenson has its share of old homes that have fascinating stories to tell of families who have lived here. To be able to say my great-grandmother lived in this house, gives me a warm sense of belonging. Or to say, "My gandparents courted here at this very spot on Sunday afternoon". It is such joy to watch an old home being lovingly restored by a young couple. An old house, such as the Jacoway home, has a rich Civil War history to teach a local history class, and also the Stone Reservoir holding

cold spring water after 125 years with still no mortar between the stones. To visit an old house that has housed four generations of the same family gives it a patina a new house can't match. Banisters that have had children slide down them for a 100 years feel as smooth as satin to the touch. Then to know one of the "slidders" in his mature years is a real bonus. This may not be an exclusive smalltown pleasure, but I imagine it weeds out a lots of city folks and I cherish it.

Oh, and a childhood lived in a little town is such fun. The freedom to meander along a deserted street and have a neighbor raise her window and shout, "you get on home now, Danny, it is nearly supper time!" Lazy, quiet summer days with plenty of time for catching Junebugs, or tadpoles, or crawdads, or singing a doodlebug out of his home as you stir in the dirt. The soft nights as you lie a quilt in the grass and listen to frogs croak, or star gaze and hear July flies wind their watches, and catch lightning bugs in a jar. Also plenty of time to do nothing but grow and think and daydream, that's what childhood in a small town means. Walking to church, or climbing the mountain or a tree is part of the same process of osmosis I suppose, and it lets children absorb the love of family, friends, country and God, in small doses, and thin layers that stick for a lifetime. When city children ask, "what do you do here for fun?" our children can't name anything but they laugh inside and they love it-this small town. Why else would they come back fifty years later to retire in Stevenson? At this ripe old age, they still can't explain it, and neither can I. I just want to live in Stevenson, a small town three miles from the Tennessee River, at the base of the Appalachian Mountain chain, in the northeastern corner of Alabama, and the highest part of Jackson County in the United States America for the rest of my life, and then be buried in this friendly cemetery.

During Seige of Chattanooga

Bridgeport Was Vital To Union

Jackson County's importance in American river history is no more evident than in the events that occurred at Bridgeport during the Civil War. As troops struggled for control of Chattanooga, federal soldiers at Bridgeport built a steamboat that helped the Union take control of Chattanooga. The history of this rather obscure aspect of the Civil War rivals any event for sheer drama.

Bridgeport's role in this episode is set in the larger context of the war. The Union Army had realized that Chattanooga was a vital rail and transportation center in the Confederacy. To take Chattanooga would be a major step in ending the war. The Union Army, however, had received a setback in this goal with the Battle of Chickamauga, outside of Chattanooga. In one of the deadliest battles of the entire war, Union troops sustained 16,000 casualties at Chickamauga. Fighting had been vicious. Families in North Jackson County would later tell how their ancestors could hear the cannon fire from Chickamauga as if it were distant thunder, and soldiers from our county who survived the battle would later say that the entire fields were covered with the dead.

"As troops struggled for control of Chattanooga, federal soldiers at Bridgeport built a steamboat that helped the Union take control of Chattanooga. The history of this rather obscure aspect of the Civil War rivals any event for sheer drama."

After the battle, the Union troops did manage to control the Tennessee Valley area of Chattanooga. Yet the Confederates held the high ground--Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Raccoon Mountain and Signal Mountain. From these positions the Confederate Army withstood the battered Union troops and cut off

their supply line. As the Union Army desperately sought reinforcements, its supplies dwindled. Soldiers were forced to eat acorns from trees and anything else they could forage as the fall of 1863 wore on.

Jackson County Sketches

By David Campbell

Enter Bridgeport. The Union Army had realized that Bridgeport, along with Stevenson, were vital links in their overall strategy of taking Chattanooga. Thus, in 1862 and 1863, the towns were captured. Bridgeport was to become an important boat-building center for the Union Army.

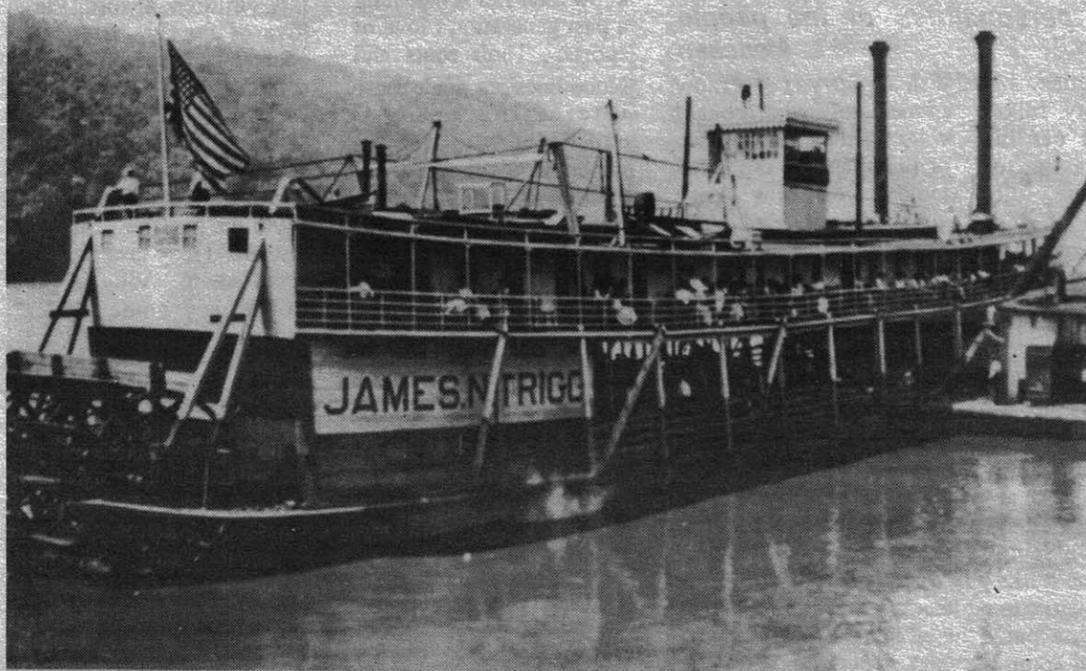
At Bridgeport, Captain Arthur Edwards had begun building a flat-bottom boat that he planned to turn into a steamer. His plans were carried through by a Union soldier named Turner, who had been a shipbuilder at Lake Erie. Turner, from all accounts, knew well the skills required of building a lake boat, but a boat that would withstand the challenges of a swift river like the Tennessee was a different matter.

The boat would be built, however, and christened the U.S.S. Chattanooga. This steamer was destined to play a key role in Civil War history and consequently secure Bridgeport's place in war history. The Union Army came up with a plan to supply troops by a route that soldiers would dub the "Cracker Line." Roads into Chattanooga from the southeast were secured and a pontoon bridge was built to get supplies around the "narrows," a swift, dangerous stretch of river south of Chattanooga. But the supplies had to be delivered to a place called Kelley's Ferry. And this became the U.S.S. Chattanooga's mission.

On October 30, 1863, the U.S.S. Chattanooga set out for Kelley's Ferry forty-five miles away, pulling barges behind it.

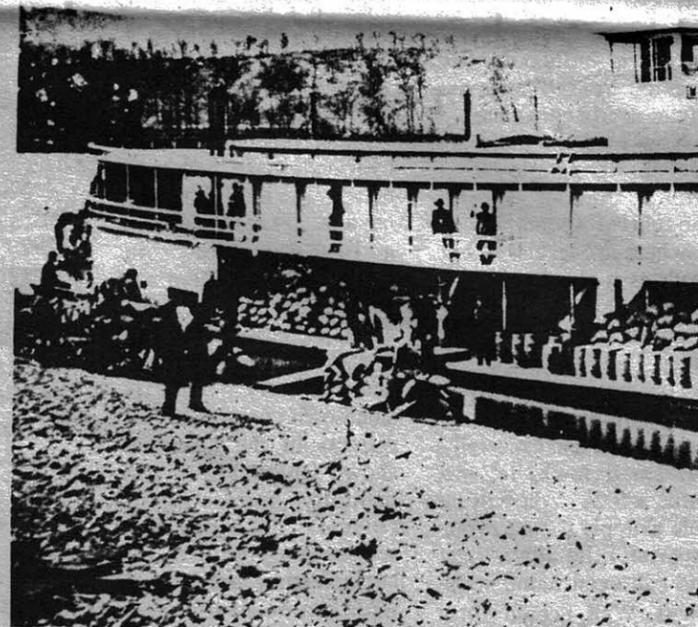
The Chattanooga carried 39,000 rations and 40,000 pounds of forage. The mission was so important that Brigadier General William Le Duc piloted the boat. The mission began with a blinding rainstorm. The headwinds were so strong that the boat was blown back on a few occasions. The inexperienced crew desperately worked to control the boat. The storm ended at night set in, but the dark and fog from the river made it impossible to see. Finally, a bow watch requested that the Chattanooga go ashore to a campfire. More uncertainty as the crew did not know if this were a Union or a Confederate campsite. There were moments of great fear as the crews searched for shore. As it was, it was a Union camp, and the soldiers gave directions to Kelley's Ferry, which was only a short distance away. The "Cracker Line" was complete. The supplies were delivered.

Observers reported that Union soldiers yelled with joy as the words of the supplies came. Conditions had become so desperate



The James N. Trigg

Photo Courtesy Of Chattanooga Centennial Library, Chattanooga TN And Dr. David Campbell



The USS

that soldiers by now scrambled for corn kernels not eaten by horses and mules. Supplies continued to be delivered from the Bridgeport-Chattanooga "Cracker-Line" and the federal troops were lifted physically and in spirit. Reinforcements arrived and in late November in the "Battle Above the Clouds" the Union troops took the mountains of Chattanooga and the city was secured. As a result, the war was much closer to an end. The U.S.S. Chattanooga had played its part.

Later, more steamer supply boats would be built at Bridgeport, including the Chickamauga, Kingston, Bridgeport, Missionary, Wauhatchie, Resaca, and Stone River. Additionally, the gunboats General Burnside, General Thomas, General Grant, and General Sherman also were built at Bridgeport, a town which obviously played a key supporting role in the Civil War.

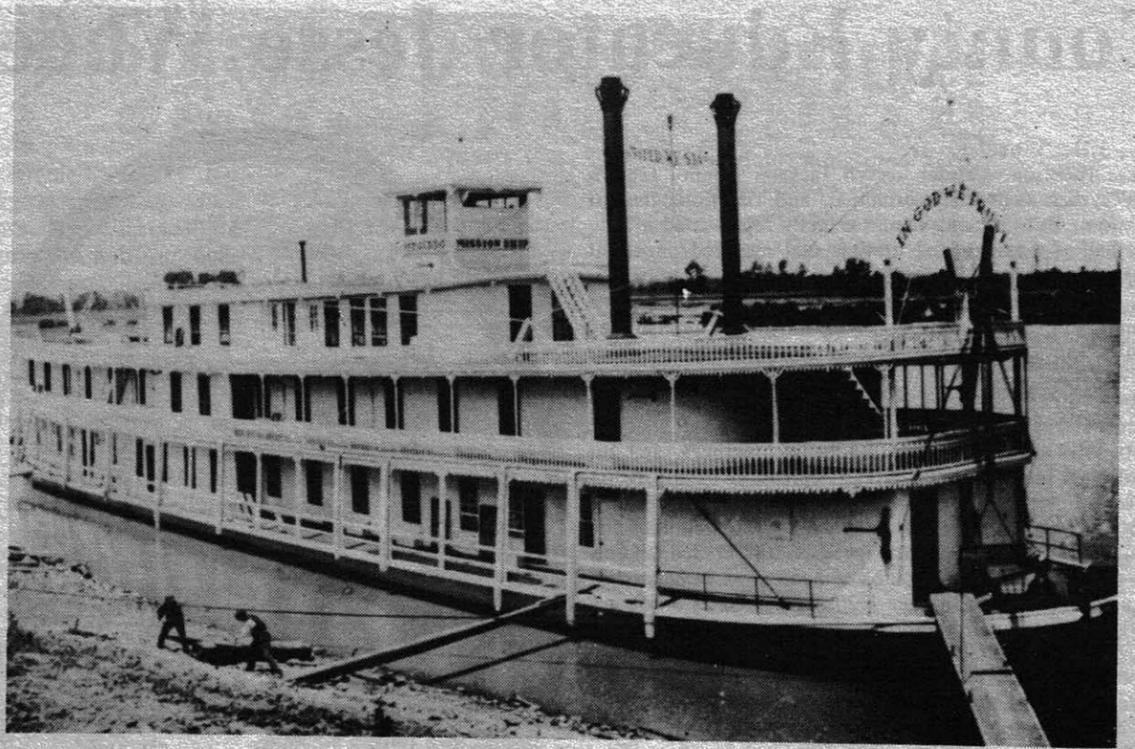
Not only were these boats built in Jackson County, but military

Effort

military records and family histories indicate that a number of Jackson Countians who chose to fight with the Union during the war were stationed at Bridgeport to build the boats. Some worked at the captured Confederate sawmill in the town.

GREAT TENNESSEE RIVER STEAMBOATS

The U.S.S. Chattanooga is not to be confused with one of the better-known steamboats to sail on the Tennessee during the height of commercial steamboating. That was the Chattanooga, which plied the river in the early 1900s. The Chattanooga was rebuilt out of a boat that had been named the Megiddo. Originally, the Megiddo (the ancient city of Palestine on the Kishon River) was built by the Christian Brethren in 1901 and used by this religious organization to conduct services and revivals on rivers. The Megiddo was refurbished and became the Chattanooga upon purchase by the Chattanooga Packet, a steamboat company operating out of Chattanooga.



The Megiddo¹

Photo Courtesy Of Chattanooga Centennial Library, Chattanooga TN And Dr. David Campbell

The steamboat era came slowly to an end as rail and road travel in the valley grew. As for passengers, few had the time or inclination to take the slow, leisurely trips to their destinations. The steamboats no longer had a place in fast-paced, modern America. More powerful and economical diesel driven boats began to replace the steamers on the river. Boats became geared toward freight, and the tradition of pleasing passengers with elegantly crafted boats and staterooms became a thing of the past.

In some ways river traditions continue. Go down to the river and soon a tugboat pushing barges up or down river will pass. These are our modern versions of freight boats without the romance of the old steamers. And, too, a company in Chattanooga is now providing dinner and a two-hour tour aboard a steamboat, the Southern Belle. Chattanooga itself is coming to recognize its river history and has elaborate plans for redevelopment along the river downtown.

"The Union Army came up with a plan to supply troops by a route that soldiers would dub the "Cracker Line." Roads into Chattanooga from the southeast were secured and a pontoon bridge was built to get supplies around the "narrows," a swift, dangerous stretch of river south of Chattanooga"

The Tennessee remains important to Jackson County and the valley economically, as it did in the years past. But certainly times have changed and the great steamboat days are gone. Still, there are those among us who can remember the sounding of a steamboat whistle as it neared a local landing and feel the excitement that it stirred. They can remember the rhythmic songs and chants of the steamboat labor crew as they loaded and unloaded the steamer's cargo. They can remember the star-status and commanding presence of the steamboat pilot and officers. They can remember the feeling of wonder and intrigue as the steamboat pushed away to another world that was somehow far

removed from their lives, a world that the modern-age would soon bring to Jackson County.

Author's note: The author would like to thank Clyde Broadway, Harry Campbell, Bud Campbell, and Marion Lloyd for their suggestions for this article. Mrs. Ida Cain provided information concerning Union soldiers from Jackson County. *In And Around Bridgeport* by Flossie Carmichael and Ronald Lee is an excellent source of information on Bridgeport. TVA's *A History of Navigation on the Tennessee River System* is also useful.

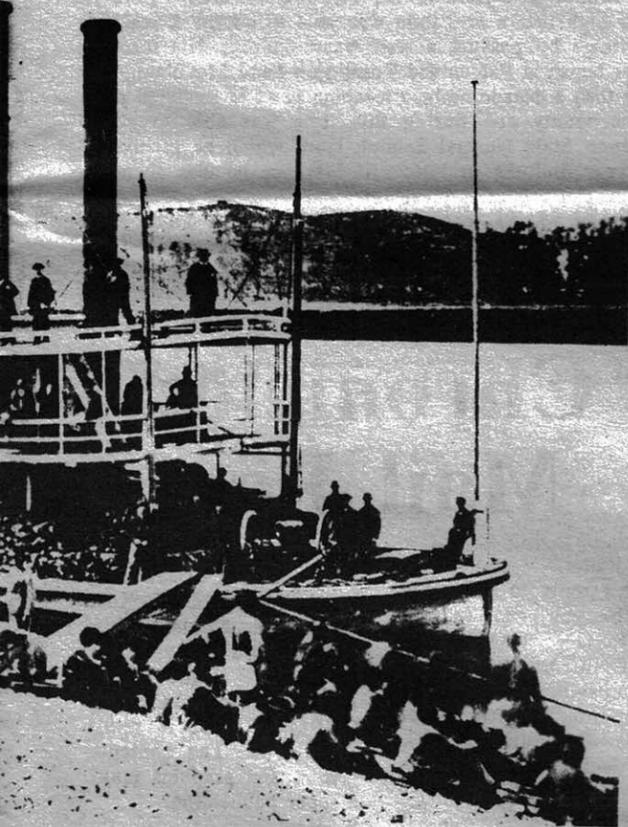
Ancestor Searching In Jackson County, Alabama

EVELYN GRIZZLE GRAY, Route 3, Box 135, Beeville, TX 78102, seeks information on ISAAC GRIZZLE and wife Frances who were living in Jackson County in 1850, 1860 and 1870. Isaac was born in 1814 in Va. but what county in Va. and who was his father? Frances died in 1872 and Isaac married Melvina Rush and continued to live in Jackson County until his death in 1893. Frances was born in S.C. in 1800. Was she a Stephens or a Vann? Isaac and Frances had children: 1. ISAAC MCDONALD, who married MINERVA NORTHCUTT. Isaac M. was killed in the Civil War and is buried in Union Cemetery; 2. CELIA FRANCES who married EDWARD J. MAPLES IN 1855; 3. ANDREW J., who was also killed in the Civil War. Isaac and Melvina had two sons, William F. and John Grizzle.

WALTER A. RUSSELL, 433 S. Highway 22A, Panama City, FL 32404, wishes to exchange information on the descendants of THOMAS FEARN AND MARY (MATTHEWS) RUSSELL. THOMAS FEARN RUSSELL was the tenth child of JUDGE JAMES and ELEANOR (NELLY) (BAKER) RUSSELL. Walter needs info on: 1. Elizabeth Fern, born Jan. 1, 1863, in GA, and died 1902, married (1) Dr. William D. Haddon on July 26, 1883, and had four children (2) Charles Holt and had one child.

