JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES

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JANUARY 31, 2016 JCHA PROGRAM MEETING

The Jackson County Historical Association is honored to have been chosen by Auburn University to host a Draughon Seminar in State and Local History on Sunday, January 31, 2016, 2:00 pm, at the Scottsboro Depot Museum located at the corner of North Houston Street and Maple Avenue. Dr. Kathryn H. Braund , Auburn University professor, will present the program entitled "'The Original Great Tye' and How It was Broken: Creek Indian History in Three Acts".

Alabamians rightly take pride in the early history of our state, including the exotic and complex history of the Creek people who once claimed this land as their own. In this retrospective, Dr. Kathryn Braund will look at the major eras of Creek history, touching on their link to the British through the deerskin trade, their material culture and economy, and the changing nature of tribal authority as plantation agriculture and herding replaced trade as the "way to wealth" in the Indian nation.

THE JCHA IS EXPECTING HISTORY-LOVING GUESTS FROM OTHER AREAS OF NORTH ALABAMA at this meeting. JCHA MEMBERS are requested to be present to help welcome our out-of-county guests on January 31.

IF PAID 2016 DOES NOT APPEAR ON YOUR JANUARY MAILING LABEL, PLEASE CONTINUE YOUR SUPPORT OF THE JCHA BY SENDING YOUR ANNUAL DUES TO JCHA TREASURER, POST OFFICE BOX 1494, SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA 35768. PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR 9 DIGIT ZIP CODE WITH YOUR MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL.

ANNUAL DUES (except Senior Citizens)	**$20.00**
Senior Citizens, 65 and older	**$15.00**
Life Membership Dues	**$150.00**

Members in good standing receive the JACKSON COUNTY CHRONICLES in January, April, July, and October. TO JOIN THE JCHA, YOU MAY USE THE FORM ON THE LAST PAGE. Your annual dues help cover the costs of publishing THE CHRONICLES.

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GLEANINGS FROM JACKSON COUNTY HISTORY THROUGH THE YEARS:
On April 1, 1818, the Huntsville Post Office posted a list of letters remaining in the Post Office at Huntsville which, if not called for by January 1, 1818, would be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters. The list contained the names of men who were among Jackson County's early settlers and included John Bynum, Joseph Barclay, George Brown, James Cotton, John McCutchen, Thomas Longacre, William Walker, and Tobias Wilhelm.

In 1837, William and John H. McCutchen, Sanders McMahan, and Jacob Money served in Cawfield's Battalion in the Florida Indian War.

In April 1848, James M. Rosson wrote in his diary: "The Spring season is backward. The Tennessee River has been out of its banks three times since Christmas."

As early as June 1869, Payne's Drug Store had a soda fountain. In March 1877, W. H. Payne added high tech to his fountain by installing an Artic soda fount which produced sparkling, ice cold beverages that sold for five cents per glass.

In 1870, the Stevenson tannery firm of Rosser and Russell produced leather products valued at $3,000.00

On January 8, 1886, the temprature was 8 degrees below zero in Jackson County and North Alabama. In December of 1886, a record breaking snow storm occurred in Alabama, 20 inches deep in areas of Jackson County.

In 1886, Will Smith was postmaster at Fabius.

In early 1900s, Clemons Road in Scottsboro was called Section Ferry Road.

In 1932 and 1933, five deaths were reported as "KILLED BY TRAIN". They were Vernon Sloan, age 24; Robert McKee, age 28; unidentified Negro, age about 24; Edmond Sherrill, age not given; and Boyd Derrick, age 19.

An article in the Nov 10, 1938, edition of THE PROGRESSIVE AGE leads the reader to believe that Editor Parker Campbell created the rumor that defeated politicians in Jackson County head for Bucks Pocket.

In 1933 or 1934, Adele Rivers noticed a newspaper article describing a use for mineral oil being produced in Dr. George Washington Carver's lab in Tuskegee, Alabama.

PEANUT OIL HELPS VICTIMS OF PARALYSIS

BY T. M. DAVENPORT
Associated Press Staff Writer

TUSKEGEE, (AP)—Discovery of a mineral oil in peanuts that has aided in the recovery of infantile paralysis victims and in the rejuvenation of tissues was announced yesterday by Dr. George W. Carver, noted Negro scientist and head of the research department of Tuskegee Institute.

"It has been given out that I have found a cure," said Dr. Carver. "I have not, but it looks hopeful."

Dr. Carver said the tissue building properties in the oil were accidentally discovered, after he had used it as the base for a beauty lotion.

Possessed Great Value

"I gave it to some ladies to use," he said in discussing his discovery, "and those inclined to be fat brought it back, saying they could not use it because it made them gain weight.

"When they brought this back, I saw that it had great value and I find that it is the greatest fat producer I have ever seen."

Dr. Carver said, after drawing off the emulsion, he made tests and then used it in the treatment of two boys, one 14 and the other 14 who had suffered from infantile paralysis.

Improvement was noted early in the [illegible], Dr. Carver said, pink returned to the skin and the muscles increased in size by actual measurements.

After nine applications of the oil which was massaged into the afflicted limbs, one of the subjects who had been walking with crutches was able to walk with the use of only a cane.

"The other boy less severely afflicted, had increased use of his leg and joined other boys in playing football.

Used On 250 Persons

"I have used it on 250 persons, and it has never failed, so far as I can find out," said Dr. Carver. "I am using it as a fact finder, and I am working out its complete pharmaceutical value.

"For certain things, I know it has a definite value, but for others it remains to be proven."

Dr. Carver demonstrated it, rubbing a few drops onto the arm of a subject, and in a few moments the immediate area of the application glowed rose colored and small veins throughout the area became visible with the larger one standing out vividly.

Reaching for a bottle of the oil which stood in its place in his laboratory here where 285 by-products of peanuts have been produced by the scientist, Dr. Carver uncorked it and there was a slight hiss of escaping gas.

"After being corked, when the stopper is removed, gas escapes," said Dr. Carver, fondling the phial. "I don't know what that is, I have to find out about that."

The scientist who has devoted years to experimenting with peanuts in order to give the South a second cash crop with wide demand glancing at various containers before him ventured a prediction, saying:

"I believe the next great medical discovery will be the efficacy of oils. There is so much about them that we do not know."

She wrote to Dr. Carver asking if she could get some of the peanut mineral oil to help three Jackson County students that had been paralyzed by Polio. Dr. Carver replied, January 23, 1934.

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO
RESEARCH AND EXPERIMENT STATION
TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE
TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALABAMA

Mr. Adele Rivers,
Board of Education,
Jackson Co.
Scottsboro, Ala.

Written below the text of the form letter:(Dr. Carver's handwritten note)TIFF

> "If you describe the case I may be able to suggest without seeing the child. Some do not need an oil of any kind, in fact an oil would only aggravate their troubles. Some I take through a preliminary treatment before the oil is applied etc. etc. I am not a medical doctor, am not practicing medicine. Am a person trying through God to find great truths that will benefit suffering humanity."

On the back of the form letter, G. W. Carver wrote the following:(Dr. Carver's handwritten note)TIFF

> "I should like to have you describe all three cases. Maybe I can help them. I have one young man who comes once per week badly paralyzed in one leg, (from a child). I have massaged him 3 times and he has gained 2 pounds he tells me."

Yours very truly, G. W. Carver

1930-1945 Jackson County Schools: Experiences of Adele Rivers
compiled by Ann B. Chambless

In late June 1930, Nancy Adele Rivers came to Scottsboro by train and met with the Jackson County Board of Education who offered her the job of Supervisor of the Elementary Grades of Jackson County schools. The Board wanted her to begin work on the first day of July. She was advised that she would be traveling all over Alabama's fourth largest county in her automobile.

This presented Problem Number One for the 34 year old Ms. Rivers. She did not have an automobile or know how to drive one. Between Friday afternoon and Tuesday morning, she managed to buy an automobile and learned how to drive it – in forward gear only!

On Saturday before she was to leave for Scottsboro on Sunday, Ms. Rivers received a call from Mattie Lou Stockton (secretary in the Superintendent's office) saying that Ms. Stockton was spending the weekend in Birmingham and said she would be happy to ride back to Scottsboro with Ms. Rivers so she (Adele Rivers) would not have to travel by herself. This was quite a relief to Ms. Rivers, as she did not even know the route to travel to get to Scottsboro. Ms. Rivers later stated: "Ms. Stockton did not know at the time that I didn't know how to drive a car very well, but I think she soon found out. Just before we got to Gadsden, she told me she would take the wheel, if I wanted her to. Ms. Stockton drove on into Scottsboro for which I was really thankful."

Ms. Rivers was amazed when she learned there were 104 schools in the county and how bad the roads were in the rural areas. At the time, Mr. Nelson was in charge of all the adult education schools. Jackson County had several, almost one in every community, because the county was trying to rid the state and county of illiteracy among adults. Mr. Nelson would either ride with Ms. Rivers or let her go with him until she learned her way around in the county.

Being from South Alabama, she was not accustomed to mountain road travel. She also found that she had to cross both the Tennessee River and the Paint Rock River, several times on a weekly basis.

Many of the schools were small, one-teacher schools in coves or in (then) remote places on Cumberland Mountain and Sand Mountain. Ms. Rivers remembered driving her car to the foot of a mountain and having to walk up a trail to the school she needed to visit. At some of the schools, there was not a good water supply. If the children did not bring bottles of water from their home, they had no water during the day.

At one very small school she visited, she carried balloons for the children which she handed out at recess. The children had no idea what a balloon was or what to do with it. She showed them how to blow up one, thinking they would blow up the rest of them. However, that was not to be, and Ms. Rivers blew up all the balloons for all the children. She stated the children were very shy but enjoyed the balloons after they were blown up. She also discovered that many of these children had never been off the mountain, having lived in their local community all their life.

Part of the time Ms. Rivers had to find the schools on her own and encountered physical travel problems. One time a road on Sand Mountain was being graded to improve it all the way up the mountain. The soft ground from the grading, became terribly muddy when it rained. Plus, the sand was slippery when wet. On her first trip to Pisgah, one of the Pisgah teachers invited Ms. Rivers to spend the night in her home so she could easily arrive at the school by eight o'clock. Ms. Rivers stated: "It would have taken me an hour and a half to drive from Scottsboro to Pisgah if I had waited until the day of my visit to make the trip."

Her description of the treacherous roads that particular afternoon makes the reader thankful for asphalt pavement in 2016. Ms. Rivers stated: "When I reached Sand Mountain, the road was very wet and very slippery; I was slipping from one side of the road to the other on that newly graded road. I had no idea what to do to keep from slipping and sliding. I had never been to Pisgah. I had no idea of what I would have to do to get there. It was beginning to get dark and still raining. When I started down the hill into the gorge (Pisgah Gorge), I had to cross a creek. I put the car in low gear and crept along. I couldn't see more than ten feet ahead of me on account of the rain. That hill curved around and around three times before I reached the hill. I finally arrived in Pisgah and spent the night with the Turner family whose daughter, Sarah, taught in the high school at Pisgah. When I finally reached the Turners' house, Mrs. Turner said she was just fixing to send her sons, George and Thomas, out to look for me. The next day on my return trip to Scottsboro, when I got to the gorge and saw the road I had driven over the evening before, I became weak in the knees. I was really thankful to get across that gorge that day."

The roads all over Jackson County were, at times, almost impassable. Many times if it was raining Ms. Rivers would go by a garage and have chains put on her car. She stated: "Sometimes I would drag through the mud, a foot deep, all day long from one school to another. This lasted for several years after I started to work in Jackson County."

In her memoirs, Ms. Rivers stated: "When I began to work in Jackson County, I had not learned how to drive the car well enough to know how to put it in reverse. I had to plan to park where I could get out until I did learn to reverse the gears. One of the other county workers (the only one who ever mentioned the fact that she knew I didn't know how to drive in reverse) told me to get out in some old field and back that car until I learned how. I soon learned how. It was about a month before I felt perfectly comfortable in going backward."

One of the problems Ms. Rivers found in the Jackson County school system was there were many teachers who had temporary teaching certificates. They had not received any special training for teachers. Due to the scarcity of teachers, the State of Alabama had given them temporary certificates. These teachers had not received any training for teaching beginners at all, but they were put in the first-grade classrooms. One of the first projects Ms. Rivers attempted was trying to help those first-grade teachers with temporary certificates how to teach the children to read.

Another problem Ms. Rivers encountered was the lack of textbooks. The State had not begun furnishing textbooks at that time. During the depression years, parents did not have enough money to buy all the books their children needed. Often there was only one or two pupils in each class that had a book to use.

Ms. Rivers tried to solve the problem of so few books by promoting the organization of a parent-teacher organizations in each school. When this mission was accomplished, Ms. Rivers began suggesting ways the PTO could raise money to buy the much needed books. She remembered that when $300.00 was raised locally, the State matched that amount which made it possible to buy books.

Ms. Rivers was also the county attendance supervisor. One of her home visits deserved to be shared in this essay. In mid-October she visited a home "far up on Sand Mountain". When she arrived, the father was chopping wood, and he did not try to find out why she was there, and just kept on chopping wood. There were four big dogs who greeted her so she just sat in the car wondering how she was going to speak to the parents of the four children who were supposed to be in school.

At that time, she had a new car with a radio in it. She turned the radio on and it happened there was a military band playing. In just a few minutes, people "poured from the house, even the grandmother who was all stooped over with rheumatism." The grandmother said, "Where in the world is all that racket coming from?" One of the little boys climbed up on the hood of Ms. Rivers' car "where the racket was coming from." By that time, the father had stopped chopping wood, and Ms. Rivers had a nice visit with the family while she sat in her car. She stated she did not even get to go in the house because they were all so interested in the radio as they had never seen or heard one before. The children started to school shortly after that visit.

Ms. Rivers had many interesting experiences while working for the Jackson County Board of Education. While working in the office, she was present the afternoon two school board trustees came to the office to talk to the superintendent. One of them told the superintendent he was going to stop sending his children to school because their teacher was teaching her students that the world was round. He said, "You know the world is not round, because you can see it is flat."

During Ms. Rivers' first three years in Jackson County, she was employed as Supervisor of Elementary Grades. Then the school term was cut to five months because of lack of funds and her supervisory job was terminated. Ms. Rivers took two months of vacation and then was hired as a visitor by the WPA for six months. After her time with the WPA, she was hired as Jackson County's Supervisor of Attendance Work. This job title included PTA work plus whatever else was necessary in the system's attendance program. She helped the presidents of each local PTA in studying PTA objectives and how they should cooperate with principals and teachers in solving problems that would improve their respective schools. Ms. Rivers also helped organize a county-wide PTA and stated that Mrs. J. K. Thompson was the first president of the county PTA.

During a trip to Paint Rock Valley, Ms. Rivers had to cross Guess' Creek which was muddy on the day of her visit. She managed to ford the creek and, about a mile away, she found the home of the children who had not started to school that Fall, but nobody was at home.

When she got back to Guess' Creek, she decided to stop, eat her lunch, and think. After enjoying the scenery during her brief stop, she attempted to cross the creek. She did not realize how fast the stream was flowing and that the current had washed out the ruts she had made earlier in the day. Her new three-week old car became stuck in the mud that was rather deep. Being a clever lady, she devised a way to get out of her car without getting wet. She used her umbrella to punch a great big rock (about 30 inches in diameter) until the rock fell into the creek. She stepped out on this rock and walked to the nearest house. The owner hooked a chain to her car and used his mule to try to pull her car out. The mule did not like getting his feet wet or the task assigned him and would not budge. The man enlisted the help of a neighbor who had a team of horses, but by that time there was so much suction under the car, the harness on the horses broke. Finally, the two men used a small oak tree to pry the car up, and Ms. Rivers carried enough rock to lay a roadbed under her car while the men were prying it up. Luckily, her car was not damaged, and she finally made it back to Scottsboro.

During Ms. Rivers' time in Jackson County, the schools and the roads were improved a great deal. She stated there were just two little strips of black top road in the county when she arrived in 1930, but most of the road had been paved by the time she departed in 1945.

The 104 schools were reduced to 40 with many of the hard-to-reach one-teacher schools were consolidated with larger schools. After the roads were improved, school buses were used to transport the children to the larger schools.

During my tenure, one of the superintendent's goals was to place desks and chalkboards in all the schools, and this goal was soon accomplished. It is noteworthy that when Ms. Rivers arrived in Jackson County in 1930, there were small schools were three children had to sit in the same desk.

Ms. Rivers' accomplished one of her priorities by getting the county board to make the regulation that children must bring a birth certificate when they started to school to show they were six years of age. Before that time, so many children were sent to school before they were six and were too immature to do very much school work. The teachers had such large classes they did not have time to help the younger ones develop maturity.

The required birth certificates helped the crowded situations in first grade class rooms.

Ms. Rivers was also able to get a map made of Jackson County so that all schools could have one. She realized that some of the children who lived on Sand Mountain had never been to Paint Rock Valley and vice versa. Ms. Rivers also worked with professors from the University of North Alabama at Florence to get pictures of the county in order to teach the interesting history of Jackson County. That university sent their Dr. Cunningham to Scottsboro to hold classes for teachers each Saturday. After the classes, Ms. Rivers drove Dr. Cunningham all over the county, and they made slides of places of historic and scenic interest. Ms. Rivers paid for the slides. The County PTA purchased a projector and screen, and every school had access to them. The slides became a useful tool in teaching local history and generating pride in the scenic beauty of Jackson County.

NOTE: What a treasure it would be to locate these slides today!

Ms. Rivers received an offer to go to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, in 1944. After a visit, she decided that Oak Ridge looked like a hopeless situation and remained in Jackson County another year. In August 1945, the Oak Ridge Superintendent called again and cajoled her into becoming their guidance person. Ms. Rivers stated she truly enjoyed her fifteen years in Jackson County, but, by 1945, the political situation in Jackson County had changed to some extent. Adele Rivers was a true Renaissance Woman!

NOTE by ABC: The author acknowledges the use of material found in the Memoirs of Adele Rivers, transcribed and copied by her nephew, James W. Turnipseed, Jr. In his words, Ms. Rivers' memoirs contain a history of life as it was actually lived in the early part of the 20th century in Alabama. Ms. Rivers' papers have been archived by Birmingham Southern University.

LAURA ADELE RIVERS (1896-1995)

Laura Adele Rivers began teaching school when she was 15 years old. She taught in the Alabama school system for 33 years; she then moved to Tennessee and taught there for 17 more years. Adele was never married. She considered all of her students to be her "children". She was born in Thomasville in Clarke County, Alabama, in 1896, and was buried there in 1895.

Birmingham-Southern College

Laura Adele Rivers

having fulfilled the required conditions has this day been declared by the Faculty and the Trustees a

Bachelor of Arts

of the Birmingham Southern College

In witness whereof, the Faculty and Trustees have caused to be given this Diploma, conferring her with all the Rights, Privileges and Honors appertaining thereto

Given under the seal of the College at Birmingham, Alabama, the 25th day of May nineteen hundred and thirty.

Teaching Record

Alabama

1912-1913	Tallahatta Springs - Clarke Co.	Old Typewriter
1914-1915	Vineland - Marengo Co.	
1915-1916	St. Clair Co.	
1916-1917	Fair View - Perry Co.	
1917-1918	Perdue Hill - Monroe Co.	
1918-1919	Uriah R.F.D. - Monroe Co.	
1919-1920	Mariott family - Monroe Co.	
1921-1922	Grove Hill - Clarke Co.	
1922-1930	Libscomb - Jefferson Co.	
1930-1945	**Jackson Co.**	Wilson Dam 1937 Chevrolet at Scottsbor

Tennessee

HISTORY OF PRESERVATION OF MEAT IN JACKSON COUNTY
by JCHA Member David Bradford

Most Jackson County homes built in the 18th and 19th centuries had smokehouses. I spent my first years playing in a smokehouse behind our home on the corner of Larkin and Kyle Streets. The dirt floor and the rough-hewn walls were black from the hickory and oak that had smoldered for decades in the fire pit. Had it occurred to me to taste the dirt, I would have tasted salt. I've read that during the Civil War, the dirt from families' smokehouse floors were percolated to extract brine.

Preservation of meat by "curing" it was a difficult, time-consuming, and error-prone task for early settlers. Curing preserves meat allowing it to be preserved at ambient temperatures. Curing entails drawing as much moisture as possible out of meat and, more importantly, out of the microorganisms that populate it. When enough water is drawn from the virulent bacteria, the cell dies and can no longer replicate.

But there's an added advantage to the dehydration process: curing changes the texture and the taste of meat. As meat loses water, its flavor is concentrated, and salt-tolerant bacteria that remain contribute additional flavors and tenderness through fermentation.

Packing meat in salt was the earliest from of curing. Then, in the 1600s, the process was significantly enhanced when it was discovered that the addition of saltpeter (nitrate) was effective in staving off the last remaining and most tenacious of pathogens: botulism. Settlers and provisioners also understood that slow-roasting in a smokehouse accelerated the dehydration process since smoking adds chemicals to the surface of meat that reduce the concentration of salt required and seals the outer layer of meat, making it more difficult for bacteria to enter.

But the consequences of mistakes in the curing/smoking process were dire: food poisoning was a constant threat to the mortality of families.

From the beginning, there were commercial solutions: Matthew Washington, who moved to Jackson County in the 1840s, had been schooled in the Smithfield process of curing hams before coming here. He marketed his hams from his farm and from shops in Bellefonte and Stevenson.

Ironically, even Matthew's professionally prepared hams proved deadly in a round-about way: The 59-year-old Matthew died of exhaustion trying to hide them from advancing Federal troops in 1862.

Some 90 years after Matthew died, the first high-tech solution to food preservation became generally available: freezing.

Earlier in the twentieth century, refrigeration was accomplished by placing a block of ice in an insulated wooden cabinet. In 1918, Frigidaire introduced the first electric refrigerator. But while these appliances maintained food for short periods, they could not preserve it from harvest to harvest. As late as the 1950s, home freezers built into refrigerators lacked the capacity to preserve a family's yearly provisions.

So there was a stir in 1944 when The Jackson County Locker Plant opened on the south side of the courthouse square in Scottsboro. The Progressive Age called it "one of the largest and possibly the most modern in the entire country." The article also noted that "To many, a locker plant is more or less a mystery, because it is something new in this area, and you are invited to visit the place and you will learn a lot of how much good modern inventions can do, not only in war time, but in the peace times to come."

The Locker Plant, co-owned by John Benson and Jewell Hall, was based on a business model introduced in the early years of WWII that called for community centers that offered rental lockers to those who wanted to preserve foods using the new technology. For a rental fee of $12 a year, a customer could have the use of drawer-type metal locker of about 12 square feet capacity in a vault-like room kept at a steady five degrees below zero.

A customer who entered with his key would pass behind a meat counter (stocked with bacon, baloney, cheese, and sausage offered for public sale) to enter a room of approximately 1800 square feet often permeated by fog induced by the frigid air and hung with stalactites of ice. The storage room was cooled by massive flywheel-driven compressors that used ammonia as a refrigerant. Those who worked at the facility were able to tolerate the ammonia that constantly leaked from the compressors without so much as a watery eye, but the public had to be protected from the irritating chemical by sealed doors.

The freezer infrastructure was technically complex and expensive. The owners acknowledged that the freezer facility cost "thousands" and they were hampered by engineering problems involved in trying to alter the old building at 122 East Peachtree to its new purpose. originally slated to open in May, 1944, the facility finally celebrated its open house in August 1944.

Canning had proved for decades an economical way of preserving fruits and vegetables, requiring only a modest outlay in materials and equipment to accomplish. With an accepted procedure for preserving crops, the primary application of the new freezer technology was to preserve meat. Still, The Locker Plant hosted Home Demonstration Agents and TVA Home Economists, inviting them to hold workshops at The Locker Plant, instructing homemakers on what fruits and vegetables were best suited for freezing and how they ought to be prepared. The plant also bought red peppers and sage to produce the plant's unique "old fashioned" sausage seasoning.

In pursuit of the more lucrative meat market, The Locker Plant also offered off-the-truck meat processing services. Cattle and hogs were staged in the stockyards backing onto Appletree Street and moved through a series of processing rooms that culminated in a preparation room where the various cuts were packaged in waxed butcher paper and moved to the locker facilities for quick freeze. The fee for processing pork was one cent per pound dressed weight. For three cents a pound, a portion of the animal could be processed as sausage.

For those who favored the old preservation methods, the plant also offered curing (via the more modern injected brine process, not the traditional dry-brine process) and an on-site smokehouse (a massive metal cabinet with a firebox at its base). Customers who continued to rely on curing apparently felt secure that their provisions were stable since the plant ran ads imploring their customers "whose processed or cured meat is ready to take home to come and get it at once as we are badly in need of space for more of this needed work."

Most children of the era will remember that the left half of the building was given over to the "Dairy King," where James Paradise drew soft-serve ice cream and dispensed it from a half-moon window onto Peachtree Street. The Dairy King closed around 1960.

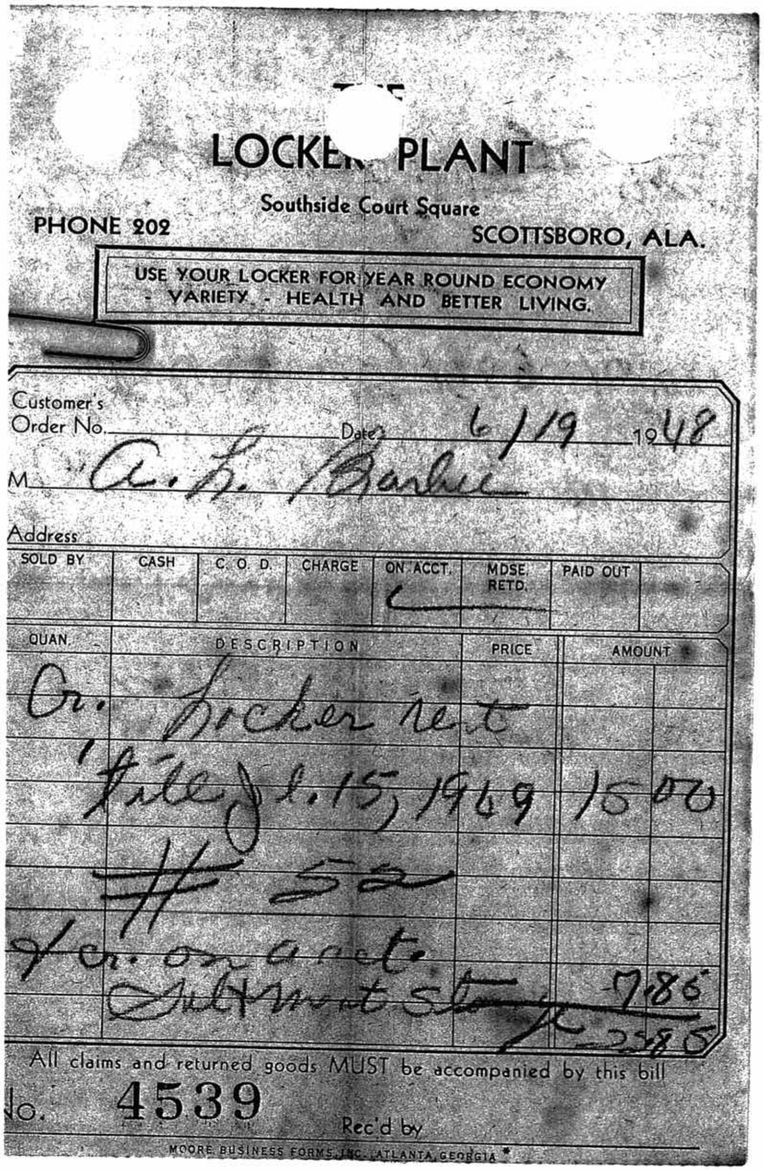
By the late 1960s, the agrarian nature of the county was changing, and The Locker Plant adapted. Complaints about the smell of the stockyards resulted in the slaughter business being phased out. Home chest-type freezers, which became available through local appliance dealers in the mid-1950s, ended the need for community freezers.

