Jackson County
CHRONICLES

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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.

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, Caperton'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, Cobbits, 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 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 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 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 Brodway 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.

JACKSON COUNTY SKETCHES

by

DAVID CAMPBELL

Loading Cotton at Bridgeport

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 receive 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.

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.

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.

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, AL. 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 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 Waren County, TN in 1816. Isaac was War of 1812 veteran. Isaac died May 25, 1876, Houston, Texas County, MO. Known children: MIlley, Woodlike, 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 IL, 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 DeSota 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.

DREAM OF WORLD TRAVEL COMES TRUE FOR STEVENSON NATIVE
by Eliza Mae 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 fluemcy), 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.

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 wiseacres 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!

Jackson County
CHRONICLES

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.

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 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.

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 beseiged 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.

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 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 elegibility, 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.

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 to 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 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 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 her 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 to write

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 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 andspeeds 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 it's 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 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 out old dogearred one, then keep turning the pages because they never beat what we already use. Is this called stubborness or loyalty? At a covered-dish supper you can know immediately who brought what by the dish pattern, or the shape of the salad mold or you know Mary always brings fried corn, Ruth makes that good aspic and Miss Myrtle makes the world's best Carmel Pie; and Betty Caperton's chocolate cake recipe has been around the world twice. Then too, Emma brought escalloped oyster, Mary Clair's potato salad was in a class by itself and Miss Sally's dressing was unique because nothing was measured and she said you couldn't put in too many eggs. These tried and true recipes have been called home for (long distance) many times by visitors and children, now grown-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 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 grandparents 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 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 on 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 of America for the rest of my life, and then be buried in this friendly cemetery.

JACKSON COUNTY SKETCHES

By David Campbell

BRIDGEPORT WAS VITAL TO UNION EFFORT

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.

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, Racoon Mountain and Signal Mountain. From these positions the Confederate Army withstook 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.

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 in 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 and 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. The crew did not know if this were a Union or a Confederate campsite. There were moments of great fear as the crews shouted to shore. As it was, it was a Union camp, and the soldiers there 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 words of the supplies came. Conditions had become so desperate that soldiers by now scrambled for corn kernals 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 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 Brethern in 1901 and used by this religious organization to conduct services and revivals on rivers. The Magiddo was refurbished and became the Chattanooga upon purchase by the Chattanooga Packet, a steamboat company operating out of Chattanooga.

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

There is even more of a local connection than these boats stopping at Jackson County landings. Operators of the Langston Gin obtained a brass whistle off one of these steamboats and used the whistle to let local 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 be blown three times; to signal the beginning of the work day, lunch and the end of the work day. Although they may not have know it, Scottsboro residents for years had as a part of their lives the distinct sound of an old steamboat whistle.

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 doming to recognize its river history and has elaborate plans for redevelopment along the river downtown.

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 Loyd 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.

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 life-long 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 pridefully remembered for their contributions to it.

Jesse Wheeler's story begins in Jones Cove, a steepsided 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, water power 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 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 poplar 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 decases 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 inhis 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) Enochs. D.V. Enochs (1853-1936) kept a general store and post office, and carried mail on horseback to outlying 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 Enochs (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 rigle 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.

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

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

J.C.H.A. ASSOCIATION MEMBERS - PAIDS SINCE MARCH 1, 1987

Mrs. Pat Arnold, Scottsboro, AL
Mr. W.W. Aydelott, Clinton, MS
Mrs. Sandra Burney, Prattville, AL
Mrs. Tamara L. Beane, Bridgeport, AL
Mr. John H. Brandon, Scottsboro, AL
Ms. Rhonda Cooper, Rossville, GA
Mr. C. Ray Clark, Winston-Salem, NC
Mr. and Mrs. WAco Derrick, Scottsboro, AL
Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Hammer, Scottsboro, AL
Mr. Henry Huerkamp, Scottsboro, AL
Mr. Robert L. Meek, Huntsville, AL
Mr. WAlker McCutchen, Niceville, FL
Mrs. Mary W. McKinney, North Miami Beach, FL
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Mrs. Effie Robertson Penny, Huntsville, AL
Mrs. Lillian G. Russell, Stevenson, AL
Mr. Walter A. Russell, Panama City, FL
Mrs. Nancy Timmons Samuels, Fort Worth, TX
Mrs. Dorothy M. Williams, Stevenson, AL
Mrs. H.M. WAlker, STevenson, AL
Mr. James N. Walker, Princeton, AL
Mrs. Leona Kohler, Kingston, MO

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.

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 Lance 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 Byars; 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 Page, 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, Tidance Lane Chapter members entertained those in attendance with a reception at Oak Hill Farm, the home of their chapter member, Mrs. Bowers Parker.