2. Kate L., born Feb. 6, 1865, in GA, and died in Texas in 1937, married Mr. Owens on December 25, 1883, and had eight children and lived in Texas.

3. Mattie, born Feb. 22, 1867, in AL and died in TX in 1958. Married John A. McClatchey on October 14, 1886, and had four children.



Chattanooga

Chattanooga, the J.N. Trigg, the Joe Wheeler, and the A. Patten were the largest and best-known of the great boats that were a part of Jackson County history. These boats ran from Chattanooga to Decatur on the river.

There is even more of a local connection than these boats stopping on County landings. Operators of the Langston Gin obtained a whistle off one of these steamboats and used the whistle to let farmers know that they would be ginning that day. The steam whistle would blow at 4:00 in the morning on those days and blast the community awake. Later, the whistle was used by Word Lumber Company at its sawmill operation in Scottsboro. The whistle would blow three times; to signal the beginning of the work day, lunch, and end of the work day. Although they may not have known it, Scottsboro residents for years had as a part of their lives the distinct sound of an old steamboat whistle.

County Educator Jesse Wheeler Remembered

By J.H. Wheeler, Jr.

Jesse Harrison Wheeler served Jackson County schools for 47 years as teacher, principal, and superintendent of education. But this long tenure actually represented a little under half of a many-sided lifetime that mirrored important facets of county and Southern history. Born September 13, 1882, Jesse Wheeler experienced the self-reliant life of a farming and timber-cutting community in an isolated Appalachian cove, the migration to cotton-textile mills that was such a prominent feature of the upland South in the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the difficult struggle to upgrade education in a rural Southern county with poor roads and inadequate finances, and the devastating impact of the Great-Depression of the 1930s. He was involved for a considerable time in Jackson County's lively politics, and he contributed to religious life as a devoted Sunday School superintendent in Scottsboro's First Baptist Church. He took a hand in merchandising, first as a salesman in the late 1920s and again as a country storekeeper after his retirement from teaching. But education was central in his life, and his contributions to the county's schools were so significant that the Alabama House of Representatives was moved to commend him in 1975 by a special Resolution. Jesse Wheeler died July 10, 1981, at age 98, and is buried beside his wife, Lucy, and their daughter Sara in Scottsboro's beautiful Cedar Hill Cemetery.

Jesse and Lucy were devoted Jackson Countians. Lucy was well-known for many good works such as her leading role in establishing the annual Rhododendron Art Show at Pisgah Gorge. The family knew great sorrow in 1943, when the eldest daughter, Sara (Mrs. Jesse Grogan) died at age 20 of complications from lifelong asthma. Today, the other four children, J.H., Jr., Robert, Lucy and Marguerite, and twelve grandchildren are spread across the nation from Alabama to Massachusetts and California, and none remain in Jackson County. But the county is a treasured center of family tradition, and Jesse and Lucy are proudly remembered for their contributions to it.

Jesse Wheeler's story begins in Jones Cove, a steep-sided creek valley notched into the western escarpment of the Sand Mountain tableland. Here pioneers founded well before the Civil War a creekside community at a site blessed with dependable springs, good timber, fish and game, tillable land in the alluvial creek bottom and on the adjacent floodplain of the Tennessee River, waterpower supplied by Jones Creek, and access to the outer world by steamboats on the broad Tennessee. Today this Cove—known locally as "the Gulf" in pioneer times—has reverted to unpopulated forest, and a good part of its floor is submerged beneath the reservoir of TVA's Guntersville Dam. But in Jesse Wheeler's childhood and young adulthood it was home to a well-knit community equipped with simple processing facilities such as the waterpowered



Jesse H. Wheeler, Sr. (1882-1981)
(Photo Courtesy of J.H. Wheeler, Jr.)

gristmill that Jesse's father operated, and some service institutions such as a church of the Southern Baptist faith that most Cove residents professed. Here Jesse, born in a large two-room log cabin, early learned the practical skills of fishing, hunting, timber-cutting, animal husbandry, and the cultivation of corn and cotton. The Wheeler household was Southern in tradition and outlook. Jesse's father, John Vestal Wheeler (1845-1924), had seen service with the Confederate Army, being captured by the Federals at the Battle of Fort Donelson (1862) and subsequently paroled in a prisoner exchange. John Vestal was twice married; first to Caledonia Derrick in 1866 and then to Nancy Elizabeth Dodd (1856-1953) in 1876, after Caledonia's death in 1875.

To the first union three sons were born (William Bethel, James Thomas and Lewis Arthur), to the second six daughters (Catherine, Caledonia, Myrtle, Pauline, Minnie and Lillie) and seven sons (Volney, Jesse, John, Charles, Emmett, Richard, and Luther Earl, who died at three months of age).

Nancy Elizabeth was a tower of strength in the Cove Community, dispensing remedies for malaria and other illnesses to a population with no resident doctor, assisting at the births of numerous children, and powerfully influencing her own children in matters of religion and behavior. Among her many practical skills was adeptness in spinning thread and weaving cloth by hand. This sturdy and beloved matriarch lived to age 97 and all her children except Luther Earl survived at least to age 78 and some for decades longer. Her husband, John Vestal, has a place in family lore as a notable explorer of caves, which are numerous in the thick limestone underlying Sand Mountain. However, he died before the Cove's most celebrated cave became known. This was the "treasure cave" whose entrance was concealed with earth by Indians before the first whites came to the Cove. Uncovered and explored by various Wheelers in the 1930s, the cave never yielded any treasure except family legend, and it remains a fascinating enigma. More practically useful was a "blowing cave" not far from the Wheeler Home Place. It wafted air currents cool enough to keep food fresh at the cave mouth in the heat of summer.

Jesse Wheeler was introduced to wage labor in 1894, when the family moved from Jones Cove to Huntsville and several of the children went to work in the Dallas Mills, a cotton spinning and weaving factory. Jesse worked in the spinning room, where he proved adept at "doffing"—the replacement of full bobbins with empty ones on the cotton spindles. But his lifelong managerial talent soon asserted

itself, and he rose to be assistant foreman of the spinning room.

In 1899 the rest of the family went back to the Home Place in the Cove, though Jesse kept his own good job at the mill for a short time longer. By now he had developed a strong ambition for formal education, but it would be several years before such schooling came his way. In the meantime he went back to the Cove and there engaged in various moneymaking enterprises with some of his brothers. They farmed, grew ginseng and marketed it to China through a wholesaler in St. Louis, and cut timber. The logs were processed at the family's waterpowered sawmill, and the lumber shipped to market by river barge.

One memorable episode was the sawing of popular planks up to four feet wide under a contract with the Pullman Car Company. Jesse's last day in the timber business was devoted to sawing a thousand hickory blocks for shipment to an axehandle factory at Decatur. The entire enterprise was a local phase of the great lumbering operation that cut huge quantities of prime Appalachian timber in the decades around the turn of the century.

Up to this time Jesse's formal schooling had been scanty, although his parents had taught him to read, write, spell, and do arithmetic. According to his recollections late in life, "My father taught us arithmetic and spelling at home and we worked on problems of some kind every night. All of us were good spellers and we were pretty good readers. The blueback speller was our text and Davies arithmetic was our math." This preparation enabled him to be accepted in his early twenties as a seventh-grade student in a school at Wylam in the Birmingham area. Here he made high marks and soon was able to obtain a teaching certificate by passing a state examination. His teaching career began at Fabius and Rosalie on Sand Mountain. For more than a decade he held teaching posts in scattered parts of the county and during this time was able to attend Florence State Normal School, from which he received a two-year diploma in 1916. At Florence he was an honor student and was class president.

One of Jesse's teaching positions was in Paint Rock Valley at Princeton, where he met and married Lucy Blackwell Enochs (1894-1974), youngest of the six children of Demetris Vespasian and Serena Elizabeth (Bridges)

Cont. on Page Seven

Chronicles Mail Bag

Dear Editor,
I had a reply to the query which you ran in the JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES. Roy Brewer of Huntsville, Alabama, put me in touch with Carol Davis of Route 3, Box 155, Jacksboro, TX 76056. The James Clark family moved to Jack County, TX sometime before 1880, and James died and is buried there. I am now starting more research in that area. It's been a productive week thanks to you. I am sending my subscription today.
Best regards,
Ray Clark
Winston Salem, North Carolina

Dear Mr. Loyd:
Please find enclosed my dues for the year of 1987. I would like to place a query in the next issue of the JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES.
Thanks,
Mrs. P.D. Gray (Evelyn)
Beeville, TX 78102

From the desk of James R. Kuykendall of DeKalb Landmarks: Couldn't resist telling you that your volume 2, number 1 of JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES is really impressive. The contents, layout, and graphics make a super publication.
Sincerely,
James R. Kuykendall
Ft. Payne, Alabama

Dear Ann,
Remember me? I'm the one who sent a copy of James Russell's letter to you some years ago. I was reading the SLICKER WAR (in Missouri) and found your name there, too. Then you sent me a copy of the JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES for which I am thankful. I'm enclosing a check for my membership.
As ever,
Leona Kohler
Kingsville, Missouri
64061

Cont. on Page Seven

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is published quarterly in January, April, July and October by the Jackson County Historical Association, Route 4, Box 265, Scottsboro, Alabama 35768.

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Charles H. Loyd and Wendell Page

Wheeler (Continued)



Front Row, left to right: Louise (Franklin) Headrick, Eugene Thomas, J.W. Thomas, and Emmett Franklin. Second Row, seated left to right: Callie (Wheeler) Thomas, Richard Wheeler, Nancy Elizabeth (Dodd) Wheeler, John Vestal Wheeler, Lillie (Wheeler) Gant, and Wheeler grandchild. Third Row, left to right: Myrtle (Wheeler) Hardy, Minnie (Wheeler) Patterson, Pauline (Wheeler) Clayton, Mrs. Charley Wheeler, Sarah Catherine (Kate Wheeler) Franklin, Volney Wheeler holding his child, Mrs. Volney Wheeler. Fourth Row: O.K. Hardy, Emmett Wheeler, Charles (Charley) Wheeler, John D. Wheeler, and Jesse H. Wheeler, Sr. (Photo courtesy of Ella Ruth (Wheeler) Lamberth. Picture made circa 1920.)

Cont. from Page Six

Enochs. D.V. Enoch (1853-1936) kept a general store and post office, and carried mail on horseback to outlying

J.C.H.A. Association Members Paid Since March 1, 1987

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YOU are invited to join YOUR Jackson County Historical Association. Annual dues are \$10.00 for regular membership and \$100.00 for life membership. Contributions to the Association are tax deductible since we are a non-profit organization. Memorials and Honorariums are encouraged.

Members receive JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES quarterly in January, April, July and October. The Association meets on the third Sunday in January, April, July and October, unless otherwise announced.

settlers in the Princeton region. Throughout her long life, Lucy's mother Serena (1857-1945) was fond of telling how Paint Rock Valley had been ransacked for livestock and other provisions by a Federal foraging party during the Civil War, and how her family's geese had escaped the Yankees when they "flew off to the river." A dedicated Methodist, Serena once broke the tedium of a brief illness in bed for Lucy's oldest child by reading him *The Pilgrim's Progress* in its entirety. More than sixty years later, her hearer still has vivid images of his resolute grandmother leading him through the Slough of Despond and out of the clutches of Giant Despair.

Jesse Wheeler and Lucy Enoch (often called Lucille) were married in 1917, the year in which Jesse was appointed on a merit basis to the post of County Superintendent of Education, which he held until 1928. From his office in the Court House, he made visitations to every school in the county, generally by car but sometimes on horseback or on foot. On one such trip to a remote school his horse fell, broke a leg, and had to be shot, leaving the County Superintendent to trudge on his way by foot. Once he was

accosted by a mountaineer armed with "the longest rifle I ever saw," but he was allowed to proceed after establishing that he was not a lawman, tax man, or other unwelcome intruder, and had come to help the local one-teacher school. Jesse's tireless concern for the county's schools would be remembered with great respect to the end of his life, and he treasured his many associations with teachers, pupils, and parents. But his dedication failed to yield sufficient votes when the Superintendent's post became elective in 1928, and he lost the office to J.F. Hodges in a hard-fought political campaign. He was still trying to regain the Superintendency as late as 1948, but was not successful. Following the defeat in 1928, he tried his hand briefly at selling life insurance and automobiles, but then determined to complete a four-year college degree in Education at Auburn (then Alabama Polytechnic Institute) as a prelude to a return to teaching. This was accomplished, despite economic hardship, in the early Depression years. Subsequently he held principalships on Sand Mountain in the eleven-grade school at Dutton and the twelve-grade school at Pisgah.

Jesse and Lucy spent the last part of their life together at Section, where Jesse was Mayor for a time and kept a store on the Scottsboro-Fort Payne highway. They lived in a remodeled farmhouse on a plot of several acres where Jesse grew a big garden and corn patch every year, together with a few livestock. Lucy made and painted ceramics and ran a small flower shop; and they both indulged a lifelong passion for fishing. They kept up treasured associations with Scottsboro, Sand Mountain communities, Paint Rock Valley, and innumerable friends and relatives came to see them. Jesse had especially close relationships with the Pisgah community, to which his father, mother, and numerous other relatives had moved from Jones Cove. After Lucy's death in 1974, Jesse lived for the rest of his life in the home of a married daughter, Lucy Frances (Mrs. Leon Shaddix), on Logan Martin Lake near Talladega. Here he continued to fish, read, raise a garden, and help with family chores well into his nineties.

Jesse Wheeler was a relatively small man physically, but he was quite strong and seldom ill. He believed in hard physical work and he impressed this feeling on his two sons, seeing to it they learned how to saw and split stove wood, chop and pick cotton, cut sorghum cane, and do other rural chores. Jesse and his family were hard hit by the loss of his Superintendent's job and the financial stringency of the Great Depression that followed soon after. The expense of rearing and educating five children bore heavily on the meager salary of a rural Alabama teacher and principal. But through it all, Jesse and Lucy Wheeler kept the traits for which they are lovingly remembered: strong personal discipline, devotion to family, place, and church, respect for education and hard work, a spirit of neighborliness, and above all a sense of responsibility for others.

This sketch of Jesse H. Wheeler's life was written by his son, J.H. Wheeler, Jr., primarily on the basis of his father's recollections recorded in notes and on tapes as opportunity offered over a period of years. The author was born in Scottsboro in 1918, graduated from Jackson County High School in 1935, and subsequently earned B.S. and M.S. degrees from Auburn and a Ph. D. degree from the University of Chicago. He has been a professor of geography at the University of Missouri-Columbia since 1949.

Jackson County Historical Association's PROGRAM MEETING

will be SUNDAY,
JULY 19, 1987, 2:30 P.M.
AT THE

STEVENSON CITY PARK PAVILION
STEVENSON, ALABAMA

You Are Cordially Invited To Join Your Historical Association
Members Receive THE JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES
Quarterly In January, April, July And October!

REGULAR DUES: \$10.00 PER YEAR WITH LIFE MEMBERSHIP: \$100.00

MAIL YOUR DUES TO J.C.H.A. TREASURER: MR. CHARLES H. LOYD
Route One, Box 261, Stevenson, AL 35772

Homemade
Ice Cream
And Cake
In The Park

Mail Bag

Cont. From page Six

Dear Mr. Loyd,
The enclosed check is for one-year's membership in the JACKSON COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION. Please list Henry Huerkamp and Pat Arnold as members. We are looking forward to working with you. If we can ever be of service to you, please call.
Cordially,
Pat Arnold, Director
Member Services
Scottsboro-Jackson County Chamber of Commerce

DAR Dedication Of Marker Honoring John Jackson

By Ann Chambless

On May 16, 1987, the Daughters of the American Revolution who hold their membership in Tidence Lane Chapter dedicated the grave marker placed in honor of American Patriot John Jackson, who is buried in Robertson Cemetery on Highway 79 in Scottsboro, Alabama.

Mrs. Harrison Smith, Tidence Lane Chapter Regent, planned and coordinated the patriotic service. Mrs. Smith's program included an impressive cross section of Jackson County talent who collectively renewed the spirit of American patriotism on Armed Forces Day, 1987.

Mrs. Smith welcomed special guests: Alabama Society DAR State Regent, Mrs. Walter Byers; ASDAR State Historian, Mrs. Caroline Steen; Huntsville Chapter DAR Regent, Mrs. Donna Ivy; Hunt Spring Chapter DAR Regent, Mrs. Vaughn Stewart; Phillip Hamman Chapter DAR Regent, Mrs. Martha Stanley; Tennessee Valley Chapter Sons of the American Revolution, Vaughn Stewart, William Page, Wendell Page, and Carlus Pae, and local American Veterans.

Dr. Morris Pepper offered the invocation and benediction. Chip Dawson sounded reveille and accompanied the singing of the National Anthem on a Dawson family heirloom horn. Charles Dawson led group singing of "Faith of Our Fathers." Mrs. Leon Shelton and Mrs. Eugene Henninger led the Pledge of Allegiance and the American's Creed, respectively.

Emmit Smart, Jr., and Jason Davis, of Boy Scout Troop 18, passed out programs and welcomed guests. Members of the Scottsboro High School Color Guard: Mike Green, Chris Clines, Eric Ledwell, and Darryl Jeffery presented the colors. They were accompanied by their leaders, Lt. Col. Joseph Griffey and Sergeant First Class Paul Carter of the Scottsboro High School R.O.T.C. A Marine Corps Reserve Rifle Team from Huntsville fired a twenty-one gun salute.

Scottsboro Mayor Lonnie Crawford placed a floral wreath in honor of John Jackson's military service during the Revolutionary War. Heath Chambless, a descendant, unveiled the marker which then dedicated by Mrs. Harrison Smith. Ann B.

Chambless, a descendant, presented the personal tribute to John Jackson. After the ceremony, Tidence Lane Chapter members entertained those in attendance with a reception at Oak Hill Farm, the home of their chapter member, Mrs. Bowers Parker.

Tidence Lane Chapter, DAR, has previously marked the graves of Revolutionary War veterans: John McCutchen, William Davis, Thomas Russell, Ananias Allen, and John Rounsavall, Sr. who are buried in Jackson County, Alabama.

The Jackson family research of Ann B. Chambless, eighth generation descendant of John Jackson, reveals:

When he joined Thomson's Rangers in 1775, John Jackson was just another semi-literate frontiersman from the South Carolina back country. Yet this back country pioneer helped tip the balance of power toward the cause of independence during the Revolutionary War.