Accordingly, The Locker Plant diversified, moving into the restaurant supply business in the 1970s. The locker infrastructure was dismantled. Many of the metal lockers were recycled as troughs for feeding livestock.

The resultant business was renamed the "Old Hickory Smokehouse," an acknowledgment of the only part of The Locker Plant's original mission that was retained past the 1970s: smoking and curing meats.

Ironically, the owner of the business that led this transition during the 1970s was William Washington (Bill) Bradford. Bill was the great- grandson of Matthew Washington, who had literally died for his hams 130 years before.

NOTE by ABC: David Bradford is the son of William Washington (Bill) Bradford and Bettye (Hall) Bradford. David's maternal grandfather was Jewell Hall and his maternal great-grandfather was John B. Benson, the two local business entrepreneurs who founded The Locker Plant in 1944.



LOCKER PLANT
Southside Court Square
PHONE 202
SCOTTSBORO, ALA.
USE YOUR LOCKER FOR YEAR ROUND ECONOMY - VARIETY - HEALTH AND BETTER LIVING.

Customer's Order No. Date 6/19 1948
M A. L. Barbee
Address

SOLD BY	CASH	C. O. D.	CHARGE	ON ACCT.	MDSE. RETD.	PAID OUT
				✓		

QUAN.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT
Cr.	Locker rent		
	till Jl. 15, 1949	15 00	
	# 52		
	Cr. on acct.		
	[illegible]		7.86
			23.86

All claims and returned goods MUST be accompanied by this bill
No. 4539
Rec'd by
MOORE BUSINESS FORMS, INC. ATLANTA, GEORGIA

The Locker Plant receipt dated June 19, 1948, to A. L. Barbee for rental of locker #52 until July 15, 1949 (from family files of Ann Barbee Chambless)

BOOKS FOR SALE

BUILDING BRIDGES AND ROADS IN THE KOREAN CONFLICT: HISTORY OF COMPANY B FROM SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA, DURING THE "FORGOTTEN WAR" published jointly by the author, Dr. Ronald H. Dykes, and the JCHA is divided into five sections. The first is a brief history of the Korean Conflict. The second section is a history of Company B which was part of the 151st Combat Engineers Battalion headquartered in Huntsville, AL. The third section includes Dr. Dykes' interviews with 13 members of Company B. The fourth section consists of 18 half-page pictures taken by Jake Word, the battalion photographer during the latter part of his tour in Korea. The fifth section is an appendix that includes interviews with two veterans who were in the Conflict but not in Company B.

The price of the book is $25.50 by mail or it may be picked up at the Scottsboro Public Library or the Scottsboro-Jackson County Heritage Center for $22.95. If ordering by mail, send your check payable to the JCHA in the amount of $25.50 to JCHA, P.O. BOX 1494, SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA 35768-1494. You will want to order your copy now, since a limited number of copies of this great book about the Korean Conflict are available. Dr. Dykes' other two books sold out quickly, and, when rare copies can be found via internet sources, these two out-of-print books have sold for as much as $200.00 a copy.

THE HISTORY OF JACKSON COUNTY, ALABAMA, by John R. Kennamer, 1935 edition, re-published by the JCHA. Price by mail is $14.00. Mail check payable to JCHA HISTORY BOOK and mail to HISTORY BOOK, P.O. BOX 1494, SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA 35768-1494. This book can also be purchased at the Scottsboro Depot Museum for $10.00.

RENEW MEMBERSHIP JANUARY 1

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ISSN-1071-2348 April 2016

The Jackson County Chronicles

Volume 28, Number 2

At the April 24th JCHA meeting, 2:00 at the Scottsboro Depot Museum:

Annette Bradford will discuss her recent efforts to complete cemetery censuses of Jackson County's largest cemeteries–Stevenson City and Cedar Hill–as well as some the smaller historical cemeteries. She will describe how she has made that new material available online, her ongoing efforts to develop walking tours of cemeteries, and the symbolism used on grave markers.

In this issue:

About this publication:

The Jackson County Chronicles is published quarterly by The Jackson County Historical Association (JCHA).

Editor: Annette Norris Bradford
Associate Editor: David Bradford
Editor Emeritus: Ann B. Chambless

In January 1975 , I wrote the following:

> *Those who have no pride in the past or no hope for the future seldom keep good records. The past 156 years in Jackson County have certainly given us much to be proud of – both individually and collectively. Knowledge of the past inevitably leads to a deeper appreciation of our heritage and to a sense of responsibility to those who will come after us. So little of Jackson County's history has been recorded for posterity. No group ever faced a greater challenge. At first, the task may appear monumental. If we join hands for small steps during our first year, we can build the foundation for future growth in every direction. Let's all have fun together and really enjoy history as a hobby. I feel safe in predicting visible results from such a group in action.*

The initial Newsletters were well received, and they produced a steady increase in JCHA paid membership. Soon, our publication's name was changed to *The Jackson County Chronicles*. As editor, I attempted to develop historical essays covering as many previously undocumented facts and stories as possible. Many hours were expended in research at the Jackson County Courthouse and the Scottsboro, Huntsville, Birmingham, and Chattanooga libraries. There were times I actually prayed to get locked up in the basement of the Jackson County Courthouse because at closing time I had just discovered a "gold mine" of new material.

Between January 1975 and January 2016, we researched, edited, typed, published, and mailed 165 quarterlies. Today, I give thanks for all the guest authors and JCHA members who assisted in various ways in reaching the JCHA's goal of disseminating Jackson County history via *The Jackson County Chronicles*.

After 41 years, it is time for me to pass the baton to your new *Chronicles* editors, the multi-talented Annette Bradford who will be ably assisted by her equally talented writer husband, David Bradford.

Thank you, Annette and David Bradford for your willingness to serve and continue the JCHA's efforts to research, record, and preserve the rich history of Jackson County!

FAREWELL BUT NOT GOODBYE!

Ann Barbee Chambless

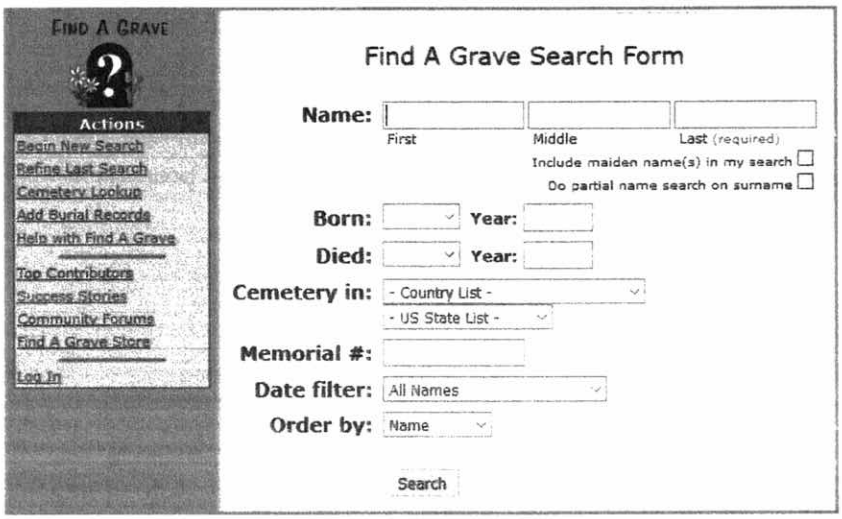
New cemetery censuses available in findagrave.com

Following in the honored footsteps of Annie Coleman Proctor, Ralph Mackey, Barry Pritchett, and Jane Nichols, and trying to do our part in the army of volunteers who document our county's history through headstones, David and I have been photographing entire cemeteries and putting the results of these visual cemetery censuses into findagrave.

If you are unfamiliar with findagrave, open a browser on your computer and enter *www.findagrave.com* on the search line. If you just want to search for a person or cemetery, you do not need an ID, but if you want to contribute to findagrave, you need to set up a user ID and password. You will need an email address to request a user ID. Use the buttons on left to search for a person or a cemetery.

Why do we like findagrave?

- It is free. Ancestry is a for-fee platform, but you can add records, text, or photos to findagrave for free.
- You can own the records for your family. There are power users of findagrave, folks who add tens of thousands of graves. But if you ask to have close family transferred to you, the record creator should do it.
- Findagrave is linked to Ancestry. If you use ancestry.com, you will find that Ancestry searches and shows results for findagrave. This is because Ancestry bought findagrave a couple of years ago. Fears that Ancestry would turn this wonderful free facility into a charge facility have so far been unfounded.
- You can add details or tributes by "leaving flowers," adding a note to the existing record.
- You can make family pictures available to family you don't even know.
- You can link families because each findagrave record generates a unique relational database record ID. I have family members where I can click through seven generations using findagrave records.
- You can request gravesite photos from anywhere in the country from the findagrave network of volunteers. You have never seen your uncle's grave in California? Create a record for him or open an existing record and click on the **Request a Photo** button.
- If you find a cemetery with no identifying sign, you can search on a headstone in the cemetery to find out the name of the cemetery.
- Findagrave makes family who died before the days of the internet searchable. Searching on the name of your three-great grandmother who died in 1850 could give you a good hit because of findagrave
- Findagrave provides a way to document unmarked graves. If you have a Bible record or newspaper obituary or military monument form that states where a headstone should be and it is not there, add it anyway. Folks with headstones are already documented. Those without headstones need findagrave even more.



We have added over 2000 graves (complete with photos) and thousands of photos to Jackson County, reflecting new burials, recent headstones, and folks who were just missed by other censuses. We now consider these cemeteries "complete": Goosepond,

Gold, Price, Stevenson City, Stevenson Community, Talley, Wimberley, Cawlfield, and Cedar Hill (that is, until a new burial).

To tell you what we do on joyrides around the county is not to take credit for the tremendous work done by the many findagrave volunteers in Jackson County, people such as Michelle Urban, "Janie BamaFan," Donnie Holderfield, Mary Matthews, and Beth Collins Presley.

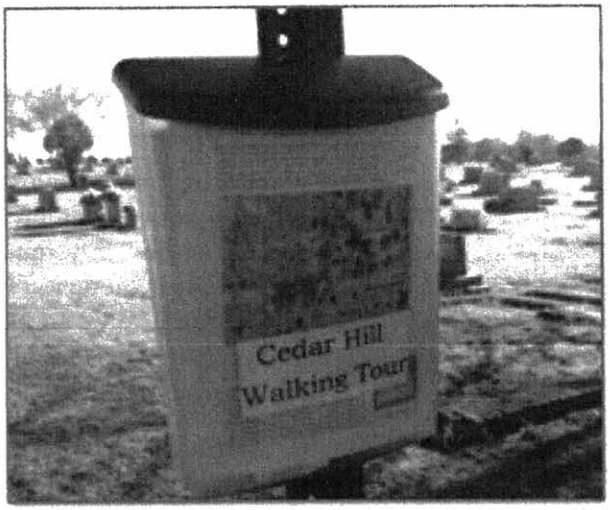
Here are some findagrave use tips.

1. State your search argument in the broadest possible terms. Don't search on "Matthew W. Talley" because the headstone might read "Matthue Tally." Middle initials are too restrictive. Too many details might give you a false negative. Ask for "Mat Tal" and try to narrow down the area (state and county).
2. If you know the death or birth date that should appear on the headstone, use that in the search argument. But if you don't get a hit, search a year on either side.
3. Once your find your family, link them (use unique record IDs to provide a hot link to from this person to his parents and spouse) or add the findagrave record to Ancestry. Findagrave uses this information to create lists of children and siblings. You can also create a virtual cemetery, a named folder(s) to which you can add links to related records (such as "Bradford family in Arkansas").
4. Always check before you add a record to a cemetery to ensure it is not already there. Do the broad search I described in #1 because the name on the headstone might not be the same as the name in your family Bible.

Cemetery tours in Cedar Hill and Stevenson City

The two biggest and oldest cemeteries in the county are Cedar Hill and Stevenson City. Much of the history of our county is reflected in one of these two major cemeteries.

In June 2014, Ann Chambless, David, and I created a cemetery tour for Cedar Hill that includes a brochure with a map and historical sketches and numbered graves in the cemetery. These brochures are found in a waterproof box at the end of the drive by the armory entrance.



The tour currently includes such historical figures as John Snodgrass, Matt Wann, Milo Moody, Babs Deal, the Bynum family, Lucille Benson, Hoo-Daddy Floyd, and Bob Jones, though it is updated periodically to feature other historical figures.

We hope to create a similar tour for Stevenson, but we are less familiar with Stevenson and need your help. We plan to include the following:

- Rev. Constantine Blackmon Sanders, the "sleeping preacher"
- Nancy Jones, the woman buried standing up
- Sanders Russell, the Alabama Sports Hall of Fame harness racer
- The victims of TWA Flight 800

Please suggest others. Write to us at jcha@scottsboro.org.

If you want to take the Cedar Hill tour but find the box empty, or if you simply want to read the Cedar Hill tour brochure, you can open a PDF on the depot museum web site:

http://www.scottsborodepotmuseum.com/cedarhillfinal.pdf

Featuring family cemeteries

Standing in a family cemetery is a powerful experience because you know with absolute certainty that you are standing on soil where your ancestors stood. There is a "time-machine" feeling that I get from closing my eyes in such a spot and feeling the presence of the people whose genetics I share.

For that reason, as David and I begin our tenure as editors of *The Chronicles*, we want to start a new feature: a focus in each newsletter on a different small (fewer than 20 graves) family cemetery. As an introduction to this new feature, we wanted to review what Alabama law says about the preservation of and access to family cemeteries.

The Code of Alabama 1975 states that "descendants of persons buried in a cemetery have the right of access to these gravesites while protecting the rights of owners of land containing gravesites."

To avoid accusations of trespassing, contact the land owner and ask permission to access the family cemetery. If you will be working in the cemetery, describe the work you will be doing. Keeping the cemetery clear is your responsibility; you cannot complain if the land owner fails to maintain the cemetery.

The Alabama Code also provides for penalties for desecrating gravesites. Existing laws are scattered throughout the Code of Alabama 1975.

If you find that your family cemetery is being desecrated by the landowner, contact the owner and see if the situation could be resolved amicably. Could you, for example, build a fence around a family cemetery on his land to prevent cattle from trampling family graves?

If all negotiation fails, you can file a formal complaint. In Scottsboro, call (256) 574-3333 and file a vocal complaint describing the criminal mischief affecting your family cemetery. After your phone call, an officer will come to your home and make a written report. The police department will then be able to investigate and take action to stop and/or prevent future cemetery desecration. In the county, call Sheriff Chuck Phillips at (256) 574-2610

Finally, you can report instances of desecration to the Alabama Historical Communion (AHC). If you want to report desecration to the AHC, contact Historic Preservation Specialist Hannah J. Garmon at (334) 230-2644 or by email at HannahJGarmon@preservala.org. You can strengthen the position of your cemetery by having it listed on the Alabama Cemetery Registry. Currently only five county cemeteries are part of this registry:

- Bellefonte Cemetery, Listed: 11/28/06
- Clay Cemetery, Listed: 08/12/13
- Jonathan C. Camp Cemetery, Listed: 03/13/07
- Old Paint Rock Cemetery, Listed: 12/03/10
- Williams Family Cemetery, Listed: 12/03/10

For more information, see: http://preserveala.org/alabamaregister.aspx

If you plan major renovation to a cemetery or clean headstones using potentially destructive means, be aware that the AHC amended Alabama law in 2010 to cover marker cleaning and preservation methods. Ensure that your preservation activities do not endanger fragile stones that will be used by future generations.

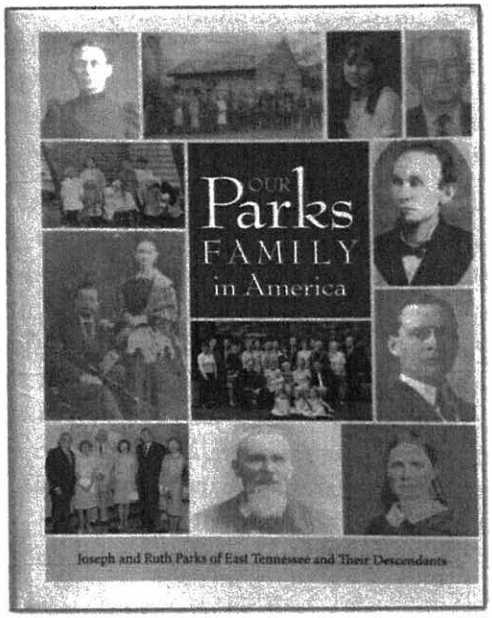
Blue Spring Cemetery, Larkinsville

Annette Norris Bradford

Parks family book available

Our Parks Family in America: Joseph and Ruth Parks of East Tennessee and Their Descendants by Janet B. Parks.

A great many people in Jackson County have Joseph and Ruth Parks in their family trees and are therefore cousins of Janet B. Parks who teaches in Bowling Green, OH (though she was raised in Chattanooga). Janet has written a very informative, highly graphic 190-page history of this family that Parks cousins close and distant will want to see.



Some of the families that are referenced include: Black, Boyd, Brown, Byrd, Caldwell, Clemons, Cotten/Cotton, Finnell, Frazier, Gay, Gross, Hackworth, Hamilton, Hargiss, Hornbuckle, Hudgins, Hunt, Kirby, Kyle, Larkin, McCutcheon, Mickler, Morgan, Morrison, Payne, Price, Proctor, Scott, Smith, Snodgrass, Tally, Turner, Webb, White, and Wood.

Janet's book takes readers into the lives of Joseph and Ruth Parks of East Tennessee and six generations of their descendants. After the arrival of the family progenitor in the 18th century, these Parkses traveled from Maryland to Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Texas, and many points beyond. Beginning with stories about several of Joseph and Ruth's children, the book focuses on the family of John Parks, who moved from Tennessee to Jackson County, AL, where they were among the early settlers of the Tennessee River valley. Family members held positions such as politician, soldier, postmaster, wagon master, doctor, preacher, lawyer, teacher, undertaker, judge, county commissioner, carpenter, merchant, and farmer. Tales of murder, loyalty oaths, Cherokee cousins, and the revelation of ancestors who sailed to America on the Mayflower are included. The book ends with a photo gallery of present-day descendants of Joseph and Ruth Parks.

Interest in writing a book about the Parks family began in 2006 when Janet interviewed an aunt whose tales piqued her interest in family stories. For her initial understanding of the family, she turned to the family history work of Bob and Kathleen Duggan, and expanded her understanding using the internet, Ancestry, Family Search, books, and interviews. She visited Scottsboro in Summer 2013, toured a number of locations, and interviewed Jackson County people. She worked on the book intensely for 2-3 years before publishing it in June 2015.

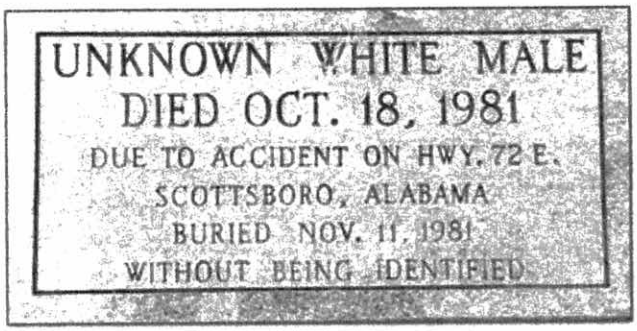
When the book was complete, Janet attended a family reunion in Chattanooga in July 2015, where the new family history was celebrated and appreciated. The reunion included about 40 participates from 10 states.

Janet donated a copy of her book to the Heritage Center in Scottsboro and a copy to the Jackson County Public Library. Jackson County locals can review these copies to decide if they want to order one of their own. If you want to order the book, the cost plus shipping is $54.80. Go to *www.lulu.com* and search on Janet Parks, or order the book from lulu by calling 844-212-0689.

Annette Norris Bradford

Cedar Hill's Unknown White Male

Initially, 12 plots were set aside for indigent burials in Scottsboro's Cedar Hill Cemetery. The twelfth of them was claimed on November 11, 1981. The stone placed for the body buried in that plot reads :



The man was killed on a Sunday morning at 1:05 a.m. when he was struck by a young driver from Guntersville. He was standing or walking beneath the overpass where Highway ~~72~~ 25 crosses over John T. Reid Parkway. Speculation at the time was that he was taking refuge in a narrow niche between the abutment and the highway above.

The man, pronounced dead on the scene, carried no identification. In his possession were three pennies, extra clothing in a plastic bag, and a slip of paper on which was written a name and telephone number. The name and number belonged to a truck driver who had given the Unknown Man a ride from Kentucky to Hollywood. He had apparently walked from Hollywood to Scottsboro before being struck and killed. The truck driver had no information that could help police determine the man's identity or home.

He was carried to Jackson County Hospital where he was examined by Coroner W. R. Henshaw and then transferred to Scottsboro Funeral Home. There, he was embalmed by Jim Grigg, who three years later would succeed Henshaw as Jackson County coroner, serving in that capacity for 23 years. Grigg recalls that the man was wearing multiple layers of soiled clothes.

The man was described as being between 50 and 60 years old, blue-eyed, brown-haired, of a muscular build, around 5' 9" and weighing around 160 pounds. He was missing his upper teeth.

A profile shot of the embalmed man was widely distributed to law enforcement agencies and was printed in local newspapers. His fingerprints were transmitted to the FBI. He lay for over three weeks in the Scottsboro Funeral Home where an estimated 200 people viewed his body. Some of his visitors might have been morbid curiosity seekers, but most were bereaved family members, many visibly anxious, hoping for resolution in their search for missing relatives. Many drove hundreds of miles for the viewing, all returning home without the answers they sought.

Finally, the body was buried. The funeral was partially funded from a $450 grant that Henshaw secured from the Jackson County Commission. A burial vault company donated a "factory second" vault, known in the funeral trade as a "rough box," to hold the casket. The city donated the burial plot. A Scottsboro resident, Earl Grady Thomas, Sr., donated the grave marker, haunted by the mysterious disappearance years before of his younger brother. Thomas wanted the grave marked "in case [the unidentified man's] family ever came looking for him."

When the Unknown Man was buried on November 11, 1981, his funeral was attended by 20 people. Several wreaths were sent by local residents, churches, and industries. The funeral was officiated by James Tisdel, pastor of Scottsboro's First Baptist Church. That done, the Unknown Man lay undisturbed for 33 years.

Two events conspired in late 2013 and early 2014 to disturb his rest. First, The Scottsboro Police Department revived an investigation into his death, prompting *The Daily Sentinel* to rerun the picture of the deceased man. Then, in a seemingly unrelated development, the FBI updated its "Ten Most Wanted" list to include a suspect wanted in a crime committed 38 years earlier in Bethesda, Maryland.

The FBI's suspect, William Bishop Bradford, Jr., was accused of killing five family members—his wife, his mother, and his three sons—on March 1, 1976. A child of privilege (he held degrees from Yale and Middlebury (VT) college), Bishop was fluent in at least four languages and had served in diplomatic posts in Europe and Africa. It was a full week before Bishop's crime was discovered, and popular speculation was that he had used that week to escape overseas on his diplomatic passport. However, his last confirmed sighting was 200 miles from Scottsboro.

Bishop's entry to the Top Ten list prompted CNN to feature Bishop on its program "The Hunt." Of the hundreds of tips generated by that story, one came from Scottsboro resident Jeremy Collins, who had at one time been employed at Scottsboro Funeral Home and who had repeatedly seen pictures of the Unknown Man while working there. He called the tip line for "The Hunt," telling the operator that he preferred to remain anonymous. Only when the operator told them that a $100,000 reward was being offered for information leading to closure in the case did he give his personal information. Time passed, and no one from "The Hunt" or the FBI contacted him. Convinced that the resemblance was too strong to be coincidental, Collins went to Scottsboro Police Chief Ralph Dawe, who in turn contacted the agencies overseeing the case.

The FBI thought Collins' tip was credible, noting similarities between Bishop's distinctive features —cleft and upturned chin, thin lips, arching eyebrows, and thin nose—and those of the Unknown Man. The FBI ordered the body disinterred. Benny Bell, supervisor of Cedar Hill Cemetery, set about exhumation on October 8, 2014, in the presence of local law enforcement, the FBI, court officials, and ex-coroner Jim Grigg along his former employee, Jeremy Collins.

The intact vault was moved to Pine Haven Cemetery where examiners could work in greater privacy. They cracked the vault with a backhoe, revealing an intact casket inside. On opening the casket, they found remains badly decomposed but with identifiable facial features. The primary damage had been done by seeping water and resultant mold. The "rough box" vault referred to earlier had been rejected as a "first run" offering because it was flawed in casting and would not seal.

The casket with its human remains was transferred to Scottsboro Funeral Home where a femur was removed for DNA analysis to be matched against DNA presumed to be Bishop's.

Expedited DNA testing required only two weeks, as opposed to the year that routine DNA testing can sometimes require.

The DNA did not match, a disappointment to those who'd put so much hope and energy into closing the case. A local source says that before testing, the FBI had an "eighty, maybe ninety percent certainty they had their man."

Some locals close to the case are resigned to accepting the official explanation. Others cannot shake the conviction that our Unknown Man is in fact Brad Bishop. Those who are dissatisfied with the results point out that the DNA against which the Unknown Man's was matched was taken from cigarette butts at the burial site of the five victims and from DNA recovered in Bishop's shaving kit. Neither sample, they contend, is reliable as source DNA.

