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The Jackson County Chronicles

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About this Publication:
The Jackson County Chronicles is published quarterly by The Jackson County Historical Association.
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Please renew your membership in the JCHA: Our renewals are trickling in very slowly this year. If your mailing label identifies you as **Please Renew** (meaning you were active in 2017) or **Expired** (meaning you've not been active since 2016), please renew for 2018 or convert to a life membership.

Our January Meeting: This quarter's JCHA meeting will feature two of our favorite folks: Joyce Money Kennamer and JCHA board member Judge John Graham. Joyce will speak about "The Rise and Decline of Skyline Colony," and John will talk about the time in 1998 when the bulldozers were ready to level historic Skyline School. This presentation was originally made to a group at the Skyline Heritage Association dinner last April. The meeting will be held on **Sunday, January 28, 2018 at 2:00 p.m.** at the Scottsboro Depot Museum.

Thanks to our guest contributors in this issue: Blake Wilhelm, archivist at Northeast Alabama Community College (NACC); Dr. David Campbell, president of NACC; and Betty Bouldin Knight, Fackler historian. They share their insights with our readers.

The Stevenson Rail Hotel was badly damaged in October . Speculation is that the rear of the building was struck by debris from a passing train. In his "State of the City" address for the city of Stevenson, Mayor Rickey Steele expressed doubt that the structure would be repaired. It is possible that the brick will be salvaged and used to build another, perhaps similar, structure. Jen Stewart is leading the JCHA's effort to preserve this structure.

The second AppalachiaBama podcast, produced by NACC's archives department, is now available online. The podcast focuses on Scottsboro singer Nolan Strong, an early pioneer in "Doo Wop" and R&B music. The podcast is linked from the JCHA web page **jchaweb.org**.

Erratum: Don Hodges, who provided the picture of Laurel Street used on page 7 of the October 2017 *Chronicles,* wishes us all to know that he is not nearly old enough to be in a photo taken in 1937, that the male child in the photo is his brother Tommy.

Tribute to Mr. John Neely

With the recent passing (December 3, 2017) of Mr. John Neely, members of the Jackson County Historical Association (JCHA) lost a great friend, one who had done much for the organization during a very important time. Mr. Neely was instrumental in helping save what has become one of the city of Scottsboro and the Tennessee Valley's signature buildings—the Scottsboro Freight Depot. In the mid-1990s the building was threatened with demolition, just as surely as it had been during that Civil War skirmish that occurred at the Depot in 1865. Only this time, it was officials of the Norfolk Southern Railroad Company, owners of the building, who had expressed their intention to demolish the building that they had come to consider a liability.

Recognizing the significance of the Scottsboro Depot, a number of citizens, most associated with the JCHA, began working to see what could be done to save this historic landmark. John Neely was one of those individuals, and his role in saving the Depot was important. Mr. Neely was a retired State Farm Insurance executive and friend of the Scottsboro mayor at the time, Mayor Louis Price. It was John Neely who worked with Mayor Price and City Planner Curtis Davis to create a plan to preserve the Depot for the city.

As these local political ties were maintained and support from the city secured, local citizens worked to convince Norfolk Southern officials and the public that the building should be preserved. These efforts took many forms, such as conducting research that showed that the Civil War skirmish was an intense battle that involved African-American Union troops who acted heroically; enlisting the aid of the Alabama Historical Commission, which declared the Depot a threatened Alabama treasure; bringing in the Auburn University DesignAlabama team to show how town development could occur that would feature the Scottsboro Depot; and gaining public support through news releases and articles which showed how important the Depot had been to the town. Eventually, these efforts culminated in the Depot being added to the National Register of Historic Places. Negotiations with the city and Norfolk Southern officials went on for some time until an agreement was reached.

Norfolk Southern Railroad officials eventually did decide that it would be in both their best interest and that of the city to donate the Depot building to the City of Scottsboro. Importantly, the city under Mayor Price's leadership and his advisor/friend John Neely were ready to take on the responsibility for the building with the understanding that the JCHA would manage and raise money to restore the building. John Neely's influence and political acumen were key to this happening. With his guidance, and that of Mayor Price, the City of Scottsboro and Norfolk Southern Railroad closed the deal on what previously had looked like mission impossible. Soon thereafter, Mr. Neely, myself, Mayor Price and others in the JCHA obtained a $10,000 grant for the City of Scottsboro (with a $10,000 match) from the Alabama Historical Commission to reroof the Depot building. It was felt that a new roof would stabilize the interior of the building and prevent further deterioration. This roof helped maintain the interior of the building until a new wave of preservationists could step forward years later and restore the building into the outstanding facility it is today. These preservationists, many still active today, have fought the third skirmish in the life of the Scottsboro Depot—raising the funds and doing the work to get the building restored. The history of the Depot is a fascinating one, as are the stories that went on behind the scenes to save the building from demolition.

There were certainly others involved in the early days of this "Save the Depot" effort. I recall Ms. Drenda King, Mr. Clyde Broadway, Mrs. Ann Chambless, and Mr. Bob Gamble with the Alabama Historical Association all being involved and playing important roles. Architect Harvie Jones of Huntsville helped with designs for the restoration of the building. (Please forgive me if I have failed to mention others who were involved.) Looking back, it is easy to see what an important role Mr. John Neely had in these efforts, and for those of us fortunate to know and work with him, we'll always remember his warmth, wisdom, wit, perseverance, and skill with people. Ultimately, John Neely left a lasting imprint on the people and town that he loved. He will be missed.

Dr. David Campbell

The Sand Mountain Pottery Tradition: Art from the Earth

The Potters' Legacy

Although already prized by collectors, and known as "East Alabama Pottery," it wasn't until the 1980s that the mystery of the origin of Sand Mountain pottery was unearthed. Collector and researcher Ron Countryman established that "East Alabama" pottery was a product of the Belcher's Gap community on Sand Mountain. Countryman discovered this fact while researching for the 1986 exhibition of Pottery from the Mountains of Alabama at the Bessemer Hall of History, which compared pottery from Sand Mountain and Sterret.

Improved transportation into Sand Mountain put an end to this artisan pottery making prior to World War I. Mass-produced pottery arrived from the North, and a stoneware manufacturing plant was built in nearby Fort Payne. All that remains of these potteries that produced such sought-after art are a few sherd piles spread throughout Jackson and DeKalb counties.

The Davidsons

Although the makers of stoneware on Sand Mountain in the late 19th and early 20th centuries considered their work to be functional and utilitarian, art collectors and scholars around the world covet the pieces today for their quality and aesthetic beauty. The work of several inter-connected families in the Belcher's Gap/Rodentown area of DeKalb County, Alabama is particularly prized.

The first of the potter families in this area was the Davidson (or Davison) family. Brothers Azel and Abraham Burdyne Davidson bought two tracts of land in the southeastern section of Sand Mountain and moved their families here from White County, Georgia around 1858. The brothers, along with Abraham's sons, Alvin Steele Davidson and Asberry F. Davidson, made large storage jars and jugs with a runny brown-green alkaline glaze that they sold locally. Jugs marked "ABD," "AFD," and "AWD" are common but many more pieces were not marked. Unmarked large storage jars are the most common Davidson pieces.

Abraham Davidson joined a Confederate unit just across the state line in Floyd County, Georgia and is said to have made wagons for the war effort. Azel and Asberry died in the war. The Reconstruction years were tumultuous in the upland South, with residents often ravaged by the armies of both sides. It was at some

time during these years that the Davidson family moved to the Brindlee Mountain area of Blount County, where they continued the tradition of producing high-quality stoneware.

Belcher's Gap

The precise time of the Davidson family's move is unknown, making it impossible to know if they ever worked alongside the next group of families to move to the Belcher's Gap/Rodentown area.

If these three families, the Belchers, Henrys and McPhersons, did not work alongside the Davidsons, news of the high-quality soil had undoubtedly made it to them while they were living in Randolph County, Alabama. They moved to Sand Mountain some time in the 1860s.

The pottery made by these three families is highly prized by collectors, and their work is the stoneware most often associated with the term "Sand Mountain pottery." These families produced "Alabama churns" with two strap handles on one side, and stoneware with a greener, shinier alkaline glaze than that produced by the Davidsons.

Other common distinguishing characteristics of these families' pottery tradition include a double-dipped two-tone effect, a wavy combing decoration, and a thumbnail indentation at the base of handles.

Stamps or script including references to Boaz or Duck Springs, or "D.S., Ala." are indicative of Belcher/Henry/McPherson pieces, as well. The most prominent potters of these families include Edmond T. Belcher (1817-97), his son, William T. Belcher (1846 -18), his sons-in-law Thomas Jefferson Henry (1837-21) and Archibald McPherson (1838-09), and his grandson E.E. McPherson (1860-42). Some of these pieces are signed "T.J. Henry", "W.T. Belcher," "A. McPherson," or "E.E. McPherson."

North Sand Mountain

By the late 19th century there were potteries springing up further north on Sand Mountain in the Bryant/Higdon area, with potters being drawn to the plateau's high-quality soil. Alabama pottery scholar Joey Brackner notes that "a signed alkaline-glazed jug marked "H.P. Davidson, Bryant Ala" suggests that Harwell Parks Davidson, the son of Cleburne County potter Eliab Davidson, worked in that area. An incised salt-glazed ring jug reads "W.W. Anderson" and "Anderson and Holcomb, Shaw, AL." "W.W. Anderson" was William Walker Anderson, son of potter Henry Anderson and brother-in-law of John Robert Holcomb, also a pottery maker.

The Anderson family arrived in the early 1880s with the move of Henry Anderson to Alabama from Georgia. They made pottery in the Bridgeport area of Jackson County, down the mountain from Shaw, Higdon, and Pisgah. John Robert Holcomb worked at Pisgah in 1895 and at the Fort Payne Pottery factory in DeKalb County in 1900.

Blake Wilhelm

The Sand Mountain Pottery exhibition was curated by Northeast Alabama Community College Archivist Blake Wilhelm. This article and accompanying photographs are drawn from his program notes.

For Further information on the Sand Mountain Pottery tradition see:

- Brackner, Joey. *Alabama Folk Pottery*. Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press, 2006.
- Brackner, Joey. *Encyclopedia of Appalachia*. "Sand Mountain Pottery." Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 2006.

Thomas Jefferson Bouldin, M.D.

Thomas Jefferson Bouldin was born August 12, 1878 in Warren County, TN, the son of John Bouldin (1828-1904) and Mary Ann Collins Bouldin (1843-1912). He was educated at Howard College; Vanderbilt University in Nashville; the University of the South at Sewanee; and Atlanta Medical College.