John Jackson, a native of Virginia, had migrated south into back country near the South Carolina-Georgia line. That the boundaries of the South Carolina back country were not fixed until 1763, attests to its primitive state. The old 96 District pioneers were still facing Cherokee Indian attacks at the onset of the Revolutionary War.

In June 1775, Colonel William Thomson's Rangers were recruited in this area, and John Jackson traveled to Abbeville County to enlist in Captain John Purvis' Company. When he volunteered to defend his country, John Jackson was 23 years old and stood six feet tall. Only one man in his Company was one inch taller, according to Col. Thomson's records.

Thomson's Rangers were furnished with "suit cloaths" which cost 15 British pounds per suit. Each man furnished his own horse, and the privates were paid 20 pounds (6 2/3 dollars) per month.

During the war, the Rangers and Private John Jackson kept the Cherokee Indians at bay in the South Carolina back country. When the British marched to Charleston to protect the state's capital. In his pension application, John Jackson stated he was in the Battles of Sullivans Island and Stone Ferry and

other skirmishes. He was discharged in Charleston in 1778, but re-enlisted and served during the seige of Charleston in 1780. (Charleston was capital of South Carolina until 1790.)

After the war, John and Jackson lived in the 96 District and became the parents of three sons and four daughters. John Jackson lived next door to John Warnock who had also served in Captain Purvis' Company of Thomson's Rangers.

Even though he was past 50, John Jackson must have itched for more adventure because he moved south again when he heard about the land boom in the Mississippi Territory. He and his family were enumerated in Thomas Freeman's 1809 census of what later became Madison County, Alabama. His youngest son, Hiram, served in the War of 1812 in a Mississippi Territory regiment.

In 1813, John Jackson was granted the right to remain a "tenant at will" in Section 5, Township 2, Range 1 West in Madison County, Alabama. This gave Jackson the right to purchase this land at a public sale. Since John Jackson's name does not appear in the Madison County Tract Book, it appears he was not successful in acquiring his chosen acreage when it was auctioned. Perhaps this was the the reason our next record of John Jackson is found across the state line in Lincoln County, Tennessee, in 1818. In September, 1818, John Jackson applied for a military pension based on 51 months service in America's War for Independence. He was placed on the 1818 roll at the rate of \$8.00 per month.

Shortly after Jackson County, Alabama, was created, John Jackson followed his youngest son, Hiram, to Longhollow. John's youngest daughter, Nancy, married John Owens in Jackson County on August 16, 1821, according to Bible records.

As soon as the first public sale of land in Jackson County was held in 1830, Hiram Jackson purchased eighty acres in Longhollow. Hiram had evidently "squatted" on this land for some time. The Act of the Alabama Legislature which set the line between Jackson and Decatur Counties in 1822 cited Hiram Jackson's farm

just off Winchester Road within the bounds of Decatur County.

No deed to John Jackson has been found in Jackson County. Most likely, he and Ann lived on the land purchased by Hiram, just north of Robertson Cemetery. In the 1830 Census John and Ann were enumerated next door to the three of their children: Hiram, Nancy Jackson Owens, and Martha Jackson McGuire. All the Jacksons lived in close proximity to John McCutchen and David Larkin.

In 1825, John and Ann Jackson celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary. Surely they enjoyed living their golden years in Longhollow, looking out over its beautiful valley. On November 30, 1833, in the 52nd year of our Independence, John Jackson died shortly after his 82nd birthday. His wife of 58 years, died five years later, in 1838. Elijah B. Ligon, who married John Jackson's granddaughter, Ann Jackson Ligon, attempted to get pension money due John's heirs. The closing statement in Ligon's deposition to the War Department reads: "The said deceased lay side by side in their graves and

tombs were erected over them."

Mrs. Chambless stated that if John Jackson could respond to the recognition accorded him on May 16, she felt sure he would extend this blessing:

May each generation of YOUR descendants strive unceasingly to make the next generation better than its own. John and Ann Jackson were the parents of:

Mary Jackson, born 1777, married George McGuire

Martha Jackson, born ca. 1779, married Isaac

McGuire

Elizabeth Jackson, born ca. 1781, married Joseph Hinson

John Jackson, Jr. (no further info available)

William Jackson (ma have been the W m Jackson who married Sara Ann Bayless on November 7, 1821, in Madison County, Alabama).

Hiram Jackson, born November 23, 1793, died December, 1835.

Nancy Jackson, born June 3, 1796, married John Owens on August 16, 1821



Unveils Marker

Heath Chambless, descendant of Revolutionary War veteran, John Jackson, Sr., unveils the grave marker dedicated by Tidence Lane Chapter DAR. Scottsboro High School R.O.T.C. Color Guard in left background: Michael Green, Chris Clines, Eric Ledwell and Darryl Jeffery.



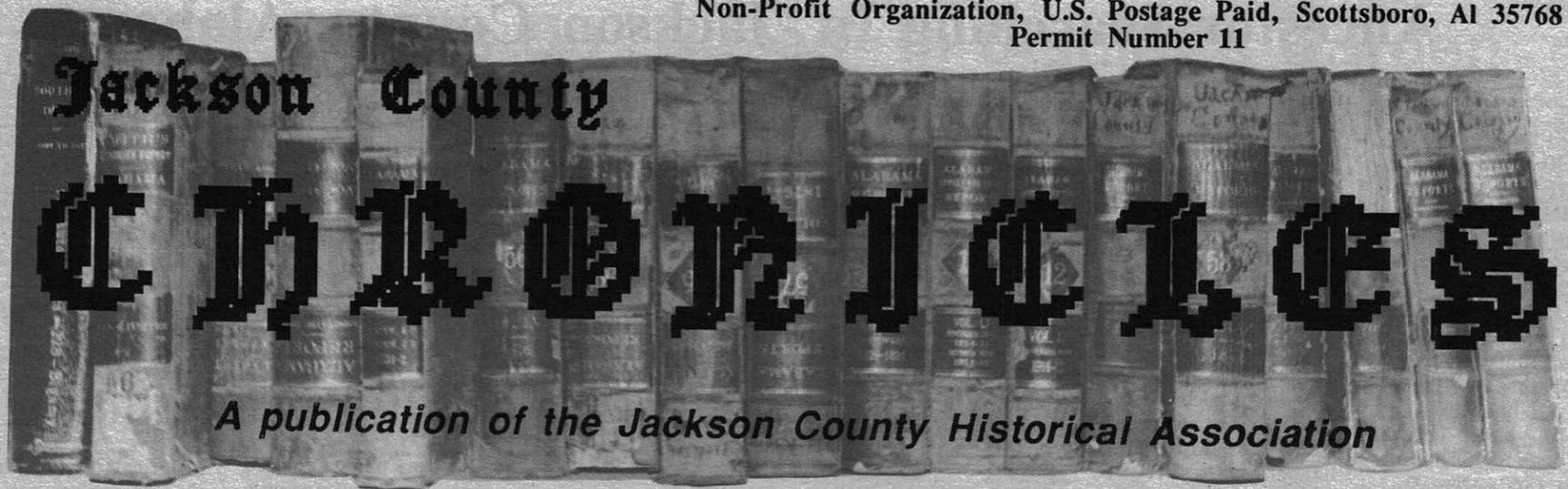
State Regent Present

Those in attendance in DAR ceremony included Mrs. Walter Byers, State Regent of the Alabama Society Daughters of the American Revolution in center foreground. (Photo Courtesy of Wendell Page)



DAR Marker Ceremony Held

Mrs. Harrison Smith, Tidence Lane Chapter DAR Regent; Scottsboro Mayor Lonnie Crawford; and Dr. Morris Pepper; Scottsboro High School R.O.T.C. Color Guard; Marine Corps Reserve Rifle Team from Huntsville, AL in center background. (Photo Courtesy of Wendell Page)



Volume Two, Number Three

December 1987

County Was Once Mussel Center

As children many Jackson County residents can remember when a summer prize was finding a mussel shell while swimming in the Guntersville Reservoir. It was like finding a water Easter egg. Better to find the shell, too, than the whole mussel and the slimy mess on the inside.

Little did we know that we were touching a rich and unique aspect of the history of Jackson County and the Tennessee Valley.

The mussel has played an important yet hidden role in our history. The first inhabitants of our area, the Native Americans, relied on the mussel for food, especially during the Woodland period. Summer months would find the Indians camped along the banks of the Tennessee, where they had easy access to the river and its mussel beds. Mussels were a prime source of food for the Native Americans during these summer months.

How were they eaten? Well, probably steamed, according to Russell Cave Park Ranger Billy Guedon.

"They used them by the ton," Guedon added.

The mussel shells were also made into decorative necklaces, Guedon says. Shells are still found with holes drilled in them, indicating that they were at one time part of a necklace. Mussel

shells along the Tennessee are a good clue to finding sites of Native American villages. Guedon adds.

Find the shells and there's an excellent chance that a camp or village was nearby.

European settlers in the Valley seemed to have lost the taste for mussels. But still, the mussel had its place, as it still does to an extent. Back in many Jackson Countian's memories are images of mussel boats on the Tennessee. On some

afternoons the river would be covered with them as they drug the river bottom.

At this time, the inside lining of the mussel or Mother-of-Pearl as it is

the Tennessee Valley, as well it should have.

According to Curtis Lawson, a state district fisheries biologist, the

abundance and diversity of freshwater mussels in the world.

Mussel capitol of the world? That is something that we children as swimmers never knew. Lawson says further that the richest freshwater mussel bed in the world was at Muscle Shoals, but now lies at the bottom of Wilson Reservoir and is covered by some 20 feet of silt and sediment.

A little more glamour is added to mussel lore when the names of mussels are

considered. To me a mussel is a mussel, but to the knowledgeable it's one of many different species, such as the washboard, mapleleaf, three-ridge, elephant ear, pig-toe, ladyfinger, sandshell, or heelsplitter. The names are not only colorful, but accurate, as with the name heelsplitter, a fine, sharp mussel capable of cutting a misplaced foot.

Ms. Peggy Linley of the Hudson Shell Company in Decatur has been in the mussel business all her life, following in the footsteps of her father. She describes an industry that has fallen on hard times.

Once the Hudson Shell Company handled 3,000 tons of mussels per year, buying mussels from Bridgeport to Wheeler Dam. Now the company handles 150-200 tons per year.

Something happened to the big mussel beds on the Tennessee in 1963, she says. When the boats went back out in the spring and summer, the

mussel had dwindled in number. Ms. Linley speculates that this might have resulted from a chemical spill somewhere in the Tennessee. There are other theories as to what has happened to the Tennessee's rich mussel beds. One is that the TVA's dams tamed

Jackson County Sketches

By David Campbell

called, was made into buttons. Because of this use, at one time the mussel industry boomed in

Tennessee River and its tributaries has been considered the area with the greatest



Historical Association Officers

The Annual Banquet of the Jackson County Historical Association was held at Carlisle Restaurant in Scottsboro. Ted Roberts of Huntsville, a noted speaker and writer, was the guest speaker. Officers of the Historical Association, pictured above with Roberts, left to right, are: Delbert Hicks, Secretary; Roberts; Mary Ann Cromeans, Vice President and Charles Loyd, Treasurer.

(See MUSSELS, Page 8)

Ancestor Searching In Jackson County, Alabama

FAYE GOODNER, 5244 Mill Street, Fortuna CA 95540, seeks info on GABRIEL M. and SUSANNAH NEELY, both born circa 1829. Gabriel, son of Joseph and Fareba (Smith) Neely, was born in Jackson Co., AL. Gabriel's children: Frances E., born 1850, married Wathan/Worthen; Louisa J., born 1851; Joseph P., born 1854; Faraby, born 1858; Susan C., born 1860; Mary D., born 1865; Martha, born 1872. Family found in 1880 Jackson Co., AL census.

PAT FINNEL, 2985 S. Newport, Denver, Colorado 80224, seeks info on descendants of Jeremiah Ellis Stephens who married Mary Jane Wilson on Nov. 11, 1852, in Jackson Co., AL. He was son of Daniel and Edith (Murphree) Stephens who lived in Maynards Cove. Daniel's brothers were John W. (went to MS) and Kellis who lived at Skyline and died in

Chronicle Mail Bag

Dear Ann,

Enclosed is my check for one hundred dollars, life membership in the Jackson County Historical Association. I did not know of the existence of the association until my good friend, Mr. James F. Sulzby, Jr., mentioned it to me. He gave me a copy of your July, 1987, issue featuring the fine article on Mrs. Erin Davis. I commend Bob Hodges for this article. It was certainly touching. I suspect that many of us could recite the same tribute to Mrs. Davis and testify as to her influence on our lives, particularly now that many of us look back over thirty years.

Yours very truly,
George M. Boles

Dear Sirs,

I am enclosing herewith a check for annual dues for a regular membership in the Jackson County Historical Association. I was given a copy of the April issue of THE JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES and enjoyed, very much, the article about former mayor, John T. Reid.

Yours very truly,
Tommy Armstrong

1880. Mrs. Finnel would like to hear from descendants of the Maynards Cove Stephens.

She will also exchange data on families of Mary Jane Wilson Stephens, daughter of Thomas and Jayly (Townsend) Wilson. Thomas Wilson married as his first wife Jayly Townsend on Sept. 16, 1820, in Franklin Co., TN. The Wilsons and her parents, Joshua and Elizabeth (Caperton) Townsend were members of the Boiling Fork Primitive Baptist Church in Franklin Co., TN where they lived at the time of the 1830 census. By 1840, both families were enumerated in Jackson Co., AL. Mrs. Finnel would like to locate the graves of Joshua Townsend, a Revolutionary War veteran, who died in Jackson Co. during the

1840s.

ROY J. CROWELL, 1605 Gunnison Drive, Wichita Falls, TX 76305, would like to hear from descendants of James Henry Smith who married Rose Ann Chandler on Feb. 13, 1876, and lived near Rash, AL. Rose Ann was of Jabez Ezra Chandler and his wife, Rhoda porter Chandler, who died in Jackson Co. Jabez Ezra Chandler was a Baptist preacher. James Henry Smith was the son of James M. Smith who died in Jackson Co., AL after moving here from Georgia.

LOU PERON, P.O. Box 488, Bend, OR 97709, is researching the Hulsey family and is interested in Jordan Hulsey (1801-1860) who was living near Claysville in 1830. By 1840 census, Jordan Hulsey age 30-40, lived between Wannville and Yucca. Ann Hulsey

lived next door in 1840. The 1850 Jackson Co. census lists Jordan Hulsey in the Bellefonte area. Mrs. Peron would like to correspond with anyone researching Thomas Campbell (1794-1857) who married Margaret Hulsey, daughter of Joseph Hulsey. In 1850, Thomas Campbell is listed as a stonemason and lived near John R. Coffey at Wannville.

MRS. JESSIE (CHERRIE) KIMBROUGH, 514 So. 97th Way, Mesa AZ 85208, would like to correspond with descendants of Elijah and Ailsey Sanders whose daughter, Caldonia, born 1849, married John William Kimbrough. Elijah and Ailsey Sanders were enumerated in 1850 DeKalb Co., AL census. Elijah Sanders died ca. 1858, and his widow, Ailsey, was in Paint Rock Valley in 1860.

ANCESTOR SEARCHING IN JACKSON COUNTY, ALABAMA (Continued)
MRS. WINSTON R. (ANN) CAMPBELL, Route 10, Box 470, Cleveland, TN 37311, would like to correspond with descendants of Joseph (1761-1812) and Margaret (Larkin) Campbell who married circa 1784 in Hawkins Co., TN. They were both born circa 1760-1765, and he died May 2, 1812, in Franklin Co., TN. They were parents of Andrew, Jane, Nancy, John Larkin, Lettie, Robert, Margaret, Joseph,

David, Lucinda, and James Campbell. Their son, Robert (1799-1853), married Nancy White on July 8, 1824, in Franklin Co., TN, and had:

(1) Joseph, b. May 6, 1825, married first Emeline Counts on Nov. 2, 1848, and second Elizabeth Estes in 1868 in Scottsboro.

(2) Thomas, b. Jan. 20, 1827, married Rebecca C. Little (Lytle) on December 13, 1849, and moved to Scottsboro, AL.

(3) Margaret, b. Dec. 21, 1828, married Matthew Dickey on April 28, 1853.

(4) Lettie W., b. April 14, 1832, married Shipman Reid on Sep. 18, 1851, and lived in Paint

Rock Valley.

(5) Eliza A., b. Dec. 21, 1836, married John Edgar on June 21, 1863.

Joseph and Emeline (Counts) Campbell had six children and Joseph and his second wife had at least

two children. His brother, Thomas Campbell, had eleven children. Mrs. Campbell needs names and birth/death dates for Joseph and Thomas Campbell's descendants.

Jackson Preserves "Little Courthouse"

After being trucked across town and getting a complete facelift, Jackson County's historic "little courthouse" was officially dedicated Sunday, September 7, at the Jackson County Heritage Center.

Scores of Tate family ancestors attended the dedication in honor of Judge David M. Tate, who served as probate judge during the brief period the building was the county courthouse.

The one-room brick structure was Tate's law office in Scottsboro and it served as interim repository for the county's records from 1868 until the new courthouse was built at the site of the present courthouse in 1870.

In a dedication address, Tate's great grandson, Dr. George Tate of Alexandria, La., recalled Judge Tate and pointed out the

historical importance of the structure to the community.

"We must open the doors of this building to the public that they may ponder with us what is the meaning of these relics," he said.

"I do not wish to dictate the answer to that question-I only want to point out how this community will be edified," Tate said. "It is by pondering this question that we will grow in our knowledge and understanding of who we are."

"I want the answer to the question 'What do these relics mean?' to be that of a more perfect understanding, more widely understood, of the role of the courthouse in county history and county government," Tate said.

Dr. Tate said Judge Tate wanted only to be a farmer

JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES is published quarterly in January, April, July and October by the Jackson County Historical Association, Route 4, Box 265, Scottsboro, Alabama 35768.

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Delbert Hicks
Mrs. William W. McCutchen
David Campbell
Margaret Ann Loyd
Walter Hammer
Carlus Page
Jeff Tryon
Photographers:
Charles H. Loyd and Wendell Page

History Comes Up "Roses" In Stanley's Garden

by Ann B. Chambliss

When Stanley Jones graduated from Jackson County High School in Scottsboro, Alabama, in 1940, a formal rose garden was not one of his top priorities. But thirty years later Stanley began to see through "rose colored glasses", and he and his wife, Sue, began collecting rose cuttings from places that were important to them.

Stanley explains, "The garden just evolved, and it still is an on-going hobby." Stanley refers to their work as a fledgling garden, but its originality and beauty have merited reviews in both *The Atlanta Constitution* and *The Atlanta Journal*.