Regardless, the Unknown Man is no longer a person of interest for the FBI. Brad Bishop remains at large and still heads the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list. If alive, he is now 79 years old.

In the end, exhumation and reburial cost $6,000, paid for by the federal government. Reinterment required a new vault and new casket. Jim Grigg had the grave marker removed, polished, and returned to the site. Since the reinterment, flowers have been maintained at the grave site.

Even without the high-profile tie-in with the Brad Bishop case, the Unknown Man is still a worthy footnote in in Jackson County history. He was the only "transient" death in the 23 years that Grigg served as coroner or during the 24-year tenure of his predecessor, W.R. Henshaw. Since the Unknown Man's death in 1981, there has been only one more "unknown": Baby Jane Doe was discovered in the creek beneath Metheny Bridge outside Macedonia in 1987.

It's unusual in Cedar Hill for an exhumation to involve opening a casket. Most Jackson County exhumations involve reinterment of caskets and vaults without the remains being exposed and examined. Benny Bell, head of the Scottsboro Cemetery Department, says that in his 44-year association with the Cemetery (going back to the time when his father, Tommy, was head of the cemetery), remains have been removed from a casket only one other time. That was when a family decided to cremate a previously embalmed body. Most common are mass exhumations like the one that resulted in the movement of the Frazier Cemetery in Goose Pond to Cedar Hill. In those instances, black dirt is transferred to the new burial spot in a largely "ceremonial" transfer.

One other interesting historical footnote about our Unknown Man: he lies in a second-hand grave. His spot was previously occupied by a body that was initially unidentified but was eventually recognized, exhumed, and moved to Texas by his family.

Indigent burials (the burial of known local residents unable to afford burial expenses) are fairly common. Like the Unknown Man's, they are typically paid for with county or city funds, the largess of local funeral homes, private contributors, and the churches. There have been approximately 20 indigent burials in Cedar Hill. The first was in the 1930s when a teenager fell asleep on the rail tracks in Limrock.

Today, there are three small sections of Cedar Hill devoted to indigent burials. Twenty plots in the newest section remain vacant. Indigent's services are attended by a small gathering of people and officiated by Scottsboro clergy. There has never been a burial in Cedar Hill without a service and attendees. "We have good-hearted people here . . . who have love for their fellow man and we have proof of that today with the number of people who came to the funeral of a man they did not even know," Henshaw commented after the Unknown Man's burial.

Poignantly, both unknown graves have had their devoted patrons. According to Earl Grady Thomas's grandson, the elder Grady, who paid for the Unknown Man's marker, regularly visited the Unknown Man on his daily walks to Cedar Hill to visit the grave of his wife. Baby Jane Doe had her own daily visitor until recently, when his health began to fail. Flowers on both graves are shop-worn, but maintained.

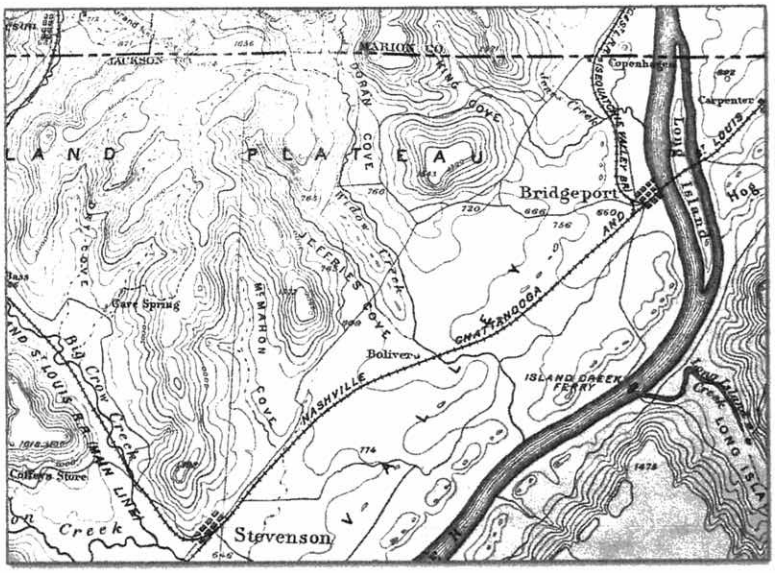
Today, Scottsboro's Unknown Man lies once again in his corner of Cedar Hill having generated a most unusual chapter in Scottsboro history. And with his DNA now on file, he might yet be identified.

David Benson Bradford

The naming of Widows Creek

Seeing the name "Widows Creek" today immediately brings to mind the Widows Creek Fossil Plant that was constructed by the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) on the Guntersville Reservoir of the Tennessee River in the early 1950s. TVA records show the plant (which became the dividing line between Bridgeport and Stevenson) took its name from the creek adjacent to the TVA steam plant.

Today, the question is why was this creek named Widows Creek more than 200 years ago?



U.S. Geological Survey, 1884

According to JCHA member Patty Woodall, North Alabama's premier Cherokee Indian historian, all the creeks in Jackson County were named by the Cherokees long before Alabama was admitted to the Union in December 1819. Ms. Woodall gleaned this knowledge through years of in-depth research of Bureau of Indian Affairs records.

In reading the Cherokee records relative to Daniel Thorn's 640-acre reservation, Ms. Woodall discovered that Widows Creek was named for the Widow Onatoy (sometimes spelled Annatoi). This record stated the Widow Onatoy lived on the creek near Daniel Thorn's reservation that was located slightly southeast of Russell Cave.

Who was the Widow Onatoy? Patty Woodall stated she was a widow by 1806 as confirmed by the following Bureau of Indian Affairs record: Onatoy's widow received a small spinning wheel from Southwest Point. It was one of the items delivered by Richard Fields to Cherokees in his neighborhood. Ms. Woodall further stated she does not know where Richard Fields lived in 1806 but he ended up living in what became Alabama and probably died in 1806. He may have passed by the Widow Onatoy's house going to his home.

Ms. Woodall stated: "Based on records of the 1813 fight at her home that involved John Tally (a white man who lived in Franklin County, Tennessee, in 1813), the Widow Onatoy was well respected and may have operated an inn or at least allowed travelers to stay at her home overnight." The exact location of her house is unknown, but Patty Woodall stated it was probably at or near where the Indian trail crossed "her creek."

In the 1813 record, the Widow Onatoy was called an old woman. Cherokee records indicate her husband was born circa 1725 to 1730. The Widow could have been close to his age or perhaps five to ten years younger than Onatoy. If she was born 1730 to 1735, she would have been in her eighties and had earned the right to be called an old woman in 1813.

Ms. Woodall stated the last mention of the Widow Onatoy is found in 1819 records. Since the Widow does not appear on any of the rolls of Cherokees who voluntarily moved West, Ms. Woodall stated the Widow may have moved across the Tennessee River after the Cherokee Treaty of 1817 ceded land that led to the creation of Jackson County in 1819, but there are no records to prove that. Perhaps she went to the "Great Beyond" in late 1819 or in 1820.

Ann Barbee Chambless

The lost Sun sessions of Pisgah's Cast King

Pisgah's Cast King himself best summed up the probable reason that none of the eight songs he recorded for Sun Records became hits. "Why would you dig another hole when you already had a gold mine?" he mused. Cast King and his band, The Country Ramblers, had the bad luck to walk into Sun Studios sandwiched between sessions by Jerry Lee Lewis and Johnny Cash. As Cast would lament in a song released 50 years later, it was "The Wrong Time to be Right."

The connection between Cast King and Sam Phillips, the visionary owner and chief engineer at Sun Studios, was established when "Uncle Josh" Varner of Scottsboro's WROS radio station sent Phillips a demo tape of a song entitled "I Can't Find Time to Pray." Two weeks later, when Cast returned from performing in Chicago, Phillips phoned Cast in Pisgah, summoning him to Memphis.

Cast and his band, comprised primarily of fellow Pisgah residents the Sartins (John, James, and Bonnie), were joined by Sun Records' The Miller Sisters to cut two masters of "I Can't Find Time To Pray."

"I'm awful picky. I'm a perfectionist. I don't like nothing I do or much nobody else does. But I guess Sam Phillips was about the only man was worse than I am about things. So we went in and we had a record session. Sam Phillips said 'Cast, I'm not expecting anything out of y'all except something impossible.' Well, I thought the man was joking. Fifteen hours later on one song, I changed my mind."

At the end of the lengthy session, Cast was told to return to Sun when he had some more "up-to-date" material. A month later, King and the Country Drifters were back in Memphis, this time with rockabilly tunes, not gospel. Cast recorded seven more songs in those sessions.

A year after their recording in 1957 (a date that is disputed with some accounts pegging the sessions at 1955, others at 1956), Sun had not released any of the tracks. Disappointed, Cast revisited Sun records to try to understand Sun's hesitancy. "My mother and I went back to Memphis a year later, and I wanted to hear the playback of them songs." Cast said of the technical quality and his band's performance on the Sun masters, "I've never heard the equal."

But those eight tracks would languish another three decades in the Sun archives. When they finally reached the public, they were part of a boxed CD set entitled "The Sun Country Years 1950-1959." The limited edition of the 11-CD compilation quickly went out of print.

Cast was disappointed yet again when he finally heard the recordings on the "Sun Country Years" compilation: all eight tracks were included, but none of them was from the "master"; all were culled from rehearsal tapes preceding the final cuts.

The Sun Records archives, "706 Union Avenue Sessions," observes that one of the tunes, "When You Stop Loving Me," "stands alongside Sun's finest country records and its non-appearance is a mystery. History has shown that Sam Phillips made surprisingly few mistakes in deciding which [tracks] to release and which to leave for future generations of music archaeologists. [The failure to release] 'When You Stop Loving Me' may represent one of his biggest mistakes."

John D. "Cast" King was born in Pisgah on February 16, 1926. By the age of 14, he was leading bands and playing barn dances in the area. As a teenager, his talents carried him far afield with his touring band until WWII interrupted his career.

He played guitar on "some hard classical stuff" in army bands in Germany and recalls "I performed one time before some soldiers in Germany, and I thought I could sing a little bit so I came home and bought me a tape recorder. I was the worst singer I've ever heard in my life. I had the worst grammar of anyone I've ever heard. I got in that studio and said I was going to learn to sing. I know I say a lot of things wrong now because I'm out of practice. But I practiced speech. I practiced voice hours and hours and hours."

Refocused after being discharged from the army, Cast formed The Country Drifters, a band whose fluctuating membership included up to nine members. They spent years on the road where Cast spend most nights "sleeping under a bass fiddle."

Of the band's changing personnel, Cast said, "I always tried to be polite with other musicians. If they come in, it didn't matter with me if they were good or bad. If we were performing, I'd ask them to play. A lot of times, the boys in the band would get aggravated and say 'Cast, they're worrying people.' I said, 'Well, it don't matter. [At least the crowd] ain't gettin' so bored with us."

The life in a touring band was exhausting and financially unrewarding. "At that particular time, people thought you should play for the whisky and the fun, but a band couldn't live on that. So we'd play so many of these places, maybe we'd make 25 or 30 dollars, and by the time you split it up between the musicians, maybe you'd have two dollars and a half."

Cast played only a few more years after the abortive Sun sessions. At age 35, he left the music field. "I joined the church, and I just couldn't live that kind of life any more," he says of his decision to return to Pisgah and raise a family.

Then, over four decades later, Cast was brought to national attention when a guitarist named Matt Downer rediscovered Cast and persuaded him to record once again. Downer and Cast worked for two years to compile a CD entitled "Saw Mill Man" that was released in 2005.

The CD was widely and favorably reviewed, and promoters tried to book Cast for a national tour, but Cast had never flown on an airplane and said he saw no reason to start at that point in his life.

In a late interview on the Alabama Arts Radio Series, he spoke without rancor of the bad hand dealt him by Sun and his failure to gain the recognition he deserved in the 1950's. "They wasn't no gravy train in this music," he admitted stoically.

When he died of cancer in 2009, Cast was working on a second album. It was to be a gospel record that would defy traditional molds. It wasn't going to be the kind of music you'd hear on the radio, as he envisioned it, but the kind that really saved souls.

David Benson Bradford

Author's notes:

1) The dates of Cast King's Sun sessions are disputed. The 706 Union Avenue archives list the sessions as 1957, but concede that the dates might have been as early as 1956. Other sources peg the dates at 1955. Cast recalls that Elvis Presley was in the studios the day after one of his two sessions. Elvis left Sun Records in 1955.

2) There are two releases of King's Sun recordings marketed as "The Sun Country Years 1950-1959." The second of those productions, a six CD set, is still available online.

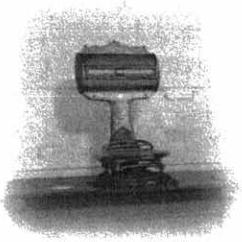
3) King's "Saw Mill Man" from 2005 is out of print but is still widely available on the used market in both vinyl and CD formats.

4) Quotations from Cast King are transcribed from the Alabama State Council on the Arts' radio show "Alabama Arts Radio Series" in which Cast King and Matt Downer spoke with Anne Kimzey.

5) The picture of the youthful Cast King was taken from the 706 Union Avenue web site and is in the public domain.

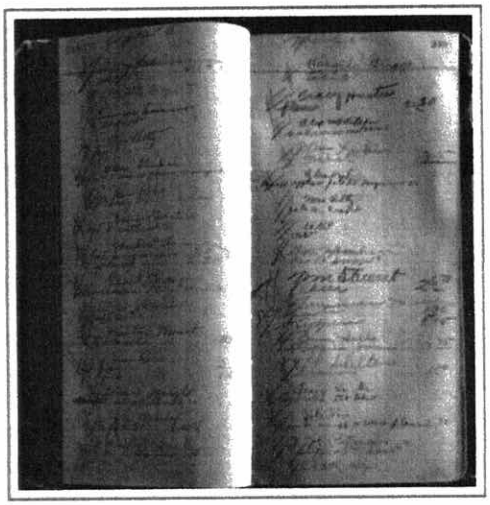
A 1929 visit to the A. L. Petty Store in Larkinsville

When you woke up in Larkinsville in 1929 and needed shoes for your mule, Cardui tablets, tobacco, bananas, leather and tacks to fix your favorite chair, sewing thread, lamp chimneys, a new tablet for school, and a cold dope on a hot workday, who could you count on to supply all these diverse needs? The answer for many was A. L. Petty General Merchandise.



Country stores were more than just retail outlets. They were places where people met and visited with their neighbors, swapped news, and, at the Petty Store, picked up their mail. The Petty Store was a two-story building located at the corner of County Road 30 and County Road 17 across from present-day Larkinsville Church of Christ. The store was open six days a week and closed on Sunday. A day ledger from this store is one recent acquisition at the Scottsboro Depot Museum, donated by Mr. Petty's daughter, Alda Petty Green.

This ledger was one of many that recorded daily transactions during the store's 25-year run. It starts October 25, 1929 (three days before the 1929 stock market crash that triggered the Great Depression) and ends seven months later, on June 8, 1930. It is a day ledger, a record of who entered the store on that day and what they purchased or paid on their accounts. The ledger shows the name of the account owner, but then notes which employee or member of the family actually made the charge (for example charged to Smart Bros. by "the girls" or example). Most of the notations were in pencil. Each entry was scored with a pound sign on the left, indicating that the charge had been transferred to the overall account book.



Folks paid what they owed near the first of the month. Some folks paid money ahead and carried a credit balance. Others purchased and received items they needed but could not pay for outright. Unlike stores that put items on layaway, Mr. Petty gave his patrons what they needed and let them pay it off over time. For example, one purchaser bought and received overalls that he needed, but later the notation "Balance Overalls" appeared in the ledger by this purchaser's name.

Most of Mr. Petty's customers were neighbors, and nearly all of his neighbors were farmers. The names of most of these customers are found the first 10 pages of the 23-page 1930 census for Precinct 14 (Larkinsville), the same precinct where Allious Licurgus Petty and his family lived. In the 1930 census, Mr. Petty is a 33-year-old salesman in a general store living in a home he owns on Box Cove Road. He has been married for 11 years to Alda Caldwell in a household that included daughters Corinne (10), Alda (who donated the ledger, age 5) and Carolyn (7 months) and sons Allious Jr. (8), William (6), and Robert (3).

The notation "Smart Bros" appears frequently in the ledger. The census reveals that the Smart brothers were Burrell W. Smart (born 1872) and his brother William Smart (born 1870). Burrell was the father of seven children. William (a single man) lived with his brother Burrell and Burrell's wife, Essie, at the time of the 1930 census and had an almost-grown son. "Lemon Gibbs" (Leeman) and his wife Mandy were African-American farm laborers living on the J. E. Moody, Sr. farm in Larkinsville in 1930 with their two

young children. Mit Gentle was a 41-year-old farmer married to Bertha Kennemer who lived with their five children in Aspel. Richard Keel and Elva (Bynum) were a young couple with their first daughter, Nancy, just born. Nona Smith was a 38-year-old African-American woman married to Thomas.

A careful reading of the ledger provides insight into what was happening the community at the time. What can we deduce from reading Mr. Petty's ledger?

1. The first big cold snap of Winter 1929 was November 28. Will Woosley bought gloves for .75 on November 29. Richard Keel bought gloves for 1.25 on November 30. Harold Pender bought gloves for .75 on December 2. Cold week.

2. Folks really did haul all the children in and buy them shoes when the weather turned cold. The single biggest charge was the Smart Brothers and their eight children, who came in for 21.45 worth of new "shoes and hose" on November 23.

3. Hog-killing time for most folks must have been around Christmas. By late November, people began buying big quantities of salt. For example, on December 20, Jake Pace bought "4 sacks of salt" for 5.00, probably for curing.

4. Someone at the Sid Metcalf house must have been sick the week of December 11. The family bought Vicks salve .30, aspirin .10, and Black Draught .20. Something must have been going around because on December 13, W. N. Bynum also bought Vicks salve and Jim Smith bought cold tablets for .15. On December 17, Mrs. Pender bought cough syrup for .25.

5. Many people smoked or used snuff. Most of those who smoked rolled their own cigarettes. They bought tobacco .15 and papers .05. But you could also buy cigarettes, which cost .17 a pack.

6. Most customers' homes were electrified. The store sold lamp wicks and chimneys, but very few people bought them.

7. Lots of folks bought canned salmon which was expensive .60. It was probably a good winter source of protein before hog killing time. My mother, born in 1927, considered salmon croquettes a delicacy and made them with canned salmon, eggs, and bread crumbs. The home demonstration agent must have given out the recipe.

8. By December 14, people were obviously getting ready for holiday cooking, buying walnuts, coconut, pineapple, dried fruit, and oranges (probably to make ambrosia, a holiday necessity). A great deal more sugar was sold than usual, along with expensive Karo .40 (I can almost smell the pecan pie), more expensive than traditional syrup (.25), raisins .20, and extract .35. Berth Wallace bought chocolate for .20 on December 21. Annie Wright bought cocoa for .10 on the same day.

9. Clothing purchases picked up as Christmas approached. More shoes, shirts, sweaters, stockings, and overalls than was typical.

10. Was there an ice storm January 6? The Smart Bros bought an ax on January 7, and James Pace bought one on the 9th. Earl Berry bought an ax handle on the 10th. Everyone needed to chop something at the same time.

11. Some of the clothing items purchased are no longer commonly found in stores. "Suits of underwear" which cost over 2.00 must have been long johns. "Sox supporters" were probably men's sock garters and cost .35, probably because of the cost of elastic. Garters (women's I assume) were .20 and involved less "technology." As it grew colder, many folks charged "jumpers," which Ann Chambless tells me is an old name for a denim jacket.

12. Teenaged girls were expensive (is that a surprise?). On December 11, for example, two Smart girls bought elastic .50, coarse combs .20, fine combs .10, slippers 3.50, dopes .10 ,candy .05 with the ledger notation "by girls". On December 14, Smart Bros. bought 1.80 worth of outing and "wife thread" .05. One December 16, the girls were back buying hose .50, chewing gum .05, domestic 1.50, toothpaste . 10, and slippers, running up a bill of 3.50.

13. Mr. Petty sometimes took money out of the register (milk money .30) or brought items home. He recorded these items so he could balance his books and indicated them with "A.L.P" in the day ledger.

14. Lots of children bought candy, but almost no one bought cookies and they were referred to as "wafers." Kate Bradford used to chastise her grandchildren for buying sweets when she made several pound cakes a week. Maybe other families did the same.

Here is a list of names that appear regularly in the ledger:

Roy Allen
Hubert Arnold
James A. Austin
Hal Bass
Brothers Henry and Harvey Beard
Jim Bob, Monroe, and Will Beard
R. S. Beasley
Earl Berry
Lemon Bibbs
Buford Bohanan
Wallace (also W. W.) Bridges
Sanfred Brown
J. M. Bryant
W.N. Bynum
Jim Clark
Grant Clemons
A. H. Cotton
Mrs. Cox
J. A. Dolberry
Ben and Bill Downs
Cuba Dunn
Mitt and Arthur Gentle
John and Jim Gibson
Jess and Virgil Griggs
Arthur Hall and his wife
Furman, Dora, Perry, Perry, Little Jim, and R. Hall
Preacher Harding
A.G. (or Andrew) Harper
Mrs. Luke (Alice) Hasting
Ollie, Roy, Rob, and S.E. Hasting
F. Hayes
Dick Higginbotham
S. H. Hodges
Harvey Isabell
George Jones
Jim and Claude Keasling
Richard and Elva Keel
Chester Knight
Pleas Larkin
Larkinsville Gin Company
Mr. Lockard
Jim (also J. T.) and Rob Lockard
Stella Mann
Mrs. Maynor
Sam and B. McCamie
Andy and Alex McCutcheon
Sid Metcalf
John Miller
J.E. "Big Jim" Moody, and Jep and A. G.
Kathleen Moore
John and Hick O'Neal
Bill Owens
John, Jack, Jake, Sam, and Will Pace
Ike (or Isaac) and Lee Paradise
Harold Pender and his wife
Earl Perry and his wife Ruby
Albert and Henry Pitman
Jim Rice
Dick Ritchie
John Robinson
Charles Rodgers
Bud Russell
Hub Sanders
Oliver and W. C. Selby
Frank, Luther, Roy, and Sam Shelton
L. Sherill
Smart Bros (Burrell, William, Essie, and the girls)
Jim (also J. W.) Smith
Nona Smith
Rock Sparkman
John Staples
Tom Stewart
Vera Swaim
Simon Swanner
Fred Tidwell
Jim and John Wallace
C. A. Washburn
Tom and his wife Mags (or Maxie) Wilburn
W. H. (or Will) Woosley
Annis Wright
Polk Wynn

And what could all these friends and neighbors buy and what did it cost?

Drugs	chill tonic .50, sulphur .05, vaseline, turpentine, Cardui .35, Black Draught tonic .20, iodine .10, Vicks salve .30, aspirin .10, castor oil .35, cold tablets .15, cough syrup.25, quinine .25, "dirrah mixture" .35
Food	rice, kraut, potatoes, oatmeal, onions, peanuts .05, bacon, coconut, pork and beans, apples, pears, beans, cornflakes .10, hominy .15, sugar, salt, meal, flour, mayonnaise .25, toothpicks . 15, oats .25 (horse or human), bread .10, sugar 50, coffee .30, tea .10, lard .70, cabbage, wafers .05, raisins .15, cake .10, syrup .25, Karo .40, baking powder .20
Hardware	ax 2.50, nails, gun shells .25, mule and horse shoes, oil .40, matches .05, bucket .25, insect powder .25, polish .15, leather .25 and tacks .05, axle grease .15, "back bands" (which Richard Matthews says is a heavy leather work harness used on horses and mules that goes across the animals' backs connecting to the belly bands), rope, file .25, hinges, shoe leather, trace chains 2.00, stove pipe 1.00
Personal care	soap .10, shoe strings .05, toothbrush .25, toothpaste .25, talcum powder .10, hair clasps .10, coarse comb .20, fine comb .10
Clothing	overalls 3.00, rubber soles .25, hose supporters .25, underwear .75, suit of underwear 1.25, sweater 2.00, socks .25, women's slippers 3.75, hose .50, two pair of shoes 2.75, jumper (denim jacket) 1.50, gloves .75-1.25, "outshoes" (overshoes?) 2.10, cap .50, shirt 1.75
Sewing supplies	gingham, outing, sewing and embroidery thread ,10 and .35 respectively), elastic, domestic
Household	rub board, oil cloth, lye .10, lamp chimneys .02, blanket 1.25, bleaching .35, washing powder .05, blueing .05, bleach, broom .25
School supplies	pencil .10, tablet .10, envelopes, paste
"Sins"	dope (Coca Cola) .05, tobacco .10, papers .05, cigarettes .17, cigar .17
Fast food	Vienna sausages .10, sardines 20, cheese and crax .05, peanuts .05, dope .05, potted meat

Postmaster, neighbor, and friend, A. L. Petty served his community for 25 years. His ledger is mute testimony to the influence his store had on the lives of his Larkinsville neighbors.

Annette Norris Bradford

The Jackson County Locker Plant

Editor's Note: this article originally appeared in January 2015's Chronicles, but was missing a page in the final printing. It is republished here in its entirety.

Most Jackson County homes built the 18th and 19th centuries had smokehouses. I spent my first years playing in a smokehouse behind our home on the corner of Laurel and Kyle Streets. The dirt floor and the rough-hewn walls were black from the hickory and oak that had smoldered for decades in the fire pit. Had it occurred to me to taste the dirt (some people think we Southerners do that), I would have tasted salt. I've read that during the Civil War, the dirt from families' smokehouse floors were percolated to extract brine.

Preservation of meat by "curing" it was a difficult, time-consuming, and error-prone task for early settlers. Curing preserves meat, allowing it to be preserved at ambient temperatures. Curing entails drawing as much moisture as possible out of meat and, more importantly, out of the microorganisms that populate it. When enough water is drawn from the virulent bacteria, the cell dies and can no longer replicate.

But there's an added advantage to the dehydration process: curing changes the texture and the taste of meat. As meat loses water, its flavor is concentrated, and the salt-tolerant bacteria that remain contribute additional flavors and tenderness through fermentation.

Packing meat in salt was the earliest from of curing. Then, in the 1600's, the process was significantly enhanced when it was discovered that the addition of saltpeter (nitrate) was effective in staving off the last remaining and most tenacious of pathogens: botulism. Settlers and provisioners also understood that slow-roasting in a smokehouse accelerated the dehydration process since smoking adds chemicals to the surface of meat that reduce the concentration of salt required and seals the outer layer of meat, making it more difficult for bacteria to enter.