In 1903, he married Ora M. Rorex (1879-1954) in Jackson County and they had four children: Thomas Wyatt Bouldin (1903-1977), Herman Wyndom Bouldin (1905-1972), Helen Estelle Bouldin Morris (1907-1987), and James Howard Bouldin Ray (1908-1982), all born in Alabama while Thomas was practicing medicine in Hollywood. By 1910, the family had moved to St. John's, Arizona.

In March 1918, Dr. Bouldin joined the Army Medical Corps as a 1st Lieutenant and reported to Camp Funston in Manhattan, Kansas for training. During the war, he was badly gassed while rescuing fallen comrades from the front line trenches and never fully recovered from this injuries. He returned to St. John's in June 1919, just in time to help his county fight the Spanish flu. On March 4, the *St. John's Herald* reported that St. John's was flu free, "thanks to Dr. Bouldin's alertness and prompt and strict quarantine placed on all suspicious cases of illness."

Dr. Bouldin served as Apache County Superintendent of Health, traveling all over the county attending the sick and injured. He also helped his county fight a typhoid epidemic, which killed a number of workers on the Lyman Dam. In 1931 and 1932, he was a state senator for Apache County in Arizona.

He died September 16, 1939 at age 60 in St. John's, his health complicated by his war injury, and is buried in the Westside St. John's Cemetery in Apache County, AZ. His papers are held in the Apache County Historical Museum, the source of this photo and much of this information.

Betty Bouldin Knight

Dr. Bouldin's profile is part of the *Chronicles* ongoing commitment to honoring Jackson Countians who served in WWI during this centennial period. We are grateful to Betty Bouldin Knight for this information about her grandfather.

Clarence Bloomfield Moore and *The Gopher* in Jackson County

In imagining historical interactions that have taken place in Jackson County, the image of Clarence Bloomfield Moore, an eccentric Harvard-educated relic hunter and scion of a Philadelphia paper empire, departing his custom-built steamboat (emblazoned with its title "The Gopher") in 1914 and 1915 to ask local farmers whether he could dig on their property for Native American relics probably ranks near the top in terms of humor. This is the image that piqued my interest as I researched Moore for the first episode of the AppalachiaBama podcast.

Moore made trips up and down the Tennessee River, through Jackson County, on an archaeological expedition between January 1914 and April 1915. Moore was born January 14, 1852, to a wealthy Philadelphia family. His father owned and managed a successful paper business. Clarence's mother, the former Clara Jessup, was heavily involved in Philadelphia society and authored books on etiquette and advice to young women. Clarence was educated in Philadelphia, France, and Switzerland and entered Harvard at age 17, graduating with a B.A. in 1873. For five years following his graduation, Clarence travelled the world. He participated in big game hunts and safaris, travelled down the Amazon River in South America, and spent a period of time traveling across Asia. During these travels, Clarence injured his eye, and depending on who you believe, it either happened on a safari or when he was hit by a tennis ball.

In 1878, however, Clarence's father passed away, and he returned to Philadelphia to take over the family business. In the late 1880s, having amassed a great fortune, Moore turned over the business to others and pursued another great adventure—relic-hunting digs along the rivers of the Southeastern United States. In 1895, he had a custom steamboat built for this project in Jacksonville, Florida, and dubbed the vessel, appropriately, *The Gopher of Philadelphia*.

Moore's journeys took him across the entirety of the South, traveling many of the navigable rivers of the region. In 1913, he set out to explore the Tennessee River valley and worked on the project for the next few years. Although his journals read as if it were a single continuous trip, he didn't make just one pass down the river. He took notes and then compiled the notes into a single journal before publication. He used Chattanooga as a base of sorts for his travels through Jackson County and other nearby parts of the river. He made at least a few trips up and down the river through Jackson County in 1914 and 1915.

Moore's journal records a number of impressive discoveries at the Henry Island site near the modern-day Highway 431 bridge just north of Guntersville, as well as the Rodentown Mounds site further north and inland from the river, and at the Pine Island site near the Marshall-Jackson County, Alabama line. At Henry Island he discovered a sheet of copper crafted into an

ornament with an intricate depiction of a human face, appearing to be in ceremonial dress.

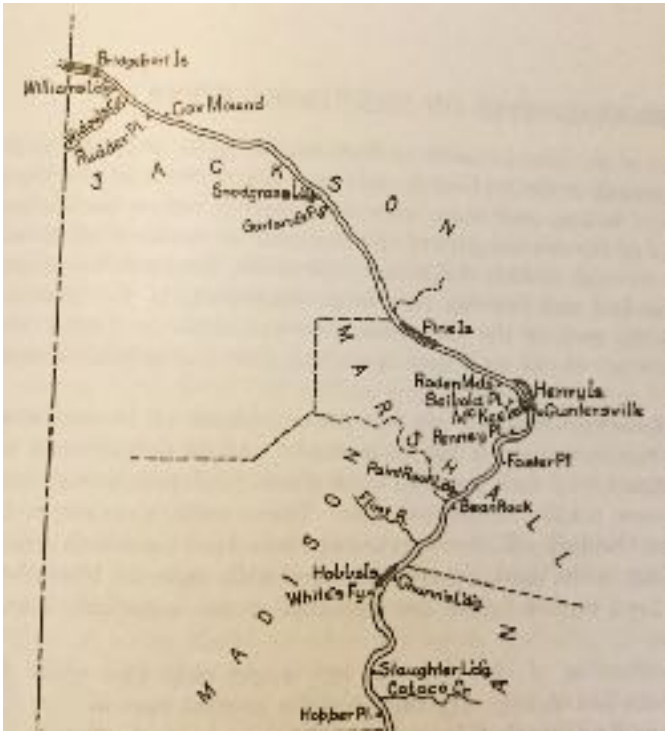
The Rodentown Mounds were located on the property of Mr. Benjamin Roden, who was very likely a descendant of several members of the Roden family (one of whom was named Benjamin) who were killed by a marauder named Ben Harris near this location on the day after Christmas, 1863. The event is detailed in Dr. John A. Wyeth's book, *With Sword and Scalpel,* where Wyeth uses this story to depict the horrible effects of the war on north Alabama, not only between regular armies, but also between bushwhackers on both sides and privateers out to take whatever they could from civilians.

For a lot of the farmers and townspeople, Moore was likely one of the only people from a place like Philadelphia, with a Harvard education no less, they had ever encountered. You can imagine that many folks were leery of Moore, and when he approached there likely weren't many people expecting him to request permission to dig for archaeological relics. The interactions probably made for some great comedy on both sides.

At Rodentown, Moore found beads believed to be made from a species of mollusk native, as Moore put it in his journal, "to Africa and the east." Those beads and how they made it to Marshall County have been the subject of some controversy among archaeologists, anthropologists, and historians since their discovery.

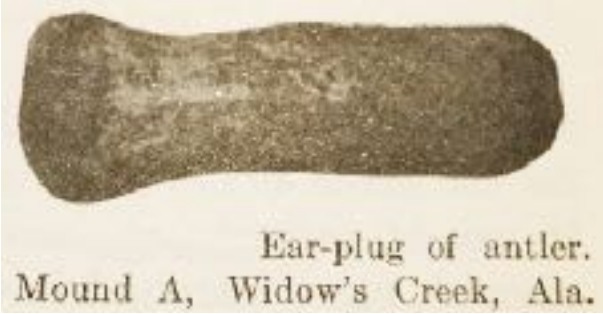
The Pine Island site was owned and farmed by Mr. J.C. Gunter of Bridgeport. Here, Moore discovered a mound and a dwelling site. A shell gorget with a popular rattlesnake design is a notable artifact taken from here. A gorget is a piece of ornamental jewelry that was worn on the neck or upper chest. Moore also found a jaw bone of a black bear in a refuse pile.

Moore's first stop in Jackson County was at Garland's Ferry on property owned by Mrs. Hattie Garland. Further up river, Moore was offered the opportunity to dig on the Snodgrass place, belonging to Mrs. Texas Snodgrass, but found the mounds to be heavily washed and worn and chose not to dig there.



A little further upriver, near the modern day Highway 117 Snodgrass Bridge, Moore found the estate of Mr. J. H. Cameron. Here, he found a 13-foot high mound with Mr. Cameron's barn sitting on top. On another nearby mound, Moore found an intricately engraved gorget similar to others archaeologists have found in middle Tennessee and the Tennessee valley in the years after Moore's work. This design, referred to as the "Cox Mound Gorget," bears a cross in the center, surrounded by a sun. The sun is surrounded by a four-sided, looped-square design. On the outside of each of the sides of the square is the depiction of a bird, probably either a red-headed woodpecker or an ivory-billed woodpecker (a species that was once thought to be extinct until recent sightings in Arkansas).

There is an entry for the Cox Mound Gorget in the online *Tennessee Encyclopedia of History and Culture* that further details this category of artifacts. The entry's author, Andrew Buchner, notes that the cross symbolizes the sacred or council fire, the sun represents the sky deity or mythical ancestors, and the looped square may represent the wind or the litter (a cart on which a chief was carried). The woodpeckers likely represent war.



Ear-plug of antler.
Mound A, Widow's Creek, Ala.

Upriver from Cox Mound, Moore inquired about digging mounds on the property of Mr. Hugh Rudder, but with the fields planted in wheat at the time of his visit, permission was denied. Near Widow's Creek, Moore found two mounds on the property of Mr. W. S. Allen of Bridgeport and was granted permission to dig there. A notable artifact discovered was an ear-plug made of antler. Moore also stopped upriver at the estate of Judge J. J. Williams, at a steamboat stop known as Lone Oak or Williams' Landing. Moore dug four mounds on this property.

Moore's final stop in Alabama was at Long Island, which is divided by the Alabama-Tennessee state line. The owner, Mr. John F. Brown, would not grant Moore permission to dig there, but showed him some celts and vessels from the island which Moore said were of "commonplace form." From here Moore's journal depict his travels upriver into Tennessee, through Chattanooga and beyond.

Moore has been criticized by some as being a grave robber. Others note that his practices were not in accordance with even archaeological best practices of his time, even though he kept meticulous notes and donated the bulk of his best artifacts. Most of the artifacts were donated to the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and then sold to the Museum of the American Indian in 1929. Photos of a few of the pieces Moore found in Jackson County can be found in digital collections online.

In the late 1990s and early 2000s, the University of Alabama Press re-published Moore's expedition journals with introductions and commentary from leading Southeastern archaeologists. His travels through Jackson County are depicted in the volume titled *The Tennessee, Green and Lower Ohio Rivers Expeditions of Clarence Bloomfield Moore*.