How did the garden begin? Stanley mused, "Collecting one plant led to the request for another, and the garden just 'grew'. When our sons were in college, we visited each - Stan, Jr. at Harvard and Willis at the University of California at Berkeley. We were enchanted with the lovely landscaping at

After receiving the rose cuttings, seedlings, and various plants from Cambridge and Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Jones decided to write each home and/or historical site associated with each United States president.

each university. We wondered if we could transfer a tiny bit of their beauty to our own backyard in Atlanta. We approached each university and were overwhelmed by their generous response." From Harvard, Stanley chose roses nearest the house where the Kennedy brothers lived during their student days.

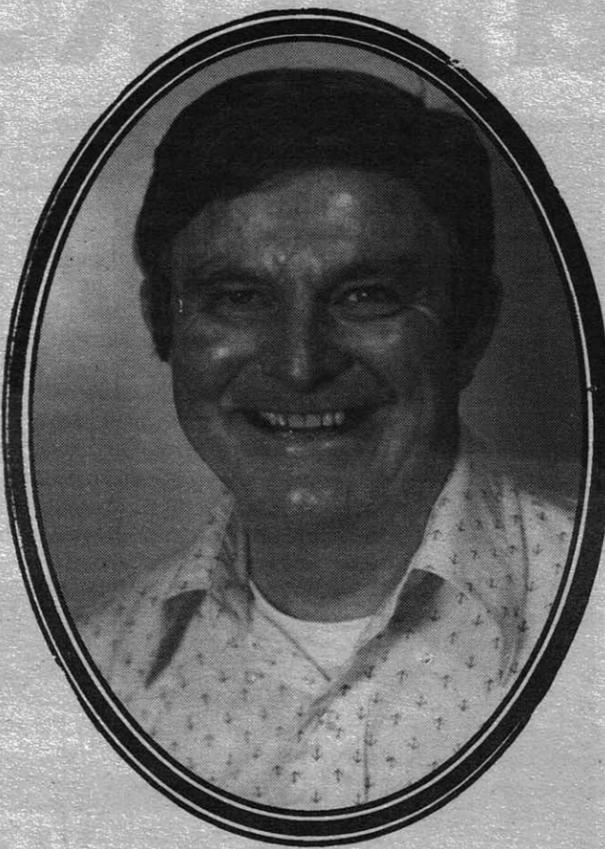
These cuttings transplanted well in Atlanta. Seven years later, Stanley Jones shared his Harvard roses with the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston. Stanley's roses were planted on a knoll overlooking Dorchester Bay and are now as beautiful as when he first

saw them at Harvard.

Recently Stanley recalled his 1979 invitation to attend the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Library. He said, "It was a beautiful day, and then President Jimmy Carter made the best speech I ever heard him make. You probably remember that Edward Kennedy also delivered a speech. I thoroughly enjoyed viewing the platform guests which included Jackie Onassis, Caroline and John Kennedy, Dean Rusk, and Lady Bird Johnson."

After receiving the rose cuttings, seedlings, and various plants from Cambridge and Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Jones decided to write each home and/or historical site associated with each United States president. This was in early 1973. Again the Joneses were pleasantly surprised by the abundant contributions to their garden.

Stanley Jones corresponded with museum curators, university presidents, librarians,



Stanley Jones

was afraid to venture far from the interstate. She left the cuttings at a service station on I-285.

She took the time to mail Stanley a card explaining the delivery. Post card in hand, Stanley drove to the station and retrieved the cuttings. "One of the three survived," he beamed. The Garfield cutting which gave Stanley his start is an old-fashioned pink climber rose and is still one of his favorites.

Not all contributions have been rose cuttings. The Joneses' garden includes boxwoods from James Monroe's Oakhill in Leesburg, Virginia, and from the ancestral home of William Henry Harrison. They cultivate ivy from the Columbia, Tennessee home of James Polk, violets from Warm Springs Little White House home of F. D. Roosevelt and roses from his Hyde Park, New York home. There's pyra cantha from President Buchanan's Lancaster, Pennsylvania home, carnation plants from William McKinley's Miles, Ohio home, daffodils from Gerald Ford's Alexandria, Virginia home, and a hydrangea and a zebra lily plant from the

Jimmy Carter's Plains, Georgia home.

President Reagan sent a pine seedling from his Santa Barbara Ranch and a magnolia seedling from the White House grown by President Andrew Jackson in memory of his wife, Rachel. From Camp David, the Joneses received tulip bulbs taken from the garden near the President's "Aspen" cottage.

From the Vice President's home, the Joneses received a Coloneaster and a hibiscus plant. Pebbles from the walkway of Chester Arthur's home in Fairfield, Vermont now grace the Jones garden. No garden would be complete without herbs, and Stanley chose thyme, rosemary, and sage from Thomas Jefferson's garden at Monticello.

The greatest challenge was a gift from the Quincy home of the father and son Presidents Adams. Stanley explained, "We received cuttings on four different occasions from the Yorkish rose brought to this country from York, England by Abigail Adams in 1788. We managed to get the fourth cutting to live."

Since Mr. and Mrs.

Jones reside in Georgia, Stanley thought they should have a plant representing King George II for whom Georgia was named. It took cutting through miles of red tape and a mountain of paperwork, but Stanley Jones persevered.

In February of 1975, the wife of Sir Peter Ramsbotham, British Ambassador to the United States, visited Atlanta. Stanley contacted her and asked for a rose cutting from the garden of Buckingham Palace. After months of correspondence, the long-awaited gift from the Queen of England arrived. The gift rose bush is from the Queen's home at Windsor Castle.

The royal addition called "Autumn Sunshine" did not complete the Joneses' garden. Stanley stated, "As we travel, we collect lovely plants from each site visited. Stan, Jr. attended Oxford University on a Rhodes scholarship. While visiting him, we acquired a rose hip from the courtyard at Balliol College where he studied. The rose lives today." Mr. and Mrs. Jones have also collected rose cuttings from Winston Churchill's grave, from William Shakespeare's home, from Hampton Court, and from



Balmoral Palace. Stanley Jones sums up his love for their garden by stating, "So, the hobby continues. It is still a fledgling garden, and we keep updating it. The beauty of the plants reflect the beauty and grace of this country and of the patriots who have led it."

Although Stanley and Sue Jones have lived in Atlanta for a number of years, Stanley has never lost his first love - Jackson County, Alabama. It is difficult to pen a description of Stanley's enthusiasm for his Jackson

County roots. After one conversation with Mr. Jones, one has no doubt about his allegiance to his Jackson County family, friends, and heritage.

Stanley is the oldest son of John and Alice (Collins) Jones. He and his brother, Wayne, attended the schools in Scottsboro, Alabama, and Stanley is a graduate of Auburn and Columbia Universities. He served as dean of students at Clayton College in DeKalb County, Georgia. For the last several years, Atlanta real estate has been his profession and politics and rose horticulture have been his avocations. When asked if he planted his rose cuttings by political party Stanley replied, "No. I just stick them in the ground. Later I transplant them in their order of one through forty. At times I have had a Nixon next to a Roosevelt."

Stanley also "blooms" with all sorts of historical ana, because he knows his presidents as he knows their roses. He asked, "Did you know that Woodrow Wilson started the White House garden? That we've had three Johnsons as vice presidents? Or that Millard Fillmore was offered an honorary degree to Oxford but turned it down because he did not do anything to earn it? And that Abraham Lincoln's son, Robert, witnessed three assassinations, including that of his father?"

Another wonderful fact you should know about Stanley Jones is that he LOVED his mother. The epitaph Stanley wrote for her grave marker speaks for both mother and son:

"Widowed fifty years, young at 89, Alice loved the Lord, conquered crisis, enjoyed life, adored pink, served the needy. Loving, compassionate, tearless, indestructable, gallant, enthusiastic, shrewd, strong-willed, frugal, up-to-date. Alice was a provider, advisor, letter writer, gardner, walker, dispenser of remedies, and a democrat legend."

Like mother, like son! Stanley Jones represents his heritage well.

Nickajack: In Fac

by Ann B. Chambless

The recesses of Nickajack Cave run under three states—Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee. This historic landmark is six miles northeast of Bridgeport, Alabama. In its natural state, the mouth of the cavern was almost 200 feet wide and 75 feet high from the surface of the cave stream to the ceiling. About half the width of the Cavern was taken up with a stream which was six feet deep.

The opening extended south-southwest for 2100 feet and merged into another large room 30 feet long, 90 feet high, and 125 feet wide. From this point the cave branched into intricate labyrinths. In 1939, the cave's owner advertised a three mile underground boat ride.

In 1967, the Tennessee Valley Authority raised the cave's water level by 25 feet when the floodgates of Nickajack Dam were closed. Due to hazards involved, TVA was forced to close the inner sanctums of Nickajack Cave.

However, its enlarged underground lake has not diminished the age-old fascination of Nickajack's history and folklore. The best place to start with the interplay of history and landscape is with the Cherokees in 1730. During the first half of the 18th century, Nickajack Cave provided refuge for the Cherokees and Chickamaugas. Later the Creek Nation occupied this area before the Creeks moved further south and west. Zella Armstrong, a noted Chattanooga historian, wrote, "The real origin of Nickajack is the Cherokee Ani-kusati-yi, meaning 'Creek People Place.' The guttural Indian pronunciation was rendered by the white people 'Nickajack'."

Thus, Ms. Armstrong rejected the folklore that the cave took its name from a Negro named Jack who was captured by the Creek Indians in the 1790's. According to this legend, Negro Jack became "Nigger Jack" which, in turn, became Nickajack. However, Zella Armstrong stated the timing of the capture was too late in history to have affected the naming of the cave and that it was not feasible the Cherokees would name one of their most important towns after the slave of another tribe.

Nickajack's Cherokee population was at its peak as one of the Cherokees' Five Lower Towns. When Dragging Canoe was defeated in 1779 by General Evan Shelby at Chickamauga (near present-day Chattanooga), he obtained permission from the Creeks to move his people to areas fortified by Lookout and Raccoon (Sand) Mountains. The five Lower Towns were strategically located to meet all military security requirements, protected by both mountains and by the natural hazards of the whirl and suck of the Tennessee River. Nickajack Caver, located at the north base of Raccoon (Sand) Mountain, became a hideout and a place to store the Indian war parties' spoils as the

Indians raided and harassed the Tennessee frontier. As late as 1794, Governor Blount commented that any mail courier "dearly earned" the \$50 charge for carrying a letter from Nashville to Knoxville.

In 1788, Colonel James Brown, a Revolutionary War veteran, left North Carolina and headed west to claim a military land grant near Nashville, Tennessee. His party traveled by boat down the Tennessee River. When they reached Nickajack, they were greeted by what appeared to be friendly Cherokees. Col. Brown permitted several to enter his boat with disastrous results. Col. Brown, his two older sons, and five other young men were killed. Mrs. Brown and her five younger children were taken prisoners.

Three of the Brown children were claimed by warriors at Nickajack. One of the Indian squaws demanded immediate death of the boy, Joseph Brown. She maintained he was old enough to see everything,

remember, and later guide the white soldiers to destroy their towns. However, Joseph's life was spared, and he lived as an Indian boy for about a year before he was ransomed in April, 1789. The squaw's prediction came to pass, as the seed for penetrating the fortresses of Nickajack and Running Water were firmly implanted in Joseph Brown before his release.

Four years later, in 1793, Nickajack was the scene of the last battle of the Indian Wars in Tennessee. Guided by Joseph Brown, Major James Ore led 900 men from the Mero District (Nashville) across the Cumberland Mountain. The surprise attack was well planned, and more than 200 Indians were killed. The complete

Indians to work the cave. The mining of salt petre was an economic boost for Nickajack town as evidenced by an 1809 letter from Return J. Meigs to the Secretary of War:

"Col. Ore, who carries on the making of salt petre at this town (Nickajack) told me last year, THAT HE HAD MADE IN FIVE YEARS upwards of 60,000 pounds of salt petre, a considerable part of which he used in the making of powder."

On June 21, 1811, Return J. Meigs recorded in his day book: "This day gave Colonel James Ore permission to keep a grist mill at Nickajack."

Long before he moved to Nickajack, James Ore had

Tennessee, pio at Colonel Ore wrote, he took explored the la

Later the N Cherokee wor with the appro Mrs. Pack wa married Alcey had taken a 6 Jackson Cou was heard by Nickajack was

664

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



NICKAJACK CAVE.

route of Nickajack mirrored the capture of Running Water Town.

Just two days before it was destroyed, Nickajack was the scene of a scalp dance. However, after the successful Nickajack expedition, all resistance ended. In 1804, the town of Nickajack consisted of twenty-seven persons, and Turtle-at-Home was its chief. In an appeal for help to Indian Agent Return J. Meigs, the chief wrote:

"Nickojack, September 30, 1804. I and a great many of my people is very ill. I do not consider Nickojack, Sacukcha, and Running Water as one and under my protection. Number of souls Running Water-94, Sacucha-90, Nickojack-27."

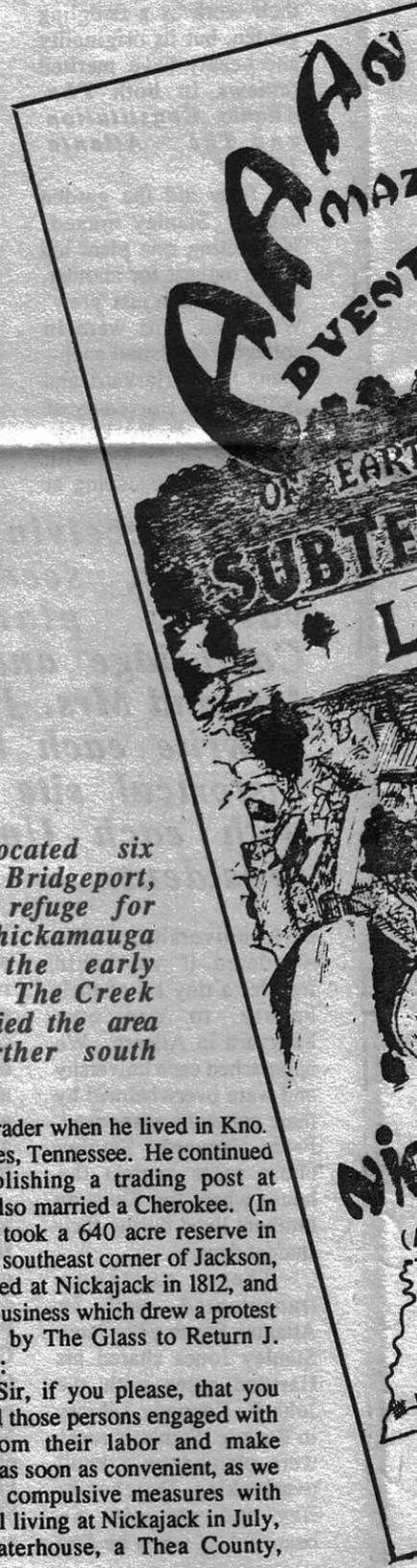
About this time, Major James Ore returned to Nickajack as a civilian. He was one of the first white men to explore the mammoth cave at Nickajack. In 1818, the Rev. E. Cornelius penned the first documented description of James Ore's first voyage through the Cave. Rev. Cornelius related, "Commencing early in the morning, James Ore followed the course of the creek in a canoe for three miles. He came to a fall of water and was obliged to return....Whether he penetrated three miles of the cave or not, it is a fact he (Ore) did not return till the evening, having been busily engaged in his subterranean voyage for twelve hours."

In his explorations, James Ore did not find the end of the cavern, but he did realize the possibilities of the nitrous deposits in Nickajack and secured the permission of the Cherokee Indian Agency and the

Nickajack Cave, located six miles northeast of Bridgeport, Alabama, provided refuge for the Cherokee and Chickamauga Indians during the early eighteenth century. The Creek Indians later occupied the area before moving further south and west.

become a trusted Indian trader when he lived in Kno. and then Grainger Counties, Tennessee. He continued these interests by establishing a trading post at Nickajack, and there he also married a Cherokee. (In 1819, their son, William, took a 640 acre reserve in right of his mother, in the southeast corner of Jackson, County.) Colonel Ore died at Nickajack in 1812, and his widow continued the business which drew a protest from the Indians written by The Glass to Return J. Meigs on January 18, 1813:

"We wish therefore, Sir, if you please, that you would write Mrs. Ore and those persons engaged with her that they desist from their labor and make preparations for removal as soon as convenient, as we do not want to take any compulsive measures with them." Mrs. Ore was still living at Nickajack in July, 1813, as Richard G. Waterhouse, a Thea County,



ct And Folklore

, pioneer, wrote in his diary that he had dined Ore's at Nickajack. While at Nickajack, he took a view of the "handsome plain and the large cave."

The Nickajack area was sold to a wealthy woman, Elizabeth Pack, by Charles Hick approval of several other Cherokee chiefs. It was disposed by John H. Jeffrey who had Alcey, the daughter of Thomas Wilson who owned a 640 acre Cherokee reserve in northeast county. This resulted in a controversy which was resolved by the Cherokee Council. The stand at Nickajack was considered valuable property because it

was adjacent to the Turtle-at-Home's ferry (later John Lowery's) and was a stopping point on the turn-pike developed by Cherokees as early as 1820.

(Sherwood's GAZETTER OF GEORGIA gives the stops on the Georgia Road from Milledgeville to Nickajack in 1829. The stage ran weekly and the tavern at Nickajack was kept by a Mr. Wilson.)