But the consequences of mistakes in the curing and smoking process were dire: food poisoning was a constant threat to the mortality of families.

From the beginning, there were commercial solutions: Matthew Washington, who moved to Jackson County in the 1840's, had been schooled in the Smithfield process of curing hams before coming here. He marketed his hams from his farm and from shops in Bellefonte and Stevenson.

Ironically, even Matthew's professionally prepared hams proved deadly in a round-about way: The 59-year-old Matthew died of exhaustion trying to hide them from advancing federal troops in 1862.

Some 90 years after Matthew died, the first high-tech solution to food preservation became generally available: freezing. Earlier in the twentieth century, refrigeration was accomplished by placing a block of ice in an insulated wooden cabinet. In 1918, Frigidaire introduced the first electric refrigerator. But while these appliances maintained food for short periods, they could not preserve it from harvest to harvest. As late as the 1950's, home freezers built into refrigerators lacked the capacity to preserve a family's yearly provisions.

So there was a stir in 1944 when The Jackson County Locker Plant opened on the south side of the courthouse square in Scottsboro. *The Progressive Age* called it "one of the largest and possibly the most modern in the entire country." The article also noted that "To many, a locker plant is more or less a mystery, because it is something new in this area, and you are invited to visit the place and you will learn a lot of how much good modern inventions can do, not only in war time, but in the peace times to come."

The Locker Plant, co-owned by John Benson and Jewell Hall, was based on a business model introduced in the early years of WWII that called for community centers that offered rental lockers to those who wanted to preserve foods using the new technology. For a rental fee of $12 a year, a

customer could have the use of drawer-type metal locker of about 12 square feet capacity in a vault-like room kept at a steady five degrees below zero.

A customer who entered with his key would pass behind a meat counter (stocked with bacon, bologna, cheese, and sausage offered for public sale) to enter a room of approximately 1800 square feet often permeated by fog induced by the frigid air and hung with stalactites of ice. The storage room was cooled by massive flywheel-driven compressors that used ammonia as a refrigerant. Those who worked at the facility were able to tolerate the ammonia that constantly leaked from the compressors without so much as a watery eye, but the public had to be protected from the irritating chemical by sealed doors.

The freezer infrastructure was technically complex and expensive. The owners acknowledged that the freezer facility cost "thousands" and they were hampered by engineering problems involved in trying to alter the old building at 122 East Peachtree to its new purpose. Originally slated to open in May 1944, the facility finally celebrated its open house in August of that year.

Canning had proved for decades an economical way of preserving fruits and vegetables, requiring only a modest outlay in materials and equipment to accomplish. With an accepted procedure for preserving crops. the primary application of the new freezer technology was to preserve meat. Still, The Locker Plant hosted Home Demonstration Agents and TVA Home Economists, inviting them to hold workshops at The Locker Plant, instructing homemakers on what fruits and vegetables were best suited for freezing and how they ought to be prepared. The plant also bought red peppers and sage to produce the plant's unique "old fashioned" sausage seasoning.

In pursuit of the more lucrative meat market, The Locker Plant also offered off-the-truck meat processing services. Cattle and hogs were staged in the stockyards backing onto Appletree Street and moved through a series of processing rooms that culminated in a preparation room where the various cuts were packaged in waxed butcher paper and moved to the locker facilities for quick freeze. The fee for processing pork was one cent per pound dressed weight. For three cents a pound, a portion of the animal could be processed as sausage.

For those who favored the old preservation methods, the plant also offered curing (via the more modern injected brine process, not the traditional dry-brine process) and an on-site smokehouse (a massive metal cabinet with a firebox at its base). Customers who continued to rely on curing apparently felt secure that their provisions were stable since the plant ran ads imploring their customers "whose processed or cured meat is ready to take home to come and get it at once as we are badly in need of space for more of this needed work."

Most children of the era will remember that the left half of the building was given over to the "Dairy King," where James Paradise drew soft-serve ice cream and dispensed it from a half-moon window onto Peachtree Street. The Dairy King closed around 1960.

By the late 1960's, the agrarian nature of the county was changing, and The Locker Plant adapted. Complaints about the smell of the stockyards resulted in the slaughter business being phased out. Home chest-type freezers, which became available through local appliance dealers in the mid-1950s, ended the need for community freezers. Accordingly, The Locker Plant diversified, moving into the restaurant supply business in the 1970's. The locker infrastructure was dismantled. Many of the metal lockers were recycled as troughs for feeding livestock.

The resultant business was renamed the "Old Hickory Smokehouse," an acknowledgment of the only part of The Locker Plant's original mission that was retained past the 1970s: smoking and curing meats.

Ironically, the owner of the business that led this transition during the 1970's was William Washington Bradford. Bill was the great grandson of Matthew Washington, who had literally died for his hams 130 years before.

David Benson Bradford

Publications available from the JHCA

Building Bridges and Roads in the Korean Conflict: History of company B from Scottsboro, Alabama, during the "Forgotten War"

Dr. Ronald H. Dykes's third book on the history and people of Jackson County focuses on Jackson County's large contingent of National Guard troops deployed to Korea in the early 1950's. The book details the history of the 151st Combat Engineers' Battalion, interviews with 13 of the deployed soldiers, and includes photos by Scottsboro's Jake Word, who was among the young men deployed. The book is available at the Scottsboro Public Library, the Scottsboro-Jackson County Heritage Center, or by mail for $22.95 from the JCHA, PO Box 1494, Scottsboro, AL 35768.

The History of Jackson County, Alabama

John R. Kennamer's book remains the seminal work about the settlement and growth of Jackson County. Published in 1935, *The History of Jackson County, Alabama* is available for $14.00 by mail (JCHA, PO Box 1494, Scottsboro, AL 35768) or for $10.00 at the Scottsboro Depot Museum.

The Civil War in Jackson County

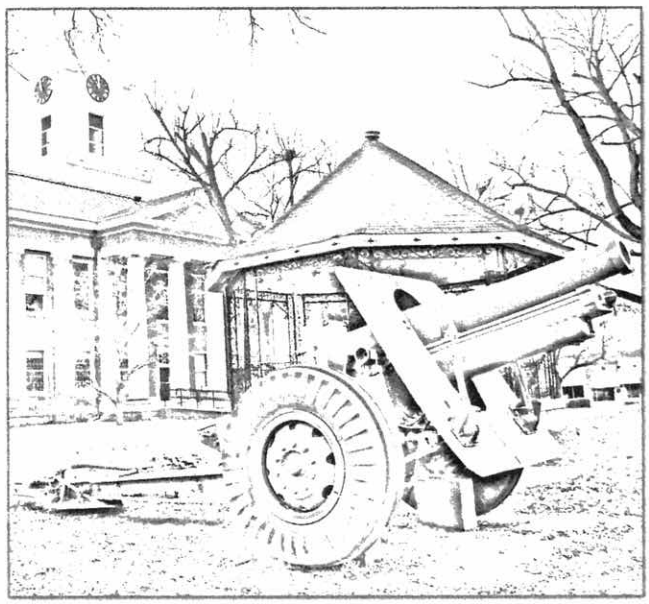
Annette Norris Bradford and David Bradford's driving tour of the county documents Civil War sites from Bridgeport to Paint Rock. The brochure is available at the Scottsboro Depot Museum and the Scottsboro-Jackson County Heritage Center.

Notable Burials in Scottsboro's Cedar Hill Cemetery

The history of Scottsboro is encapsulated in this walking tour developed by Annette Norris Bradford and David Bradford. The tour brochure, available in a drop box in the cemetery, documents 14 burial spots of distinguished politicians, doctors and lawyers, newspaper editors, educators, and a few larger-than-life characters that rest together in Scottsboro's oldest municipal cemetery.

The Scottsboro Depot Museum web site:

The Museum's Web site carries timely information about JCHA activities and museum offerings. The site is viewable at www.scottsborodepotmuseum.com.



Become a part of Jackson County History.

Join the JCHA

Founded in October 1974, the Jackson County Historical Association seeks to research, record, preserve, and share the rich history of Jackson County. Membership includes

- Quarterly meetings in the historic Scottsboro Depot with programs on local history topics.
- Opportunity to participate in the annual "Off the Beaten Path" guided bus trip.
- A subscription to *The Jackson County Chronicles,* a quarterly publication.

Learn more about upcoming meetings or the activities of this group by joining the Jackson County Historical Association FaceBook page, accessing the depot museum website at www.scottsborodepotmuseum.com, or writing us at *jcha@scottsboro.org*.

Membership Dues

Annual Dues: $20.00
Senior Citizens (65 or older): $15.00
Life Membership: $150.00

Mail your check to:

JCHA
P. O. Box 1494
Scottsboro, AL 35768-1494

Please provide the following:

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City_____State_____Zip_____

Email Address_____

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The Jackson County Chronicles

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In this issue:

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Sunday, July 31, 2016, has been declared Curly Putman Day in Jackson County, and The Jackson County Historical Association will honor its native son with a video program of scenes from Mr. Putman's Paint Rock Valley. Putman was born November 20, 1930 in Princeton. "Green, Green Grass of Home," recorded by Porter Wagoner in 1965, remains his best known work. Recently, the Jackson County Commission passed a resolution declaring it our county's official song. The program begins at 2:00 pm in the Scottsboro Depot Museum, located at the corner of Maple Avenue and North Houston Street in Scottsboro. Nat Cisco and Keisha Gardner will sing some of Putman's best-known tunes at the gathering. Curly Putman will attend the event.

Take a virtual trip around the square: Annette Bradford has developed a web-based interactive map of the Jackson County square that details the history of present-day buildings and many buildings lost to redevelopment. Take the tour by clicking the button at the bottom of our prototype home page: http://www.jchaweb.org. Send your information and stories of the square to jcha@scottsboro.org or by mail them to 159 Bradford Road, Scottsboro, AL 35769.

Every issue of *The Jackson County Chronicles* is now available on a single computer-readable compact disc. Each year of *The Chronicles* (four issues per year) is displayed in PDF format, and is searchable by keyword. Text from the CD can be selected and pasted from the PDFs into other documents. The CDs are available for $30 from the Scottsboro-Jackson Heritage Center (open weekdays 11-4) or the Scottsboro Depot Museum (open Fridays 10-2).

JCHA's *Off the Beaten Path October Bus Tour* is scheduled for October 29, 2016. Our destination will be nearby Guntersville. The specific itinerary will be discussed at the July meeting. The planning committee has been in discussions with Guntersville historians and preservationists Dr. Pete Sparks and Larry Smith who will lead the tour.

Ann Barbee Chambless has been awarded this year's Lifetime Achievement Award by the Greater Jackson County Chamber of Commerce and *The Daily Sentinel* newspaper. Cofounder of the JCHA, editor of *The Chronicles* for 40 years, and a key figure in the restoration of the Scottsboro Freight Depot, Ann is profiled in the May 28 issue of the *The Daily Sentinel*.

The white oak basket tradition of Bass native Robert Keith McCallie

When John McCallie left Whithorn in Wigtownshire, Scotland some time before 1775, stopping off in Philadelphia to marry the lovely Miss Nancy Burney on his way to Blount County Tennessee, he could never have guessed that his descendants would bring our area two real but very different treasures: the McCallie preparatory school on Missionary Ridge in Chattanooga and the lovely white oak baskets of his great great great grandson Robert Keith McCallie.

Chronicling the accomplishments of the McCallie Preparatory School lies outside the scope of this newsletter, and indeed outside the geographical boundaries of Jackson County. Suffice it to say that when John' McCallie's great grandsons Park and Spencer McCallie opened the school in 1905, they established an enduring institution that counts among its alumni "boys" as widely diverse as White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker, department store mogul John M. Belk, NFL quarterback B. J. Coleman, author and Newsweek editor John Mecham, CNN and TBS founder Ted Turner, and evangelist Pat Robertson.

Robert McCallie's contribution to the McCallie family legacy lies in the realm of art rather than education and is ardently appreciated by the people of Stevenson and Jackson County. Robert was born in 1918 in McAlester in Pittsburg County, Oklahoma. His family lived there only four years, and Robert was the only one of his siblings born in this exotic location, a place where his family had journeyed looking for work more profitable than farming, probably mining coal.

The Jackson County roots of the Robert McCallie's family run deep. Three generations of the McCallie and Summers families are buried in the Bass area, and three more in Blount County, Tennessee. Unlike most immigrant families who worked their way to Tennessee through Virginia and North Carolina and then keep moving to Arkansas or Texas and beyond, John McCallie came directly from Scotland to Blount County, Tennessee in one generation, and stayed there.

Both Robert McCallie and his wife Lucy Summers were born in the Bass community where they raised their 12 children. Robert worked for U. S. Stove Company when it was located in South Pittsburg, Tennessee. All but one of the children settled in the Stevenson area. All but three of the children are gone now, all but three of the sisters.

Sister Patsy McCallie Kimbell operates Friday's Restaurant, a Stevenson institution for thirty years that feeds hungry folks from all over the area on delicious corn muffins, southern vegetables, chicken fingers, and peanut butter pie. Sister Sarah McCallie Gamble owns and operates the Stevenson bed and breakfast Amber House. Sister Aileen McCallie Matthews, who told us the family's story, worked 28 years at the North Alabama Electric Coop and inherited her father's basket-making skills, along with the impulse to share this skill with others.

With her sister Betty McCallie Wilkinson (who died in 2014), Aileen taught basketmaking along with dance, origami, stained glass, quilting, cooking, and even Spanish in classes of children and adults at camps called Summerscape and Winterscape, held in a large, sunny room at her sister Betty's house.

Today, Aileen's hands are no longer strong enough to make white oak baskets. "It takes a lot of strength to push the oak down and move it around," she said. But she is still sharing her

knowledge and skills with a scrapbooking class, taught at the Michael Scott Learning Center. “I’m always doing something,” Aileen said of her “retirement.”

While Aileen no longer makes white oak baskets in the style of her father Robert McCallie, one of her former pupils, Emily Russell Campbell, does. And many classes of adults and children have made simple versions of Robert McCallie’s baskets.

The basket-weaving career of Robert McCallie was born out of necessity rather than design. He learned basket-making and chair caning from watching a neighbor, Mr. Hoover. But, he said in an interview in 1975, “he failed to show me how—had to learn on my own.” Unemployed during the Depression with a house full of hungry children, he made his first basket for public “sale” (or rather, barter) when he exchanged one of his white oak egg baskets for a hen and 14 chicks that his family sorely needed. Basket-making helped the family survive the Depression.

Daughter Aileen recalls that her father used young forked-leaf white oak trees for his baskets. He would meticulously size strips of white oak and soak them in water to make them more pliable. He then wove these stubborn strips of wood into intricately shaped baskets. He devised a system of shaping the baskets by cutting patterns into boards, as shown in the photo at the right.

He wove baskets until he was hired full-time to work at U.S. Stove. And then, sadly, he wove almost no baskets in the busy years when he and Lucy were raising their children. But when he retired, he renewed his interest in making baskets.

He never sold his baskets at First Monday or any other event, but their fame spread by word-of-mouth. One week, someone would ask him or a friend or family member to have their dad make a basket for them, and he would usually deliver the finished basket a week later. He made baskets

small enough to hold only two eggs, and hampers large enough to store clothes. He made round-bottomed baskets and flat-bottomed baskets. He re-bottomed chairs and made purses with hard wooden tops. His baskets have journeyed all over the country and to several foreign countries, propelled only by word of mouth.

If being remembered and respected by your community is a measure of immortality, then Robert McCallie lives on through his work and his story, told over and over as owners of his white oak baskets use them daily and pass them lovingly from hand to hand and generation to generation.

Annette Norris Bradford

Claude "Curly" Putman, Jr: A Jackson County Treasure

Claude "Curly" Putman, Jr. is the epitome of "The Great Man Theory". This 19th century idea can be largely explained by the fact that "great men's" personal charisma, wisdom, intelligence, and creative skills were/are utilized in a way that has had a decisive historical impact.

Curly Putman is one of country music's greatest songwriters. He is one of the true blue chip names in the world of American songwriting. Curly Putman estimates he has written more than 800 songs. He is quick to point out that he collaborated with some equally talented co-writers on many of these tunes.

Many country and pop artists have acknowledged that their recordings of Curly Putman's songs provided a catalyst for their rise to fame or revived their careers. "Green, Green Grass of Home" lifted Porter Wagoner to fame. Tom Jones told Curly Putman that having this song become a No. 1 pop hit across Europe (as well as being in the Top 10 in the United States) revived his career. The Tom Jones version has sold between ten and twelve million copies worldwide. These two artists were not the only ones who profited from Curly Putman's music. More than 700 artists have recorded songs written by Curly Putman; some of the well-known artists include Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Bobby Bare.

Jackson County, Alabama is proud to claim Curly Putman as a native son. He was born near Princeton, Alabama, in 1930, the son of Claude Sr. and Myrtle Putman. Curly graduated from Paint Rock Valley High School where he played basketball. As a 6 foot 4 forward, he helped his teammates finish second in their division of the Alabama State Basketball Tournament.

One of Curly Putman's teachers at Paint Rock Valley High School was Miss Mary Sue Toney who recognized Curly's talents and potential. He never forgot the special attention and kindness shown to him by Miss Toney. When Miss Toney died, Mr. and Mrs. Curly Putman sent a beautiful floral wreath and attended her funeral in Paint Rock Valley.

After spending some time at Southern Union College, he joined the Navy and served on the *USS Valley Forge* in 1950-51. His military duty took him to South Korea twice during the Korean Conflict.

After his military service, Curly coached basketball and taught physical education at Paint Rock Valley High School where he met his lovely wife, Bernice, in 1953. They have been happily married since 1954, and are the parents of two sons, Greg and Troy Putman.

In 2010, Curly Putman authored his first book, *Faces in the Clouds*, featuring poems, song lyrics, and stories from Putman Mountain. He stated he decided to write this little book in memory of his grandson, Sean Putman, who died at the age of 8 from cancer. The income from this book has added funds and a venue to announce the Sean Putman Memorial Scholarship established by the Putman Family at Cumberland University in Lebanon, Tennessee. Curly Putman's writings were actual things he had shared with Grandson Sean and "some were simple words of pain and love their family shared after Sean's untimely death because he was so special."

From the time Curly Putman learned to play steel guitar while in high school and enjoyed his first gig in a local country band, he dreamed of a musical career. The dream became even more real after he met Buddy Killen associated with Tree International, one of Nashville's enterprising publishing companies. They shared a common bond – both were native Alabamians. When Buddy Killen offered Curly Putman a job, he moved his family to Nashville, and, as the old cliché says, the rest is music industry history.

Surely, his high school teacher, Mary Sue Toney, looked down from above and smiled when Curly Putman received his honorary doctorate from Cumberland University. Most likely, Curly Putman

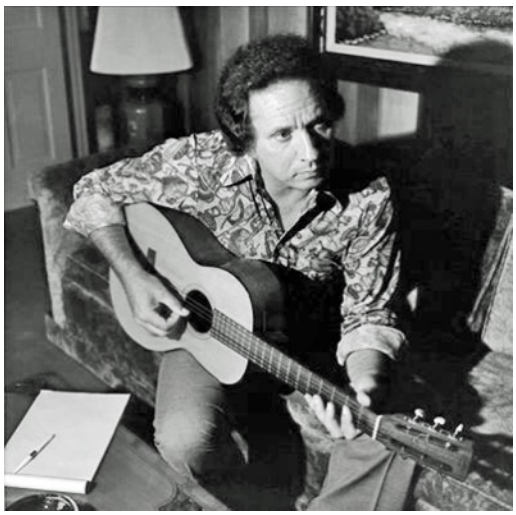
looked up with tears in his eyes and thanked Miss Toney for believing in him and nurturing him through his high school years.

Curly Putman has never forgotten his Jackson County roots and his childhood vision of "the green, green grass" of Paint Rock Valley and Jackson County. On July 31, 2016, Curly and Bernice Putman will be the distinguished guests of the Jackson County Historical Association at the Scottsboro Depot Museum. Jackson County Commission Chairman Matthew Hodges will present Curly Putman with the commission's proclamation declaring Curly Putman's "Green, Green Grass of Home" as Jackson County's official song.

Ann Barbee Chambless

CURLY PUTMAN'S CAREER MILESTONES:
1960--First cut, "I Think I Know," recorded by Marion Worth
1964--Moved to Nashville
1964--Signed with Tree as songwriter and song plugger
1965--Wrote "Green Green Grass of Home;" recorded the same year (has since been recorded by approximately 700 different artists in every major language in the world)
1967--Tom Jones' version of "Green Green Grass of Home" released (sold an estimated 10-12 million copies)
1968--First record as an artist on ABC Records, "My Elusive Dreams" (went on to record one other album for ABC)
1988—"Green Green Grass of Home" reached the 2 millionth performance level and was recorded by over 600 artists (as of 1988)

CURLEY PUTMAN'S AWARDS:
1961--BMI Citation\"I Think I Know"
1967--NSAI\Outstanding Achievement Award
1968--Record World\Top Record Award\"D-I-V-O-R-C-E"
1979--ACM\Song of the Year\"It's A Cheatin' Situation"
1980--ACM\Song of the Year\"He Stopped Loving Her Today"
1980--CMA\Song of the Year\"He Stopped Loving Her Today"
1980--NSAI\Song of the Year\"He Stopped Loving Her Today"
1980--Music City News Award\"Do You Wanna Go To Heaven"
1981--CMA\Song of the Year\"He Stopped Loving Her Today"
1981--NSAI\Song of the Year\"He Stopped Loving Her Today"
1985--Music City News\Hall of Fame Award
1987--NSAI\Achievement Award\"I Wish That I Could Hurt That Way Again"
1989--Alabama Music Hall of Fame\Creators Award
1990--Music City News Award\"I Meant Every Word He Said"
1992--Country America Magazine\Top 100 Songs of All Time\#1—"He Stopped Loving Her Today"\#70—"Green Green Grass of Home"
1993--Alabama Music Hall of Fame
2009 – The State of Alabama named Jackson County Highway 65 the Curley Putman Highway and created the Curly Putman Public Park in Princeton, Alabama.
2009 – Cumberland University in Lebanon, Tennessee, awarded Curly an honorary Doctorate.



CATALOG HIGHLIGHTS:
"Green, Green Grass of Home" - Artists: Johnny Darrell, Porter Wagoner, Jerry Lee Lewis, Tom Jones (1965)
"My Elusive Dreams" - Co-writer: Billy Sherrill, Artists: Curly Putman, Tammy Wynette and David Houston (1967), Johnny Darrell
"He Stopped Loving Her Today" - Co-writer: Bobby Braddock, Artists: George Jones (1980)
"D-I-V-O-R-C-E" - Co-writer: Bobby Braddock, Artists: Tammy Wynette (1968)
"Set Me Free" - Artists: Curly Putman, Little Ester, Charlie Rich and Clarence Carter (1968)
"I Think I Know" - Artists: Marion Worth
"Blood Red & Going Down" - Artists: Tanya Tucker
"Do You Wanna Go To Heaven" - Co-writer: Bucky Jones, Artists: T.G. Sheppard (1980)
"War Is Hell On the Home Front" - Co-writer: Bucky Jones, Dan Wilson, Artists: T.G. Sheppard (1981)
"It's a Cheating Situation" - Co-writer: Sonny Throckmorton, Artists: Moe Bandy (1979)
"I Wish That I Could Hurt That Way Again" - Co-writer: Don Cook, Rafe Van Hoy, Artists: T. Graham Brown
"I Meant Every Word He Said" - Co-writer: Joe Chambers, Bucky Jones, Artists: Ricky Van Shelton (1990)
"Dumb Blonde" - Artists: Dolly Parton

Saving Captain Bradford

In August 1949, three decorated WWII army veterans from Scottsboro faced a wrenching decision: whether or not to redeploy to Korea, leaving their homes and young families behind in order to command a National Guard battalion they'd been instrumental in forming. They were not obligated to do so. In fact, in laying the rules for assuming command of the struggling Company B of the 151st Engineers Battalion, national guard commanders had given the three explicit assurances that they would not be expected to serve if the group were deployed.

Major Mark Scott Skelton had no hesitation at all. He would go regardless of the decisions made by the others. Charles Raymond Bradford, Jr., had also made up his mind before telling his wife, Ruth Moody Bradford, of his decision to return to active duty. Ruth supported him in his decision, telling him quite simply and without rancor, "You are broken." (1)

Her words were not spoken in bitterness. She sensed that Charles lived under the shadow of doubt that he had not done all he could to save the men under his command in advance of being captured during the Battle of the Bulge in Ardennes, France in 1944. The actions of the unit to which Charles was assigned, the 106th Golden Lions, have been scrutinized extensively by historians and analysts. The assessments are not complimentary.

Most analysts, when charitable, note that The Lions' defeat at Ardennes was the result of their being victims of administrative short-sightedness and of their being handicapped by poor intelligence regarding the placement and the strength of the enemy. Certainly, they were the victims of command miscalculation: the higher echelon in Paris did not believe that the Germans would launch a major offensive during the winter months.

When Germany confounded the ally's assumptions about the timing of their offensive, the 106th was on the front line, manning a 27-mile line right at the head of a "bulge" extending into Germany. Charles maneuvered nimbly to avoid the attack. He acted as a wholly autonomous commanding officer after the loss of his fellow officers, playing a shell game of realigning with the scattered units that had survived the initial onslaught, preserving most of his men and their German prisoners of war. As his gambit played out, he resolved that surrender was the only path to saving the lives of his few remaining men.

Charles harbored deep-seated guilt for not better reading the signs that an attack was imminent and for not being more forceful in convincing his superiors that his unit was in danger. He had gathered information that could have saved men and better positioned the allies to fight another day. As a forward observer, Charles had noted unusually heavy activity behind the enemy lines less than one mile away. He heard tanks and trucks amassing, followed by the heaviest artillery fire of the engagement to date. When German infantry began advancing, Charles and his soldiers engaged them, killing many and taking nearly 30 prisoners. On those prisoners, Charles found orders exhorting the men to do their best because "this was the battle which would win the war for Germany."

Frantically, Charles tried to inform his command of the severity of the situation. But, Charles recalled, "We were made to believe that this was nothing but a skirmish, and we were told that because of our inexperience, we were not able to assess the situation properly."