Blake Wilhelm

This article is adapted from the episode 1 of the AppalachiaBama Podcast "Clarence Bloomfield Moore and the Gopher in Jackson County." The ApplachiaBama Podcast is a production of the Northeast Alabama Community College Learning Resources Center's Archives and Special Collections. Our collections and the AppalachiaBama podcast focus on the history of Northeast Alabama. The latest episode of AppalchiaBama may be accessed at www.nacc.edu/community/library.

Photos of Moore from findagrave. Photo of *The Gopher* from The Dispatch (cdidispatch.com). Remaining photos from *The Tennessee, Green and Lower Ohio Rivers Expeditions of Clarence Bloomfield Moore*.

Further Reading:

- Buchner, C. Andrew. "Cox Mound Gorget," *The Tennessee Encyclopedia of History and Culture*, http://tennesseeencyclopedia.net/entry.php?rec=325.
- Mitchem, Jeffrey M. "Clarence Bloomfield Moore (1852–1936)," *The Encyclopedia of Arkansas History and Culture,* http://www.encyclopediaofarkansas.net/encyclopedia/entry-detail.aspx?entryID=574.
- Moore, Clarence B. The Tennessee, *Green and Lower Ohio Rivers Expeditions of Clarence Bloomfield Moore*. Tuscaloosa: The University of Alabama Press, 2002.

An 1883 rail trip through Jackson County

Reprinted as written from *The Alabama Herald* newspaper of Thursday August 30, 1833 (Volume XVI No 33, Page 2).

In traveling from Chattanooga, Tennessee west over the Nashville and Chattanooga RR, the state line is crossed from Tennessee into Alabama. In a short distance after passing Shellmound, Tennessee, it is said that the celebrated Nickojack Cave, in sight of the road at Shellmound, is where the states of George and Alabama corner and in sight of the Tennessee state line.

Carpenter Station: Carpenter is the first place of business after entrance upon the railroad. It has a depot, post office, stores and other business establishments. It is a point of shipment and the place where a considerable population in the valley and on the mountains are supplied with mail matter. It is a healthy little village between Sand Mountain and the Tennessee River.

Bridgeport: Bridgeport is the point on the Tennessee River where it is crossed by the magnificent bridge of Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad. The town is on a high river bluff, with the mountain valley and river scenery unsurpassed in beauty. The town has been rapidly improving for several years. The old buildings are one by one retiring from view, and some of the most tasteful and commodious residences in our county at present are to be seen in Bridgeport and vicinity. It is destined to be a considerable town at no distant day, as its look is upward and its course outward.

Copenhagen: From Bridgeport, the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad has a branch road running up the river and penetrating Sequachie Valley. At the point where it crosses our county and state line is the new business point, Copenhagen, where there is some mercantile and mechanical business carried on.

Stevenson: On the main trunk, 10 miles from Bridgeport, and where the Memphis and Charleston joins the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad is the town of Stevenson. Stevenson is elevated and healthy. It has an enchanting valley and mountain scenery. It is a place of considerable mercantile trade, and the merchants of Stevenson, as a class, have been the most successful of any in our county. William and Emma Austin College located at Stevenson is the best public school building in Jackson County. Public spirit, liberality, enterprise and united effort on behalf of the land owners in and around the town offer all that we conceive to be necessary for the rapid advancement of her population and material enlargement at the town of Stevenson.

Bass Station: Passing Stevenson on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, the only business point is Bass Station, with stores, post office and other business houses, in a good agricultural section of the county.

Fackler Station: Leaving Stevenson on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, Fackler Station is reached in the distance of six miles. It is the railroad point of John R. Coffey, the Roaches, Washingtons and a number of prominent land owners on the Tennessee River, and R.A. Coffey, Judge Tate and others on the North side of the road. It is now and will continue to be a place of considerable business.

Bellefonte Station: Six miles from Fackler, west, on the railroad is Bellefonte Station. It is the nearest point of the railroad and station to Bellefonte, the old county site of Jackson County. The chief business is still done and the post office remains at Bellefonte.

Scottsboro: Scottsboro is the next business point from Bellefonte Station on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. It became the county seat of Jackson County by an act of the legislature of the state in 1868. From the point on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad where the county and state line is crossed by that road to Stevenson, and thence by the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, it is about 33 miles to Scottsboro and from Scottsboro to where the Memphis & Charleston Railroad crosses the county line into Madison County is about 25 miles. The public buildings, brick courthouse and

jail are far above an average in our State. The town is accessible in all directions. It is on an elevation bordered by mountains and has a reputation for health unsurpassed by any town in its latitude. Real estate is low in the town and vicinity. There is a new building for the school of high order, a Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and an Episcopal church. There are many inducements for the location of good citizens, either in town or its suburbs, where good people are generously welcomed from any section of this or from any foreign country.

Larkinsville: The next point coming West, from Scottsboro, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, near six miles is the town of Larkinsville, in a beautiful valley of land. There is a considerable mercantile business done in Larkinsville, and it is one of the largest shipping points in the county. W. R. Larkin, the largest producer of thoroughbred stock, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs in the county or state, resides here, and has his extensive farm adjacent to the town. Dr. B.B. Smith has here a fine flouring mill, sawmill, planing mill and other machinery at this point.

Limrock: Continuing west from Larkinsville, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, we reach Limrock, formerly known at Boyd's Switch in about four miles. At this point are the extensive works of F.O. Hurt and Co., mills, stave factory and other manufacturing establishments of the Messrs. Gordon and others. From this point, the Memphis and Charleston Railroad has a branch road running out and in communication with the Belmont Coal Mines, a distance of some five or six miles. A number of the most intelligent, refined, and enterprising people of the county reside in Limrock, and it bids fair to be a considerable town in the near future.

Woodville: Seven miles west of Limrock, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, is the old town of Woodville, that is a quiet old place in a good neighborhood. There are several stores and considerable trade there.

Paint Rock Station: The last town or business point in the county of Jackson, continuing west, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, and about five miles from Woodville and 22 from Scottsboro, is Paint Rock Station. There are stores, shops, and valuable mill property at this point. It is accessible to the great Paint Rock Valley without crossing mountains.

We have only enumerated, so far, the towns, villages and points of business along the railroads in Jackson County. Paint Rock, one of the richest of the grand geographical sections of the county, has several business points, and so with Maynard's Cove, and on the south side of the Tennessee River in Coffey Town Valley, and in the valley above and on Sand Mountain, there are stores, mills, and mechanic shops.

A glance at the number of places of business will give a stranger a faint idea of the geography of the county, and will explain fully the reason that our towns are not larger. The conveniences of our people and the great extent of our lines of railroads prevent a concentration of business at any one point in the county.

Editor's Note: In last quarter's *Chronicles*, we worked from multiple sources to present a comprehensive list of Memphis & Charleston (M&C) Railroad depots in Jackson County. The 1883 piece transcribed here is more comprehensive because it includes depots north of the Memphis & Charleston's terminus in Stevenson where the M&C joined the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad. Carpenter Station, Bridgeport, Copenhagen, and Bass Station., all north of Stevenson, were under the management of the Nashville & Chattanooga.

The piece makes no mention of the M&C stop known as Stephen's Gap, between Woodville and Limrock, which had been included in an M&C inventory published 20 years earlier. Apparently, plans for a depot at Stephen's Gap never materialized. By 1872, the site was being used only as a fuel and water stop.

The Alabama Herald, from which his piece entitled "Jackson County, Ala. Further Described:Towns, Villages, and Business Points in Jackson County," was excerpted, began publication in Scottsboro in 1866. Its editor was Alexander Snodgrass (1820-1897).

Red Sharp

Even by the standards of a community that has valued and even nurtured eccentricity, Oakley "Red" Sharp made his mark.

A lack of formal education (by many accounts, he left school in the third grade, although the 1940s census data indicates he made it through the seventh grade) and marginal literacy (he signed checks, but relied on others to write them for him), he became one of the county's most financially prosperous men and is remembered as one of our most gregarious and likable citizens.

He was born on June 6, 1918 in Trenton. By the age of 12, his family was living in the Tupelo community. By then, he was done with school and working as a logger, using a team of mules to transport felled trees to the mills. By age 20, Sharp worked on county roads for the Workers' Progress Administration (WPA), a Roosevelt "New Deal" program. During the second world war, he was employed at the Oak Ridge, TN plants.

In 1952, he established Red Sharp Sand and Gravel with one bulldozer and two used dump trucks. His business grew rapidly to include a concrete plant on Willow Street, a rock quarry outside Hollywood, and a river landing for the shipment of sand and gravel near the Bellefonte nuclear plant.

Red Sharp's skills in applied math were legendary. In the mid-1970's when the Scottsboro Board of Education was planning the construction of Trammell Stadium, Dicky Holder was teaching math at adjacent Scottsboro High School. Holder remembers, "When they started building Trammel Stadium. Me, Mrs. (Fay) Sanders, and Mrs. (Ava) Porch where math teachers at the time. Mr. (Ray) Collins brought Red down there, and said "Red, this is where we want to put it." Red got out of his pickup and was bent over looking between his legs. Ray Collins thought Red had lost his mind. Red said 'OK, Hon, I'll give you a price on it.' I found out later what he was doing: he was finding the level of the land and looking to see how much fill it was going to take. So Ray Collins gets me, Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Porch to figure up how many truck loads it was going to take, told us how much each truck would hold. So we all figured it. They gave us the angles and stuff. We weren't even close. Red missed it only five or six truckloads, just by looking between his legs."

Later, when Holder questioned Sharp about his methods, Sharp told him, "I was getting the level of the land. That's the way the old folks used to get the level of the land. You can't stand and get the level. You've got to lean over and look between your legs."

Sharp's technical acumen was bolstered by a keen knowledge of people and human nature as well. He once placed a bid for excavation work at the head of Coon Creek. Red Sharp attended the bid opening, but minutes before the unsealing of the bids, he walked forward and asked to have his bid returned. He opened the envelope, unsealed it, and added $25,000 to the bid. His business partner was incredulous. Red explained to him, "You see that man there? He's the inspector. He'll break whoever gets the bid." Red lost the bid, and the winner went bankrupt.

Red loved negotiating, and when Red and the client were within a comfortable distance of agreeing on an amount, Red liked to settle the matter by pitching pennies. The penny closest to

a sidewalk crack or a wall would have his offer accepted. Red was very good at pitching pennies, by all accounts.

Chuck Anderson and Judge RI Gentry leading Red Sharp's funeral procession in 1988, from *The Daily Sentinel*

Perhaps Red is best remembered for his love of exotic animals. It's said that his love of mules harked back to his logging days. He raised prize mules on his farm near his quarry outside Hollywood. A team of Red Sharp mules with Red behind the reins was a common sight at county parades.