Elizabeth Pack fought to retain possession of Nickajack. On April 22, 1820, the Cherokee Council resolved "that it is expedient that the said John H. Jeffrey be dispossessed of the said place and that it be

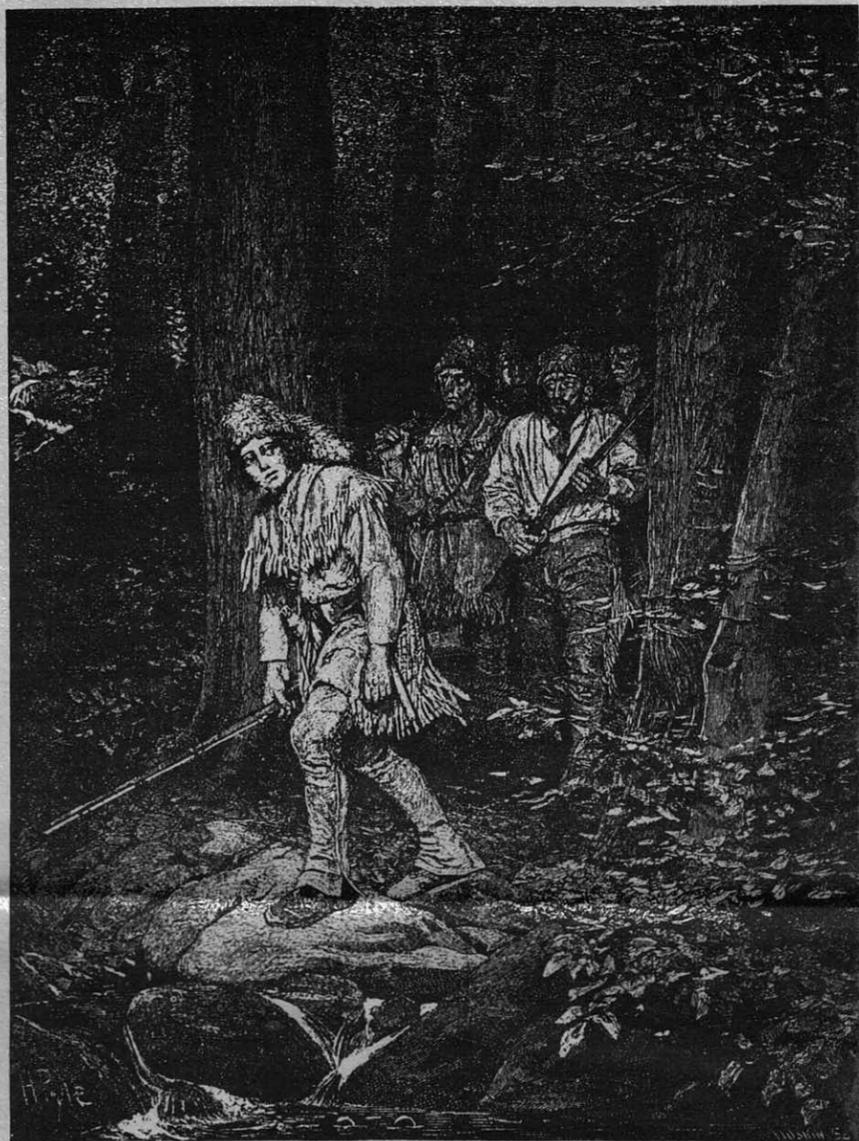
put into the peaceable possession of Mrs. Elizabeth Pack by the legal authority of the Nation." This order was signed by John Ross.

About this time many of the Cherokees began emigrating to Arkansas. According to the CHEROKEE EMIGRATION ROLLS 1817-1835, transcribed by Jack D. Baker, many of the Cherokees emigrated to Arkansas from Nickajack between 1818 and 1834. In 1818, Sussanah (no last name), George (no last name), Chickasaw Tee-hee, Skon-tee-ah, Oo-ton-ah, Tah-tan-tas-tah, and Oo-kol-lo-ka (a youth), Ye-we-ca-nah-ka, Te-tan-nees-kee, and John (no last name) enrolled themselves for the Arkansas Country.

Under the 1828 treaty with the Cherokees, more Nickajack residents enrolled for removal to Arkansas after receiving pay for their improvements. These included John Wilson (6 in family), Thomas Wilson (4 in family), James W. Thorn (4 in family), William Wood (1), John Wood (1), Charles Wood (5), and OLD

AMAZING NATURE CRUISE
WORLD'S LARGEST MEDITERRANEAN LAKES.
NICKAJACK LACAVENS (LAKE-CAVERNS)
 (ANI-KUSATI-YI)
 All Electric Boats - Tours Under
 Tennessee - Nashville
 Alabama - Pittsburg
 Georgia - Chattahoochee
 3 STATES
 3 MILES
 1 HOUR
 No Walking

Joseph Brown, who was held hostage by the Cherokee Indians at Nickajack for almost a year, later guided soldiers to their towns. Brown's father and several members of his family were killed by the Indians.



JOSEPH BROWN LEADING HIS COMPANY TO NICKAJACK.

MR. WOOD (1), Peggy Wilkison (13), Richard Blevin (5), Squire Blevin (4) (13 white children in Richard and Squire Blevin's families), John Jones (1), Elizabeth Jones (3), David and wife, (2) with 6 white children and 3 slaves.

(Could the OLD Mr. Wood be John Wood (Toocheater) who deeded his 640 acre reserve to James Doran in Doran's Cove in 1819? If John Wood (Toocheater) did enroll for emigration, Nickajack would have been the Cherokee town nearest Doran's Cove.)

In 1834, William R. Campbell (3 in family plus 3 slaves) Robert B. Vann (3 in family), and Adam and Eleanor Bible (6 in family) removed from Nickajack under the provision of the Cherokee Treaty of 1832.

These names alone represent the emigration of ninety residents. With their exodus, once again Nickajack became a hiding place for offenders of the law. THE CHEROKEE PHOENIX published on July 20, 1833, related:

"In the latter part of April and early in May, Captain Gardner of the U.S. Army, made an excursion on the Tennessee line to remove intruders from Cherokee land. Some of these families fled over the Georgia and Alabama lines. The effect of this process is making bad matters worse, removing intruders from Tennessee to Georgia to intrude on the Cherokees there, already too much oppressed. The remainder of these scum of society penetrated the MAMMOTH CAVE at

NICKAJACK, and have since made it their habitations."

By 1850, the Cherokees had completely vacated the area, and their town of Nickajack disappeared from the cartographers' maps. White men who bought land around the cave called their community Shell Mound. In 1858, the cave was visited by D.H. Strother, an artist-correspondent for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. From his description in that periodical for August, 1858, we learn there was a saw mill at the mouth of

the cave, and get a view of the cave through Strother's artistic eyes:

"The cave is situated at the base of Raccoon Mountain, which rises abruptly to the height of twelve to fifteen hundred feet above the low grounds. In the face of a perpendicular cliff appeared the yawning mouth of Nick-A-Jack Cave. It is not arched as these caves usually are, but spanned by horizontal strata resting on square abutments at the sides, like the massive entablature of an Egyptian temple. From the opening issues a considerable stream of bright green color and of sufficient volume to turn a saw mill at hand...The roof of the cave is square and smooth, like the ceiling of a room, but below, the passage is rough and irregular, with heaps of earth and huge angular masses of rock, making the exploration difficult and dangerous" (To Be Continued)

Civil War Redoubt In America

fifty yard intervals along the entire railroad lines. This action occurred in 1864 when supplies for Sherman's Army were transported from Nashville through Stevenson and Chattanooga to Georgia.

Fort Harker was considered a very important fortification. David Campbell in "Jackson County Sketches", *The Jackson County Chronicles* #42, calls the Fort "One of Alabama's best-kept historical secrets." The Fort was constructed on a hill commanding a view of both railroads. It was an earthen Fort about fifty yards square with clay walls some fifteen feet high, surrounded by a dry moat. Civil War records state that the Fort had 7 barbettes (cannon platforms), a powder magazine, and a bombproof keep within the Fort. A drawing by C.A. Ensign of the 1st Michigan engineers in 1864 shows a blockhouse in the center of the Fort, The Blockhouse having been designed and built by Maj. P.V. Fox of the 1st Michigan engineers in 1864. Apparently the Blockhouse was not constructed when the Fort was first built. Col. Charles Garrison Harker, Army of the Ohio, 20th Brigade, was in charge of the initial construction in 1862.

The young Brig. Gen. James A. Garfield was assigned for the on-site inspections of the fortifications in 1862 but became ill and was sent on to Washington. In 1863 Gen. Rosecrans was relieved of his command by Gen. Ulysses S. Grant "In his private (railroad) car on the siding near the (Stevenson) Depot." Thus two future U.S. Presidents, by fate of war, spent some time in Stevenson.

Two separate scientific Archeological digs have been conducted at Fort Harker. The first, a superficial preliminary one, occurred in 1976 and resulted in locating two features: a round wooden stock tank about 20 feet in circumference and 3 feet deep, probably a domestic water reservoir and a facility for swabbing cannon during combat and the second feature being a sanitary land fill containing nails,



Northeast College Archeology Class Digging At Site of Ft Harker

bottles both broken and whole, china shards, metal fragments, etc.

A more comprehensive dig was conducted in 1985 by the University of Alabama Archeological research team headed by Carey B. Oakley, Assistant Director (Archeology) in the Alabama State Museum of Natural History. Oakley's report states:

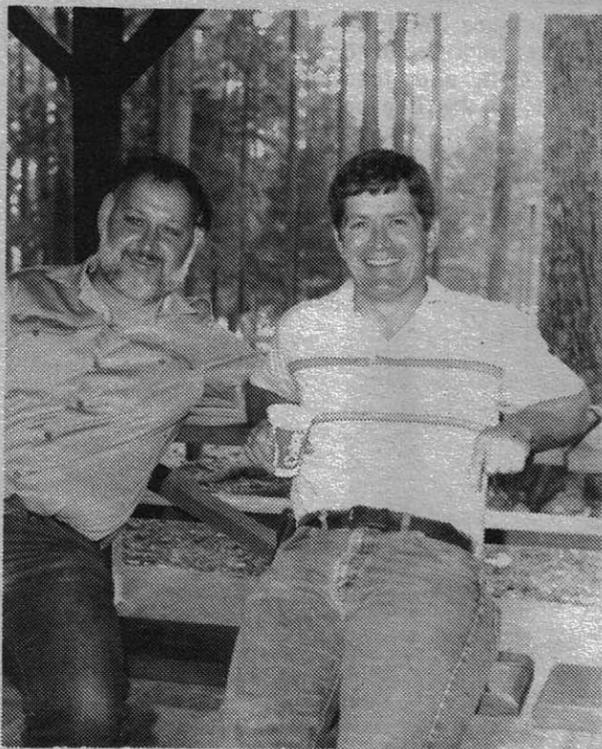
The primary goal...was to conduct sufficient field work to make recommendations for stabilization, partial restoration, and ultimately public interpretation of this significant union earthwork.

Backhoe trenches were dug in order to cross-section segments of the earthworks and to locate known or suspected construction features, such as the blockhouse, gate area, and magazine. A North-South oriented trench provided information about the drymoat, the South wall and gun platform, and the gate area. A trench in the southeast corner produced a totally unexpected find. The Fort's underground powder magazine should have been in that area; instead the remains of a burned log cabin were found. Subsequent study revealed that the cabin was destroyed immediately before the building of the earthworks.

The third trench did uncover the location of the powder magazine outside the present day east wall. This revelation fits with the reports that post-civil war dirt removal had all but destroyed the east wall.

Oakley submitted certain recommendations, some have been accomplished and some are underway, and some are dreams held up by that ever-present deterrent - lack of money. Any donations are welcome and should be sent to:

Stevenson Railroad Depot Museum
P.O. Box 894
Stevenson, AL 35772



Addresses County Historial Group

Dr. Carey Oakley, Director of UA Archeological Department, and Dr. Randy Smith, Ft. Harker committee chairman, discuss the restoration of the Civil War Redoubt. They were in attendance at the annual picnic held at the Stevenson Park.

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NEXT PROGRAM MEETING

Third Sunday
In January, 1988

Mussels...

(Continued from page one)

Little Courthouse...

(Continued From...Page 2)

currents needed for mussel development. Now, lake mussels are more numerous in the reservoir, instead of river mussels. Still others see the mussel decline resulting from the milfoil problem in the river. The milfoil, according to this theory, smothers the mussel beds. And finally, there is the theory that chemical and toxic wastes have poisoned the mussel all along the river.

Mussels still are harvested in the Tennessee, but now by underwater divers instead of by draglines from boats. Where are the mussels sold? To Japan. In Japan the mussel shell granulars are placed inside oysters to produce cultured pearls. "All our shells go to Japan," Ms. Linley says. Some attempts are now being made to begin a cultured pearl industry in the United States.

However, Japan remains the dominant importer of cultured pearls to the country. David Wales of Wales Jewelry in Scottsboro says that the cultured pearl necklaces, imported from Japan, are popular items in our area. Their costs depends on the quality and size of the pearl, with a necklace strand beginning at \$299 at his store. From the Tennessee to Japan and back to Jackson County. The mussel, and its pearl creations, turn out to be world travelers, leaving the mud of its Tennessee River home and returning as an object of admired beauty.

Jackson County can claim part of the Tennessee River mussel history. In fact, one of the main shell companies in the South is operated by Lee Garner and his son, Lonnie, residents of the Martintown area. The Garners themselves have branched out from their Tennessee River base and have mussel operations and shell camps throughout the South and as far west as Oklahoma. Their company is named U.S. Shell.

There is, then, more to the mussel

than meets the eye. The more you learn the more questions that arise. For example, some consider raw oysters a delicacy. What about the freshwater mussel? It is edible?

Curtis Lawson gives a qualified answer: It is edible if you can stomach the somewhat bitter taste. The Asiatic clam, a newcomer to the Tennessee River, is the most edible of the mussels, Lawson says. But, he emphasizes, you should not try to eat them under any circumstance because they are probably filled with toxins from the river. State health laws do not permit the sale of mussels for food because of this reason, he adds.

Can the mussel move in the water? Billy Guedon says they can, and that they move by spurting water which gives them a propulsion system. Curtis Lawson notes that most mussels for through a larval stage in which they attach to the fins or gills of a host fish, where they live from a week to several months. How long do they live? Thick-shell mussels can live 20 to 50 years, Lawson says.

And finally, Ms. Linley is asked what in her lifetime of work with mussels is the largest she has seen. "It was a washboard mussel that weighed seven pounds and was as big as a dinner plate," she says.

What's the future of the mussel industry? Not so bright as of now. Plastics have replaced mussel shells in the button industry and few Americans are likely to develop a taste for the mussel, if indeed they are detoxified. The current hope now is for the establishment of an American cultured pearl industry that can compete with the Japanese.

Whatever the commercial future of the mussel, history suggests that the mussel will adapt and survive. There are advantages to being undistinguished.

and a father, but was "impressed into public service" by the turbulent times surrounding the Civil War.

Judge Tate was born in 1824 in Marion County,

Tenn. He married Martha A. Winn and settled on a 390-acre tract in Big Coon Valley near Stevenson. There he built a two-story white house which is still standing.

The Tates had seven

children. Judge Tate died in 1908.

Tate, a staunch Republican, was appointed probate judge in 1868, by the Reconstruction military government. He served in the office until

1874.

"Here at the first courthouse, birth and death, marriage and divorce, the buying and selling of property, the assigning of punishment to the guilty and setting at liberty the innocent; the important events of a civilized society have taken place or have been recorded, or both," Dr. Tate said.

The 118-year-old building was in poor condition when it was donated by Mary Lee Hall and moved across town earlier this year and placed among other antique buildings on the grounds of the Heritage Center.

Over the years the building has been used both as a residence and business.

The county seat had been located at Bellefonte, but in May 1860, the people voted to move the courthouse from the small river town near what is now Hollywood to Scottsboro.

But before the move began the Civil War intervened.

The two-story courthouse located in Bellefonte's town square was destroyed near the end of the Civil War, although the exact circumstances are unknown.

However, some records were saved and Judge Tate took them to Scottsboro in November of 1868 and set up his law offices in the new brick building located on Railroad Avenue, what is now Mary Hunter Avenue, near the Scottsboro Depot.

The first courthouse in Scottsboro, the one-room structure became known as the "little courthouse".

Tate had the distinction of serving as probate judge in three of the county's four courthouses.

The original county seat was at Sauta, but since it was not uncommon in those days for court to be held in private homess, there is some question as to whether there was ever a legitimate courthouse there.



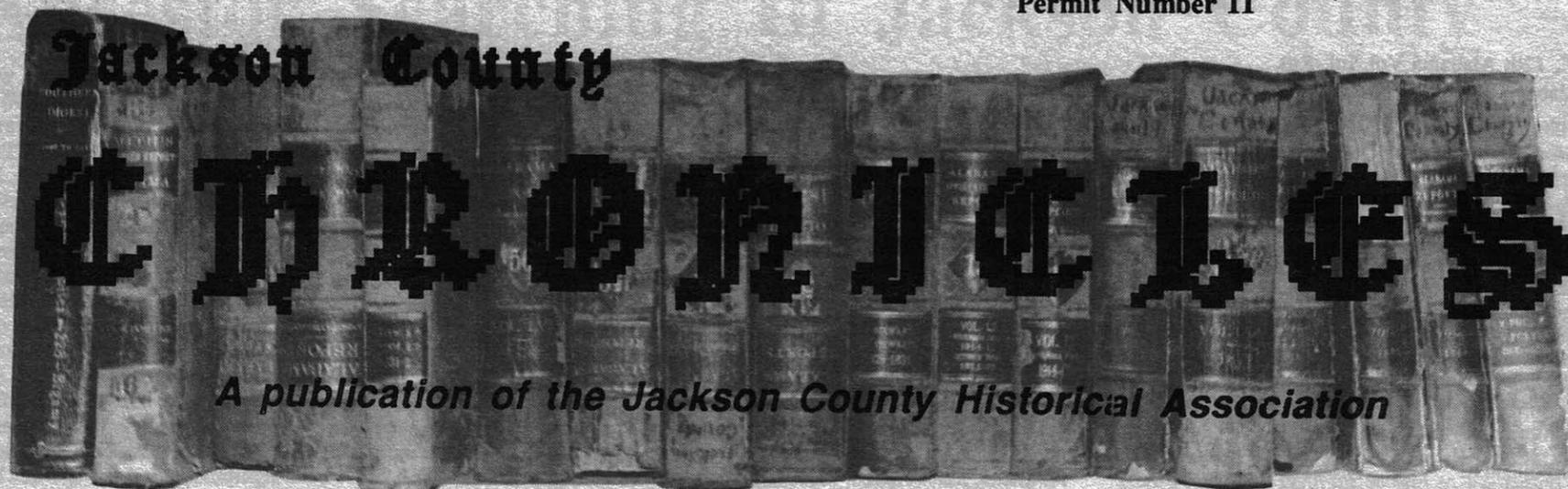
"Little Courthouse" Dedicated

Dedication Ceremonies for the "little courthouse" were held in September of this year at the Heritage Center in Scottsboro. Pictured right to left are: Mary Lee Benson Hall, John David Hall, and Joan Hall, who donated the building. The building was part of the Benson Estate. Not pictured is Betty Hall Bradford.



Signing Register

Martha Kimbrough, seated, greeted guests attending the Dedication Ceremonies. Mary Lee Hall is shown signing the guest register. In the background is a portrait of Judge Milton Tate.



Volume 2, Number 4

August, 1988

Preserving Our Photographic Heritage

By Ann B. Chambless

A new service to preserve the visual heritage of Jackson County is open to the public at the Scottsboro Public Library. The library staff is photographing old photographs as well as documents such as early land grants and old letters. This project is sponsored jointly by the Friends of the Library and the Jackson County Historical Association.

Reprints of your old photographs and documents will be catalogued and stored in four by five picture envelopes. Negatives will remain the property of the library and will be stored in acidfree containers. Volunteers from the Jackson County Historical Association are assisting in developing and maintaining this foresighted project.