Charles had held his ground, as ordered, skirting up and down the front, having autonomous command of what amounted to a guerrilla operation. Finally, as he tells it, "At the age of 24, on the afternoon of December 20th, I had to make one of the hardest decisions of my life. Just ten days after [we] arrived in Belgium, it all ended [when we surrendered] on a snow covered bridge, about two miles from Schonberg." (2)

It's worth noting Bradford's association with the 106th had not begun auspiciously. Waiting stateside at Fort Bragg for his deployment to Europe, he wanted to return to Scottsboro to marry his childhood girlfriend, Ruth Moody. When his commanding officer refused, Charles went to the post commander to gain permission. When he returned to Fort Bragg after the wedding, he was removed from his former unit, which was "stick built" from talented personnel, largely made up of Auburn ROTC classmates, men whose training and skills he respected, to be placed with the 106th, a move that Charles saw as punishment for his waywardness. At the time he joined them, the 106th had just received an infusion of 8,000 new recruits (of a 16,000 man total) who had signed for the army air corps, but were considered surplus by that branch since its rosters were already filled. The 106th struggled with morale problems and was hampered by an accelerated training schedule. By Charles' own account, "[their] attitude had a lot to be desired."

Charles and Ruth Bradford after WII

After surrendering to his own German prisoners while taking heavy fire, Charles spent almost six months in a German prisoner camp. During that period, he escaped once, only to be recaptured, too fatigued and hungry to run further. He weighed 105 pounds when he was liberated. He'd beefed up to 135 pounds before he returned home to what's believed to be the largest crowd ever to assemble at the Hollywood depot.

On his return to civilian life, Bradford had every reason to believe he was done with war. His first child, Ruby Catherine ("Bunnie") was born in 1947, and his second, Charles Raymond Bradford III ("Brad"), was born in 1950.

During those post-war years, he remained a reservist, and as part of his duties he was asked, along with Mark Scott Skelton and Sam Hodges, to assume responsibility for a struggling branch of the national guard's Company B of the 151st Engineering Combat Battalion, based in Huntsville.

The local branch had faltered in its formation, with only 17 men when Judge Wyatt Stuart appealed to Bradford, Skelton, and Hodges to take responsibility for the group. The fledgling company first convened December 1, 1947.

As an officially recognized unit, Company B was being sent supplies, but had no way of storing or tracking their inventory. They turned to Howard "Chick" Dawson to handle the quartermaster duties.

With leadership in place, the four men set about recruiting. The high school boys to whom they made their appeals were eager to join up.

Dawson and the officers recruited from all the area high schools. Of one such session, Archie Barclay told Dr. Ron Dykes, "This sounded good to us, so about 11 or 12 of us signed up that day. There was a seventeen year-old requirement. A few of us were pretty close to seventeen so we just told him we were. We signed on the dotted line. It was fine with my parents. There was no war going on and we were earning some money and got to put on that uniform. We felt like soldiers. We were teenagers, you know how they are." (3)

Bill Freeman, a large boy for his age, signed up at age 15. "We were dirt farmers. I was born during the hard times. Some of the boys older than me in high school told me I could make good money there. They said the guard was not checking birth certificates. I was making the most money I'd ever seen."

No doubt, when Hodges, Bradford, and Skelton were called to the headquarters of the 151st in August 1950 to be told their company had been deployed, they were taken aback. There had been assurances from the President himself that no national guard units would be sent to Korea.

The young recruits learned of their deployment in the classroom (schools started earlier then to allow a mid-Fall break for cotton picking). Chick Dawson walked into the individual classes and called the names of the young soldiers. One of the young men remembers walking out of the class, leaving his textbooks open on his desk.

One would expect that the young men and their families would have felt betrayed by the recruiters who offered the uniform, the money, and the prestige. If so, there's no indication of any resistance or rancor among the boys or the families. In fact, the deployment drew larger numbers of young men hoping to serve, many of whom saw affiliation with Company B as an opportunity to serve with people they knew rather than taking the luck of the draw in the upcoming draft. Those who lied about their ages reaffirmed their exaggeration when questioned individually by Captain Bradford. Several dropped by Bradford's and Skelton's houses to confirm that they were part of the upcoming deployment. Probably, the most disgruntled member in the community was the high school varsity football coach, who lost the core of that year's team.

Company B was sent to Fort Campbell on August 28, 1950 and shipped from Seattle on January 3.

In Korea, Company B's primary mission was to build bridges and then, often, to destroy those same bridges, allowing for troop movements across the many streams and rivers of the region. They were also charged with keeping the roads clear for the passage of the infantry.

In April 1951, Company B had been moved to a mountain village known as Sopa Re to make repairs to a road known as 3A, which was to be used in the event of a retreat.

Shortly after arrival at Sopa Re, Company B saw signs of turmoil at the front. Korean soldiers and laborers began pouring through with stories of carnage up the road. Chinese soldiers were defecting by joining the ranks of the laborers.

Bradford contacted command to request permission to retreat. For two days, his request was denied. Ironically, the interaction with command was identical to that with commanders in France in WWII: Bradford's entreaties were dismissed on the basis that command doubted his ability to accurately assess the situation. They cited his "combat inexperience" to dismiss him as an untrustworthy source of information.

Finally, Company B's encampment was passed by two American officers who told them that the next faces they saw would be those of half a million Chinese soldiers.

Charles recalls the final hours of frustration and doubt: "I remember Sopa, how scared I was. I can remember that for two days we asked to move but were refused permission. About 11:00 PM one night when we were sure that everyone else had left, we asked permission one more time, and I told Connie Webb to turn off the radio so that they could not refuse [our] request." (4)

The invasion that overwhelmed Company B's position was the leading edge of an assault involving hundreds of thousands of Chinese troops. They laid waste to everything and everyone in their path. Very few American troops in the surrounding areas survived that assault.

With Bradford's retreat, he likely saved 164 lives. Every man who shipped on January 3, 1951 returned home to Jackson County in 1952. It's unthinkable what the loss of such a large number of men could have meant to communities as small as those in Jackson County making up Company B.

The men of Company B paid numerous tributes to Charles Bradford, and he returned their devotion and appreciation in numerous speeches and eulogies. In a moving letter written by his son, Dr. Charles R. Bradford III told the surviving guardsmen, "The men of Company B gave my Dad his life back by continually surrounding him through his next years with constant recognition of his role in their lives. The men of Company B have spent the last 59 years lauding and praising my father for bringing them safely home. . . . But in the end, it was you through your devotion that gave my father his life back."

Charles Bradford was not a man given to sharing his feelings. He was guarded, disciplined, and stern. But later in life, when he was better able to relate tales of the hardship, frustration, and fear he had experienced in the two wars, he made it clear that he detected some larger purpose in his being placed in a remarkably similar combat situation twice.

A believer in grand designs, Charles Bradford believed he was not intended to return from Germany alive. In fact, he had believed that he had not *deserved* to return at all. Having been given a second chance and having acquitted himself in Korea was for him, if not redemption, then at least the striking of a balance. It was closure to a story begun in Ardennes, France seven years before.

His son's letter to Company B written on the occasion of Charles' death was more accurate than its recipients could have known: the men of Company B had been saved by Charles Bradford, but they'd saved him as well.

In the small village of Sopa Re, what was broken had been put right.

David Bradford

NOTES:

Charles Raymond Bradford, Jr. was born in Hollywood, AL in 1920 and died in Scottsboro on December 26,, 2009. He was the son of Charles Raymond Bradford and Catherine Luella Johnson Bradford. He was a graduate of Jackson County High School and Alabama Polytechnic Institute (later Auburn University) where he was one of only three "Cadet Colonels" in the Reserve Officers Training Corps. He and his childhood friend, Mark Scott Skelton, with whom he formed Company B, owned and managed General Equipment Company, a John Deere farm equipment dealership in Scottsboro.

1, 2, 4: Charles' personal reminiscences are taken from a collection distributed among his family members, entitled "Your Heritage," and from the remembrances of his family members.

3: This quote, as well as other remembrances of Company B personnel is taken from Dr. Ronald H. Dykes' "Building Bridges and Roads in the Korean Conflict."

The author is the nephew of Charles Raymond Bradford, Jr. He has relied on the perspectives of Dr. Charles Raymond Bradford III for insights into Captain Bradford's perceptions of his wartime experiences.

Two tales of WWII

Stress focuses the mind in peculiar ways. When Charles Raymond Bradford, Jr. took refuge in a roadside ditch awaiting fatal fire or capture during the Battle of the Bulge, it wasn't instant death or the prospect of months or years in a German prison camp that preoccupied him. He had his eyes fixed firmly on an object sitting in the passenger's seat of his jeep: it was a fruitcake from his mother, Catherine Johnson Bradford, baked in her kitchen in Hollywood and wrapped in aluminum foil. It had just arrived at the front just in advance of Christmas, and it remained unopened at the time of his capture. When Charles Bradford was led away by his captors to Hamburg to serve months of internment, his home-made fruitcake remained in the jeep on a battlefield in Ardennes France. No doubt that fruitcake continued to occupy his thoughts as he skirted starvation for the next several months by eating a thin gruel, worm-infested potatoes, and raw beets taken from a pig feed lot. He celebrated Christmas the next July in Hollywood, where there was a tree, presents, and, presumably, a fresh fruitcake.

David Bradford

In the Philippines, Mark Scott Skelton was commanding officer for an Artillery Company during the Battle of Mindanao Island. Hearing aircraft engines while maneuvering through a rice paddy, he saw images of the "Rising Sun" before clearly seeing the face of the pilot that was scattering small caliber bursts at his troops. During this brief encounter with a lone pilot, another flying annoyance, an insect, caused him to swat at this face, resulting in Mark's Auburn college class ring becoming airborne in a flight of its own, loosened by sweat and months of combat rations. After the adrenaline of the raid had passed, Mark offered a worthwhile reward within his company for anyone who could find the ring. It was never found. Thirty years later, a letter arrived from the island of Luzon (a different island from the one where the ring had been lost). As Mark read the broken English, it became clear to him that the writer was claiming to have come into possession of his ring. It also became clear that the writer's goal was to negotiate a financial transaction. Mark discussed the logistics for an international transaction with a local attorney. Before responding with instructions to the writer, Mark took the letter to show his mother, who was in a nursing home facility. Somehow, extremely uncharacteristic of Mark, he misplaced the letter during his errand. With the letter lost, the ring was never recovered. But the ring, wherever it may be in the Philippines, still has all the clues that could lead it home: it is engraved Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 1942, Pi Kappa Alpha, and bears the initials MSS.

Andrew Skelton

Going home again

Ed Note: The following recollection of Scottsboro in 1952 was written by former JCHA president Bob Hodges in 2002. It believed to have been delivered to the Scottsboro Rotary Club that same year and has since seen limited distribution by club members. It is reprinted here with his permission.

Thomas Wolfe once wrote a novel entitled "You Can't Go Home Again," but today I invite you to take just such a walk in time backward with me. We are going home again to this little town some fifty years ago. To take this trip with me, you need not pack anything—just your imagination. How old are you? Where would you find yourself at noon on a Saturday? What are you wearing? You don't have to worry about whether it's cold enough for pantyhose, because there aren't any yet. What does your hairstyle look like? It is noon—do you still have curlers in your hair? Do you know where your children are? Do you know where your husband is? Does he know where you are? Are you walking to town or driving? How much cash do you need to go downtown and where will you spend it? First, let's explore the outer limits of the town we have together gone back to.

"Baby" Nancy, the world's most sensational Performing Baby Elephant with the Hagan-Wallace 3-Ring Circus at the Legion Ball Park Saturday, Aug. 30, in Scottsboro sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

If we are coming in from the west on Lee Highway, we pass on the right the **TB Sanitarium** up on the hill. Passing it on the highway much below, I am holding my breath, because my great grandfather told me that would keep you from catching TB as you pass the sanitarium.

On the left, a little further, is **Legion Field**, where the fair is setting up at just the right time to catch the cotton farmers with money in their pockets. My mother has promised me I can go tonight, but has imposed a spending limit of two dollars for the whole night — an amount that seems incredibly unreasonable to me, for a whole night, but an amount that assures her she can get me out of there before midnight. That is one rule for the fair. I am hoping tonight she will relax the other rule. The other is that I may not hang around the side show area where a woman I think is absolutely beautiful is dancing on a platform out front while a barker tempts everyone to pony up a quarter to get inside, where mysteries are promised to be revealed. My mother forbids it, of course, though one of my friends, also 13, the Huckleberry Finn of my Tom Sawyer childhood, has told me he has been in there. He always has been places and seen things I haven't. Tonight, when I plead for an answer as to why I cannot go in, my mother gives the time-honored, well-reasoned response of all parents in the fifties:
"Just because."

We head further into town. On the left, just up from Legion Field, is the **Bama Tuft** bedspread factory, the domain of Paul Conley. In five more years, in February of 1957, a violent tornado will rip the roof off and demolish the building.

On the right is **Word Sawmill**, and just beyond it, on the hill, **Cedar Hill Cemetery**. As we pass the sawmill, there are screaming and rasping and wrenching noises from every log that is being sawed, and I think, looking at the cemetery

Word Lumber Company

beyond, that my grandmother was right when she said that there are certain noises that would wake the dead. But I am too young to contemplate what dead is, and soon we go toward town.

We pass **Hunt's Dairy** on the right. The other dairy is on the other side of town, **Brandon's Dairy.** They both deliver milk to folks' back steps, in glass bottles with cardboard tops in them, and with four inches of cream on top. They are kind of like Santa Claus to me, because, no matter how hard I try to get up early in the morning to watch the dairy delivery ritual, I can never catch them at it. The bottles just miraculously appear, just in time for breakfast.

The Blue Bonnet Grocery

We come to an intersection which has always puzzled me as a child. On the left is the **Blue Bonnet** grocery, named, I am sure, for the blue roof on the white building, and on the right is a small grocery and gas station which is the source of my puzzlement. It is named "The Last Chance," but what is it the last chance for?

Further on toward town, we pass **T.G. Collins' store**, across the street from my Aunt Mary's house, and where a child can spend as many wondrous hours asking "What is this?" as he could in the Smithsonian Institute. On the left is the **Scottsboro Laundry**. I am anxious as we pass the laundry. Now I know that doctors call the fear I was experiencing post traumatic stress disorder. But now, in my childhood, as we pass, I am just afraid it will blow up again. Inside that huge building, I am sure, is a giant huffing and puffing boiler, just waiting to explode and get me. It almost did once, very near here.

Scottsboro Coca Cola Bottling

I was four years old and my mother and I lived in the Daisy Daniel apartments next to the **Coca Cola plant**, about a block from the laundry. I was playing in the street when the laundry boiler blew up, throwing parts of the building as far as the other side of town. Part of one huge timber hurtled through the air and was impaled in the building a few yards from where I was playing. I suppose it is some indication of my behavioral record at age four that, immediately after this huge explosion, my mother rushed out on the front porch and screamed at me, "What have you done?"

We pass the **Scottsboro Hotel** on the left and then the **Presbyterian Church**, which sits right behind and across the street from **Hodges Drug Store**. In a year or two, I would gladly go to work as a soda jerk there because of the proximity of the Presbyterian Church. I had figured out in my calculating teenage mind that after Sunday School on Sunday morning, the Presbyterian kids would come in the back door of the drug store to get a coke before church, and I could get a heart-fluttering glimpse of the girl I had secretly voted the most beautiful girl on earth—Virginia Brandon. Those moments were the

The Scottsboro Hotel

Presbyterian Church

strongest tug I would ever feel in my life to leave the Methodist Church, my mother's faith, and become a Presbyterian. I was not theologically learned in those days, but I was sure that God surely would not punish me for going to sit in a worship service with one of his fairest creations.

Now the post office on the right, and on the left, **McCutcheon Flower Shop**, where my football hero, Bill McCutcheon, hung out. Their next door neighbor, **Dr. M.H. Lynch**, I scrupulously avoided, because I knew he gave shots.

Across the street from Dr. Lynch was the **Hodges Hospital**, where Doctor Rayford Hodges held sway. Doctor Rayford bestowed the nickname "Barney" upon Dr. Lynch because Dr. Lynch would come screeching into the hospital driveway, slamming on his brakes. In Doctor Rayford's youth, one of the auto racing heroes was Barney Oldfield, a cigar chomping man who was the first person ever to drive a race car sixty miles per hour. And so it was that Dr. Lynch earned the nickname"Barney." He had the ever-present cigar in his mouth and he had two speeds, stop and fast.

My mother worked in the hospital as a practical nurse when my dad met her, and she had to leave when they got married, because Doctor Rayford held to the theory that his nurses could not serve two masters—a husband and his patients. One of the nursing fixtures there was Jo Rene Sanders, whom Doc called just "Sanders." She was married to my cousin, "Hoot" Hodges, but that was a secret that, for years, I was not supposed to ask about. As a child I found the hospital a fascinating place. There were strange odors there I associated with medicines and procedures I never wanted to know anything about, but there was also the town's only elevator.

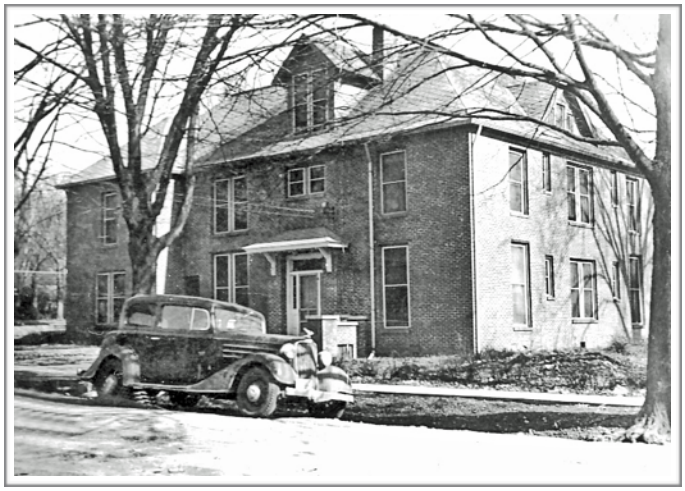
Hodges Hospital

It was a manually-operated elevator that would allow patients and supplies to be lifted to the second floor and down again. There was also George, the black man who was Doctor Rayford's right hand man in the hospital, and whom Dr. Rayford called "Reverend Rumph." Whenever the time approached for the annual Christmas goose dinner at the hospital, I would watch George de-feather goose after goose, a craft no one has ever surpassed him in since.

If we come in from the east, from Hollywood, we pass the **Tawasentha Drive-In**, a monument which no longer stands physically, but which will forever occupy my fondest memories. What magnificent trust the mothers of our teenage girl friends placed in us! They need not have worried. All of them in those days were taught Home Economics by Mrs. Sarah Betty Turner. We guys were never allowed into the mysteries of Mrs. Turner's Home Economics class. We never knew what she was teaching them, but whatever it was, it made them absolutely invincible. There was this constant tug-of-war between us teenage guys and Mrs. Sarah Betty Turner, who always won. Abstinence did not have to be preached to the girls in Scottsboro in the fifties—Mrs. Sarah Betty cloaked each of them in a coat of armor which was meant to remind us boys of knighthood. Her influence was felt everywhere there was a teenage girl in the community—and certainly was at work at the Tawasentha Drive-In. Years later, when the sexual revolution of the sixties came about, I wondered from afar if it had swept into Scottsboro. I knew that if it had invaded Scottsboro, it could only be because Mrs. Sarah Betty had stopped teaching Home Economics.

Past the Tawasentha there is **Tubbs' Minnow Farm** on the right, heading into town. It used to be owned by J.W. "Hoo Daddy" Floyd, who was a paratrooper in World War II and about whom, in my childhood, legends abounded. When Sharon and I moved back here to Scottsboro, she was fascinated by the nicknames the rest of us used without an afterthought. One of them was "Hoo Daddy." "You're kidding!" she said to me. No, I assured her that was his name, and that he occupied a prominent place in Scottsboro history. Every Fourth of July, all our parents and we kids would flock to the airfield where Hoo Daddy would parachute out of a plane. You can ask anybody of my age and vintage what Hoo Daddy was famous for and you invariably will get the same answer: "He flew under the Comer Bridge."

The **airport** always reminds me of a sense of community that pervaded this little town fifty years ago. I will never forget the night that the word was passed by the switchboard operators, Veda Maude Sumner and Bert Woodall, that a plane was circling above in the night and had to land in an emergency. There were no lights on the air field at that time and only a grass runway. Hundreds of cars poured from Scottsboro that night and lined up with their headlights on to point the way to the airport. What a small incident in the history of things, but what a statement about who your neighbor was!



The Jessica Hotel

We get to Five Points, one of the hubs of interstate commerce in those days. We can gas up at **Beato Bell's Pure Oil Station**, where one frightening night years later I would lie huddled under the grease rack with Pinky Bradford, when a devastating tornado blew through. We can also gas up at Charles David **Presley's Standard Oil Station**. At either station, we can go for high test if we want to splurge, at twenty cents a gallon. Next door to Charles David is Yank Zilbert's barbershop. You only had to hear one sentence from Yank to know he was appropriately named.

As we approach downtown from this side, we pass the **Jessica Hotel**, where many of the merchants habitually went for a family-style lunch, and on the right, a half block away, the **Bailey Hotel**, considered by many traveling salesmen in those days to be a plush accommodation.

If we come in from the south, we come over Double Bridges past the swamps of Caldwell Woods and past **Sumner's Grocery** and then, on our right, the tiny grocery of Uncle Dan Clemons. Uncle Dan was called Uncle Dan by everyone, though none of us knew of any kinship. I am sure he was then in his sixties, but in my teenage years, I thought him to be the oldest person I ever knew. He sat on the front row in the Methodist Church, a wonderful little old gentleman who loved everybody and whom everybody loved. He would always be called on to say the prayer on Sunday morning, and his prayers covered the length and breadth of the misfortunes and blessings of the whole county, state, and country. As irreverent as it may seem, it is hard for a teenager to sit still through what seems an interminable prayer. I knew that in the kindness of his heart, Uncle Dan did not want to leave anyone, sick or well, at home or abroad, sinner or penitent, from the scope of his request.

My father-in-law, after Sharon and I were married, reminded me of Uncle Dan once. Sharon's father was attending a church service and one of his good friends, Clarence Little, was called on for a prayer. On and on he went, interminably. Outside, after the service, my father-in-law asked Clarence why in the world he

had to go on for a full ten minutes with the prayer. "George," he said, "I just couldn't ever get it in a shape to turn it aloose."

Since we are downtown now, let's see where the churches are. There is the **Methodist Church**, where now sits a Word Motor Company parking lot, and across the street from the Snodgrass home, where Mrs. Sydie Snodgrass is teaching piano. If you couldn't afford or did not have the talent for piano lessons, you could go to Visual Method classes where Mrs. Sydie would come to the school and have you put your fingers on a cardboard cutout of the piano keyboard. My mother eagerly awaited her son's future career which she just knew would be that of a concert pianist. She encouraged me all year long to stay at the lessons and to abandon the uncouth and ruffian pastimes of football and baseball. At the end of the year, she came to the recital, and with great anticipation waited through several other pupil numbers, only to hear me, at my first and last performance ever, play "Oh, Susanna, I come to Alabama with my banjo on my knee."

The **Baptist Church** we see down the street from the Methodist. It is here that Dr. Minks holds the pulpit. The Baptist kids were called Royal Ambassadors, a title I felt at the time was much more distinguished that Methodist Youth Fellowship. Further down the street is the **Episcopal Church**, a tiny building where a small but loyal congregation went to worship, treated to the beautiful organ music of Mrs. Sid Telford. Lee Ann Boyd was the only kid of my vintage I knew who was an Episcopalian. I didn't know much about their beliefs, except that Lee Ann told me that Episcopalians could do a lot of things I couldn't do.

Hodges Drug Store

To get to the **Church of Christ**, we have to go on the other side of the square to a white wooden frame building just down the street from **C. O. Blackwell's Feed and Seed Store**. I didn't know much about the Church of Christ, either, except they didn't allow organ music in the church, which was a plus for me, because the elderly organist in the Methodist Church was a dear little old lady who played with vigor and inspiration, but whose failing eyesight randomly sent her fingers to a sharp where a flat was, or vice-versa. Although my musical training in those days was almost non-existent, the organ music in my church in my childhood days seemed somewhat like a long and painful march, where many marchers limped out of step.

In my later teenage years, I would come to know Walt Hammer, who was a traveling drug salesman, a legal one, and who regularly called on my father's drug store. My father was not a church-going man, but Walt kept after him to come to just one service, where Walt was the song leader. My dad went to that one service, and the following Christmas gave Walt the gift of a tuning fork.

Since we are near the square, let's take a quick walk around, on our way to **Hodges Drug Store** to get a hamburger and a coke.

There are long lines at the two downtown theaters: **The Ritz**, where Viola Hamlet would sell you a ticket on this Saturday for a double feature, including a western, a who-dunnit, and a serial episode. There were two rules rigidly enforced at the Ritz by Philco, who was every teenager's substitute disciplinarian when away from home. You couldn't put your feet on the back of the seat in front of you, and you couldn't talk. It always was ironical to me that right in the middle of the who-dunnit, the only talking I could hear usually was Philco telling other people not to talk. Years later, after the Ritz closed, I thought it was fitting that Philco became a cop -- he had been in law enforcement in the theatre business for years.

The Ritz

The other long line was at **The Bocanita**. The Bocanita never surprised you: there were things which you could plan on to be constant. You could plan on Mrs. Allie Mae Hurt being in the lobby, selling popcorn for a dime at one machine and hard tack at the other for a nickel. Also, you could count on one song before the movie started, the same one every time, played while the lights were still on: Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys singing "My San Antonio Rose." Charlie Webb was the enforcer at the Bocanita, but for some reason, he did not strike fear in us as did Philco. Charlie always struck me as a very nice and compassionate man who should have been in another line of work.

If we have a hole in our shoe, Mr. Westmoreland, there beside the Bocanita, can fix it in his shoe shop while we wait. If we need a haircut or just want to find out what is going on, we have the **OK Barbershop** on one side of the square and the **Deluxe Barbershop** on another side. In the OK, where Dorsey Austell presided, there was a shoe shine bench in the back where a small man named Reptile would give you a shine. He made extra money on Saturdays dancing on the sidewalk. when people would pitch coins. In the Deluxe, Wheeler Peters and Joe Austell presided. Wheeler never said much, mainly because Joe needed all of the time to get his opinions in. I always wondered why one Austell brother was in one barber shop and the other in a separate one. I figure they just wanted to get both ends of the town gossip.

Locker Plant

We can buy some good cuts of meat from Bill Bradford at **The Locker Plant**, and he will freeze it for us. In the front part of the business there is one of the town's first ice cream machines where they just pull a lever and it curls into the cone, and they don't have to dip it. My dad, who dispensed dipped ice cream, said those ice cream machines would never catch on. He prided himself as much a marketing expert as a merchant. He had a knack for things that would or wouldn't catch on. He also bought an Edsel once.