Notably, though, Red wanted a zebra. He located one in Texas. "I believe he paid $5,000 for it," recalls Paul Machen. Red put mattresses in the livestock trailer and tied ropes around the zebra's neck so he wouldn't thrash around. Unfortunately, the zebra was choked to death by the restraints during the trip. Red was not deterred by the zebra's death and bought a second, presumably in Texas.

Everyone who knew livestock advised Red against getting the zebra. Zebras were untamable, Red was told, and "Old Zebe," the animal Red set himself out to domesticate, proved they were pretty much right. Paul Machen recalls "It took him a long time to work him (Zebe) with a burro. Red got him so he would pull the wagon with another sorrel mule. He never could break all the wildness out of him, though. He'd take off running and run right though a barbed wire fence. Cut himself all up."

Red's zebra was finally well enough subdued that he could work alongside a docile mule in several parades, and Red decided to add a second zebra to the stable. He took a remarkable step toward acquisition: he flew to Nairobi, Kenya to acquire one from the wild.

His traveling companion, Cecil Ashburn, recalls, "We finally reached Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, where we contacted some officials and they almost laughed us out of the country. 'You can't tame a zebra,' they told us. Red showed them some pictures and they laughed ever harder. 'You have painted stripes on one of your mules,' they said. As you might guess from his nickname, redheaded Red had a short temper. He was about ready to declare war or at least start a fist fight with the prime minister or whoever or whatever he was."

Red and his traveling companion left the capital and travelled the savannah to the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro. There, seeing zebras in the wild, Red abandoned his quest, deciding the zebras would "rather run free here than go to work in Jackson County, Alabama." Disgusted by the bureaucracy and touched by the beauty of the landscape, Red returned home to a stable filled with several mules but only one zebra.

Red was adept at dealing with all manner of unruly animals. He was contracted to round up feral cattle on Bellefonte Island in advance of the TVA construction there. He and his hands were paid $35 a head. They road horseback and roped the cattle rodeo style. Red pursued one troublesome bull into the night, well after his fellow ropers had called it a day. Six hours later and well into the night, he finally had the bull roped. "You couldn't tell Red he couldn't do something," several interviewees said, "He'd show you he could."

Although he owned and rode one of the finest "cutting" horses in the county, Red had some trouble staying in the saddle. He had a seat belt attached to his saddle and good-naturedly endured the ridicule of his fellow ropers.

Based on his proven expertise, Red erected a sign up in the local stockyard claiming "We catch anything or we haul anything." His greatest test came when he was contracted to haul an elephant to El Paso. He modified a livestock trailer by cutting the top off it and adding a few feet to the sides. The elephant, named Barry for his appearances in political rallies for Barry Goldwater, was loaded into the trailer without incident. Red backed the trailer up to a building for the evening to insure that the elephant couldn't burst open the rear door.

Dicky Holder remembers, "That next morning, I'm in my classroom, and [principal] Ray Collins comes to the door. He said 'Your elephant's loose. They need you up there to help them.' I said, 'Mr. Collins, I can't, I've got a class to teach.' He said, 'I'll find somebody to teach your class.' He loaded me up in the car, and the police were up there with their guns drawn. All they had back then were little old 38's. I said if y'all hit him with that, all you're gonna do is make him mad." Red and his crew finally corralled the elephant by winding a trailing leg chain around a utility pole.

Dicky advised Red, "Maybe we ought to take down that sign (the one reading 'We catch anything or we haul anything')." Red refused.

Red also loved racing. He owned a dirt track near the Tawasentha Drive-In that operated in the early 1950's. The "grandstands" consisted of concrete blocks with 2x8-inch boards laid across them. On one occasion, a car burst through the flimsy railing and ran through the bleachers. No one was reported injured.

Richard Mathews recalls, "I remember visiting one of his race car garages where the old Ann's Motel was located on Willow Street and that Ralph Holloway worked on his cars and Don Hicks drove some for him. He also had drivers Friday Hassler and Nero Steptoe." Friday Hassler was killed in one of the 1972 qualifying races for the Daytona 500.

The web site "Ultimate Racing History" lists cars owned by Red Sharp as participating in 50 NASCAR Grand National events. The site credits Red's racing partner Hassler with another 30 races, listing the outcome of his final appearance at Daytona with a status of "accident."

Red Sharp and driver Nero Steptoe

Red himself had done a bit of racing in his early years. He was severely injured while testing one of his cars on Tupelo Pike and spent the rest of his life wearing long sleeve shirts to cover the disfiguring burn scars.

He died at age 69 on May 30, 1988 after a bout with cancer. His funeral cortege consisted of his coffin drawn through the streets of Scottsboro by two mules in a wagon built by his close friend, Jackson County Probate Judge R.I. Gentry.

Red Sharp, who was childless, was survived by his wife, Zelma Bellomy Sharp, two sisters, and several nieces and nephews.

David Bradford

-The story of Red Sharp's African trip is detailed in *Old Huntsville* magazine, although the date of publication of the Cecil Ashburn piece is missing from the copy I acquired.
- Thanks to Dicky Holder, Paul Machen, Porky Holder, Terry Green, John Snodgrass, and Richard Matthews for source information.
- Photos provided by The Daily Sentinel and John Snodgrass.

Laying Aside Our Crowns: The Death of Women's Hats

In the days when women did not so consistently "work outside the home," they had an entire wardrobe of hats. Hats for shopping. Hats for church. Hats for funerals. Summer hats. Winter hats. Hats that matched their outfits. Hats to keep the sun away. Rough hats for gardening. Hats that make you look taller or covered up a bad hairdo. The justifications were infinite.

PIKEVILLE PENCIL MILL, 1901, PHOTO FROM P. D. MACHEN.

This 1901 picture of women who worked in the Pikeville Pencil Mill shows that even women desperate enough to "work outside the home" wore hats to work, probably to protect themselves from the sun. Since women who worked for a living in 1901 would have been disrespected by their more prosperous non-working sisters, you can be sure these hats were not mere fashion statements.

Most women today work not to find personal fulfillment but because they *need* to work to help support their families. Working women have little time for such foolishness as choosing the proper hat for the occasion. Even church, the last bastion of hats, has become more informal as church attire has become more informal, with causal clothes on Sunday being a way to encourage younger families who were burdened by dressing constantly growing children in suits and ties and crinolines to participate in traditional religious services. And this modern tradition has been the death of hats in most churches.

Church hats certainly started as the ritual covering of one's head to show humility before God, or even Allah, if you count a Muslim hijab as a type of "hat." The Wikipedia discussion of this topic notes that "Christian head covering is the veiling of the head by women in a variety of Christian traditions. Some cover only in public worship, while others believe they should cover their heads all the time. The biblical basis for head coverings is found in 1 Corinthians 11:2–16. Although the head covering was practiced by most Christian women until the latter part of the 20th century, it is now a minority practice among contemporary Christians in the west." (1)

In this discussion a *veil* is defined as "an article of clothing or hanging cloth that is intended to cover some part of the head or face, or an object of some significance. Veiling has a long history in European, Asian, and African societies. The practice has been prominent in different forms in Judaism, Christianity and Islam. The practice of veiling is especially associated with women and sacred objects, though in some cultures it is men rather than women who are expected to wear a veil. Besides its enduring religious significance, veiling continues to play a role in some modern secular contexts, such as wedding customs." (2)

There is even a psychology of hats. Renowned costume historian James Laver hypothesized that as the influence of women rose, so did their hats and conversely, as men were "subjugated," the size of their hats decreased. He made much of Victorian men's top hats when men were the unopposed kings of their castles, as opposed to today's male hat of choice—the baseball caps, which Laver describes as "pieces of fabric that lay limply on the head with no superstructure to give them shape." Sigh....Sometimes, I think, to paraphrase Freud, a hat really is just a hat. (3)

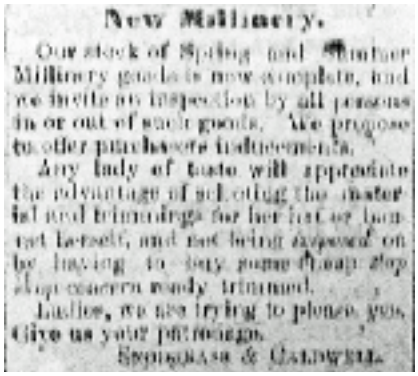
But ultimately, it is sad to have lost ornamental headwear from our lexicon of fashion, both for men and women. Nothing is as distinctive as Humphrey Bogart/Sam Spade's fedora in film noire mysteries (unless it is his ubiquitous cigarette), and when a man shows up in a hat, as Cam Newton frequently does, it causes a stir. In fact, there is a page on sbnation.com devoted to "the complete 2017 Cam Newton hat rankings," a scouting report on the flamboyant player's headwear. (4)

Today our hats are largely functional. They keep us warm in the winter and cool in the summer. They shield us from the sun's unkind, cancer-causing, wrinkle-inducing rays. Or they are ceremonial—mortar board hats for graduation and veils for weddings. Hats as "crowns," functioning as pure adornment or courtship plumage, no longer exist. But all of this is not to take away from the role that women's hats have played in the growth of Jackson County, and that is the subject of this article.

Jackson County Milliners

From the earliest days of Jackson County, women appreciated their hats and were attracted to establishments that offered millinery departments, though it is fair to say that the real heyday for hats in Scottsboro was 1880 to 1910. During this time, every serious retailer of women's clothing needed the service of a competent milliner to attract female shoppers.

In the 1860 census, the town of Bellefonte had a woman who listed her profession as milliner. Ralph Mackey crawled through period documents and newspapers and produced this list of full-time milliners in Jackson County:


New Millinery.

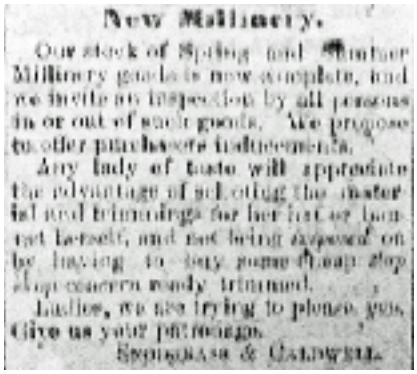
Our stock of Spring and Summer Millinery goods is now complete, and we invite an inspection by all persons in or out of such goods. We propose to offer purchasers inducements.

Any lady of taste will appreciate the advantage of selecting the material and trimmings for her hat or bonnet herself, and not being exposed to be having to buy some cheap stock concern ready trimmed.

Ladies, we are trying to please you. Give us your patronage.

Snodgrass & Caldwell.