Think on the value of this service. It is comparable to an insurance policy. If you allow the library to photograph your pictures, a reprint will always be available in case of fire, theft, or natural deterioration. As they age, old photographs fade. In time, reprints will be more clear than the original.

The Jackson County Historical Association will be able to use these reprints in accordance with their purpose: to record, compile, preserve, and disseminate County. When the inventory warrants, a photographic exhibit will be open to the public at a regular meeting of the Historical Association.

Reprints will be used in the Association's quarterly publication, THE JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES.

No reprints will be released by the library staff for profit without a notarized release by the

owner of the original photograph and/or document.

The library staff will make up to three photographs while the owner waits. Any number above three can be left at the library and picked up

within five working days or at a time designated by the librarian.

The project was made possible by the purchase of a camera, special lens, copy stand and lights, through the joint efforts of the

Friends of the Library and the Jackson County Historical Association, which shared the cost of the new equipment.

Scottsboro Librarian Peggy McCutcheon said the service will be valuable to the public in several ways.

It will serve as insurance against the loss or destruction of old photos. As they age, old photographs fade and in time the reprints will be clearer than the original, Mrs. McCutcheon said.

The service will also provide a valuable resource for amateur genealogists and family historians trying to track down photographs of old relatives or places, she said.

"Imagine finding a picture of your great-great-grandparents made from an original now located in Texas," Mrs. McCutcheon said. "Most visiting genealogists share freely and will support this local effort."

She said an effort is being made to inform out-of-state and county genealogists of the service, making possible an exchange between local and out-of-town relatives.

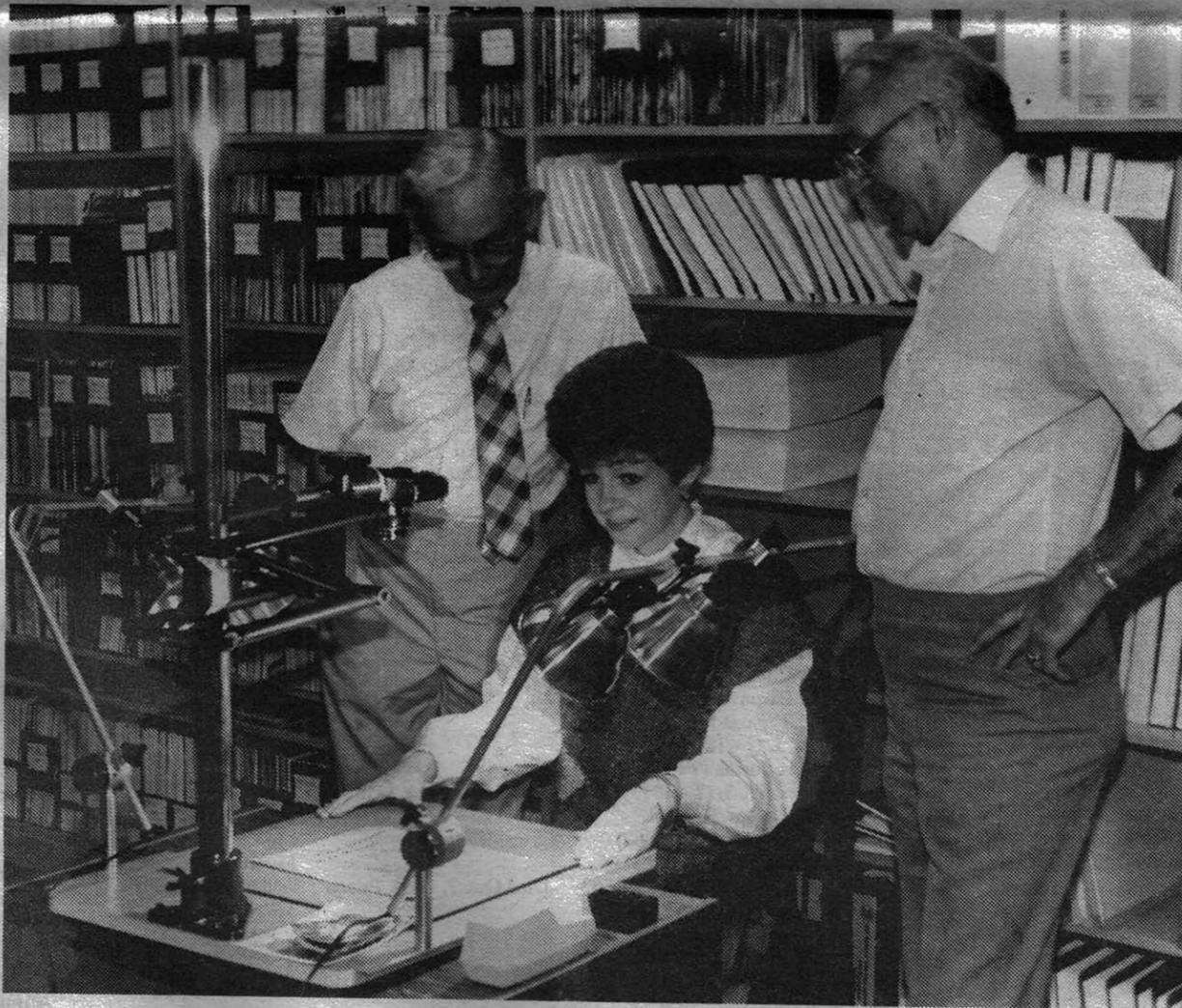
"We're real excited about this project," she said.

A wide range of photo types including people, places and things related to Jackson County as well as photos depicting everyday life on the farm, in business, churches and schools will be accepted.

She said at the time of copying a form filled out by the owner would also include a release permitting the library to copy the photo and release it, giving credit to the owner.

Carlus Page of the Jackson County Historical Association said the service

(Continued on page four)



Learning to Preserve Old Photos

Learning to use the new equipment at the Scottsboro Public Library, left to right, are: Carlus Page, Carol White and Jim Eiford.

"North Alabama Sharp Shooters" Confederate Enlistment

A1
Co. "G", 12th Alabama Vol. Inf. Rgt.
"North Alabama Sharp Shooters." Enlisted at
Woodville, Ala. June 20, 1861

1. Capt. A. S. Bibb Resigned after one year
2. 1st Lt. John J. Dillard Resigned after one year
3. 2nd Lt. Rufus H. Jones Resigned after one year
4. 3rd Lt. Daniel Butler Died July 29, 1862
5. 1st Sgt. James E. Adams Discharged Nov. 14, 1861
6. 2nd Sgt. Richard C. Bevill Missing Sept. 14, 1862
7. 3rd Sgt. R. M. Erwin
8. 4th Sgt. John T. Fowler Discharged July 23, 1861
9. 1st Cpl. Wm. R. Fletcher Killed Sept. 23, 1861
10. 2nd Cpl. George W. Kennamer
11. 3rd Cpl. T. M. Fletcher Died of wounds, July 1863
12. 4th Cpl. Lee V. Mitchell
13. Allison, L. B. Discharged Sept. 9, 1862
14. Atchley, George W. Discharged Aug. 23, 1862
15. Betty, William L. Discharged Oct. 14, 1861
16. Bingham, William H. (Huntsville resident)
17. Brown, Charles H.
18. Burks, George W. Killed Sept. 14, 1862
19. Calloway, Robert E.
20. Cameron, Henry
21. Cameron, James T.
22. Clifton, T. H.
23. Cruse, Thomas
24. Derrick, Jacob Died Apr. 10, 1864
25. Derrick, Jesse F. Discharged Nov. 25, 1861
26. Dunn, Thos. Jefferson Died Aug. 3, 1861
27. Evans, James K. Discharged Sept. 22, 1862
28. Farmer, Freeland
29. Friar, Noah Died Aug. 5, 1861
30. Gerding, Edward U. Discharged Aug. 17, 1861
31. Gerding, J. G. W. C. S. Navy appt. July 16, 1861
32. Gibson, George B. Discharged July 29, 1861
33. Goode, R. T. Discharged Apr. 3, 1863
34. Guerin, John S.
35. Hammond, Abne Jr. Killed May 31, 1862
36. Hardcastle, James M.
37. Hodges, G. R. Deserted Sept. -, 1864
38. Isum, James B.
39. Jones, Jephtha J. Died June 3, 1862
40. Kennamer, James A.
41. Kess, John Francis
42. Kess, Sampson M.
43. Keys, Washington (Washington Co. Tenn. Residence)
44. Lee, Giles
45. Magner, Jack F. Died Sept. 8, 1862
46. Maples, William J.
47. Maples, Thomas B.
48. McCarty, Michael
49. McMillen, David J.
50. McMillen, Warren W.
51. Middleton, William E.
52. Mitchell, Robert B. Died Feb. 12, 1864 (prison)
53. Morrison, Jonathan (Marshall Co. resident)
54. Morrison, John G. (Woodville resident)
55. O'Conner, Michael
56. Patton, E. S. Discharged
57. Payne, James W. Discharged, Dec. 17, 1861
58. Peavy, Dial
59. Pinkston, J. R.
60. Phillips, Elihu Died (1862)
61. Pockriss, G. B.
62. Reed, Tillman
63. Renfro, J. T. (Madison Co. resident)
64. Renfro, T. B. (Dandy)
65. Riffo, A. J.
66. Riggins, Abner
67. Rogers, S. L. Discharged Sept. 6, 1861
68. Rogers, W. J. Died Dec. 30, 1862
69. Rogers, T. J.
70. Ross, F. M. Discharged Dec. 16, 1861
71. Ross, Poleman D. Elected Captain July 13, 1862
72. Sadler, George T. (Musician) Discharged July 4, 1861
73. Smith, Samuel Died Aug. 22, 1861
74. Smith, William T.
75. Stephens, F. D. (Jackson Co. resident)
76. Stevens, Dr. Solomon G. Transferred July 15, 1861
77. Stewart, Charles F. Killed Oct. 19, 1864
78. Stewart, William
79. Swearingin, Green
80. Taylor, S. Grant Died Sept. 16, 1862
81. Whitecotton, Valentine N. (David ?) Died July 15, 1862
82. Woodard, A. Jackson
83. Wright, Isum Asaph (Marshall Co. resident)

- C.
1. Atchely, William (? - 1862) Discharged Sept. 23, 1862
 2. Brooks, M. R. Feb. 1, 1864 Discharged Feb. 25, 1865
 3. Benkes, John H. (? - 1862) Discharged Sept. 29, 1862
 4. Bevill, B. Edward (? - 1862) Died (1862)
 5. Black, J.
 6. Black, Willis May 16, 1864
 7. Blankberger, G. W. (? - 1864) Died Apr. 19, 1865, Prison
 8. Bowden, G. W. May 14, 1864 Discharged No. 5, 1864
 9. Bradford, A. S. Oct. 21, 1864 Deserted Nov. 10, 1864
 10. Bramblett, J. B. July 6, 1864
 11. Brown, Z. T. Died July 3, 1865, Prison
 12. Burgess, E. W. March 17, 1864 Deserted April 2, 1865
 13. Buzbee, Thomas Oct. 8, 1864
 14. Camp, J. E.
 15. Canterbury, A. K. Oct. 6, 1864
 16. Cauty, G. B. April 18, 1864
 17. Carter, Josiah April 5, 1864
 18. Cates, J. S. (? - 1864)
 19. Chandler, D.
 20. Etheridge, Benjamin March 19, 1864
 21. Fulmer, M. J. Sept. 29, 1864 Died
 22. Gerald, R. T. (? - 1862)
 23. Gibson, R. J. Jan. 29, 1864 Killed Sept. 19, 1864
 24. Gillum, Y. T. Dec. 9, 1863
 25. Grizzle, A. J. (? - 1862) Missing Sept. 14, 1862
 26. Guy, F. M. Sept. 29, 1864 Deserted Dec. 3, 1864
 27. Hancock, Henry D. Apr. 2, 1864 Died Oct. 15, 1864, Prison
 28. Harding, W. P. May 30, 1864 Deserted June 21, 1864
 29. Harris, P. C. May 30, 1864 Deserted June 21, 1864
 30. Hodges, H. M. (? - 1862) Died May 25, 1863
 31. Hollingsworth, James (? - 1864)
 32. Jackson, E. M. Feb. 27, 1864
 33. Keel, Seaborn (? - 1862) Died Apr. 28, 1862
 34. Keel, Noah
 35. Kennedy, W. R. (Apr. 2, 1864)
 36. Kennamer, Samuel Nov. 1, 1862 Killed July 1, 1863
 37. Kirkland, Wm. George (? - 1862) Killed May 31, 1862
 38. Lemley, S. May 11, 1864 Killed Sept. 19, 1864
 39. Livingston, George Mar. 3, 1864
 40. Lovejoy, J. F. Feb. 9, 1864
 41. Mackey, R. P. March 8, 1862
 42. Macon, W. B. (? - 1864)
 43. Maffett, E. F. (? - 1864)
 44. Maples, George W. (? - 1862)
 45. Maples, Enoch F. Mar. 8, 1862
 46. Martin, Hilliard H. (? - 1864)
 47. Morris, John H. (? - 1864)
 48. Morrison, Willis (? - 1861)
 49. Oakely, W. S. Aug. 3, 1864
 50. Odum, Hansford A. Jan 18, 1864 Died Oct. 24, 1864, Prison
 51. Owens, R. S. (? - 1863)
 52. Pearner, George W. May 6, 1864 Died May 6, 1865, Prison
 53. Petty, G. L. Apr. 7, 1862
 54. Phillips, S. Oct. 9, 1864 Died April 27, 1862
 55. Powell, W. B. Mar. 5, 1864 Deserted Mar. 30, 1865
 56. Provence, James K. Mar. 8, 1862
 57. Provence, W. T. Mar. 8, 1862
 58. Pruitt, E.O.D. (? - 1862)
 59. Pugh, J. W. Mar. 13, 1864
 60. Reed, N. (? - 1862)
 61. Reed, S.C. (? - 1862)
 62. Robertson, J. A.
 63. Sawyer, Jasper W. Apr. 2, 1864
 64. Shaw, W.L.
 65. Shelby, J.A. Oct. 6, 1864 Discharged Feb. 20, 1865
 66. Sheldon, D. H.
 67. Smith, Charles E. Mar. 8, 1862
 68. Smith, Eason Mar. 31, 1864
 69. Smith, Thomas Mar. 8, 1862
 70. Sowers, J. (? - 1864)
 71. Stephens, Josiah (? - 1863)
 72. Stephens, W. S. (? - 1863) Discharged Sept. 18, 1863
 73. Tatum, R. Apr. 2, 1864
 74. Taylor, Benjamin (? - 1862)
 75. Thompson, H. Mar. 28, 1864
 76. Thompson, J. A. July 28, 1863 Died Oct. 7, 1864, Prison
 77. Washam, Isom Aug. 2, 1862
 78. Waters, W. B. (? - 1861)
 79. Weir, Walker, B. Dec. 5, 1863
 80. White, Thomas M. Apr. 19, 1864
 81. Word, A. B. (? - 1864)
 82. Ward, A. B. (? - 1864)
 83. Wood, Samuel (? - 1864)
 84. Wright, D.
 85. Wright, Silas T. March 1863 Killed July 1, 1863

Clarke County

Jefferson County

Mobile

Marion
Talladega
Tallapoosa Co.

Covington County

Dallas County
Montgomery
Conecuh Co.
Livingston

Mobile
Macon County

Barbour County
Tallapoosa County

Macon County
Tishomingo Co., Miss.
Talladega
Talladega

Coosa County

Tippah County, Miss.
Age 16
Age 27
Bibb County
Demopolis
Macon County

Age 18

Talladega
Butler County

Jasper Co., Miss.
Coosa County

Coffee County
Butler County
Marshall County
Madison County

Mobile

Barbour County

Gainsville

Montgomery

Tippah Co., Miss.

Mobile
Tallapoosa County
Talladega

Tallapoosa

Dear Ann,

You might recall that I wrote you about Capt. A. S. Bibb's Co. G. 12th Alabama Infantry Regiment. The unit was organized at Woodville on June 20, 1861, calling themselves the "North Alabama Sharp Shooters." I'd like to identify each member and have some additional about them: date of birth, death, marriage, educational and professional information.

I'm hoping that people in your area will be able to help. Even correcting the way those names are spelled in my records would be significant. Judge Page has been most helpful in this regard, having provided information on perhaps twenty men. I would be pleased if you'd consider publishing the muster roll I have put together in order to attract information.

Also - do you know of anyone who has a transcript of the 1860 Jackson County census?

Thank You,
Allen J. Pitt

P.S. Pages lettered 'A' are original enlistments. Pages lettered 'B' are enlistments dated Aug. 15, 1861. Pages lettered 'C' are later enlistments.

This list ("B" List)
continued on page 3.

Unidentified names from Alabama

Archives roll:
Adams, Press. - Match Only
Brown, Will
Burks, W. H.
Hodges, Doc - Match Only [Doctor M. Hodges] (Co. C, Mead's Conf. Cavalry Recruited 12-12-1864)
Hodges, Newton - Match Only
Kerr, Wesley
Poens, Koot
Price, Mike
Sisk, Rufus
Stephens, Bird
Taylor, Brooks

July Historical Meeting Report

Vice President Mary Ann Cromeans called the meeting to order at 2:30 p.m. at the Scottsboro Public Library. Several items of business were discussed. Due to excessive heat, the Ice Cream Social in Caldwell Park was cancelled. Instead the members met at the Dairy Twist for refreshment.

The bank statement dated August 16, is as follows:
Balance 7-19-88 \$2054.72
Deposits 0
Checks-Filing Cabinet 206.29
U.S. Post Office 28.00
Balance 8-16-88 \$1820.43

Ancestor Searching In Jackson County

KIRBY-TINDLE-WILMOTH

Tressie Wilkinson, 509 SE 70th, Oklahoma City, OK 73149, is searching for parents of Richard Kirby, born circa 1810 in TN, who married Polly _____ circa 1832, probably in TN since their first ten children were all born in Tennessee, 1833-1848, according to census records. Their eleventh child was born in Arkansas in 1850. Richard Kirby's granddaughter stated he told his children was Cherokee. Richard and Polly's son, James David Kirby, made application for Cherokee citizenship in 1887-1888.

Richard and Polly Kirby's children were: Sarah (Sally), Jasper, Nancy, Gooley Ann, Shepherd, Thomas L., Wyatt, David, and John Kirby were all in household of William and Mary Wilmoth. Since Tindle, Wilmoth, and Kirby are also family names found in Jackson County, AL, can someone help tie the above families to a Jackson County connection?