Down the street there is the **Palace Cleaners**, owned by Horace Armstrong, one of my dad's favorite targets. Mr. Wallace Gross, the town mayor, would come into the Palace, step into a dressing booth, shed his suit, and wait while it was pressed. Horace had a delightful black man named Milt, who worked for him, and was exceedingly loyal. You could never convince Milt that the governor of the state was not Horace Armstrong. Knowing Horace, I figure that once he convinced Milt that he was working for the governor, Horace could get away with low pay on the ground that Milt was providing a public service. Once I was in the hospital and Horace visited me and brought me a half pint of lime sherbet. I thanked Horace for it, but was curious as to why it was only a half pint. He shrugged his shoulders and. said, "Milt didn't want the rest of it."

There is no urban sprawl here in Scottsboro in the fifties. On the square we can get shoes or a shirt or a suit of clothes at **Steinberg's**, the **Quality Store**, Jeep Chambers' place, Bill Woodall's place, or, just down the street from the drug store, Mac Kennamer's place. We can also drift a half block off the square to Skinny Jones' Dry Goods place, but we would not expect to find the latest Brooks Brothers shirt there.

Payne's Grocery is just off the square and **Keeble's** and **Proctor's** are on the square. We can go in Mr. Claude Payne's grocery and tell my great uncle, Bud Pendergrass, what we want, and he will pick it out and have it delivered to our home. After all, it is the backward fifties now, and we don't have the pleasure of loading and unloading all our groceries. Mack Finley will deliver them to your backdoor in a panel truck and will place them in your kitchen at your request.

And just a little further is **Brown and Bergman Furniture**, where you could get a Maytag on credit, for a down payment of five dollars, and make monthly payments for the next fifty years. If you missed one, Mr. Bergman sent his repossession man to get the machine. That was Ed Bergman, who drove more miles for Maytag in those days all over Alabama and Tennessee than the pony express.

Scottsboro Hardware.

Whoever said that the concept of a mall was a new thing? Two competing hardware stores are side by side, across the street from each other: **Copeland Hardware** and Boyd Turner's **Scottsboro Hardware**.

We can get a new watch or just have one fixed at **Gist Jewelry Store**, there close to the Ritz. We can walk just across the way there and buy a ring or a necklace or a watch at **Wales Jewelers**, next to Hodges Drug Store, where Alvis and Bill Wales hold down the front, with Jimmy Smith sitting in the back over a work bench with a jeweler's lens over one eye. We can get a hamburger or a blue plate special at **Tom Sisk's cafe**, or the **Blue Plate Cafe** or Mose Swaim's **City Cafe**. We can get John T. Reid's special slaw dog and sit among high school kids who are playing Friday night's ball game over, sitting at booths where generations of chewing gum have been stuck and hardened underneath, each with its own moment—its own story to tell. If only we could play them back, like a 45 record.

A furniture store, operated by Rupert Word and his long time faithful employee, Mrs. Keeton, is a stone's throw from us. We can get one of those new Vornado fans or a window fan or other appliances from Jeff Eyster, just around the corner from Mac Kennamer's place. The salvation of Scottsboro households in the summer months now is the window fan. The air conditioner is yet to be born into the Scottsboro household, and the television is an oval screen with a black and white picture which fades in and out of flurries of snow.

A combination of FM radio and the television fad has the Scottsboro neighborhood skyline bristling with antennas at rooftops of all sizes and shapes, like giant metal crickets, with complex ways of turning them to get this station or that — but Birmingham is all we get on television. Chattanooga TV does not make it over the mountain.

Across the street from Jeff Eyster's place is the **Post Office**, where you can mail a letter for three cents and a postcard for a penny, and Tabor Woodall's barbershop. Mr. Woodall will let us come in to thumb through dozens of comic books he displays on large turning stands—and you don't have to pay for them.

On one corner of the courthouse lot, there is a sulfur well. I don't know why we would want a drink of that – or why anyone else would, either. We can walk around or through the courthouse, but we have to watch where we walk. There are spittoons everywhere, but they are missed more than they are hit.

If there is a fire, we can stand on the sidewalk and watch Fire Chief Shorty Bishop shoot out of the fire hall at the corner of the square on the truck with the siren going and the red light blinking, and watch it make one round of the square on its way to the fire, as a half dozen volunteer fire fighters run out of grocery and drug stores and other businesses, shedding aprons and business clothes, and jumping on the back of the truck while pulling on fire-fighting gear. When the truck is gone, we can quickly find out where the fire is, because Veda Maude and Bert at the switchboard will be happy to tell you, and probably what caused the fire, too. I am convinced as a child that there is nothing Veda Maude and Bert do not know about any of us, and I am always uneasy in their presence, as if they know some secret about me I will be ashamed of. Upstairs, over the fire station, we see Miss Eliza Hackworth, the town librarian, peeking from the window down at the fire truck. There are lawyers' offices here and there, but I never go in any of them as a child, because I have decided that lawyers are engaged in some kind of mystifying trade that I have determined I never want to be a part of.

I have to go to work. I will make milkshakes, wash dishes, crush ice and serve hamburgers that Jada Sumner has cooked on the grill, hovering over it with his smoking Charles Denby cigar. I look carefully at each plate he prepares for customers, to spot any wayward ashes. Rubber gloves are for hospitals and doctors' offices—they are completely foreign to eating establishments in Scottsboro in the fifties. I am loyal to my father's business, except for an occasional trip to **Reid's Sundries** to see my friends.

W. H. Payne Drug Store

The principal competitor to Hodges Drug Store is **Payne's Drug Store**, but it was a warm and friendly competition. When I was five years old, my dad gave me a mission which I carried out by myself dutifully. I remember walking from Hodges down to Payne's in my shorts and sandals, striding into Payne's and clambering up to stand on one of those soda fountain stools, and announcing to the customers the precise ingredient in the lemon ice cream of Payne's Drug Store which made it so yellow. They gave me a cone of lemon ice cream, and I happily licked it all the way back to my dad's drug store, oblivious to the ingredients.

You need to hang around here in the drug store with me while I work. You will meet some colorful and fascinating people. I have learned what they routinely order, and for most of them, I have it ready by the time they sit down. I know that Dr. Rayford wants a "dope," the old timers' term for a coke, because it originally contained a small amount of an opium ingredient, and I know he wants one squirt of cherry syrup in it. I know that Paul Conley wants a double dip of pineapple sherbet after his lunch. Once my dad scooped up two dips of Crisco and put them on a cone for Paul. They looked just like pineapple sherbet. He bit into it, and words came out of his mouth that I had never heard from a member of my church's board of stewards. I know that George "'Buke" Armstrong wants a cup of coffee with an extra saucer, so he can saucer and blow it. They still live in my memory—all of them—C.O. Reed, the dapperly dressed banker with a bow tie, and Big Jim Moody, who got stuck in the men's restroom at closing time one night, all four hundred pounds of him, and who had to be extracted by my dad and me. Mr. Coley Page and his suspenders, Avery Gay, the mentally handicapped man who came in clutching in his hand the exact amount of change for his coke, and who taught me, in his own way, all about reaching out to less fortunate people. Lizzie Bea Eyster, who would come in dressed to the nines, every time, and who had a raucous voice and who, when provoked, could make a sailor blush. Reverend O.B. Sansbury, the Methodist minister, who came seeking me out every time I missed Sunday School, saying, one time when I was hiding from him in the shrubbery at my home on Charlotte Avenue: "Bobby, I know you are in there—remember the Scout Oath!" Red Woodall and his dog, Bear, named for Bear Bryant. Durwood Hodges and Charles David Presley and Eddie Ray Hembree. Dr. Thompson, the pharmacist, who was a mildly

spoken and very small man, so skinny you could see every vein in his arms. My dad nicknamed him "Vitamin Thompson." The undertakers who were our customers, W.R. Henshaw and Catherine, who would come in every Saturday night for supper in the drug store. Roland Bolton, who would come in from embalming at **Word Funeral Home** for a cup of coffee, and who would unnerve my dad by slowly shaking hands with him and looking deep into my dad's eyes and saying, "R.L., how are you feeling?"

Mud Creek Fish Camp

I was given the privilege one night of attending the Thursday night meeting of my dad's inner circle. They would meet in a mobile home of Leck Carver's at **Mud Creek** every Thursday night, cook a steak, and tell stories. They called themselves the Mud Creek Playboy Club, but that is about where any similarity to Hugh Hefner ended. Grover Hodges, Dr. Rayford Hodges, Dr. Durwood Hodges, Charles David Presley, Eddie Ray Hembree, Piggy Watts of Bridgeport, John T. Reid, Red Woodall, and occasionally a substitute now and then. Charles David was the philosopher in the group. Eddie Ray thoroughly enjoyed picking on Charles David every Thursday night. I shall never forget one of the more famous comments from one Thursday night, when Eddie Ray was harassing him. Charles David looked up from his steak, focused that bad eye of his on Eddie Ray, and said, "Hembree, if you are so smart, why don't you answer all the questions that you ask?"

This group always went to **Alabama's Legion Field** games in Birmingham and they never missed a Tennessee game there. They had five seats on the fifty-five yard line Doctor Rayford allowed them to use each year. One year, my dad could not go: he had to work the weekend at the drug store because my Uncle Charles was in school at Howard at the time. All week long before the game, the four of them razzed my dad about not being able to go. "We sure will miss you, R.L." "Sure sorry you can't go, R.L." "You want us to call you with the score at half-time, R.L.'?" And on and on, each time uttered with laughter, and my father never looked up—just kept working. Finally the Saturday came for the Tennessee game, and four of them were sitting happily in their seats waiting on the kickoff, with my dad's empty seat in the middle. Down the row, pushing past them, comes Preacher Charles Cobb and sat down in my dad's seat. My dad had given his ticket to Preacher Cobb. No one had a drink the whole ball game. Never trifle with a master prankster.

It is time now for all of us to come back to 2002 and to leave all that behind. In a way, as Thomas Wolfe once wrote, you can't go home again. In another way we, all of us, have never left there.

Bob Hodges

A 1957 graduate of Jackson County High School, Bob graduated from the University of Alabama School of Law in 1963 and practiced law in Huntsville. In 1982, he was elected to the circuit judgeship in Jackson County. He is a former president of the Jackson County Historical Association. Bob is now retired and living in Hampton Cove, AL.

Photo credits. Word Sawmill, Coca-Cola Bottling, Scottsboro Hardware: Public archive and Facebook. Scottsboro Hotel and Jessica Hotel: Ann Chambless. Nancy the Elephant: *The Progressive Age*, August 28, 1952. Blue Bonnet: From Ralph Mackey. Scottsboro Cumberland Presbyterian Church, photos of the square, Post Office, and Mud Creek Fish Camp: Postcards. Payne Drugs: Newspaper photo, source unknown. Ritz Theater: 1933 film of Jackson County, owned by Bob Word. Locker Plant: Bradford family photo.

Take the virtual tour of the square at http://www.jchaweb.org

Pisgah then and now: repurposing an old gin

It is far too easy to tear down an old building and put up a new one, and more often that not, that is what happens. But the Meeks Grain and Gin in Pisgah, built and operated by Lloyd and Ruby Meeks from 1947 through 1975, has not just new life but a new purpose: offering a venue for celebrating marriages, reunions, any event that could benefit from a big, interesting, rustic area.

Before the advent of modern cotton production, neighborhood gins processed between 2000 and 4000 bales of cotton in a season. Agricultural agent David Derrick, who grew up on Sand Mountain, said that there were five gins within driving distance of his family's farm. "Every crossroads had its gin," he said. Loose cotton was hard to transport, and much of it was lost to the wind if driven too far.

During ginning season, mules and wagons lined up and sat sometimes for hours. In Stevenson, for example, local historians remember gin owner Jack Caperton walking along the line of wagons waiting to use his gin with crackers, his pocket knife, and a roll of bologna, feeding hungry parents and children during the long wait. David Bradford remembers his grandfather's gin in Hollywood running all night during ginning season, loud and bright in the fall evening with a line of waiting wagons stretching along the main road.

The gin, before and after its new tenure as event center. Photo on the left from Facebook.

By contrast, modern gins are huge, industrial operations that can process 50,000 bales of cotton is a ginning season. And because of better intermediate packaging in the field, cotton can be carried further to be ginned, and ginning can go on longer than the usual season.

In Pisgah, both B. O. Young and and Lloyd Meeks operated gins. An additional five gins operated in Dutton, indicating the amount of cotton being grown and processed in the Jackson County part of Sand Mountain. Jackson County, which had 71 men or groups operating gins between 1841 and the late 1960s, has no gin today.

The Meeks Gin flourished for more than 28 years, amid the challenges of a diversified farming operation that is now in its third generation. Lloyd Meeks operated the gin from 1947 to 1975, living in a house that he and Ruby built on a lot to the right of the gin. When Lloyd Meeks retired, the ginning business passed to his son, Nacy Meeks, who kept it going through 1983. But less and less cotton was being grown on Sand Mountain and throughout the county. The old gin closed in 1983 and sat idle for 30 years. The town of Pisgah was ready to tear it down. But grandson Andrew and his wife Whitney, who grow corn and soybeans on the family farm, saw potential in the old gin. They cleaned it up, repaired it, removed the

dangerous equipment, and rewired it. The building was “repurposed” as an event center, a venue for weddings, reunions, and other such large gatherings.

To provide room for events to spill from the gin into a green space, Andrew and Whitney tore down the little house their grandparents had built to create a park. Weddings have been staged in this shady green space, with receptions held in the gin.

Inside the gin, much of the equipment remains, and the overhead windows, mixed with the light from the rustic chandeliers in the center, make the gin interior a magical space. Empty as it was when I saw it, it was intriguing. I can only imagine it filled with joy and merrymakers. The old industrial building whose deafening gin once clanged through bales and bales of cotton now echoes with music and laughter. We could all wish for so joyous a rebirth.

Annette Norris Bradford

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Founded in October 1974, the Jackson County Historical Association seeks to research, record, preserve, and share the rich history of Jackson County. Membership includes

- Quarterly meetings in the historic Scottsboro Depot with programs on local history topics.
- Opportunity to participate in the annual "Off the Beaten Path" guided bus trip.
- A subscription to *The Jackson County Chronicles,* a quarterly publication.

Learn more about upcoming meetings or the activities of this group by joining the Jackson County Historical Association FaceBook page, accessing the depot museum website at www.scottsborodepotmuseum.com, or writing us at *jcha@scottsboro.org*.

Membership Dues

Annual Dues: $20.00
Senior Citizens (65 or older): $15.00
Life Membership: $150.00

Mail your check to:

JCHA
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The Jackson County Chronicles

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In this issue:

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The Jackson County Chronicles is published quarterly by The Jackson County Historical Association (JCHA).

President: Kelly Goodowens
Vice President: Reid Henshaw
Secretary: Susan Fisher
Treasurer: Jen Stewart

Editor: Annette Norris Bradford
Associate Editor: David Bradford
Editor Emeritus: Ann B. Chambless

Membership renewals are due: If you renew your membership year-by-year, you will find the renewal sheet accompanying this edition of *The Chronicles*. Please consider converting your yearly membership to a life membership.

JCHA's *Off the Beaten Path October Bus Tour* is scheduled for Saturday, October 29, 2016. Our destination will be nearby Guntersville. Venues will include the Gilbreath house, the Guntersville Museum, and the Guntersville State Park Lodge, where lunch will be served. The tour will leave from Randall's Chapel Methodist Church at 8:30 a.m. and return around 4:00 p.m. Tickets are $25 and include lunch.

The JCHA home page is now available: A web site dedicated to disseminating news and information from the JCHA was released this summer at jchaweb.org. The new site hosts the interactive application *A Walk Around The Square* as well as numerous publications from the JCHA previously available only in hardcopy.

Genealogy Workshop: Ann Barbee Chambless taught a free four-session genealogy workshop in Scottsboro on Saturday mornings in September at the Impact Learning Center. The class was sponsored jointly by the Jackson County Historical Association and the Impact Learning Center. Later sessions met with Judi Weaver and Jennifer Petty at the Heritage Center and in the Scottsboro Public Library genealogy room. About 30 participants now know more about their families, thanks to the research skills they learned from Ann. Her charts, bibliography, and other handouts can be downloaded from the JCHA web page: jchaweb.org.

Bynum Foundation grant restores Depot Museum floors: The finish on the Depot's beautiful chestnut floors was bubbling in some areas, and in places, the caulking between the boards had collapsed. Faron Morgan evaluated the problem and thought that the deterioration was probably caused by oil and solvents wicking up from spills when what would now be considered hazardous materials were routinely shipped from the depot. He recommended taking the surface back to the bare wood, adding a sealant layer, recaulking, and applying several coats of polyurethane. The JCHA thanks Kelly Goodowens for coordinating the repair and the Bynum Foundation for its continued commitment to preservation of the depot.

The sensational murder of Harry Cunningham, Jr

Harrison Macon (Harry) Cunningham Jr, described by T*he Jackson County Sentinel* newspaper as "one of the finest young men of the community and who did not drink or associate with any but the nicest of girls," came to Scottsboro from his home in the Tupelo community on Saturday, April 5, 1930, to see a movie at the Dreamland Theater, a silent movie house located in the Claybrook building at the corner of Market and Laurel Streets in Scottsboro. (1)

Around 8:30, following the movie, he and friends went to the soda fountain at the Drug Sundries Company, housed in the Proctor Building, two doors down from the theater. While standing in the front of the store behind a large window opening to the street, he was approached by a 19-year-old woman named Nuby Moates, who told him that a woman waiting outside on the street wanted to talk to him.

Moates claimed that Cunningham had earlier confronted the woman in front of The Dreamland and had slapped her. Cunningham protested that he did not know the woman who accused him, and he refused to follow Moates outside.

Moates cursed Cunningham and walked back out into the street to rejoin the woman who claimed Cunningham had assaulted her. Moates handed the woman, 17-year-old Myrtle Berry Graham, a knife that Moates had stolen earlier in the day by picking a man's pocket.(2) Graham walked into the Drug Sundries store and without uttering a word, stabbed Cunningham so quickly that no one realized what was about to occur or had enough warning to stop it.

When he was stabbed, Cunningham was talking with the Drug Sundries Company's owner, Jim Holland, who frantically tried to save Cunningham, taking him first to the office of Dr. W.R. Bridges on the north side of the square and then carrying the unresponsive young man two blocks to Hodges Hospital, having found that Dr. Bridges was not in his office. Cunningham spoke his last words on the second floor landing of Dr. Bridges' office in the Hackworth building. By the time Jim Holland delivered the unresponsive Cunningham to Hodges Hospital , Dr. Rayford Hodges declared the young Cunningham dead. He died from the single stab wound to the neck.

Immediately following the murder, a gathering in front of the Drug Sundries Company clamored for the lynching of the women, but they were subdued by Cunningham's father, Harrison Macon (Hal) Cunningham Sr, and Harry's three sisters. The incident is most eloquently described in a eulogy offered by one of his teachers who said that the elder Cunningham and his daughters "[pled] against mob violence, trusting that with the evidence, any twelve jurors in the Commonwealth of this sovereign state would not be able to give less than the supreme sentence."

As with the Scottsboro Boys the following year, the two women were removed to Huntsville from the Jackson County jail as a "precautionary measure" in the face of anticipated retribution.

Harry Cunningham had graduated from Jackson County High School in 1928 and was engaged to be married in June. The name of his intended wife has not been discovered. His mother, Mary Rebecca Bynum Cunningham, had died when Harry Cunningham was a child, and he had been raised by his father and three older sisters.

Myrtle Berry Graham, the killer, had married Herschel Graham and had a three-year-old child at the time of the murder. Her husband had recently escaped from prison and was wanted on a number of warrants. Myrtle Graham had previously served a term in the state penitentiary, having been convicted of "violating the prohibition laws . . . and receiving a term of several months."

Extensive research reveals no biographical information about her accomplice, Nuby Moates. The only census in which she appears is the 1940 census when she was imprisoned. Her residence at

the time of the killing is not listed in any source. None of her family attended her trial.

At her arraignment, the killer, Myrtle Berry Graham, entered a plea of not guilty by reason of "intoxication insanity." She would later describe the incident in front of the Dreamland Theater succinctly, saying that "Nuby Moates cussed [Cunningham] and he thought it was me and slapped me down, and I cut him. I was drunk." Nuby Moates told reporters that she had been too drunk to remember the incident. No one at the theater that night witnessed any such exchange.

The trial convened before Judge Alfred E. Hawkins on the afternoon of Monday, April 28, 1930, and continued through the next morning. Neither of the women took the stand.

The jury took the case for deliberation at 11:00 a.m. on Tuesday and reported 11 hours later that it had not reached a verdict. As reported by several of the jurors later, the deliberations were lengthened by four of the jurors insisting on the death penalty. Finally, on Wednesday morning, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of first degree murder and a sentence of life imprisonment for both women.

The Sentinel reported "The only touching incident of the trial was the crying of the the three-year-old child of Mrs. Graham when her brother took it from her at the close of the case."

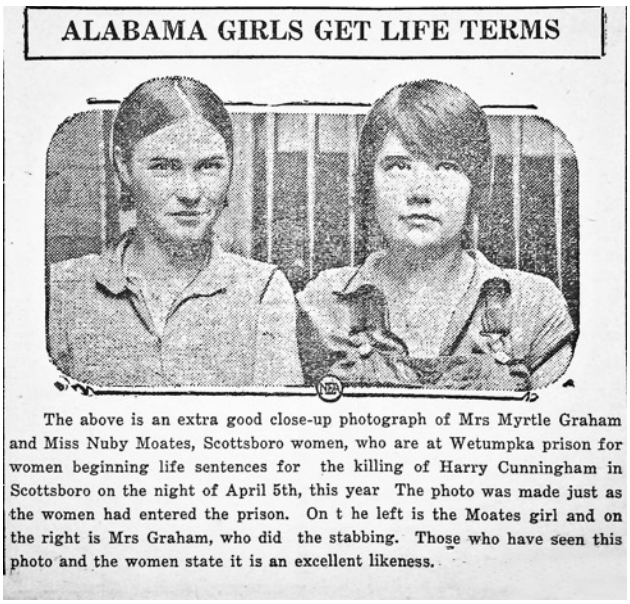
In his closing statement, Prosecuting Attorney J.F. Proctor had argued for the death penalty for both women, telling the jury that he had "always shown a little disfavor upon woman suffrage," but wished for an all-woman jury, whom he felt certain would find in favor of the death penalty for the women.

Graham, who had repeatedly incited the press with her brazen statements and total lack of remorse regarding the murder, told Deputy H.L. Parsons in the wake of the verdict, "I would rather go to the electric chair than to have to spend the rest of my life in that damn penitentiary."

As it turned out, her life was short. Graham served only 12 years of her sentence in the Tutwiler Prison in Wetumpka. In 1942, she was released, being allowed to return to her Scottsboro home to die of an unspecified "incurable disease." She died on July 13, 1942, and is buried in Cedar Hill Cemetery in Scottsboro alongside her parents.(2)

Later in 1942, the Alabama pardons and parole board released Nuby Moates on the basis of "an excellent conduct record." The release report says that she was paroled to her parents, "who have moved to Tennessee and will be supervised by the Tennessee parole authorities." The board also cited mitigating circumstances in her situation, noting "Nuby Moates had no part in [the murder] except to furnish a knife that was used in stabbing the victim." The board's report also lists Moates' age at the time of the conviction as 16, rather than the 19 years reported at the time of the trial.

The Jackson County Sentinel cites the case as the first instance of a woman being tried for first degree murder in Jackson County.



ALABAMA GIRLS GET LIFE TERMS

The above is an extra good close-up photograph of Mrs Myrtle Graham and Miss Nuby Moates, Scottsboro women, who are at Wetumpka prison for women beginning life sentences for the killing of Harry Cunningham in Scottsboro on the night of April 5th, this year The photo was made just as the women had entered the prison. On t he left is the Moates girl and on the right is Mrs Graham, who did the stabbing. Those who have seen this photo and the women state it is an excellent likeness.

Photo from *The Jackson County Sentinel,* May 15, 1930

Transcripts of the trial are no longer available, having apparently been discarded in 1967, in keeping with the county's policy of disposing of court transcripts 25 years after the convicted person has been released, paroled, or died.

The portrait of Mary Rebecca Bynum Proctor Cunningham, Harry Cunningham's mother, hangs

The portrait of Mary Rebecca Bynum Proctor Cunningham displayed in the Scottsboro-Jackson Heritage Center.

in the Scottsboro-Jackson Heritage Center. She is displayed there because her first marriage was to William N. Proctor, who died in 1892 at age 21, only seven weeks after their wedding. William N. Proctor was the brother of John Franklin Proctor who in 1907 purchased and remodeled the home that houses the Heritage Center. Scottsboro genealogist Ellie Smith has searched extensively for the cause of death of William N. Proctor, but has not been able to determine the circumstances.

Mary Rebecca subsequently married Hal Cunningham 11 years later in 1903 and gave birth to three children: Harry, Rita (who died in her first year), and Vula Pearl Cunningham Matthews. In addition, Hal had three daughters from a previous marriage to Sarah Margaret ("Maggie") Card: Inez (Mrs. T.A.) Floyd, Lorene (Mrs. Virgil Van Buren) Cornelison, and Bertha Jean (Mrs. Clarence Barton) Kirby. Hal had been widowed for three years before marrying Mary Rebecca, during which time his three young daughters by Maggie Card lived with his deceased wife's parents. The three daughters by the previous marriage rejoined their father after his marriage to Mary Rebecca.

The case is documented in *Southside Virginia Families, Volume 2* which states "[Harry Cunningham] was stabbed to death by a drunken woman and her accomplice. They did not know him, but were looking for a man in a navy blue suit. His father dispersed the mob which quickly formed to hang [the women]."

The "blue suit" figures as a critical characteristic leading to the misidentification in later, perhaps apocryphal, tales of the murder, but does not appear anywhere in the original reports of the crime.

The *Jackson County Sentinel* poignantly stated "His father was both father and mother to him and his three sisters dearly loved and cared for him through his childhood years and he returned this love by coming into manhood a fine, clean and lovable fellow."

Mary Rebecca is buried in the Liberty Cemetery off Tupelo Pike. The victim, Harrison (Harry) Macon Cunningham, Jr., is buried at Goose Pond Cemetery alongside his father. Newspaper accounts of the time say that Harry Cunningham's funeral drew the most mourners in Jackson County history, numbering in the hundreds.