- **Bellefonte**: Elizabeth J. Eaton
- **Scottsboro**: Mrs. M. W. Ellis & Company; Mary Jane Jordan; W. L. Moody; Parks & Company;
  Miss Sarah Rosson; and Mrs. Sue Mae Powell
- **Hollywood**: Mrs.Clara Benham and Mrs. H. V. Hudson
- **Stevenson**: Miss Lizzie Hopkins and Mrs Leona Merritt
- **Bridgeport**: Mrs. E. J. Hall
- **Larkinsville**: Mrs. J. N. Higginbotham and Miss Birdie Dollar
- **Langston**: Mrs. Mattie McCormick


New Millinery.

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Ladies, we are trying to please you. Give us your patronage.

Snodgrass & Caldwell.

In 1880, competition was fierce for the hat-buying dollar. The 1880 newspapers carried ads from S.A. Cross in Nashville and Loveman's and Mrs. Jane Weaver in Chattanooga who all advertised in the local newspapers. Mrs. A. Herstein opened her millinery business in Huntsville opposite the Huntsville Hotel in September 1881. Department Stores like Snodgrass and Caldwell were compelled to hire milliners and tailors of women's clothes.

With dedicated milliners in town, general stores like Snodgrass and Caldwell in the 1883 *Alabama Herald* compelled women to give them consideration. In an article titled "New Millinery" Snodgrass and Caldwell invited potential customers to inspect their materials and trimmings. The final appeal, directed at the hat shopper, said "Ladies, we are trying to please *you*. Give us your patronage."

The July 1901 *Alabama Mercantile Agency Reference Book* by Dun Merchantile listed all the businesses in the county and found these milliners: Mrs. E. J. Hall in Bridgeport, Mrs. Clara Benham in Hollywood, M. W. Ellis and Company in Scottsboro, and Miss E. Hopkins in Stevenson. In the 1923 version of the same book listed these: Mrs. Mattie McCormick in Langston (whose husband owned the general store) and Miss Lizzie Hopkins in Stevenson.

By searching the **1900** census for milliners, this group of women was found.
- Mollie Brown in Langston (profiled below)
- Mrs Olive Dewberry, a 35-year-old widow in Larkinsville, boarding with the William and Mary Shelton family
- Lucy Hall, profiled with her mother Eliza Hall, as a 23-year-old woman living in Bridgeport
- Janie Hood, a 25-year-old single woman born in South Carolina who is boarding with William and Hattie Moody (Mr. Moody operated a Dry Goods business, so she is probably his milliner)
- Sue Ingalls, a 26-year-old single woman living with her widowed father Edward and a number of siblings in Paint Rock.
- Moses Swaim. This is the strangest. Moses is at this time a 23-year-old man listed in the census with the occupation "Clerk (Milliner)," living with his parents in Collins. This is not the Mose Swain who will later figure prominently in Scottsboro. By 1920, this Moses has gone to work for the railroad as a pullman conductor and in 1930 is a storekeeper in Tennessee. This is the only male milliner I have found.

In the **1910** census, these milliners are found:
- Effie Crabtree, a 26-year-old single woman from Kentucky boarding with the Patrick and Margaret Woodall family. Mr. Woodall seems to own a dry goods business, and one of his sons works in the business. Effie returns to Kentucky and is a clerk in a dry good store in 1930 but never marries.
- Eliza and Lucy Hall of Bridgeport, profiled below.
- Lizzie Hopkins, a 40-year-old single woman in Stevenson boarding with the widow Mary Rosser and her daughter's family, profiled below.
- Ella Mason, a 34-year-old single woman in Rash living with her parents and working at a general store
- Gertrude Taylor, a 23-year-old single (probably divorced) woman living with her parents

In the **1920** census, the only new name of a woman who identifies herself as a milliner is Bobbie Hodges Precise, the 32-year-old daughter of James F. and Laura Wood Hodges living with her parents in Woodville, who says in the census that her occupation is milliner in a department store. By 1930, the number of milliners had dropped off substantially, though two of the area's most renowned milliners are practicing their craft in Scottsboro after that time: the Rosson sisters and Sue Mae Freeman Powell.

Who were these women who ventured outside their homes into the world of commerce in an era when "nice" women did not work? And why did they do it? With notable exceptions like Mrs. M. W. Ellis and Sue Mae Powell (who introduced working from home), early milliners were widows or unmarried women. Without a husband to provide for them, or perhaps the education or inclination to teach, they used their keen eyes for decorative arts and perhaps with a business stake from a relative or an insurance policy, they set themselves up in the business of making hats.

Consider these statistics from Ben Watenberg's PBS series and book of the same name *The First Measured Century: An Illustrated Guide to Trends in America 1900-2000*. In his discussion of working women, he notes one of the trends of the century was married women entering the paid workforce in large numbers. "In 1900, only 6 percent of married women worked outside the home, usually when their blue-collar husbands were unemployed. Among wives with children at home, very few worked at all. Almost half of single women held jobs, but they usually stopped working when they married or, at the latest, when they got

pregnant, and most never worked for pay again. About a third of widowed and divorced women worked, typically out of economic necessity." (5) To this, I might add that many were pulled into jobs as milliners by husbands working as dry goods merchants.

Let's look at our county milliners to determine whether they do or do not fit this pattern.

1860: Elizabeth J. Eaton of Bellefonte

The earliest detailed federal census for Jackson County, 1860, lists among the plasterers, brick masons, and makers of cabinets and wagons, nine dry goods merchants, the kinds of general purpose shops that would have included women's clothing. The most reliable source of information about women's hats in the 1860s is from early photographs. Hats from the 1860s look very similar to these. (6) These hats are all variations on the same type of headwear called a spoon bonnet—hats built on a stiff frame, usually decorated by flowers. The leftmost bonnet includes a cover, indicating either mourning or a desire not to lose one's bonnet in the wind.

Our earliest documented milliner, Bellefonte hatmaker Elizabeth Eaton, was a 27-year-old wife from Tennessee married to farmer Joseph Eaton from Pennsylvania who is listed in the 1850 census as having four children under 7 (Albert, Alice, Ann, and Arthur) all born in Alabama, meaning the Eatons were in Bellefonte by at least 1833. Her husband was a man of some means. By the 1860 census, she was apparently a widow with three children still at home, and she lists her occupation in the 1860 census as a milliner.

By 1870, she has vanished; she has either died or, more likely, moved back to Tennessee and remarried. Her son Albert went to work for the railroad and died in Bristol, TN is 1915. Her son Arthur was a farmer and died in 1929 in Limestone County, AL. If she survived the Civil War, she likely moved with one of her children.

1880: Mrs. Mary J. Kirby Jordan and her sister Lizzie Kirby Skelton in Scottsboro


Millinery Goods

GOOD BARGAINS:

For fifty cents.

Mrs. MARY J JORDAN.

When Ann Chambless wrote her stroll through Scottsboro before 1881 based on Elizabeth Snodgrass's recorded memories of early Scottsboro in the July 2006 *Chronicles*, she noted the Mary Jane Jordan's Millinery Emporium was located on North Railroad Avenue, diagonally across from the freight depot and next door to the office of the newspaper, the *Alabama Herald*.

Mary Jane Kirby was the daughter of Andrew Jackson Kirby (1815-1895) and Jane Gossett Kirby (1829-1905). She was born in March 1850 and on May 6, 1873 married James D. Jordan who was born in Tennessee, the son of the influential Scottsboro family of James Monroe Jordan Sr. (who was a county commissioner) and Sarah Jordan. James had a number of siblings who were active in business both in Scottsboro and elsewhere in the county. Elizabeth Snodgrass recalled that Mr. Jordan "had beautiful long whiskers." This young couple lived in old Scottsboro with the W. H. Payne family as as neighbors, along with the Wiley Cotton, J. A. Hargiss, B. A. Phillips and R. C. Hunt families. J. D. Jordan is a farmer and his wife is a

milliner. They never had any children of their own but in 1880 have a fourteen-year-old adopted daughter Margaret O'Neal living with them.

Mrs. Jordan's millinery business was operating at least by 1880. In the 1880 census, she specifies that her occupation is "milliner." Her millinery shop was lost in the February 17, 1881 fire, one of three properties belonging to her husband that perished. By March 1881, the *Scottsboro Citizen* reports that she has opened a new shop in a different location: "Mrs. Mary J. Jordan is now established at the Spottswood place, fully prepared to supply any demand in the Millinery line. She will soon receive her New Spring Goods, which she wishes her friends and patrons to examine." And her husband rebuilt. The *Citizen* reported on May 19, 1881, "James Jordan Jr., is having a two-story house built on his lot in the "burnt district." The October 21, 1881 *Citizen* reports that Mrs. Jordan has moved to the west side of the square.

Removal.

I HAVE REMOVED to the house recently occupied by S. H. Hunt, and have just received a full and complete stock of everything kept in the

MILLINERY LINE

Would call special attention to my New stock of Plain and Brocaded Silks, Satin and Silk Velvet Goods of all colors. Everything in the latest styles and most fashionable colors for the season. Call and purchase while you have a full stock to select from.

MARY JORDAN.

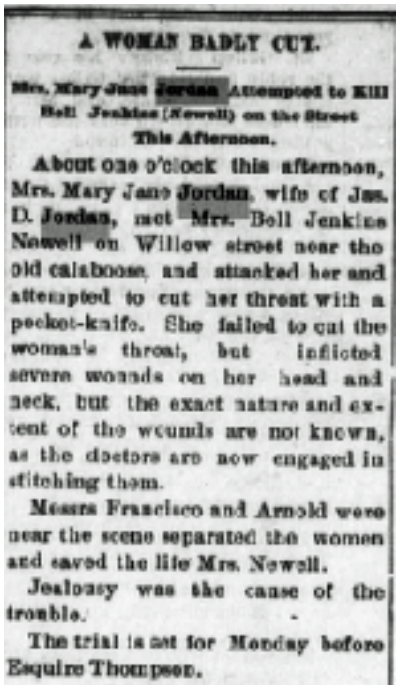
(North-west Side Public Square)

SCOTTSBORO, - - ALA.

oct27-tf

The August 30, 1883 *Scottsboro Citizen* included a notice that Mrs. Jordan had opened a new hat shop with a partner: her sister Lizzie Kirby Skelton. "Mrs. S. E. Skelton and M. J. Jordan will open a millinery and dressmaking establishment in this place in a few days." She was still in business in 1886, when an ad in the November 25, 1886 *Citizen* noted that she had just received a new lot of children's hats, priced 15 cents.