Tidance 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'sRangers 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 capitol. 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 capitol of South Carolina until 1790)

After the war, John Jackson lived in the 96 District and became the father 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 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 farmjust 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 Cenetery. In the 1830 Census, John and Ann were enumerated next door 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 yuers, 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 (may have been the Wm. Jackson who married Sarah Ann Bayless on November 23, 1793, died December, 1835.

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

Jackson County
CHRONICLES

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER THREE DECEMBER 1987

COUNTY WAS ONCE MUSSEL CENTER

JACKSON COUNTY SKETCHES
By David Campbell

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 it's 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 themas they drug the river bottom.

At this time, the inside lining of the mussel or Mother-of-Pearl as it is called, was made into buttons. Because of this use, at one time the mussel industry boomed in the Tennessee Valley, as well it should have.

According to Curtis Lawson, a state district fisheries biologist, the Tennessee River and its tributaries has been considered the area with the greatest 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 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 depand 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 how 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.

FAYE GOODNER, 5244 Mill Street, Fortuna CA 95540, seeks information on GABRIEL M. and SUSANNAH NEELY, both born circa 1829. Gabriel, son of Joseph and Fareba (Smith) Neely, was born in Jackson County, AL. Garbiel'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 County., 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 the 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 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 BElle fonte 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 stonesman 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, Caledonia, 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, Aisley, was in Paint Rock Valley in 1860.

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 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 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, 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 homes, there is some question as to whether there was ever a legitimate courthouse there.

HISTORY COMES UP "ROSES IN STANLEY'S GARDEN

By Ann B. Chambless

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 the 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 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, historic site experts, and ambassadors to obtain roses with the historical touch. The Joneses' collection now numbers hundreds of roses as well as flowering bulbs, vines and trees from sites associated with all our forty presidents.

Stanley is still a little awed they ever received the first contribution to their presidential roses. The cuttings were from President James A. Garfield's home in Mentor, Ohio. This contribution was hand-delivered by a Mrs. Slack who was enroute from Ohio to Florida in February, 1973. She reached Atlanta during a terrific snowstorm and 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 pyracantha 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 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 Cotoneaster and a hybiscus 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 Roosevelt.

Stanley also "blooms" with all sorts of historical facts, 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, gardener, walker, dispenser of remedies, and a democrat legend."

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

NICKAJACK: IN FACT AND FOLKLORE
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 pronounciation 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 Cave, 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 greated 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 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, Nick0jack - 27."

About this time, Major James Ore returned to Nickajack as a civilian. He was one of the first white men to explore the mamouth cave at Nickajack. In 1818, the Rev. E. 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 thecave 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 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 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.) Col. 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,Tennessee pioneer, wrote in his diary that he had dined at Colonel Ore's at Nickajack. While at Nickajack, he wrote, he took a view of the "handsome plain and explored the large cave."

Later the Nickajack area was sold to a wealthy Cherokee woman, Elizabeth Pack, by Charles Hick with the approval of several other Cherokee chiefs. Mrs. Pack was disposed by John H. Jeffrey who had married Alcey, the daughter of Thomas Wilson who had taken a 640 acre Cherokee reserve in northeast Jackson County. This resulted in a controversy which was heard 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 turnpike 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-to-lon-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 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 (Toochester) who deeded his 640 acre reserve to James Doran in Doran's

Cove in 1819? If John Wood (Toochester) 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)

FT. HARKER - BEST PRESERVED CIVIL WAR REDOUBT IN AMERICA

By Eliza Mae Woodall

When Edward E. Tinney, historian at Chicamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park, visited the Fort Harker site in the early 1980s he was impressed with the minimal amount of deterioration of the redoubt. In a letter dated August 22, 1985 to the Director of the Stevenson Railroad Museum, then John Graham,"...Fort Harker...is one of the best preserved battery positions along the Nashville-Chattanooga Railroad...It is also well-documented in MILLER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, TEN VOLUMES."

It was in 1862 that fortifications in and around Stevenson were built by Union Army Engineers who accompanied the forces that occupied the town. The fortifications were strategically placed to protect the ante-bellum railroads that merged at Stevenson: The Nashville & Chattanooga and the Memphis and Charleston. The South realized too late the significance of this most recent mode of transportation in fighting a war and thus made no attempt to guard and protect those roads within its borders. However John Hunt Morgan, A.A. Russell, and Joe Wheeler wreaked havoc on the Union-guarded railroads, blowing up bridges, tearing up tracks, burning timbers, etc., until Union Army Generals were forced to station guards at every bridge and at fifty yard intervals along the entire railroad lines. This action

occurred in 1864 when supplies for Sherman's Army were transported fromNashville 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 first 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 onsight inspections of the fortifications in 1862 but became ill and was sent 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, bottles, 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 deterrant - lack of money. Any donations are welcome and should be sent to:

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