MILLIGAN

Searching for the remains of William Conklin Graham Milligan who was a private in Company G, 143 New York Volunteer Infantry, Civil War, who died on January 5, 1864, in convalescent camp at Bridgeport, AL after December 2, 1863. If you can help, please write: James R. Crane, 429 Leonia Avenue, Bogota, N. J. 07603.

PRINCE

Ron Prince, 1203 Stone Trail, Longview, TX 75604, would like to correspond with others researching the Prince family in Jackson County, AL. He descends from Zachariah and Susannah Prince who were in the 1840 & 1850 census of Jackson County, but moved to Arkansas circa 1852. Zachariah was brother of Jesse Prince of Paint Rock Valley. Needs maiden name of Susannah Prince.

ROBERTS

Ann B. Chambless, Route 4-Box 265, Scottsboro, AL 35768, would like to correspond with descendants of John Rogers, born circa 1770-1780, died between 1841 and 1844 in Jackson County, AL. Possible son John M. Rogers who married a Hancock and moved to Texas. Daughter Eliza Rogers (b. 1811), married

BURGESS

Elsie Burgess White, Route One, Box 263-B, Glenwood, ARK 71943, is searching for parents of Pleasant Monroe, Joseph, Bill, and maybe William Burgess. Joseph Burgess was born in 1825 in Bledsoe County, TN and married Martha Faulkner in Cherokee Co., AL. Pleasant Monroe Burgess married Elvira Meggs. William is said to have died in the Civil War. Joseph and Pleasant Monroe Burgess are buried in Arkansas.

Snell Researching Klan For Book

Presently I am researching the activities of the revised Ku Klux Klan in Alabama for the period 1916-1930 and am preparing a book length manuscript for publication. I am seeking help and information from members of the Jackson County Historical Society and any others who might be able to assist. Any help would be greatly appreciated.



W. R. Snell

While trying to cover the entire state, I am particularly interested in Jackson County, Alabama. According to preliminary research, there may have been four located in Scottsboro, Pisgah, Stevenson, and possibly at Bridgeport. In addition to these towns, newspaper articles mention members from Gurley and Hollywood.

In May 1923 it was reported that a local unit had been formed in Scottsboro. Accompanying this event was the appearance of a "fiery cross on the mountain side south of town." The town was introduced to "her first Ku Klux Klan parade in full regalia" in mid-September 1923.

After the organization became established in Scottsboro, efforts were made to start a group in Stevenson. In September 1923 a group of Klansmen visited a union service at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church there.

"The largest crowd ever seen in this town at night" witnessed a parade in

Scottsboro in December 1923. Following the parade, the auditorium of the courthouse was packed to hear a Klan lecturer.

In April 1924, a crowd of an estimated 6,000 spectators "from all over Alabama braved the threatening storm" and observed a Klan parade and program. After Brunswick stew was served to approximately 150 local Klansmen at the fairgrounds in Scottsboro, the parade began. Headed by mounted cavaliers and assisted by the Birmingham drum corps, the group marched about the business district and assembled on the courthouse lawn. Entertainment included the Vaughn quartet from Lawrenceburg, Tennessee. The program was under the direction of Grand Titan Burt Thomas of Birmingham. Earle W. Hotalen, lecturer from Atlanta, delivered an address, in which the conferred the "cross of

honor to a number of the original Klansmen." A special train brought about 300 Klansmen from Sheffield, which swelled the crowd largely drawn from Huntsville. "A fiery cross over forty feet high was erected in the center of the square facing the courthouse." The article concluded, "Very few occasions in the history of Scottsboro have attracted more people. The presence of a number of lady members of the Klan attracted quite a bit of attention too."

In 1925 a Collinsville newspaper carried an ad for an auto parade for Sunday May 17. Departing from Pisgah at 9 a.m. the automobiles would visit Rosalie, Flat Rock, Poplar Springs, and return via Shiloh and Ider by 12:30 where a barbecue dinner was served Klansmen for 50 cents. The parade would continue after lunch to Henegar, Pine Grove, Sylvania, and Dutton, where the parade disbanded. "The public is requested not to block the roads so that the cars can pass."

Eliza B. Woodall in *The Stevenson Story*, wrote that "the last public meeting of the Klan (in Stevenson), about 1928, was on the parade ground

about where Nebraska Avenue runs between Fifth and Seventh Streets. The members wore the traditional white robes and hoods and engaged in parade formations on horseback and other ceremonial procedures including the burning of a cross very late at night." I would appreciate any information you might have including newspaper clippings, photographs, letters, recollections, scrapbooks, flyers and cards. I would be pleased to learn names of people who might have some knowledge of the time period. I am interested in events and how they fit into the overall picture. We do not need to use personal names and contributor's names can remain anonymous if they choose. We do not want to hurt or embarrass anyone, but would like to recount, to the best of our ability, a good historical account of the organization in Jackson County and Alabama. To do so, I need your help.

Thank you for your consideration.
William R. Snell,
Professor of History
Lee College
Cleveland, TN 37311



"SHARP SHOOTERS LIST" (Continued From Page 2)

- B.
Recruits for Capt. Bibb's Co. "G" 12 th Ala. Vol. Inf. Rgt. mustered Aug. 15, 1861.
1. Atchely, John H. Died Oct. 31, 1861
 2. Atchely, J. J. Killed May 31, 1862
 3. Austin, Stephen B. Discharged Dec. 31, 1862
 4. Adams, H. A.
 5. Burks, J. H. Died Nov. 17, 1863 (prison)
 6. Butler, Hudson (Huntsville resident)
 7. Cline, David (Family in Coosa Co.)
 8. Crawley, R. K. Killed May 2, 1863
 9. Dudley, John S. Died Oct. 24, 1861
 10. Elms, Arch
 11. Erwin, William B.
 12. Fowler, W. H. (Madison Co resident?)
 13. Higgins, J. C. Discharged Aug. 4, 1862
 14. Hodges, J. J. Discharged Oct. 15, 1862
 15. Howk, Michael
 16. Jones, Felix Died Nov. 30, 1861 (Paint Rock resident)
 17. Jones, Jacob Died June 4, 1864-wounds (Guntersville resident)
 18. Kennemer, Willis Died Apr. 2, 1862
 19. Kerr, John W.
 20. Love, Perry G.
 21. Maples, Francis Marion (Guntersville resident)
 22. McMillen, Peyton B. (Talladega resident)
 23. Millican, A. S.
 24. Miller, Joshua N. (Marshall County resident)
 25. McBrewer, James
 26. Neighbors, Wm. T.
 27. Perkins, Isaac
 28. Perkins, Jaber
 29. Perkins, John W.
 30. Posey, James W. Killed Sept. 14, 1862
 31. Preston, A. T. Appointed Capt. A.C.S. 1862 (Madison County resident)
 32. Saylor, Marion M.
 33. Sisk, Jeremiah
 34. Smith, Robert W.
 35. Stephens, W. W. Died May 12, 1862
 36. Sutton, David
 37. Switcher, M.A.F. Missing May 3, 1863
 38. Taylor, W. A. Died Nov. 22, 1861
 39. Ward, P. W. Imprisoned by C.S.A. (1863)
 40. White, Jordan
 41. Whitecotton, James Discharged Jan. 18, 1862



NECROLOGY

- Mrs. Milton Heacock, Scottsboro
Miss Leola Matthews, Scottsboro
Mrs. Bowers Parker, Scottsboro

Photographic Heritage...

(Continued from page one)

will help coax some people to preserve historically valuable photos and documents.

"I think there will be a lot of things that we will get (preserved) that otherwise we just would like not be able to get because people treasure those kind of things," Page said.

"I think we might even find some instances where we might have to go to where the person is, as long as he has electricity. A lot of people just won't trust you with any items they have."

"I don't think you can put a monetary value on an item like this," Page said. "It's a brand new field that we should have been into along time ago because we have lost so much stuff already."

"It's going to be a great means to an end, to disseminate some real good history to our people who are here now and those who will come later," he said.

"The more we know where we have been the more we

will know where we're going," Page said.

Mrs. McCutcheon said the entire library staff is being trained to operate the equipment so someone will always be available to copy photos."

She said the staff will copy up to three photos while you wait. Large numbers of photos will have to be left at the library. Most would be copies within five working days.

Reprints may be purchased for \$5 for a 3-by-5 and \$10 for an 8-by-10 copy. The copy negative will become the property of the Scottsboro Public Library and may be used and inventoried at its discretion following the guidelines in the policies of the library," Mrs. McCutcheon said.

Jim Eiford, a long-time Scottsboro photographer and a member of the library board of trustees, said a new type of film will make enlargements of the reproduction better.

Using Ilford XP-1 film and the standard C-41 color processing available almost anywhere, the library will get high quality and convenience of processing, he said.

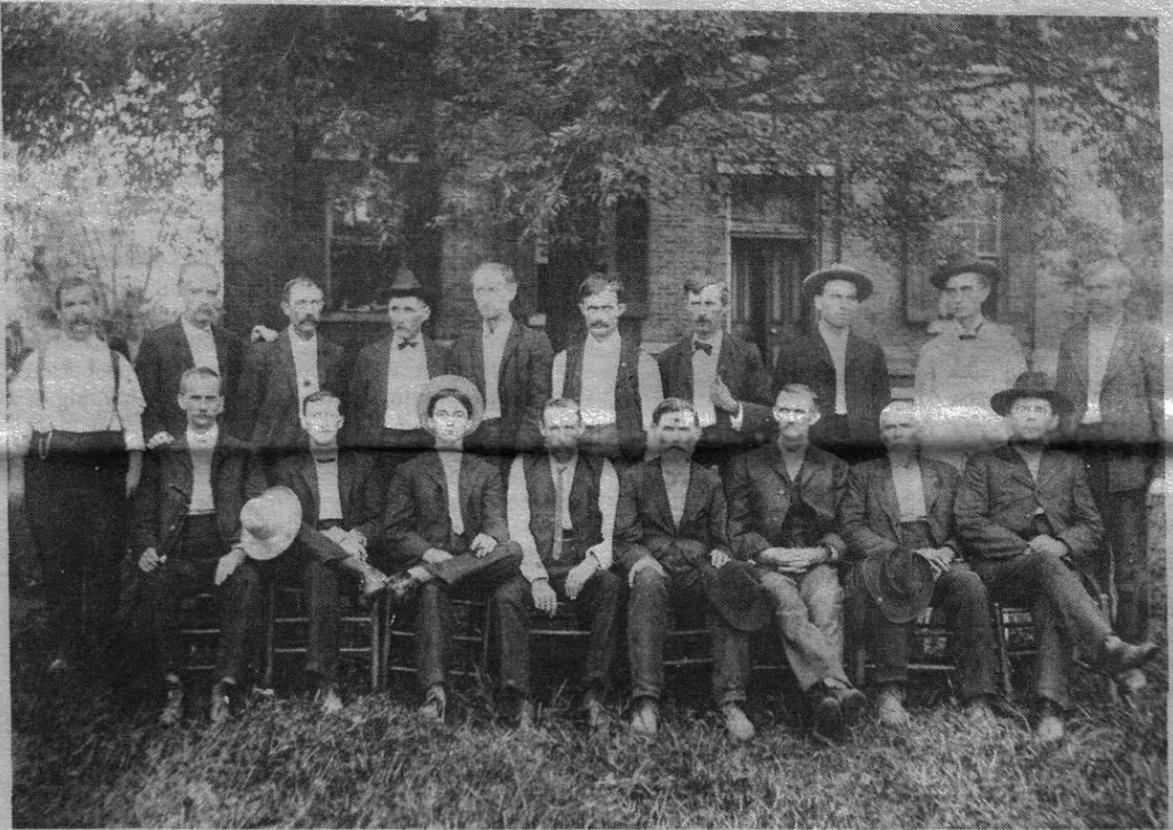
"It's literally grainless. When I first heard about it, I said, 'Impossible,' but it works," Eiford said.

The film will make it possible to enlarge copied negatives more without losing as much quality, he said.

For more information on the preservation project, contact the library at 574-4335.



Central Elementary School
Scottsboro, Alabama



Photographic Collection Policies

This project is a joint effort of the Scottsboro Public Library, Friends of the Library and the Jackson County Historical Association. The purpose of the project is to document, preserve and disseminate the history and culture of Jackson County through a photographic collection.

I. The library will accept photographs and documents in the following areas:

1. Persons of Jackson County heritage.
2. Events in Jackson County.
3. Land marks in Jackson County.
4. Commerce and industry in Jackson County.
5. Family and farm life in Jackson County.
6. Education in Jackson County.
7. Religion in Jackson County.
8. Transportation in Jackson County.
9. Houses in Jackson County.
10. Sports in Jackson County.
11. War time events and people (Civil-Vietnam).
12. Jackson County miscellaneous.

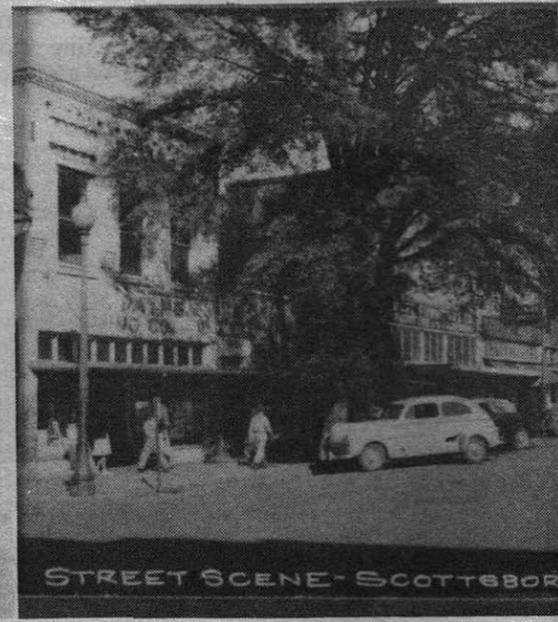
II. The staff will copy up to (3) photographs while persons wait. Any number above the (3) will be left to be picked up in (5) working days or a time designated by the librarian.

III. The cost of the reprints are: 3X5 - \$5.00 and 8X10 - \$10.00

IV. The copy negative becomes the property of the Scottsboro Public Library and may be used and inventoried at their discretion following the guidelines in the policies of the library.

V. The copy negatives will be cataloged and stored in picture envelopes. The negatives remain the property of the Scottsboro Public Library and will be stored in accordance with negative storage procedures.

VI. The photographs may be used by the Jackson County Historical Association and The Friends of the Library in accordance with the purpose of said organizations.



Old Snapshots of Scottsboro street scenes

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Some examples of photographs which have been placed in a duplicate file at the Scottsboro public library include (clockwise from upper left) a photo of the old Central Elementary School; Home of Aunt Willie Smith Childress; Silas Perry Byrum and Perry Byrum at the site of what is now the first National Bank on Broad Street; photo copy of an obituary of Judge James S. Benson; A jury panel or grand jury assembled outside the courthouse.

SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1917

The Passing of Judge James S. Benson Real Loss To The County

James S. Benson, one of the best known citizens of Scottsboro, died at his home in Scottsboro Sunday, May 20, at 2:00 pm from paralysis and a heart attack he had suffered earlier this day. The body lay in state at the Scottsboro Courthouse, Poughkeepsie, a church from 10:00 until 12:00 pm Tuesday morning, May 21, after which the funeral service was conducted with Rev. James T. Jones, the pastor, officiating, assisted by Rev. W. A. Hunt, of Dothan, and Rev. T. Perry Brantley, of Chickasaw. The Scottsboro ministers who participated in the service were: J. C. Woodard, of Cicero; H. B. Jones, of Scottsboro; J. H. Patten, of Dothan; A. G. Jones, and H. B. Jones, of Chickasaw. The service was held in the home of Mrs. Benson, 1015 Broad Street, Scottsboro.



The funeral service was held at 10:00 am Sunday, May 20, at the home of Mrs. Benson, 1015 Broad Street, Scottsboro. The service was held in the home of Mrs. Benson, 1015 Broad Street, Scottsboro. The service was held in the home of Mrs. Benson, 1015 Broad Street, Scottsboro.

Alabamians are turning out their dresser drawers, albums, and storage cabinets for interesting landscape photographs made in Alabama during the 20th century. An exhibition of these photographs, a joint project of the Alabama Humanities Foundation and the Huntsville Museum of Art, will open at the Huntsville Museum on April 25, 1989, and will tour the state later in the year.



"We're looking for photographs that make a strong visual impact and show the amazing variety of our state," commented Exhibition Curator Frances Robb. "We'll exhibit views from different areas of Alabama, views that show all aspects of our state--from the typical to the unusual, from unspoiled wilderness to agricultural or industrial areas, from historic sites to people using our land--from fishing or hunting to barbecuing in the backyard."

"Most of the photographs will be modern, but we're also looking for interesting ones as far back as the 1920s. The photographs we're considering include a beautiful autumn mountain scene, baptism ceremonies at a rural spring, and a view of industrial Birmingham. We're looking for photographs by serious amateurs as well as professionals. Historical societies, newspapers, businesses, libraries, and families are asked to look through their collections for Alabama landscape photographs that make a strong visual impact."

"We'll be publishing an exhibition catalog and a checklist of Alabama photographers that will include people who've photographed all sorts of subjects, not just landscapes. This will be a lasting resource for local communities."



Anyone knowing the whereabouts of interesting Alabama landscape photographs is encouraged to send description, details, and/or Xeroxes or copy prints to Ms. Frances Robb, Curator, Alabama Landscape Photography Exhibition, Huntsville Museum of Art, 700 Monroe St. SW, Huntsville, AL 35801 (205) 535-4350. Photographers may submit up to 20 slides or prints for consideration, but must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to help ensure their safe return. October 1, is the deadline for submitting slides or photographs for consideration. Ms. Robb will be traveling over Alabama in September and may be able to schedule a look at large collections in person.



Give us a glimpse of what the past really looked like.

Paint Rock Valley Memories

Jackson County's Paint Rock Valley is in our minds what we think a valley should be. Small branches and creeks flow from the mountains surrounding the valley. There are Granny Branch, Pigeon and Bear creeks, Dry and Little Dry creeks, Clear, Turkey, Burke's and Guess creeks. They flow into the larger streams in the valley: Estill Fork, Hurricane, or Larkin's Fork creeks; or empty into the Paint Rock River itself.

These branches and creeks wash topsoil into the Valley, tempting Valley residents for years to raise crops in the rich soil. However, what gives the Valley its richness—the water—also was the Valley's plague, for through the years spring and summer floods consistently drowned crops. Now, most of the Valley farmland has been turned into pastures. Cattle graze the bottom land, and in its wider expanse, the Valley land stretches out as far as the eye can see toward the mountains.