But things fell apart for Mary Jane Kirby Jordan and Lizzie Kirby Skelton. On May 29, 1885, the *Courier-Journal* of Louisville, KY ran a story on page 5 with the headline "The Pretty Milliner and Her Pistol" which went on to say, "Mrs. Skelton, a milliner, met Henry Bynum, a merchant, on the street about 5 o'clock this evening and shot at him four times with a pistol, one shot taking effect in his shoulder. Mrs. Skelton charges Bynum with defaming her character." The *Memphis Daily Appeal* reported the 1885 shooting and also commented on May 27, 1885, "Two years ago, her sister, Mrs. Jordan, shot at Bynum with a shotgun for the same offense. Mrs. Skelton surrendered immediately after the shooting."



A WOMAN BADLY CUT.

Mrs. Mary Jane Jordan Attempted to Kill Bell Jenkins (Newell) on the Street This Afternoon.

About one o'clock this afternoon, Mrs. Mary Jane Jordan, wife of Jas. D. Jordan, met Mrs. Bell Jenkins Newell on Willow street near the old calaboose, and attacked her and attempted to cut her throat with a pocket-knife. She failed to cut the woman's throat, but inflicted severe wounds on her head and neck, but the exact nature and extent of the wounds are not known, as the doctors are now engaged in stitching them.

Messrs Francisco and Arnold were near the scene separated the women and saved the life Mrs. Newell.

Jealousy was the cause of the trouble.

The trial is set for Monday before Esquire Thompson.

Then, on Thanksgiving day in 1900, Mary Jane was involved in a second violent attack. The *Scottsboro Citizen* reported on successive weeks at the top of the front page, "Bell Jenkins Newell was badly cut in the head and neck last Thursday evening by Mrs. Mary Jane Jordan. Mrs. Jordan was arrested and put under bond. Jealousy was the cause of the trouble." (December 6, 1900). The woman who was attacked, Manerva "Belle" Jenkins Newell, was listed as 18 and had married Bryant Newell, who was 21, in March 1900. The December 1902 trial stated that "The assault....occurred on one of the principal streets." In December 1902, the circuit court of Jackson County found Mrs. Jordan guilty of assault to murder, "assessing a fine of $300 and costs....She is now in the custody of the sheriff."

After the disgraceful and very public business between his wife and his mistress, Mr. Jordan sold his home in town and began breeding horses and mules. His 1900 census lists his occupation as "stallion keeper," and short bits of news in the paper discuss people with whom he has either bought and sold horses or mules.

It appears that the Jordans' marriage survived this incident. In 1900, the couple is found together, and James lists his occupation as "mail contractor," and Mary lists no occupation. Her brother Charles Kirby and her niece Minnie are living with them. In the 1910 census, James again reports his occupation as "stallion keeper." In the 1920 census, the couple is still together and James' occupation is "retail merchant, groceries." Mary died in February 1925 and is buried in Cedar Hill. James died in June 1934 at age 82, and it is assumed he is buried near Mary: his grave is unmarked.

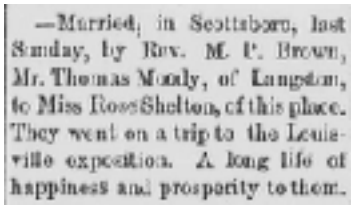
1880: Rose Shelton Moody and Emma Havener


NEW GOODS.

From Eastern Markets.

Miss Rose Shelton, still in her old room at the Brooks House, is receiving a full line of millinery goods from Baltimore and other eastern markets. She has made careful selections and thinks she can supply the wants of all her friends and patrons, both in quality and prices. She invites all to come and see her before purchasing elsewhere. 15-4t.

The other woman who identifies herself as a milliner in the 1880 census is Rose Shelton. Rose Shelton was born in 1862 to Tennessee parents. In the 1880 census, she is boarding with the A. W. Brooks family (Brooks is a justice of the peace) in Scottsboro.


—Married, in Scottsboro, last Sunday, by Rev. M. P. Brown, Mr. Thomas Moody, of Langston, to Miss Rose Shelton, of this place. They went on a trip to the Louisville exposition. A long life of happiness and prosperity to them.

She married Thomas J. Moody on August 26, 1883 and they both vanished. It is clear that once she was married, she left the business world because the paper announced shortly thereafter, "Miss Emma Havener, a most worthy and accomplished young woman, will commence a millinery business in the room recently occupied by Miss Rose Shelton, in this place. She will prove herself worthy of succession."

1900: Mollie Brown in Langston

In the 1910 census, a farmer named Coleman Brown is living in Langston with his 39-year-old wife Mollie and their five children, the oldest of whom is 17. She lists her occupation as milliner. It is not known if she was unsinkable, but she seems to have prospered at her chosen profession.

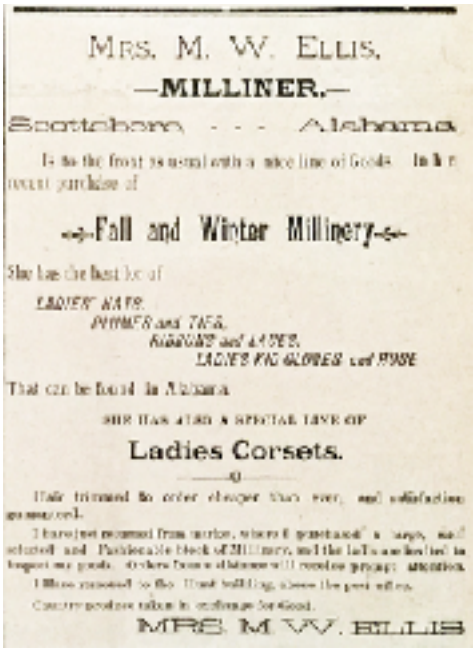
Mary E. "Mollie" Phillips married Coleman J. Brown from Tennessee in Jackson County, Alabama on August 10, 1881. Since Langston minister W. D. Nicholson married them, it is assumed that they married in Langston. Mollie was the daughter of Reverend Samuel and Martha Phillips and in 1870 was living in Marshall County, though in 1900 her parents are living in Langston.

By 1920, Coleman has given up farming and has a job in Albertville as a mail carrier. They have lost two of their children, and their grown daughter, Roxie, lives with them and is a teacher. Mollie lists no occupation. But by 1920, she again lists herself as a milliner in her own store in Albertville. Their daughter and two grandchildren live with them, and they have a live-in cook. Coleman died in 1928. In the 1930 census, Mollie is the 67-year-old manager of a dry goods store. Her sister Roxie Phillips and two of her granddaughters live with her. Mollie lived until 1956 and is buried at Memory Hill in Albertville with Coleman and her parents.

1880-1901: Mrs. M. W. Ellis in Scottsboro

The milliner with the longest relationship with Jackson County is certainly Mary Willie Harris Ellis. She was born in Jackson County in 1839, the daughter of Richard Benjamin Harris (born in Madison County in 1806) and Nancy Hales Clopton (born in Madison County in 1808). By 1860, Mary has married John W. Ellis and they are living in Paint Rock with their first and only child, a son named Benjamin. In 1870 the family is in Larkinsville where John is a farmer and they have a number of roomers and farm laborers in their household, along with Benjamin.

By 1875 the family had moved to Scottsboro. In January 1875, the *Alabama Herald* carried an announcement from John W. Ellis about the opening of Ellis House, a "New Hotel, near the Public Square in Scottsboro, Ala." that "is now open for the accommodation of the public." At some point over the next years, Mr. Ellis becomes the manager of the Harris House Hotel; he left this job and later returned to it in 1881. The 1880 census shows that the Ellis family is living in the heart of old Scottsboro, between the Nelson Kyle family and the John Tally family. Husband John reports his occupation as "U. S. Mail Rider" and their son, who is now 23, is a clerk at the depot. By 1883, Benjamin has become the telegrapher and depot agent in Moscow, TN.



The Ellis family seems to have worked very hard. In March 1882, we find that John has not given up his job as "mail rider" but has subcontracted it: the *Citizen* noted that "George Brewer, a boy about 18 years of age, who had been riding the mail for John W. Ellis for the past two month, decamped the other night with $20." In April 1882, Mr. R. H. Bynum built a livery stable next to the Ellis house. In September 1882, John opened a meat market. In November 1883, the paper notes that John is an agent for William Meeks' silverware sale operation and will "call on the ladies on show my silverware." Also in November, the paper records that "Mrs. J. W. Ellis has sold $85 worth of milk and butter from her scrub cow since March." During this same period, Mrs. Ellis started her millinery business. On April 15, 1886 this notice is found for the first time: "See the advertisement of Mrs. M. W. Ellis, dealer in fashionable millinery. She has a large and handsome stock of millinery goods and respectfully invited ladies to inspect her goods and prices." The *Scottsboro Citizen* editor notes that advertisement is useful on May 13, 1886 "Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Lizzie Skelton are both doing a good millinery business." In July 1886, the *Citizen* reported that "The millinery stock of Mrs. M. W. Ellis was broken into late last Saturday night and fine goods to the amount of $300 were stolen."

Over the next 15 years, regular ads appear for Mrs. M. W. Ellis, Milliner. This business seems to have been quite profitable for the family. In the 1892 *Progressive Age*, Mrs. Ellis' ad touts her fall and winter millinery, as well as "the best lot of ladies' hats, plumes and ties, ribbons and laces, ladies kid glove and rose that is to be found in Alabama" as well as "a special line of Ladies Corsets." The ad went on to explain that she also trimmed ladies hair and had "removed to the Hunt building, above the post office. Country produce taken in exchange for Goods." The location of her business has definitely moved about. It probably started in Ellis House, but can be documented in the Hunt Building and finally, in a 1901 ad, next to Payne's Drug Store on the corner of Broad and Laurel.

In the 1900 census, John and Mary have been married for 45 years, and they list no occupations but continue to live in Scottsboro; their son has moved to Stevenson. On June 27, 1901, the *Citizen* reports that "Mrs. Ellis being sick and not able to attend to the business, wishes to close out her stock of

millinery and notions very cheap. She would be glad for all who are indebted to her to call at the store and settle their accounts at once, as she must close the business." She died on August 6, 1901 in Stevenson. A memorial service was held for her in the Methodist church in Scottsboro on August 18, the August 15, 1901 Citizen reported, which were impressive and well-attended. Her obituary in the August 8, 1901 *Progressive Age* spoke of her in the most glowing of terms: "To think of Scottsboro was to think of Mrs. Ellis, so familiarly and closely associated was she with our town life and business persuits [sic] through so many years. To her the town owes a tribute of praise, as we recall her fidelity to all that goes to make up the best in human endeavor."

The March 20, 1902 *Scottsboro Citizen* noted that John is making his home with his son Benjamin in Stevenson. John lived another 10 years after his wife's death. All of this Ellis family is buried in Stevenson City Cemetery.