David Bradford

NOTES:
–Many thanks to local genealogist Ellie Smith for insisting the Cunningham incident was worth *The Chronicles'* attention and for unraveling the complicated Cunningham family ties
–The quotes and photos used here are from the *Jackson County Sentinel* of April 10, 1930; April 24, 1930; May 1, 1930; May 15, 1930; April 28, 1942, and *The Progressive Age*, April 10, 1930; April 14, 1930; April 24, 1930; May 1, 1930.
1) Establishing the site of the Dreamland Theater has been troublesome. The theater apparently closed shortly after the Cunningham incident when the proprietor, Claude Bobo, entered a partnership with Mary Tex Snodgrass to open The Bocanita later in 1930.
2) Graham's marker in Cedar Hill indicates she was born in 1910, which would have made her 19 years old at the time of the murder, contrary to newspaper accounts stating she was 17. In retrospect, it seems likely that the newspapers transposed the ages of the young women: Moates was 16 and Graham was 19.

Bondholders of *The Jackson County Sentinel* in 1932

"A bondholder is the owner of a government, municipal, or corporate bond. Bondholders are entitled to a return of principal when the bond matures and...periodic interest in the form of coupon payments."(1) Bondholders are lenders, holders of debt, as opposed to stockholders, who by virtue of buying stock, are part owner of the business.

Many businesses and government entities in Jackson County have issued bonds to finance needed infrastructure or business ventures. The county legislature or voters usually authorize a government to issue bonds. For example, when cash was scarce after the Civil War and sales of city lots around the square failed to raise the revenue needed to build the new courthouse, the county commissioners sold $5000 in county bonds at 8% interest to finance this effort.(2)

Parker Ward Campbell Jr. needed the same kind of infusion of cash in 1932 when he asked the citizens of Jackson County to lend him the money to launch a new, competitive newspaper, the fledgling *Jackson County Sentinel*. He had started his newspaper career as a columnist writing for James S. Benson's *Progressive Age*. As his and Benson's politics diverged, Campbell saw the need for a second newspaper and was able to convince the people in the list below to support him in this effort.

Both papers—*The Progressive Age* and *The Jackson County Sentinel*— coexisted for seven years until they combined and published on different days with both editors, Benson and Campbell, remaining with their respective papers for about a year. In October 1938, Campbell assumed editorship of both papers and formed the Sentinel-Age, which he published for another 20 years. Campbell's career in journalism lasted 41 years until 1957, when he sold the combined newspapers.(3)

The statement below was issued in the 1932 *Jackson County Sentinel* to comply with Section 1 of the Post Office Appropriation Act of August 24, 1921 "requiring newspapers, magazines, periodicals, and other publications to file statement of ownership, etc." noting that this directive "applies only to such publications as are regularly entered as second-class mail matter."

Passed in the lead-up to World War I when several major newspapers were bought by foreign interests sympathetic to the Imperial German cause, "the United States Postal Act of August 24, 1912, did much to throw into the open surreptitious efforts to control newspapers through ownership arrangements."

It obligated "the editor, publisher, business manager, or owner of every publication entered as second-class matter" to file "and publish a statement of ownership [and] management." The intent of this act was to promote "truth in publishing," to protect the reading public from misinformation by revealing the potential bias created by secret ownership of media.(4)

Given the current climate of opinion masquerading as objective news, it is a shame that television news is not held to the same standards as newspapers.

Annette Norris Bradford

(See list of bondholders on next page.)

Notes:
1) Definition of Bondholder, *Investopedia*, http://www.investopedia.com/terms/b/bondholder.asp
2) Ann Chambless, "Jackson County Courthouse,' *Jackson County Chronicles*, July 1979, p.7.
3) "The Daily Sentinel," *The History of Jackson County, Alabama*, (Heritage Publishing Consultants, Inc., 1998), p. 392.
4) Alfred McClung Lee, *The Daily Newspaper in America (Routledge: Thoemmes Press, 2000), pp. 194-195. Google Books.*

Here is the newspaper's statement and the list of *The Jackson County Sentinel* bondholders:

Statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24th, 1912, of JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL, published weekly at Scottsboro for April 1, 1932. Publisher: Jackson County Publishing Co., Scottsboro, Ala.

Personally appeared before me Parker W. Campbell, editor, who solemnly swears that:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher: Jackson County Publishing Co., Scottsboro.

2. That the owner is the Jackson County Publishing Co., Scottsboro, and the following bondholders are:

D. P. Wimberly, Scottsboro.
R. A. Skelton, Scottsboro.
John M. Snodgrass, Scottsboro.
W. D. Hale, Scottsboro.
Mrs. Fannie Hale, Scottsboro.
J. W. Ashmore, Scottsboro.
R. H. Skelton, Scottsboro.
D. E. Barclay, Scottsboro.
Mrs. Irene M. Robinson, Scottsboro.
J. A. Proctor, Scottsboro.
A. H. Moody, Scottsboro.
H. O. Bynum, Scottsboro.
A. A. Vann, Scottsboro.
Jas. M. Proctor, Scottsboro.
E. C. Snodgrass, Scottsboro.
J. H. Hurt, Scottsboro.
P. J. Skelton, Scottsboro.
A. D. Kirby, Scottsboro.
C. O. Reed, Scottsboro.
T. C. Overall, Scottsboro.
John F. Proctor, Scottsboro.
W. B. Campbell, Scottsboro.
Ernest Parks, Scottsboro.
F. C. Russell, Memphis.
Harry Hill, Paint Rock.
Grady Graham, Paint Rock.
F. C. Trice, Trenton.
H. B Harbin, Town Creek.
C. D. Millican, Long Island.
C. H. Bynum, Long Island.
C. L James, Long Island.
J. F. Brown, Long Island.
A. H. Gentry, Long Island.
C. M. Rousseau, Paint Rock.
W. J. Tally, Stevenson.
E. K. Mann, Stevenson.
C. H. Woodall, Stevenson.
J. H. McMahan, Stevenson.
P. H. Woodall, Stevenson.
W. R. Bogart, Stevenson.
Mrs. Louella Rudder, Stevenson.
M. C. Thomas, Scottsboro.
W. C. Selby, Larkinsville.
C. B. Payne, Atlanta.
J. Z. Schultz, Stevenson.
Q. W. Cowan, Stevenson.
I. P. Russell, Stevenson.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security shown here holding or owning 1 per cent of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

P. W. CAMPBELL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me today, April 18th, 1932

Rachel Gold, Notary Public

A snapshot of Scottsboro in 1961

A lot can be learned by careful review of an old telephone book.

First of all, it is easy to see that in 1961, the square was the hot place to be. Of course, there was no four-lane US 72 between Chattanooga and Huntsville. A few businesses were out on the Ft. Payne Highway, a few down Tupelo Pike, and rough concerns like auto repair, exterminators, and plumbers, along with car dealerships, were down West Willow. But the clothing stores and furniture stores and even a couple of beauty salons were around the square. Insurance agents, real estate agents, and lawyers were all on or a street off the square.

There were five drug stores in town, and four of them were on the square. There were ten department stores and they were all on or just barely off the square. Of the six Scottsboro furniture stores, three were on North Broad, one on Willow, and one on the square. There were two five and dimes.

If the phone book can be trusted, organized entertainment was slim but certainly available. There were two movies theaters, one drive-in, a bowling alley, and a billiards parlor. No sports bars or gyms or team sports evident by phone, but there were three fishing camps (Mud Creek, Mink Creek, and Comer), and related to this, three sellers and servicers of all varieties of outboard motors. And food, too, is not just sustenance but entertainment. There were 17 restaurants in 1961, three of which were "colored only."

Personal care was and still is important. There were three cleaners and eight beauty salons. David remembers that there were three barber shops (City, OK, and Deluxe) but they apparently did not have (or need) phones. For those lucky enough to avoid home laundry, there were two personal laundry services, and even a coin-operated laundry a block off the square.

There was the full range of religious choices accessible by telephone: two Baptist churches, one Episcopal, one Methodist, and one Presbyterian (the Cumberland variety, of course). There were others, of course, without phones.

In 1961 in Scottsboro, you could buy a variety of American cars. Harbin at 519 East Willow sold Ford, Mercury, and Comet. Word had moved off the square to Andrews Street and sold Chevrolets. Sam Hodges at 514 West Willow offered Buicks and Ramblers. Campbell Tractor at 308 West Willow sold Pontiacs. There were six sellers of used cars.

People seemed not so anxious to go out and buy new stuff as they are now, but instead repaired what they had. There were three upholstery shops in Scottsboro, one on the square (next door to the Kennamer's Mill End location). There were two men who repaired radios and one who repaired televisions. Who could repair a television today?

There was a smaller group of professionals who met the needs of the town's citizens. There were five general practice physicians, four dentists, two optometrists, two chiropractors, and one veterinarian. There were nine lawyers, all of whom had offices around the square, and quite a few real estate agents and insurance agencies. There were

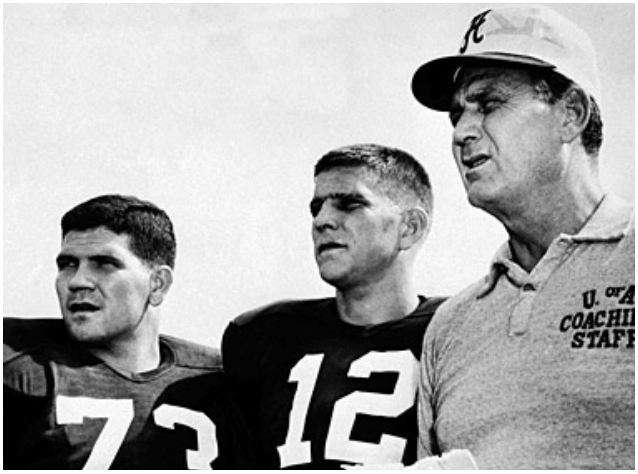
three hospitals (Jackson County, Hodges Clinic, and the TB Sanitarium).

If you came in from out of town, there were six places to accommodate your sleep needs: three hotels (Jessica, Bailey, and Hotel Scottsboro) and three motels (Five Points, Liberty, and Derricks). Your car had it even better. The greatest number of any type of business in town in 1961 was the service station. There were 26 in Scottsboro, and 6 garages.

It is easy to scan the yellow pages and see that Scottsboro was still very dependent on farming. There were seven cotton gins in the phone book (two were on Sand Mountain) and two dairies, one of which was a REAL dairy with cows and milking machines (Happy Valley), not just a milk distribution point. There were six feed stores, three sellers of farm implements, and two livestock markets.

One label in the 1961 yellow pages has now evolved into at least two modern phone book headings: retail grocer. There were 26 listings under this heading in 1961, but they ranged in size from the Piggly Wiggly and Grubtown down to things we would now call "convenience stores" like the Last Chance or Blue Bonnet.

The difference in the stores that serve town and country folk is evident in the designation "general merchandise." There are 16 stores designated as "general merchandise" in the phone book. Only three of these are in Scottsboro, and one is on the square (Chambers). In rural areas, this type of business was likely the remnant of the old general stores where you could buy anything from plumbing supplies to lipstick. The other 13 stores were spread all over the county.



Billy Neighbors, Pat Trammell, Paul "Bear" Bryant

In 1961, Scottsboro had two funeral homes and five florists. There were two gift shops. Jim Pitt was arranging flowers instead of the future homes of brides. No mammoth Home Depot was required when you could walk around the square to one of the two hardware stores, Coplin or Scottsboro. W. J. Word was under the heading "lumber store," though clearly this business carried hardware as well. And finally, there were eight manufacturing concerns in the phone book, seven of which were in Scottsboro and all of which were textile-related.

New phone books are bigger. Lots of new categories have arisen. Consignment stores. Copier services. Golf courses. More health care specialities and support systems. Computer repair. Cruises and dance instruction. Our tastes and interests have all grown. But it is nice this fall afternoon to think about a time when 27 pages of advertisers and 24 pages of three-digit phone numbers met all our needs. Not that I plan to give up public television, Amazon, my iPad, or chicken wings any time soon.

Annette Norris Bradford

Graphics in this article are from pininterest.com, ebay.com, and usatoday.com.

Scottsboro's Motown pioneer: Nolan Strong

When T*he Detroit Metro Time*s compiled its "100 Greatest Detroit Songs Ever," its pick for number one was no surprise. It was Marvin Gay's "What's Going On." Their pick for number eleven was more obscure and of greater interest to Jackson Countians. It was "The Wind," by Scottsboro-born Nolan Strong.

Strong was born at the corner of North Houston and Walnut streets on January 22, 1934. Early in his life, certainly by 1950, he and his family had become part of the massive African-American northern migration to Detroit where he would attend Detroit's Central High School and form his band, The Diablos, as a teenager.

In 1954, the band made a demo tape that caught the attention of the owners of Detroit's Fortune Records. The label signed the group and released a debut single entitled "Adios My Desert Love."

Their second single, "The Wind," came out later the same year. It is a remarkable song and memorable performance that is recognized as a landmark in the development of both Doo-Wop music and the Motown sound. Critics and reviewers typically describe "The Wind" has "haunting" and "ethereal." It is spare in its instrumentation: the only accompaniment to the five singers is an upright acoustic bass and a guitar. Unfortunately, an awkwardly phrased and poorly-mixed monolog delivered mid-tune by Strong dates the performance badly and probably limits its appeal today.

Shortly after the release of "The Wind," Nolan's brother, Jimmy, joined the group. The extended Strong family included another stand-out talent as well: cousin Barrett Strong had an early Motown hit with "Money (That's What I Want)."

Nolan's musical career was interrupted when he was drafted in 1956. When he was discharged in 1958, both he and the music business had changed. He never quite regained his commercial or artistic footing.

There are reports of Strong's making recordings as late as 1972, but it's not clear that any of his later work was released. He made some late appearances on the east coast, with at least one engagement at New York's Apollo Theater.

For the reader looking for an introduction to Nolan Strong and the Diablos, the song "Since You're Gone" has aged well, although like "The Wind," the track demonstrates the poor production standards at Fortune Records. A recently released collection entitled "Above and Beyond" features a digitally enhanced version of "The Wind" that corrects some of the problems with the initial pressing. The blues-inflected "I Wanna Know" is Strong's most contemporary sounding piece.

Nolan Strong died on February 21, 1977 at the age of 43. He lived his later years in obscurity and was buried in an unmarked grave in Detroit. Some 30 years later, a fan named Wayne Pritchard mounted a successful campaign to buy a grave marker for Strong. Nolan's brother, Jimmy, had died earlier, in 1970, at age 34.

Nolan's influence is widely acknowledged. In his autobiography, Smokey Robinson said, "I heard a Detroit group called Nolan Strong and The Diablos. Nolan was a tenor driving women wild. How much more motivation did I need?" Rocker Lou Reid told *Rolling Stone* magazine, "If I could really sing, I'd be Nolan Strong."

David Bradford

Note: The author was first made aware of Nolan Strong in 2011 when *Oxford American's* Alabama music issue made reference to him in its online supplement. Numerous inquiries by the author over the five years since have not yielded local contacts who could offer any insight into the Strongs. The author would be grateful for any information about this important Jackson County family.

The stories of two Scottsboro air rescues

Scottsboro's airport, Word Field, was completed in 1955. Before it was built, local fliers relied on two landing strips on the fringes of town: one, a TVA-maintained air strip that served crop dusters and was off the Guntersville Highway, (79) on the northwest side of the road on Sauta Creek. The second was on land owned by Lawrence Sebring on Tupelo Pike just past the Center Point Baptist Church.

In 1951, when the TVA denied access to its strip to the general public, pioneer pilots like Jake Word, Lawrence Sebring, Jesse ("Hoo Daddy") Floyd, Frank Henshaw, and Charles Hodges flew out of Sebring's strip off Tupelo Pike. The airstrips were nothing more than mowed grass swaths through fields. They had no infrastructure to house or fuel the planes. They were also unlighted.

A pilot hapless enough to extend his flight beyond dusk or to become trapped in a freak storm creating limited visibility could not get his bearings in the valley, and mountains loomed in every direction. The nearest lighted runways were in Huntsville or Chattanooga, and a pilot battling a low ceiling caused by bad weather or total darkness would have been unable to use the Tennessee River as a navigational aid. There were no visual cues from the lighting patterns of the town below to guide him to a likely provisional landing spot since major highways were also unlighted except in the more densely populated courthouse square area.

Two instances of townspeople trying to help disoriented pilots get safely on the ground are woven into the fabric of Scottsboro's lore: a successful effort in 1950 and a tragic failure in 1943.

February 18, 1950

On a stormy Saturday evening, February 18, 1950, Jimmy Thompson heard a small plane repeatedly passing over his family home on Market Street in Scottsboro.

Thompson called Frank Henshaw at Scottsboro Funeral Home to report what he was hearing and to express his concern that the pilot was foundering in the storm. He contacted Henshaw for two reasons: Henshaw was a pilot who had flown many hundreds of hours during WWII, and, second, as director of a funeral business, he had an ambulance.

NARROW ESCAPE—Studying a map of the Scottsboro area, Fliers Charles "Moose" Owens and Robert Kieran talk over their narrow escape Saturday night, when aroused townspeople in Scottsboro shined headlights on a small airstrip for them to land.

The Birmingham News, Monday, 2/20/1950

Confirming the plane was in distress, Henshaw used the spotlight on the funeral home's ambulance to signal the plane. The plane responded by blinking its running lights and tightening its circle to a perimeter around Henshaw's spotlight.

Henshaw called a fellow pilot, the pharmacist Charles Hodges, and described the situation.

They contacted local law enforcement and phoned friends, rightly suspecting that the pilot needed navigational aids to find an airstrip.

Local historian Bob Hodges recalls that telephone operators Veda Maude Sumner and Bert Woodall worked the switchboards to mobilize volunteers.

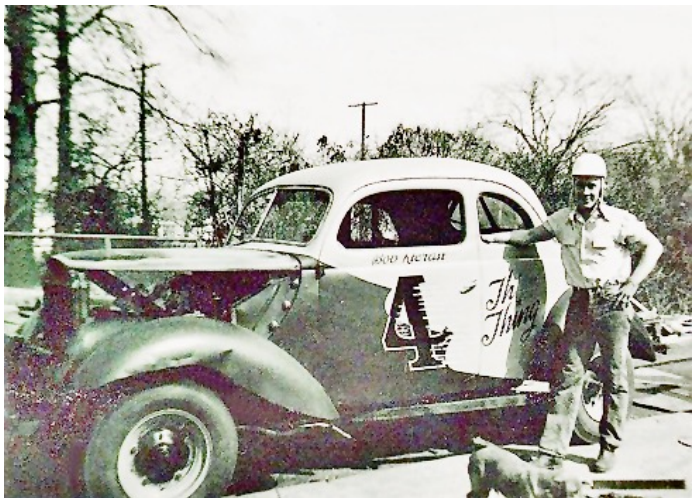
Shortly, a convoy of cars and trucks, estimated by the Birmingham newspapers at around 50, but many fewer by Jimmy Thompson's current reckoning, followed Henshaw's ambulance to Lawrence Sebring's air strip off Tupelo Pike. The pilot circled the field twice, using the spotlight Henshaw trained on the airstrip's wind sock as his guide as cars aligned themselves along the edges of the airstrip below.

Piloting the plane was 21-year-old Robert ("Bob") Kieran of Mountain Brook. He had with him an 18-year-old passenger, Charles Owens. At the time of his flight over Scottsboro, Kieran was returning from a Chattanooga outfitter called Honest Charlie's Speed Shop with auto parts to customize what *The Birmingham News* termed a "hot rod car," a 1934 Ford intended for dirt track racing. Kieran was an avid mechanic who raced the circuit in Birmingham.

Henshaw later learned that when he and Thompson had spotted the plane circling the town, Bob Kieran had been trying to read the city's name on the water tank atop Melody Mountain. Kieran mistakenly believed he was circling Guntersville.

Kieran recalled that as the ceiling dropped below 300 feet, he hoped to find and follow the Tennessee River, believing that the Huntsville airport was visible from the river. But he feared straying too far from the center of town, aware that mountains lay on the east bank of the river.

"We circled low over the town about 15 minutes trying to read the name on the water tank, but we couldn't find it. Then we saw the spotlight from the ambulance and noticed the cars starting out on the highway. We followed them and saw them line up. We were certainly glad to see those automobiles," Kieran told *The Birmingham News*. (1)



Bob Kieran and his number 4 car, The Thing

The landing went smoothly. Once Kieran and Owens were on the ground, they were greeted by Scottsboro Mayor W.W. Gross and the men and women who had responded to the distress call.

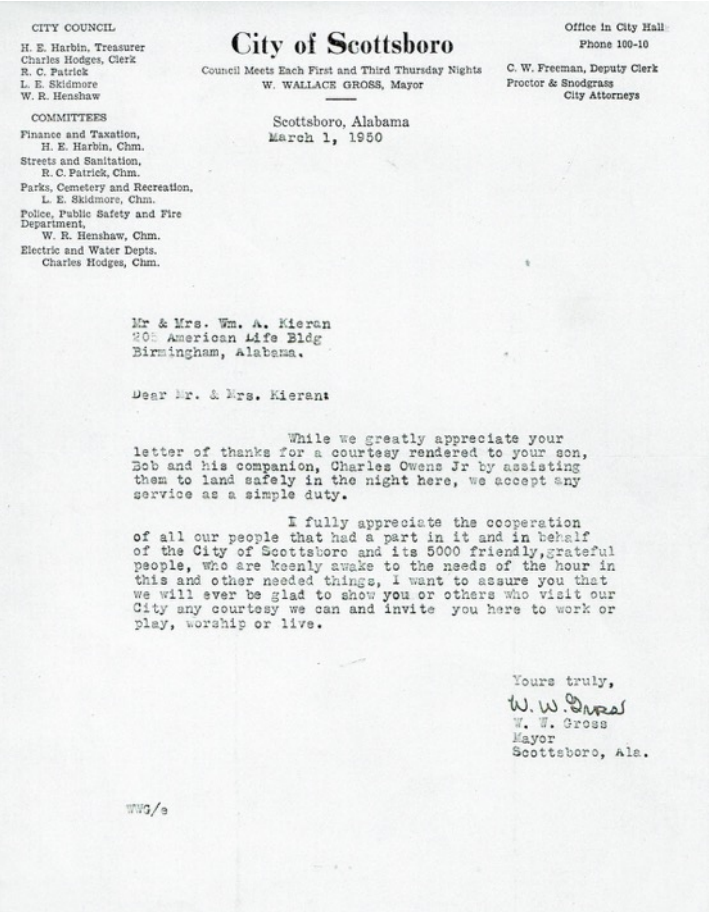
Coincidentally , Thompson and Kieran knew one another. They had been fraternity brothers at Auburn. The two fliers stayed the rest of the night with Thompson before resuming their journey the next morning.

Kieran's plane, an Air Coupe, had been a graduation present from his father, who had offered him $1,000 to spend on a motorcycle. Kieran initially intended to buy a Harley Davidson to tour the country but changed his mind and talked his father into buying the Air Coupe for $1,200.

In an interview with *The Birmingham Post*, Kieran asked the reporter "This story won't go to New York, will it? My folks are up there."(2) His parents did not learn of the episode from the newspapers. Instead, they learned of his encounter from Lowell Thomas's nationally syndicated broadcast while sitting in a bar in New York City.

In a letter to Frank Henshaw written February 24, 1950, Bob Keiran's father, William, noted "the story of your part in getting the boys down has been carried by papers from coast to coast, on numerous radio broadcasts, including Lowell

Thomas' program, and also on television broadcasts. This tribute to you is small in comparison to the gratitude we owe you."



CITY COUNCIL
H. E. Harbin, Treasurer
Charles Hodges, Clerk
R. C. Patrick
L. E. Skidmore
W. R. Henshaw

COMMITTEES
Finance and Taxation, H. E. Harbin, Chm.
Streets and Sanitation, R. C. Patrick, Chm.
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Electric and Water Depts. Charles Hodges, Chm.

City of Scottsboro
Council Meets Each First and Third Thursday Nights
W. WALLACE GROSS, Mayor

Office in City Hall
Phone 100-10
C. W. Freeman, Deputy Clerk
Proctor & Snodgrass
City Attorneys

Scottsboro, Alabama
March 1, 1950

Mr & Mrs. Wm. A. Kieran
20[illegible] American Life Bldg
Birmingham, Alabama.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Kieran:

While we greatly appreciate your letter of thanks for a courtesy rendered to your son, Bob and his companion, Charles Owens Jr by assisting them to land safely in the night here, we accept any service as a simple duty.

I fully appreciate the cooperation of all our people that had a part in it and in behalf of the City of Scottsboro and its 5000 friendly, grateful people, who are keenly awake to the needs of the hour in this and other needed things, I want to assure you that we will ever be glad to show you or others who visit our City any courtesy we can and invite you here to work or play, worship or live.

Yours truly,
W. W. Gross
W. W. Gross
Mayor
Scottsboro, Ala.

WWG/e

In his letter, William Kieran mistakenly calls Frank Henshaw "Mr. Crenshaw," an error introduced by the *Jackson County Sentinel*, repeated in the Birmingham papers, and then propagated from those local sources to the national media.

Kieran had logged fewer than 200 hours by the night of the abortive flight, but the young pilot was not intimidated by the encounter. He would go on to log over 7,000 hours in the air. He flew a variety of aircraft, owning two P-51 Mustangs.

He bought the first of the two P-51s in Oakland, CA. He familiarized himself with the controls of the plane by reading a manual while on a commercial flight to Oakland. Based on that limited exposure, he then soloed the plane back to Birmingham. He paid $2,850 for the first of the Mustangs. He says they are worth over a million dollars today.

In addition to being a building contractor, Kieran also flew charter flights and worked under government contract to deliver military supplies during the Vietnam war. He once delivered a cargo consisting of a ton of TNT and several cases of dynamite without realizing what his payload consisted of. "After that, I read the manifest," he said.

As a dirt track racer, Kieran was a tinkerer and a self-taught engineer. He once rebuilt a car as a "single speed" roadster, running the driveshaft direct from the engine block. With no gears, the car had to be pushed off the starting line.

Today, Kieran, and his wife, Alice, live in Mountain Brook. When contacted by telephone in July, Kieran expressed complete bafflement that the incident was still recounted in Scottsboro. "I can't believe people still remember that 66 years later," he said.

He was one of the 20 original inductees in Alabama Auto Racing Pioneers Hall of Fame. In his induction speech, Kieran recounted his Scottsboro landing. *The Birmingham News* sports writer Clyde Bolton proclaimed Kieran's induction speech "the best story, hands down" of the night. (3)

In the early 1990's, while working at his family's funeral home, Reid Henshaw received a phone call from Bob Kieran who had stopped by the Scottsboro Public Library hoping to thank the man who had likely saved his life over 40 years before, Reid's father, Frank Henshaw.