The Valley changes like a kaleidoscope with the seasons. In the spring, it comes alive with bright green color and the branches, creeks, and the river rise with the rains. In the summer, nature fights back to try to regain its footing in the Valley, and grass, weeds, plants, and shrubs flourish. In the fall, colored leaves paint the mountainsides and a feeling of anticipation sets in the air. For me the Valley is prettiest in the winter, when mists fill the hollows and motion slows as the winter is endured.

The Paint Rock Valley is in the western part of Jackson County and extends from the Tennessee state line to the Tennessee River. It is an integral piece of the mosaic that is Jackson County. The name itself is rich in history and color. Floyd Clemens, who has lived in the Valley since 1929, explains: "The Valley got its name from a type of agate rock that is found here. It has every color of the spectrum. The Indians would use the rock as ceremonial objects or as necklaces. The rock would wash into the river and the water would wear it smooth. That's how the river got its name. These rockhounds recognize the Paint Rock agate when they first see it. They say that it is the only red agate found anywhere in the United States.

Mr. Clemens lives on his farm near Garth in a house constructed of river and field rock. Clear Creek flows next to his house. "Sometimes the water in the creek is so clear you can see a nail in the bottom of it," he says. Mr. Clemens, active in county watershed projects for years, now raises cattle and operates the highly successful Clear Creek Hunting Club, which has

members throughout the state and some from Florida. Mr. Clemens' farm sits at the base of Bingham Mountain and extends into McFarland Cove. Mr. Clemens knows this area thoroughly. He tells of the cave in the cove where Indians camped. He tells of Shoemaker Rock, where a local sympathizer made shoes for Confederate soldiers during the war.

Jackson County Sketches

By David Campbell

The Valley provides a tour through history. Start at the town of Paint Rock along U. S. Highway 72 (now the Bob Jones Highway), then turn north on Highway 65 up the heart of the Valley. Small, unincorporated towns line the road. There is Garth, then Trenton, Hollytree, and Princeton. At Princeton you'll find one of the most unique school buildings in the county—Princeton School. The school was built by Works Progress Administration (WPA) workers in the 1930s and is made of rock gathered in the Valley. Mrs. Kittye Henshaw, another lifelong resident of the Valley, recalls riding in a wagon as a child and collecting field rock for the school construction. When the wagon was full, she says, they would return to the school site and deposit the rock. Next to the school is Curley Putman Field, named in honor of perhaps the Paint Rock Valley's most famous product, Curley Putman, the Nashville songwriter who immortalized the valley in his song, "The Green, Green Grass of Home."

Travel on up 65 North as the river winds near the road. At the foot of Jacob's Mountain stands a small, shed-like building that once was the office of Dr. H. F. Gattis who practiced medicine in the Valley after the Civil War on through the late 1800s. The building still contains the shelves on which Dr. Gattis stored his medicines. The house in which Dr. Gattis and his family lived stands next door. It is well-preserved and occupied. The house and office are on the land of Mr. Howard Hall, whose family has lived in the Valley for several

generations. Mr. Hall realized the historical significance of the country doctor's office and he preserved it.

Across the Valley from Jacob's Mountain is Maxwell

Mountain, which reaches a peak of 1700 feet, making it one of the highest mountains in Alabama. No one lives on Maxwell Mountain now, but some fifty years ago there were families there. Maxwell Mountain is known in Paint Rock Valley lore for the white whiskey, or moonshine, that was made there. Residents say they have seen the whiskey hauled from the mountain "by the carload," to be transported to Huntsville or Chattanooga. The mountain, because of its isolation and rough terrain, was perfect for moonshine operations. Although not condoning the practice, some residents of the Valley do point out that for some this was the only way that they had of making a living during the Depression years.

Drive on up the Valley to Swaim. Here Highway 65 connects with Highway 146. Highway 65 to the north takes you to Tennessee; Highway 146 to the east carries you to Cumberland Mountain. It is near Swaim that Hurricane Creek and Larkin's Fork Creek join to form what is then called the Paint Rock River.

Just off Highway 146 near Swaim is Highway 9, which goes to Estill Fork, where Estill Fork and Hurricane creeks flow. This is one of the most scenic and isolated parts of the valley. Mr. Floyd E. "Pete" Prince and his son, Eddie, operate the small grocery store and post office at Estill Fork and raise cattle on their farm. Pete Prince, 82, is descended from valley pioneers.

Mr. Prince is asked if he has ever lived anywhere else. "No. This is the only place I ever saw where I wanted to live," he says. He did, he says, live "up North" for a while during the 1930s and even worked for the Ford Motor Company at the 1934 Chicago World's Fair. But that wasn't enough to sway him from the Paint Rock Valley and he came back home.

Mr. Prince bought his store from Mrs. Winnie Reid in 1943. Mrs. Reid was the mother of long-time Scottsboro mayor John T. Reid, who was born at Estill Fork. The old Reid store stands next to the Prince's newer store. With a fine sense of history, Eddie Prince keeps the original cash register from the Reid store in the newer building and he lines the store walls and ceiling with unusual items (hay hooks, tobacco bunches, lanterns) that reflect the area's history. As with other country stores, the Prince store is a gathering place for the community.

(See Next Page, Please)



The Paint Rock River Near Princeton.



Princeton School.

Flow With Paint Rock River



Dr. H. F. Gattis' office near Princeton.

Pete Prince is asked how he has seen the area change in his years here. He answers: "I can remember when there were a lot more people here. There were people everywhere. On Saturdays I've seen wagons lined up for a quarter mile in front of the store here. People farmed. Now most of them have moved away to find work."

On this day, Pete Prince and I drive around the Estill Fork area. He takes me by the Western Union Relay Station just across the creek at Estill Fork. From this site through a highly advanced communication system, huge satellite dishes relay information for Western Union.

The messages go throughout the world. Estill Fork was chosen for the site, Mr. Prince explains, because there was no industrial or commercial sound that would interfere with the signals.

"That road there," Mr. Prince says, "goes to the Walls of Jericho, but now you can't go up there anymore. The Carter family out of Texas bought the land and they've got it leased to a hunting club. They've got the road blocked off on up there." For those who have never seen them, the Walls of Jericho are certainly one of Jackson County's most outstanding features. The walls are high limestone bluffs that form a small canyon with a cold water stream in the center. Indian writing still can be found on some parts of the Walls. "On up in the mountains Hurricane Creek begins," Mr. Prince says. "It comes boiling out of the ground like a hurricane. That's why it's named that. It really gets rough when there is heavy rain." Mr. Prince shows me the site of the old Estill Fork school and he takes me by the house his father built. We pass he and his son's cattle farm. Later I leave Estill Fork, knowing that in Mr. Prince I have seen the same strong-will, spirit, and good humor that the pioneers had who settled this Valley.

From Swaim, Highway 65 North carries you through the part of the Valley formed by Larkin's Fork Creek. The highway parallels the creek here and the valley narrows. Along the highway a waterfall can be seen tumbling out of Fanning's Cove. The waterfall comes down the ridge like a staircase. The highway goes to Francisco, where there once was a post office, a voting precinct, and general store. Now only a few families live in the Francisco area. Residents of Francisco are uncertain how the community acquired its name. However, records show that there was a Dr. Francisco Rice who practiced medicine in the Valley in the 1850s and conjecture is that the area was named after him.

Highway 65 goes to the Tennessee state line, then a Tennessee highway carries you on to Huntland. William Fanning lives along Pigeon Cove Creek at Francisco only a half-mile from the Tennessee state line. Mr. Fanning, whose father was from the community, now logs cedar with Belgium horses and sells the timber to companies in Tennessee where it is made into pressed wood. Mr. Fanning knows where his place in the world is. "They told me I'd never be able to build my house here," he says. "It was rough here like you can't imagine when I first started, but I managed to clear the land and level the group up enough to build my house." The effort was worth it. Pigeon Cove Creek can be heard from Mr. Fanning's house. The creek sound is the soothing, gentle flow of water on stone that makes daily problems seem inconsequential. It the same sound that tourists pay for at resorts and motels further north in the Smokies. It is hunting season when I am here and at dusk the deep bark of hounds can be heard echoing down the Valley. For a second I sense what must have been the lonely life of the pioneers who settled here.

Mr. Fanning says that at nearby Beech Grove Church there are too childred buried in the cemetery who were killed by Indians. "They were Tuckers and we put up markers

on their graves a few years ago. And on across the state line there is a cemetery where Polly Crockett is buried. She was the wife of Davey Crockett."

By being so close to Tennessee, Francisco residents in some ways live in a no-man's land. This is evident when Mr. Fanning tells of getting a telephone installed. "They told me in Alabama that they couldn't do it, that I'd have to get the phone company in Tennessee to put it in. So OK. I did that, but later on the Tennessee phone company told me I'd have to get an Alabama area code. So now I've got an Alabama area code and a Tennessee number and I'm listed in the Huntland directory." At Francisco it becomes obvious how large and diverse a county Jackson is. There are People here who have seen the Tennessee River only a few times and to them Huntland is their main town. The river? Well, that's the Paint Rock.

Kitty Henshaw, Evelyn Rochelle and Katherine Shaver have added a masterful addition to writing the history of the Paint Rock Valley with their book Paint Rock Valley Pioneers. The authors have meticulously surveyed all the known cemeteries in the Paint Rock Valley, listing who is buried in them, the information on each tombstone, and census information for the mid-1800s. All this material is indexed.

Their book contains much history. For example, they elaborate on the Tucker children buried at Beech Grove, noting that the children were killed by Indians while their family tapped maple trees for syrup. These are the oldest known graves in the Paint Rock Valley, with the children's dates of death given as 1812. However, the family had not settled in the area but were from Tennessee. Paint Rock Valley Pioneers gives other information on the Valley, such as the background to the Taliaferro Cemetery near Princeton. This Cemetery was named for Elder Richard Henry Taliaferro, a Baptist circuit rider and missionary who, in the 1800s, came into the Valley and established several Baptist churches. The book tells of Moses Swain, a Jackson County pioneer who moved to the Valley in 1823 and during his lifetime fathered twenty-five children. The first place to start in understanding the history of the Paint Rock Valley is with this excellent book.

Accounts do indicate that settlers began moving into the Valley in the 1820s. At one time during this period, the Valley was a county of its own. It was called Decatur County and was created from Madison and Jackson Counties on December 13, 1821. Old Woodville was the county seat and was located about one mile east of present-day Woodville. However, according to local historian Ann Chambless, it was decided that Decatur County was too small to meet requirements of Alabama Constitution to legally be a county, and in December, 1825, the territory was returned to Madison and Jackson Counties. It is not surprising that an area so unique and self-contained as the Paint Rock Valley was once a county of its own.



A log bridge over Larkin's Fork Creek

The Paint Rock Valley, of course, does extend into counties other than Jackson. The river, in fact, forms the boundary between Madison and Marshall counties before emptying into the Tennessee River about ten miles down river from Guntersville Dam. As was mentioned, flooding has been a persistent problem in the Paint Rock Valley. Some residents remember the great "rolling tide" flood that occurred in the Valley on the fourth of July, 1937. Mr. Floyd Clemens recalls: "Water came roaring out of the hollows and some places it was like a four-foot high wave. The force of the water mashed corn crops and the river flooded so high that it covered Highway 72." In recent years, however, strides have been made to control flooding. Mr. Clemens, who served as chairman of the Jackson County Board of Supervisors for Soil Conservation, has been instrumental in establishing flood control projects in the Valley. Through funds provided by the Federal Flood Control Act, creeks and ditches and the banks of the Paint Rock River itself have been cleared to provide better drainage. Flooding still occurs, but not like it did.

Floyd Clemens recalls how "Iron Eyes" Cody came to the Valley a few years back to film a commercial for the Alabama Forestry Service. In an environmental public service commercial, Cody is the Indian who sheds tears when he looks at a polluted stream. After spending the day in the Valley, Mr. Clemens said that Cody told him: "I have left places with tears in my eyes. But here I leave with a smile." All of Jackson County can take pride in Cody's smile.

Minutes of Spring Meeting

New Officers Elected

The Jackson County Historical Association held its spring meeting with Vice-President, Mary Ann Cromeans, presiding.

The program was presented by Peggy McCutchen, librarian of Scottsboro Public Library. She showed slides of historic homes and sites of Jackson County.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The treasurer's report was read and adopted, a copy of which is hereby attached to these minutes.

The nominating committee made its report concerning officers of the Association with terms beginning in October of this year. The committee presented the following officers for election: President, Wendell Page; First VP, Ruby Lee Smith; Second VP Jane Conley; Secretary, Emma Lou Lovelady and Treasurer, Elizabeth Thomas.

Opportunity was given for nomination from the floor. No other nominations were made. Delbert Hick moved to accept the report of the committee and elect their slate of officers. Bo Loyd seconded the motion and it carried.

Mary Ann Cromeans reported that there had developed some problems

in connection with the publishing of The Chronicles. But Ann Chambless felt that the publication would be ready for distribution soon.

A general discussion was held concerning the mechanics of getting pictures of historic photographs and documents presently in many homes of Jackson County. Peggy McCutchen stated that the necessary equipment to record this local history is not available at the library with trained operator.

"The problem," she stated, "is that no one is bringing any pictures or documents in to be photographed.

Delbert Hicks suggested that ways might be found to work through the schools to get these historic documents photographed.

After a brief discussion of the problem, Delbert Hicks and Anna Ruth Campbell were named to pursue this idea in the hopes of involving the schools. Wendell Page made a motion that up to \$500 be approved to be used in the effort to get historic photographs and documents recorded for the library program. Ruby Lee Smith seconded the motion which carried.

A motion was made that the President and Treasurer

of the Association shall constitute a board of Trustees of the Organization. In their official capacity as Trustee they shall execute, in the name of the Association, all documents, papers and records required in the management of all property and funds of the Association. After a second, the motion carried.

A motion was made that the incoming president, Wendell Page, be authorized to rent a safety deposit box in a local bank to be used the the association as business requires and that both the president and treasurer shall have access to the box.

CHRONICLES MAIL BAG

Dear Friends:

We want to say thank you for copies of your *CHRONICLES*. They contain information we have placed in our Topical File for researchers to enjoy. That is reason enough to say how nice it is to have you for an Exchange Member for we are so close in location that we can be of much help to our many researchers in Tennessee and Alabama.

Yours Truly,
Floydline C. Kimbaugh,
Librarian
Franklin County (TN)
Historical Society

Dear Mrs. Chambless,

I'll be honest with you and say I do not like the new format of the *CHRONICLES* even though I know it has to be a big load off you and much easier.

I am enclosing my husband's ancestor chart in the hope that you can print it in the *CHRONICLES*. Molly Tipton was supposed to be a Cherokee Indian. She died when my father-in-law was barely five and that was about all he knew about his mother.

I do hope future issues will tell more about Woodville and Peters Cove. We appreciate the wonderful job you all are doing. I hope we can visit there someday.

Sincerely, Mrs. William M. Peters
P. O. Box 69
Greenwood, LA 71033

New Members Listed

The following members have paid their 1988 association dues of \$10.00 per annum or have contributed \$100.00 for Life Memberships. If your name does not appear below, please forward your check to J.C.H.A. Treasurer, Mrs. William Thomas, P.O. Box 305, Scottsboro, AL 35768.

- Mrs. William Bogart, Stevenson, AL
- Mr. C. H. Bramlett, Stevenson, AL
- Mr. George M. Boles, Birmingham, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. Elbert L. Beaird, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. Catherine Cameron, Guntersville, AL
- Mrs. Anna Ruth Campbell, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Dr. and Mrs. David Campbell, Langston, AL
- Mr. and Mrs. Harry Campbell, Section, AL (LIFE MEMBERS)
- Mrs. Ann B. Chambless, Scottsboro, AL
- Mr. J. C. Clemons, Scottsboro, AL
- Mr. Jim N. Clemons, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. and Mrs. John B. Clopton, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Dr. and Mrs. Joe Cromeans, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Dr. Elbert H. Caldwell, Tyler, TX (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. Johnnie G. Coleman, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. Joe M. Casey, Tullahoma, TN
- Mrs. Allen G. Currie, Colorado City, TX
- Mrs. Joann T. Elkin, Huntsville, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- EBSCO Subscription Service, Birmingham, AL
- Mr. Gordon Foster, Pisgah, AL
- Mr. John W. Gant, Pisgah, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. John Will Gay, Jr., Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gibson, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Gilliam, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. Larry Glass, Stevenson, AL
- Mrs. Roberta Helwig, Paradise, CA
- Mr. and Mrs. Gene Henninger, Stevenson, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. H. B. Hughes, Bridgeport, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Ms. Martha Hunt Huie, Memphis, TN (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. Mary Ben R. Heflin, Memphis, TN (LIFE MEMBER)
- Ms. Betty W. Houston, Clinton, MS
- Mr. Robert E. Jones, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. Stanley Jones, Atlanta, GA
- Mrs. Ola A. Johnson, Decatur, AL
- Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Loyd, Stevenson, AL
- Mrs. C. C. Loyd, Sr., Stevenson, AL
- Mrs. Dorothy J. Lowe, Templeton, CA
- Mrs. Pearl Matthews, Decatur, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. Norma Jean Moore, Short Hills, N.J. (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. Ralph S. Mackey, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. Marie H. Mitchell, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. Alice T. Nichols, Scottsboro, AL
- Mr. Robert Leo Page, Sr., Brewton, AL
- Dr. and Mrs. Morris Pepper, Scottsboro, AL
- Mrs. Iris McGriff Reed, Centre, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robinson, Scottsboro, AL
- Mr. and Mrs. Pickens Russell, Stevenson, AL
- Mrs. John Schuerman, Scottsboro, AL
- Mrs. Harrison Smith, Scottsboro, AL
- Dr. Randy Smith, Stevenson, AL
- Judge John David Snodgrass, Huntsville, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. Walter Sumner, Mentone, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. Julian H. Snelson, Shreveport, LA
- Mrs. Eleanor Shelton, Scottsboro, AL
- Mrs. Beulah C. Shelton, Scottsboro, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. John Will Thompson, Kingsport, TN
- Mrs. T'Lene B. Tillston, Dalton, GA (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. Jeff Tryon, Scottsboro, AL
- Ms. Elise Stephens, Huntsville, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Varnell, Scottsboro, AL
- Mr. Robert E. Wann, Decatur, GA
- Mrs. Dorothy Williams, Stevenson, AL
- Mrs. Frances Widner, Gordon, TX (LIFE MEMBER)
- Mrs. Dorothy Moore Wilson, Decatur, GA
- Mrs. Eliza B. Woodall, Stevenson, AL (LIFE MEMBER)
- Ms. Patty Woodall, Nashville, TN (LIFE MEMBER)
- Wisconsin State Historical Society, Madison, Wisconsin

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