1890: Lizzie Hopkins of Stevenson

Elizabeth L. Hopkins was born in Larkinsville in 1866, one of four children of farmer Holmes Hamilton Hopkins and Julia Morris, both from Tennessee. By 1880, her mother has died, her father has remarried Jennie Dunlap, and the family had moved to Stevenson where her father is now a dry goods merchant, and Elizabeth is a student. Her siblings married and moved to Nashville and Texas. By 1900, her father has died and she is living with her widowed stepmother in Stevenson.

Miss Hopkins was a woman of many talents. In *The Stevenson Story*, Eliza Woodall reported that in 1890, Miss Lizzie Hopkins played at the meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Society and "presided at the organ with that dignity and grace which is peculiarly her own, and which sits upon her like a comely garment, whether in a kitchen parlor or hall of public entertainment." (p. 300) In 1892, Miss Lizzie Hopkins was teaching school in Bennett's Cove. (p. 230) At some point, she began her millinery career with a shop in Stevenson, and milliner is listed as her occupation by 1910.

She died in 1949. Her obituary from 1949 states that she "owned and operated a millinery establishment here, having retired several years ago."

1892: Clara Benham and Mrs. H. V. Hudson in Hollywood


New Millinery Store
—AT—
Hollywood, Ala
H. V. HUDSON.

Not much is known about hatmaking in Hollywood. This ad appears in the 1892 *Progressive Age* and says that this is a new millinery store operated by Mrs. H. V. Hudson. The only Mrs. H. V. Hudson that I can find in the 1900 census is Myrtle A. Hudson (Mrs. Herschel V.), the 45-year-old wife of a builder in Birmingham. I cannot find any record of a Clara Benham in Hollywood. She is mentioned in the July 1901 *Alabama Mercantile Agency Reference Book* by Dun Mercantile listed all the businesses in the county. However, there is a 70-year-old Clara Benham living in Dothan in 1940 who is perhaps the same woman. She has a daughter who is a stenographer.

1900: Mrs. J. M. Higginbotham in Limrock

In 1900, Limrock had its own milliner: Mary Ryan Higginbotham.

Mary Ryan was born about 1856 in Georgia, but moved with her family to the Limrock area in 1858. She married James Monroe Higginbotham in December 1881. The couple is not visible in the census until 1900 when she and her husband James are living in Larkinsville with their three children. Her husband is

a clerk in a dry goods store, and Mary is a 44-year-old mother of three who reports her occupation as dress-making. By 1910, the family has only one child at home and is living in Limrock, where James is a salesman in a dry goods store and Mary reports no occupation. It is likely that her millinery career lasted longer than can be validated in the census, though this ad from 1901 is the only one I have found.


Moody, Campbell & Co's.

New Millinery.

I have a new and complete line of Spring Millinery which has just arrived. I will be pleased to have you call and examit it. Come early and make your selection.

MRS. J. M. HIGGINBOTHAM.
Limrock, Ala.

1920: Eliza J. Hall and her daughter Lucy King in Bridgeport

The July 1901 *Alabama Mercantile Agency Reference Book* by Dun Mercantile cites Mrs. E. J. Hall as a milliner in Bridgeport. Elizabeth Jane Edwards Hall was born October 22, 1848 in Todd County, KY, the daughter of James and Margie Edwards. She died June 28, 1931 in Birmingham and is buried at Rosehill Elmwood Cemetery in Owensboro, KY. She married Charles Wesley Hall (1845-1919), who served in the Civil War and later was a Methodist minister. They married March 1, 1866 in Montgomery County, TN.

In the 1900 federal census, Eliza Jane is living in Bridgeport and specifies her occupation as milliner. She is also the mother of ten living children, three of whom are still at home in 1900, including 9-year-old Arthur. Her parents are living with them, as are a married daughter and her husband. By 1910, she still lists herself as a milliner at a milliner store, but only two children remain at home, one of whom is 30-year-old Lucy who lists herself as a milliner as well. In the 1920 census, Lucy has married James D. King who is a Confectioner in Bridgeport; Lucy lists her occupation as milliner in a Retail Millinery shop.

In 1919, Eliza's husband Charles Wesley died. In the 1920 census, Eliza, now a 70-year-old widow, is still working as a milliner in Bridgeport; her son Arthur is at home and working as a pharmacist in Bridgeport. By 1930, daughter Lucy, her mainstay in Bridgeport, has died at 51, and Eliza is living in Birmingham with son George. She died in 1931 and is buried in Kentucky with her husband. This mother and daughter had long careers as milliners in Bridgeport, spanning more than 30 years.

Dovie and Sara Rosson 1932-1951 on the Square

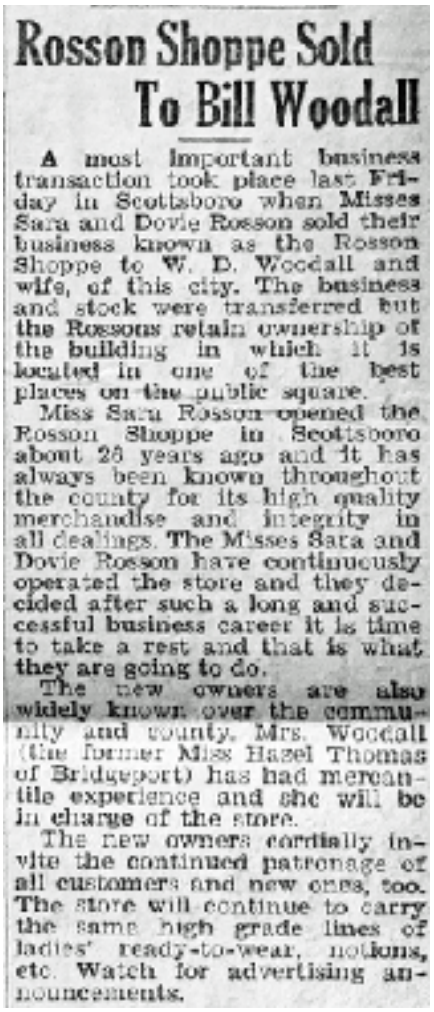
The Rosson family had a long history with Jackson County even before sisters Dovie and Sara became the first and only women to build a brick business house on the square.

Two sons of Joseph Rosson (1781-1859 and Elizabeth Riddle Rosson (1796-1860) of Caswell County, North Carolina settled in Jackson County: James Monroe Rosson and Joseph Abner Rosson

Son James Monroe Rosson married Cynthia Morris Rossen (1820-1894) of Franklin County, TN. Two of their daughters lived in Jackson County and are buried here: Mary Elizabeth Rossen Cunningham Houk in Cedar Hill and Mattie Jane Rossen Childress buried in Burgess; two of their sons moved to Texas, and a third chased the California gold rush and is buried in San Francisco. James and Cynthia are buried on East Willow Street across from Maples Industries Plant #1.

The other son, Joseph Abner Rosson, married twice. His first wife was Mary Skelton; his second wife was Mary Ann Steeley. Abner Rosson served on the side of the South in the 55th Alabama Volunteers during the Civil War. He was elected Mayor of Scottsboro in 1876 and otherwise was a furniture and coffin maker and undertaker. The *Alabama Herald* noted that on April 20, 1871 that "Abner Rosson has moved his turning machine up into town and occupies the Beeson Store house property (near freight depot). Ab is turning chair posts and bed posts and making chairs and any kind of furniture desired with considerable facility."

Abner had a number of children, two of whom were Mary Dovie Rosson, (1873-1951) and Sara "Sallie" Rosson (1875-1959). In 1920, Dovie is a 40-year-old single woman working as a stenographer in a law practice. Her younger sister Sara is a trimmer in a millinery store. By 1930, they must have decided to strike out on their own and build their own millinery and ladies clothing business in the building today that is occupied by the Porter Law Practice. Built in 1932, the Rosson Building, located at 123 East Laurel Street, is a two-story brick building with four windows on the second story. The design of this building is identical to that of the Garland Building.



Rosson Shoppe Sold To Bill Woodall

A most important business transaction took place last Friday in Scottsboro when Misses Sara and Dovie Rosson sold their business known as the Rosson Shoppe to W. D. Woodall and wife, of this city. The business and stock were transferred but the Rossons retain ownership of the building in which it is located in one of the best places on the public square.

Miss Sara Rosson opened the Rosson Shoppe in Scottsboro about 26 years ago and it has always been known throughout the county for its high quality merchandise and integrity in all dealings. The Misses Sara and Dovie Rosson have continuously operated the store and they decided after such a long and successful business career it is time to take a rest and that is what they are going to do.

The new owners are also widely known over the community and county. Mrs. Woodall (the former Miss Hazel Thomas of Bridgeport) has had mercantile experience and she will be in charge of the store.

The new owners cordially invite the continued patronage of all customers and new ones, too. The store will continue to carry the same high grade lines of ladies' ready-to-wear, notions, etc. Watch for advertising announcements.

The Rosson Building was a lady's dress shop in the 1930s and 1940s. The business was bought from the Rosson heirs by Bill Woodall in 1948, though the Rosson sisters continued to own the building. Bill operated a clothing shop in this location. However, since Sue May Powell had opened a hat business by then, Mr. Woodall did not sell hats. His shop was known as "Woodall's Ready-to-Wear."

This hat, owned by Elizabeth Sharp at the Heritage Center, is interesting not so much for itself as for its tag. It bears silent witness to the changing emphasis of the new Woodall store. The Rossons charged $7.95 for the brown cloche hat; Mr. Woodall marked it down to $3.00.

According to Jerry's Gist's *Story of Scottsboro, Alabama*, Miss Sara Rosson Ladies' Wear appeared in the list of Scottsboro businesses in 1933, though the retrospective in the *Jackson County Sentinel* in 1951 when the business closed after sister Dovie's death, said the business was 26 years old and called the business The Rosson Shoppe. The architectural study done in the late 1970s by Judy Proctor, when the square was placed on the National Registry of Historic Places, cites 1932 as the date when the building was built, making the Gist date of 1933 for the opening of the business more plausible.

Dovie Rosson died in 1951. Her sister Sara died in 1959. Her lengthy obituary, written by Parker Campbell in the *Jackson County Sentinel*, stated that "For many years she operated her own millinery and ladies ready-to-wear business here and was a most successful business woman....For several years she had her late sister, Miss Dovie Rosson, in the business with her and it was known as the Rosson Shoppe. After the heath of Miss Dovie, Miss Sara continued to successfully operate her business until ill health came upon her."

The Sue Mae Powell Era 1949-1969

NEW HAT SHOP

My Hat Shop will be oper in the near future. A complete line of Fall shapes and trimmings will be available for your selection for hats made to order or restyled. In the meantime I will be glad to discuss your hat needs and plans with you. Preferably by appointment.