By the time Kieran contacted Reid Henshaw, Frank Henshaw had moved to Tampa, FL. In 1994, Kieran visited Frank Henshaw in Tampa to personally thank him once again for his efforts and to present him with laminated copies of the stories as reported in the Birmingham newspapers.

Bob Kieran and Frank Henshaw stayed in touch with one another until Frank's death in 2010. Kieran reports that his flying companion and

high-school friend, Charles "Moose" Owens, died several years ago.

Kieran's fraternity brother, host, and benefactor, Jimmie Thompson, would also distinguish himself as a pilot: he would fly 71 combat missions in Korea in F-86 Sabres. At the time he orchestrated Kieran's landing, he was spending three months with his parents, awaiting muster into the Air Force.

In all his subsequent decades of flying, Kieran never again had an emergency as dire as the one he experienced in Scottsboro in 1950.

November 13, 1943

Townspeople who participated in the 1950 Scottsboro rescue effort recalled a similar incident over six years before when an Army pilot had crashed trying to land in Scottsboro.

The Jackson County Sentinel contrasted the two instances by reporting, "This incident with its happy ending recalls one with a tragic ending just east of Scottsboro during the last war. A young pilot from the air base at Courtland became lost in the night and began circling over Scottsboro in his heavy training plane trying to find a place to land. Several local people in cars and a farmer tried to signal him and help him land, but the plane, empty of gas, crashed and the young airman died in the hospital here a few hours later." (4)

The pilot, Edward V. Putar, 20, of Bethlehem, PA, had begun his flight in Courtland, about 100 miles west of Scottsboro. Late evening on Saturday, November 13, 1943 the pilot began circling what the newspapers identified as "Proctor Field" near the B.B. Comer Bridge.

Several local residents realized that the pilot was desperate to land. They drove to the field and tried to signal the pilot, but he either did not see their signals or failed to interpret their purpose. He finally flew toward Scottsboro and began circling fields and the inlets around the Randall's Chapel area.

Leonard Barbee, the father of JCHA member Ann Barbee Chambless, used a kerosene lantern to try to signal the pilot. Barbee positioned himself at one end of a large field, fallow in November, and swung his lantern. The pilot responded by circling the field and attempting a landing. His plane ran out of gas just short of the approach, and he undershot the field, crashing into a stand of trees at the field's perimeter. The plane, a BT (Basic Trainer)-13 flipped over, pinning the pilot inside.

Barbee, acting alone, cut the pilot from the plane and then worked with three other men to carry the unconscious victim a half mile to the nearest road. They carried the pilot to Hodges Hospital where he died around 11:00 Saturday night, four hours after the crash.

Barbee said that the pilot was semi-conscious while riding with him in the backseat of the car on the way to Hodges Hospital.

The army sent investigative crews to document the crash, and a wrecker arrived the following day to remove the scattered pieces of the plane. Before the wrecker arrived, literally hundreds of observers passed through the Barbees' cattle gate to witness the wreckage.

The army released no information that could have offered insight into the circumstances of Putar's accident. He had been in flight training for "some time" and was on what the army described as a routine flight. There is no record of the weather having been particularly bad that evening.

The Tuesday, October 16, 1943 edition of *The Jackson County Sentinel* quotes those participating in the rescue as saying that the plane's radio had failed during the flight and left Putar without navigation. It's likely that in the absence of other navigational aides, Putar was following the Tennessee River to plot his return to Courtland.

The paper stated that "all the local evidence pointed to his being in complete and skillful control of his ship at all times until he crashed and was trying to land and not hit a house or property and cause damage. The fact that he had plenty of time and gas to hunt a rural spot after being over the lighted city area indicates he was desperately trying to avoid a bad crackup." (5)

If observers are correct that Putar's intent was to avoid populated areas, it's possible that the lights of the would-be rescuers miscued him to what lay below.

Bob Kieran flying a trainer similar to the one involved in the 1943 crash in Leonard Barbee's pasture

However, Jimmie Thompson, who figures prominently in the later, 1950 rescue effort, points out some unusual anomalies in the circumstances leading to Putar's crash.

Thompson says the the plane began circling the B. B. Comer Bridge area before dusk (not at 7:00 p.m., as *The Jackson County Sentinel* reported) when there was still enough light to land. He also notes that Putar was part of a training squadron that experienced significant problems that day, with six or seven planes having to land elsewhere rather than returning to Courtland. Thompson, an experienced military pilot, says that there were court-martials and administrative restructuring at Courtland as a result of the abortive operation.

Thompson speculates that the novice flyer would not land his plane anywhere other than Courtland for fear of "washing out" as a cadet as a result of his mistake. He delayed the inevitable landing until he ran out of fuel, Thompson believes. Ann Chambless says that when Putar crashed, he was only a few yards short of the clearing where he could have landed safely.

The US Air Forces *Stateside Accident Reports* for November 1943 do not list any other mishaps for flights originating from Courtland that day.

Thompson was among those that visited the wreckage the following morning before the debris was cleared away.

Ann Chambless's mother, Era Coe Wilhelm Barbee, wrote to the young pilot's mother in Bethlehem, PA, assuring her that every effort had been made to save her son. The two families stayed in touch for many years following the accident.

David Bradford

Notes:

- Frank Henshaw died in 2010. At the end of WWII, he was assigned to fly bombers back from Europe, logging innumerable trans-Atlantic flights. Many Scottsboro residents recall Frank's landing a BT-13 at Sebring's airstrip and then taxiing it down city streets to the Jackson County High School where it was eventually picked over for souvenirs.
- Jimmy Thompson moved to Florence, AL after the Korean War. He attended seminary and eventually retired as a Presbyterian minister. A former Auburn fraternity brother and roommate of Jake Word, he often returns to Scottsboro to revisit his childhood home. Thompson said of his war experience, "I got in 71 combat missions. I needed 100 to complete my deployment. I just ran out of war."
- Leonard Barbee died in 1976. A stoic man, he was deeply moved by his experience of taking the injured Edward Putar to Hodges Hospital and spoke frequently with his family about his efforts to comfort the young pilot.
- There is only one local newspaper account of the 1943 crash: *The Daily Sentinel*'s. Strangely, *The Progressive Age* makes no mention of the incident. Exhaustive efforts to find official records of the incident were fruitless with the exception of a single reference in the *USAAF Stateside Accident Reports*.

References:

1) *The Birmingham News*, Monday, Jan 20, 1950
2) *The Jackson County Sentinel*, Tuesday, January 21, 1950
3) *The Birmingham News*, Tuesday, January 14, 1997
4) *The Jackson County Sentinel,* Tuesday, January 21, 1950
5) *The Jackson County Sentinel,* Tuesday, January 21, 1950

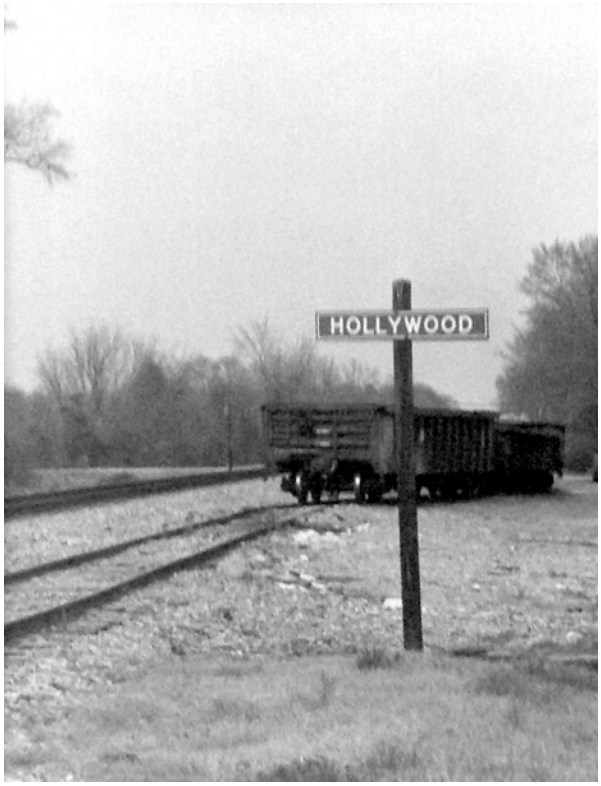
Hollywood: A town built for the railroad

"The building of a railroad through a county will build some towns and kill others," John Robert Kennamer wrote in *The History of Jackson County Alabama*. "It was railroads that built Stevenson and Hollywood." (1)

The story of Hollywood is the story of the coming—and going—of the local rail service. The town was born as the tracks were laid, and it has been losing population since local passenger and freight service stopped in the late 1960s. The tracks for the Memphis and Charleston Railroad were laid between 1851 and 1855, and the freight depot that served Bellefonte Station, the early name of Hollywood, was completed in 1856. Hollywood was not even a twinkle in the cartographer's eye until the railroad came along.

In 2014, historian Ann Chambless debunked the popular myth that citizens of the town of Hollywood embraced the railroad while the citizens of Bellefonte rejected it. "It appears that Robert T. Scott had more to do with the route of the railroad than any other person or persons in Jackson County," Chambless explained. "Once he influenced the M&C Railroad to traverse his property, the company began to seek the most direct northern route from Scottsboro to Stevenson. They looked for land that would make the most stable roadbed and with the least number of creeks and swampy areas to cross. This in itself would have eliminated Bellefonte," not to mention that V-shaped detour that passing through old Bellefonte would have required.(2)

So the railroad passed through Hollywood, and because the early steam trains required frequent doses of wood and water, stations were built frequently. There were 14 stations between Huntsville and Stevenson on the early Memphis and Charleston line. Hollywood grew first to support the needs of railroad builders and travelers and then to exploit the advantages of readily-available rail transportation to market locally produced goods.



STATION CROSSING SIGN IDENTIFYING HOLLYWOOD. SOURCE: CITY HALL

The railroad brought people and jobs to Hollywood. It brought Calvin Hartley from North Carolina. Calvin was born January 4, 1830 in Davie County, NC, the son of Jefferson and Nancy Hartley, where he married Elmira Potts in 1851. In 1860, he was a farmer in NC but was in Alabama by 1861 when his son Izurry was born and in November 1862 when he enlisted in the Confederate army and served as private in Company H of the 55th Alabama Volunteer Infantry. In the 1870 census, Calvin and his family are boarding on the Petty farm in Big Coon, and Calvin is listed as a "RR boss." One white and two black families follow in the census whose professions are "RR laborer." In the 1880 census, Calvin is a railroad foreman. He died September 4, 1896 and is buried at Old Baptist Cemetery. His grave was marked by his son W. J. Hartley.

CALVIN HARTLEY AND HIS CREW MAINTAINING THE HOLLYWOOD TRACK. LIKELY IDS FOR BLACK WORKERS BASED ON CENSUS: THOMAS PARKS AND BENJAMIN COFFEY. SOURCE: HARRIS FAMILY COLLECTION.

Alan Maples describes this photo as a "track gang with their hand car. The harp switch stand [on the left] operates the switch. The diverging track is to the left behind the men. They are known as a 'section gang' because they were responsible for maintenance on a specific section of track." Charles Heath points out the track gauge held by the man in the middle was used to determine if the rails were the correct distance apart (4' 8 1/2"). The man on the left holds a spike maul, a device with a 14-in head long enough to hit the head of the spike before the shaft of the maul hit the rail. The building that can be seen in the distance, because it is so close to the tracks, is probably the depot.

The railroad brought business. Residents and workers needed food and clothing and supplies. The business that is today Shorty Machen's store started its commercial life in 1862 as McClendon's Store, according to a Harris family researcher who visited Shorty's store. McClendon's Store sold groceries downstairs and clothing upstairs. Silent movies were shown upstairs in the 1920s.

The town had general stores, both stationary and rolling. In 1917, Hollywood had 48 homes with telephones. In 1923, the R. G. Dun Mercantile Agency Reference Book recorded 10 general stores, a grist and handle mill, and a gin. In 1935, Kennamer said that the town had "six stores, two gins, two churches" and a new five-teacher school.(3)

The railroad brought the infrastructure to support the growing population. Churches and schools were in evidence as early as 1819 when the Mud Creek Primitive Baptist Association was established. The Missionary Baptist Church was established in 1889, and the Methodist Church in 1910. The first known school in the town was taught by Egbert Paxton of Indiana in the summer of 1886. Early Hollywood schools supported grades 1-3 and met in the old Masonic Hall, which at that time was located on Main Street across from what is today the Missionary Baptist Church.(4)

The railroad brought industry. In her 1977 series about Hollywood in the *Jackson County Advertiser*, Elizabeth McAlpin wrote, "Back in 1876, the town really hit its stride when dressed timber was stacked around the depot and shipped out by rail freight daily." Frank Gurley, J. M. Card, Miles Moody, George Warren, and J. J. Downey were all associated with the lumber business in Hollywood.(5) Frank Bennet's factory was making cigars before 1899, when his business was referenced in *The Scottsboro Citizen*. The Neher family opened Alabama Brick and Tile in 1898, and Farmers' Canning Company opened in 1911. Chapman's Hotel was in business by 1900 and survived until the early 1930s. The October 1910 special supplement to *The Progressive Age* wrote, "The town really commenced its growth about 1884 or 85 when, with a nucleus of a store and couple of plain dwellings it began to thrive, until at the present its commercial establishments number some half a dozen while the residences are among the most substantial and attractive in the county."

The railroad put Hollywood on the map, and many of its citizens have been involved with the railroad. Elizabeth McAlpin noted that Miles Burton and Denard Henry, slaves of Bellefonte, helped to build the Memphis and Charleston Railroad through Jackson County. (6) Calvin Hartley, Thomas Parks, and Benjamin Coffey and other section gangs maintained the newly laid track. Jack Daniel's *Southern Railway: Stevenson to Memphis* (7) and the Southern Railway 1950 *Celebration Booklet* (8) call out these men who served as station managers: Mr. Russell, George

W. Chapman (the first telegrapher and also the owner of the town's hotel and livery stable), J. A. Wilson, George H. Strickland, J. W. Maples, J. D. Brandon, A. Hamilton, and Dee Meeks. D.C. Minor and C. Chandler were also Hollywood railroad men.

Here are landmark dates in the history of railroads in Hollywood, captured from Memphis and Charleston Railroad (M&C) reports, letters, and period newspapers.

1856: M&C records report that a freight house has been built in Bellefonte Station. This facility was burned during the Civil War. (9)

1861: Bellefonte visitor William Lewis mentioned in a letter that there was a hack from Bellefonte that served passengers to the Memphis and Charleston Railroad depot.The earliest accounts of Hollywood speak of the town as if it were a northern appendage of Bellefonte. (10)

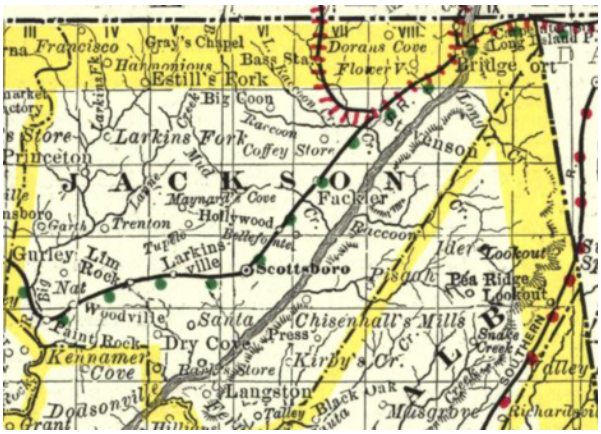
1866: M&C report records that a new depot is needed in Samples.

1872-1880: Scottsboro is capable of sending and receiving telegrams in 1872. This ability came later in Hollywood since George Chapman was the first telegrapher. George was born in 1854. His obituary states "For many years he was station agent for the Southern Railroad at Hollywood." (*The Progressive Age*, 1929) Stevenson had telegraph service by the early 1880s, so Hollywood, between these points, must have had service about the same time.

1882: Maps labelled Hollywood as Bellefonte or Bellefonte Station. Briefly in 1887, maps carried the label "Samples."

1886: M&C reports state that a new depot is needed at Bellefonte.

1887: M&C report states that a new depot has been built at Hollywood, the first time the name "Hollywood" appeared in the M&C records. It first appeared in Rand McNally in 1889 and on the railroad commission map in 1890. (11)



1889 RAND MCNALLY. SOURCE: UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

1891: Depot burned when thieves drilled through the floor into a whiskey barrel to steal whiskey. Dee Meeks recorded the story of this fire.

"Before the Eighteenth Amendment was added to our Constitution, all alcohol (legal) was shipped into Hollywood by Railway Express. Until the "spirits" could be claimed by the customer they were stored in the Depot. (In Hollywood the Freight Depot, the Passenger Depot, the Express Depot, and the Western Union Telegraph Office were the same.) Someone, name unknown between the years of 1880 and 1890, tried to drain the whiskey from the barrels by boring holes through the warehouse floor. Something went wrong. The whiskey went everywhere but where intended. Someone struck a match to find the problem and correct it. A lot of good drinking whiskey went up in a flash. Hollywood needed a new depot minutes later." (Story told by D. Meek, Depot Agent, Hollywood, AL) (12)

January 19, 1892: *The Progressive Age* reports that "The M&C Railroad authorities have at last commenced to rebuild the depot at Hollywood."

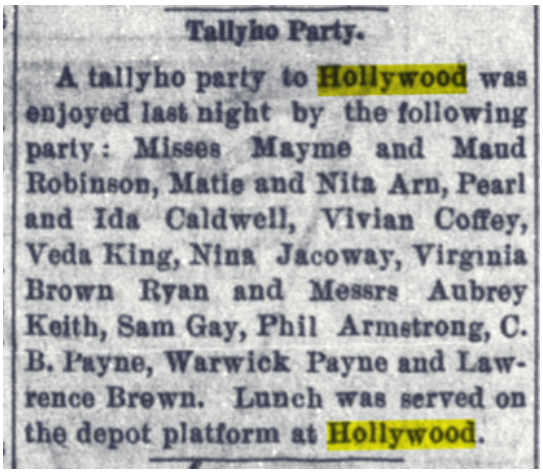
February 5, 1892: The Hollywood News section in *The Progressive Age* reports that "The new depot is progressing nicely, and we will soon have a good depot again." An M&C report notes that the new depot cost $1,103. This 1900 photo shows future Hollywood mayor Walter Johnson

as a nine-year-old sitting on his horse Tull with the depot in the background.

FUTURE MAYOR WALTER JOHNSON, AGE 9, WHO LIVED ACROSS THE ROAD IN THE JOHNSON/TATE HOUSE, ON HIS HORSE TULL IN 1900. SOURCE: BRADFORD FAMILY COLLECTION

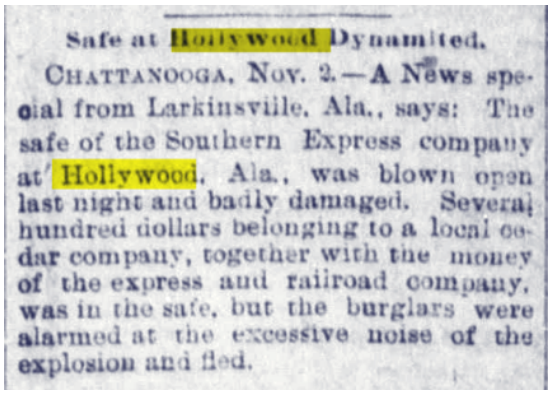
Notice the hook in front used to pick up mail. The poles in the photo support the telegraph.

1901: Sample newspaper articles from *The Scottsboro Citizen* and *The Progressive Age* about the Hollywood depot indicate that it is a busy place: site of a ladies' afternoon party (June 1901) and a burglary that involved blowing up the safe (November 1901).



Tallyho Party.

A tallyho party to Hollywood was enjoyed last night by the following party: Misses Mayme and Maud Robinson, Matie and Nita Arn, Pearl and Ida Caldwell, Vivian Coffey, Veda King, Nina Jacoway, Virginia Brown Ryan and Messrs Aubrey Keith, Sam Gay, Phil Armstrong, C. B. Payne, Warwick Payne and Lawrence Brown. Lunch was served on the depot platform at Hollywood.



Safe at Hollywood Dynamited.

CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 2.—A News special from Larkinsville, Ala., says: The safe of the Southern Express company at Hollywood, Ala., was blown open last night and badly damaged. Several hundred dollars belonging to a local cedar company, together with the money of the express and railroad company, was in the safe, but the burglars were alarmed at the excessive noise of the explosion and fled.

1905: G.H. Strickland was the depot agent and telegraph operator.

1910: On June 10, Dee Meek began his 47 year tenure as Hollywood's longest serving station master. Meek's tenure covered two world wars and ended on September 16, 1957, when he was killed in an automobile accident. Meek's son Jerry wrote several self-published volumes filled with his father's receipts, photos, and train-related humor and memorabilia.

STATION MASTER DEE MEEK IN HIS OFFICE IN APRIL 1941 (DATE ON THE CALENDAR). SOURCE: CITY HALL

1920: Hollywood is a busy rail stop. This photo from Paul Machen's collection shows a Hollywood bustling with the activity of the arriving train.

TRAIN 42 ARRIVING AT HOLLYWOOD IN 1920. SOURCE PAUL D. MACHEN

1940s: During the World Wars, nothing was more chilling than seeing the station master approach with a telegram. Bill Bradford, among others, remembered the sorrow of seeing Dee Meek approach a family's house during the wars. While there was no kinder man and finer neighbor, Bill recalled, seeing Dee Meek approach usually meant bad news. As telegrapher, Dee transcribed the dots and dashes of the telegraph into the news that devastated families' lives—a son in France who was captured, a brother serving in the Pacific whose plane was shot down, a mother who had died suddenly. Seeing Dee Meek ride past your house was like feeling the Death Angel pass you by. Reconciling the dread that Dee Meek engendered with the kind, friendly man who greeted his neighbors daily was difficult.

STATION MASTER DEE MEEKS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE LAST HOLLYWOOD DEPOT, BUILT ABOUT 1949.

Spring 1949: A Southern Railway report notes that the new depot opened. In this photo, Station Master Dee Meek is standing in the foreground. Bob Gilbert on Facebook reported that "the structure was originally built in the 1940s and remodeled after freight and passenger service ceased in Hollywood. When it was moved, the walls were pushed out of the edge of the roof and a few rooms were added to make it a house."

1957: On September 10, Station Master Dee Meek died in an automobile accident.

1964: All passenger service stopped. Trains no longer stopped on demand in Hollywood to pick up passengers or freight. The depot building was sold to Gordon Harris and Dewey Bryant and moved to a tract of land a mile northwest of the town. It was later sold to John and Ruby Odom who used it as their home.

2015: The depot building deteriorated and was used as a rental house. It was so severely damaged in a fire that it was subsequently burned to the ground by the Hollywood Fire Department.

BURNING OF THE OLD DEPOT BUILDING, 2015. PHOTO FROM MELINDA GILBERT VIA FACEBOOK.

Today: Freight trains thunder through Hollywood at regular intervals without so much as slowing down. Hollywood remains a key maintenance site for Southern Railway. Stacks of replacement ties fill the rail yard. Two years ago, the town turned into trailer city for a couple of weeks as a maintenance operation moved down the track. But this small town, born for the railroad, survives into the 21st century, home to a few and a source of fond memories for many more.

Notes:

(1) John Robert Kennamer, Sr. *History of Jackson County Alabama* (Southern Printing and PublishingL Winchester, TN,

1935, reprinted 1993 by Jackson County Historical Association), p. 39.
(2) Ann Chambless, *Jackson County Chronicles*, V26N2, April 2014, p.10.
(3) Kennamer, p. 168.
(4) Ann Chambless et. al., *Jackson County Chronicles*, N22 (July 12, 1980).
(5) Elizabeth McAlpin, "A look at the history of Hollywood," *Jackson County Advertiser*, Sept-Oct 1977. Sep 15, 1977.
(6) McAplin, September 15, 1977.
(7) Jack Daniel, *Southern Railway: Stevenson to Memphis* (Grandmother Earth Creations: Germantown, TN, 19) p. 313.
(8)Railroad Celebration Booklet, (Spring Park, Tuscumbia, AL) October 30, 1950. No pagination.
(9) Records of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.
(10) Chambless, 1980, p. 10.
(11) University of Alabama Maps, http://alabamamaps.ua.edu/historicalmaps/.
(12) Robert L. Meek, *Hollywood, Alabama and other Important Cities on Earth* (self-published, no date).
Other citations from period newspapers indicated inline.

Annette Norris Bradford

Annette Bradford and Paul Machen are writing a book about the history of Hollywood. This article is a part of that book. They are collecting photos and family histories. Information can be mailed to JCHA, 159 Bradford Road, Scottsboro, AL 35769 or emailed to jcha@scottsboro.org.

Proposed changes to JCHA bylaws

The following changes to three bylaws have been proposed by JCHA leadership and will be voted on by JCHA members attending the January quarterly meeting:

Article 1, Section 1 now reads in part: *The October meeting shall be the annual business meeting. Officers for the coming year shall be elected at this meeting. Those present at the annual meeting shall constitute a quorum.*

The amended bylaw will read: *Regular meetings will be held quarterly on a Sunday afternoon in January, April, July, and October, or at a time designated by the Executive Board. Officers for the coming year will be presented at the July quarterly meeting (unless there is no Historical Association trip in October). If there is no October trip, officers for the coming year will be presented at the October quarterly meeting. The membership will vote at the January quarterly meeting to accept the slate of officers along with nominations from the floor if those nominated agree to serve. Those members present at the October or January quarterly meeting shall constitute a quorum.*

Article VI, Section 3 now reads in part: *The officers shall be elected for one year or until their successors are elected.*

NOTE: Members of the Executive Board have proposed changing the term of officers from one year or until their successors are elected to two years or until their successors are elected and changing the meeting for election of officers from October to January if the association schedules a trip in October. The Executive Board members proposing these changes are: Jen Stewart, Kelly Goodowens, Susan Fisher and Ann Chambless.

The amended bylaw will read: *The officers shall be elected for two years or until their successors are elected. A slate of officers shall be presented by the nominating committee who will be appointed by the President. Nominations from the floor will be accepted.*

Article XI, Section 2 (Dissolution) now reads: *All monies and assets in the treasury, after liabilities, shall be paid forthwith by the Executive Board to the Scottsboro Public Library Board for use in developing and promoting the history room.*

The amended bylaw will read: *All monies and assets in the treasury, after liabilities, shall be paid forthwith by the Executive Board to the Scottsboro Railroad Depot for use in developing and promoting the depot.*