MRS. RALPH POWELL

208 Martin St. Phone 333-J

In 1948, women's hats in Scottsboro passed a milestone. Sara and Dovie Rosson sold their business on Laurel Street to W. D. Woodall and his wife, Hazel Thomas Woodall of Bridgeport, who promised "the same high grade lines of ladies' ready-to-wear" and called the business "Woodall's Shoppe."

Bill Woodall's brother Brooks bought the Payne Drugstore business just down the street in 1989. In April 1948, the *Jackson County Sentinel* announced that the Rossons were selling their business to W. D. Woodall, and Mrs. Ralph Powell's ad appeared in the last newspaper of 1948.

People exiting the south side of the First Baptist Church today must wonder about the well-cared-for white frame house on the corner of Scott and Martin. It has a picture window in the very back that does not go all the way to the floor? What use is such a window?

This house was the home of Scottsboro's last named milliner and the one whose name you will likely find in hats in Patches Consignment Shop or your grandmother's closet: Sue Mae Freeman Powell. This label, for example, was in hat found in Patches just yesterday.

Sue Mae Freeman was born in 1903 in Princeton, Alabama, one of six children of James Minor Freeman and Daisy Enochs. She attended school in Princeton through the 11th grade but could not graduate there, so went to Winchester, TN for a semester and to Scottsboro to live with her uncle, Jesse H. Wheeler, so that she could graduate from high school in Alabama. She took the state teacher's exam the following summer and began teaching at Woods Cove the next year, only 18 herself, boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm. After two years at Woods Cove, she moved to the Scottsboro city grammar school and later taught at the New Hope grammar school toward Guntersville.

Sue Mae Freeman married Ralph Powell from Langston in July 1927 and built the house on Martin Street where she lived all her life. The couple had two children: Martha and Ralph. As a young married woman, Sue Mae was active in the Fortnightly Book Club and was instrumental in raising money to set up Scottsboro's first library, which was upstairs in city hall (on the corner of Broad and Peachtree) and opened in 1934.

Sue Mae quit teaching when her children were born but the family needed additional income. As Sue Mae described to Ron Dykes (7), "Then one night I was looking in a magazine, and I saw an ad on how to make hats at home. So I ordered it and still have it. My grandmother, she could do anything, she used to work on our straw hats, press new flowers and put on new ribbons. So that is how I got started in the hat business. I closed in an open porch, and little by little it began to grow. I made hats. I sold hats. I made wedding veils, I sold accessories. I even made one mourning veil. I built on a back room, and that large window there was my show room. I had customers from Fort Payne and Winchester and all around, and I went to New York to buy hats. Stina Bankston had the first hat I ever made, and she still has it. Back then, if a lady went out, she wore a hat. Of course, Easter Sunday was the day everyone looked to see what you wore. My husband died in 1961, and I finally closed the shop in 1969. Hair styles by then were beehive and you couldn't put a hat on." (pp.49-50)

Sue Mae's daughter Martha Powell Foster still lives in Scottsboro and remembers her mother's hat-making business. Sue Mae had learned to embellish hats from her Aunt Sallie Bridges. "Mother loved her, "

Martha remembers. "She could make tissue flowers. She soaked corn husks and made flowers from them. She could embroider. She could crochet. She could *embellish*. Mother learned embellishment at Aunt Sallie's knee." During busy periods, Miss Willie Woodall, who had originally decorated hats for Miss Dovie Rossen (and was no relation to Bill Woodhall who bought the Rosson shop) helped Sue Mae in her shop.

Martha remembers that in addition to carrying several lines of designer hats, her mother ordered blanks called hat bodies and would trim them out as as the hat owner desired—with tulle, organza, fabrics, trims, beads, feathers, ribbons, and flowers. Women commonly recycled hat bodies. When a woman had a hat the she loved that went out of style or did not match her current favorite outfit, she brought it to Sue Mae Powell to have that hat body reshaped and redecorated into a style that fit her new outfit. "This was one of Mother's biggest businesses. You return your old hat to make it look like a new one or to tirm it to match a new outfit." Women might buy a hat from a clothing store, but "you did not accept a hat as you bought it. You took it to Mother to embellish. A hat became your hat when it left her shop."

Before starting her hat business, Sue Mae was a seamstress. "The part I found exciting was that she made costumes for our dance recitals. I loved having the dance costumes in the house." One Easter, Sue Mae was too sick to make her daughter's Easter dress and Martha had her first store-bought special dress. "I was thrilled to death to go to the Ladies' and Children's Shop and have a store-bought dress. When we got to church on Sunday, Mother was mortified to find another little girl in church wearing my dress."

When I contacted Martha to ask to borrow her mother's hats for the upcoming hat show, I commented that I was sure she had "the mother load" of Sue Mae creations. "No," Martha said, "that would be Jean Jacobs." When hats had gone out of fashion and Jean Jacobs, widow of J. C. Jacobs III, remarried and moved to Aliceville, she brought her entire hat wardrobe, most of which were Sue Mae's creations, to Martha. "I couldn't just throw them away," Jean said. When Northeast Alabama Community College set up their theater department, Martha donated this "mother load" of hats to the costume department. Next time a stylish period hat appears on an actress in a play at Northeast, remember that it might be one of Sue Mae's creations.

Martha remembers that her mother needed a source of income that help her put her children though college after her husband suffered from a debilitating illness and found that income source in hat making. Women today long for a job that lets them work from home, where they can better balance the demands of being a working wife and mother with running their homes efficiently and raising their children with a more personal touch. Sue Mae Powell was one of the first women who solved this dilemma, a true "work at home" mother, and she was able to accomplish this feat with a course ordered from a magazine, techniques learned from her dear Aunt Sallie, a helpful daughter, and a faithful clientele who appreciated this bright woman who kept them looking stylish for 30 years.

A Eulogy for Women's Hats

Two recent offerings in the public discourse on hats bear mention as a coda to the era of hat wearing.

One is an article in the May 1996 *New York Times* by a young black woman named Lena Williams (8). Williams, a child of the radical 60s, initially resisted the pressure to wear a hat to church. But when she finally acquiesced and entered church in her best "Sunday-go-to-church" hat, an elderly woman commented, "You must be trying to catch God's eye in that hat," an expression Williams had heard

growing up in the Baptist church. "A generation or more ago," Williams noted, " it was traditional to put on one's newest finery for church, and in many historically black churches, the wearing of fancy hats by women carried both spiritual and cultural significance."

"Wearing a hat in God's house is like a form of good manners," an elderly woman told Williams. "The hat was supposed to match the gloves....and the purse matched the shoes. Your chest was supposed to be covered and the dress not above the knee." To these rules of hat wearing, I would add these found on the internet: Don't wear a hat wider than your shoulders. Don't wear a hat that is darker than your shoes. If your hat has feathers, make sure they are never bent or broken. Sequins don't look good in the daytime. Easter hats should be white, cream or pastel — even if it's still cold outside. If you're gonna do it, do it right.

Williams called herself "a walking contradiction: a liberated woman tied to a symbol of submissive womanhood....I am reminded of the words one of my church elders in my hometown of Washington whispered to me a few years ago on the subject of hats. 'God's light shines down upon us,' she said one Sunday morning as her eyes came to rest upon the gray velour hat perched on my head. ' We're going to look our best for Him, ain't we?' Besides, as I like to tell friends, God is awful busy on Sunday mornings. I just want to make sure I'm wearing something that might catch His eye." The entire article is well worth searching for on the internet and reading.

A second, beautifully photographed celebration of Black women and their church hats is the 2000 book *Crowns* by Michael Cunningham and Craig Murberry (9). One of the authors is a photographer; the second is a writer. The book is a well-produced coffee table collection of women wearing church hats with a brief biography of each woman. It will be available at the Heritage Center during the hat show.

Hat Show at the Heritage Center

All this talk about hats has scared up some wonderful millinery accomplishments in Jackson County that are just too good not to share. The Scottsboro-Jackson Heritage Center and the JCHA will sponsor a hat show February 15 through April 1. Please come out and enjoy some of these wonderful millinery creations and celebrate this once-prominent women's profession that has all but passed out of existence.

Annette Norris Bradford

Notes

(1) For a discussion of Christian head coverings, see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christian_headcovering
(2) For a discussion of wearing veils, see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Veil
(3) For a discussion of the psychology of hats with Freudian implications, see https://adaughterofthereformation.wordpress.com/2015/03/17/the-sociology-or-freudian-psychology-of-hats/. The author is quoting James Laver, but does not state the source. Laver is the author of many seminal books on the history of fashion.
(4) For the ranking of Cam Newton's hats, see https://www.sbnation.com/lookit/2017/11/14/16649800/cam-newton-hat-rankings-panthers-nfl
(5) Ben Watenberg, PBS Series *The First Measured Century*, Chapter 2 "Work," Women's Work, found at http://www.pbs.org/fmc/book/2work8.htm
(6) The 1860s era hats shown here are a sampling of an "1860 women's hat" search on pininterest. Additional photos are ads and articles for local newspapers as indicated in line.
(7) Sue Mae Freeman Powell, as told to Ron Dykes, *Growing Up Hard: Memories of Jackson County, Alabama in the Early Twentieth Century* (Paint Rock River press: 2003).
(8) Lena Williams, "In defense of the church hat, "*New York Times*, May 12, 1995.
(9) Michael Cunningham and Craig Marberry, *Crowns: Portraits of Black Women in Church Hats* (Doubleday, 2000).

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Our April Meeting: Our next meeting will be Sunday, April 29 at 2:00 at the Scottsboro Depot Museum, and the speaker will be Annette Bradford. Annette's paper "Life in Rural Jackson County 1934-1938" was one of 15 accepted by the Alabama Historical Association for its April meeting in Birmingham. In his sleuthing about for antiques and interesting junk, Redmon Graham found two diaries belonging to John Reid Coffey's grandson, Charles Rice Coffey. The diaries provide an unfiltered view of people and events and a first-person account of the trauma of being bought out and moved by the TVA to make way for Lake Guntersville.

Thanks to our guest contributors to this issue: Charles Heath, with advice and direction from family members, profiles Scottsboro novelist Bill Heath. Jim Thompson, a native of Scottsboro, once again lends his aviation expertise to remembering one of our distinguished veterans.

The JCHA thanks videographer Britt Meeks: We appreciate Britt Meeks' professional video production of our January meeting on the Skyline project. Britt's Blu-Ray is comprised of presentations by Joyce Kennamer, the Hon. John Graham, and a slide show by Annette Bradford featuring photos and music from the Skyline project.

Please renew your membership in the JCHA: If your mailing label identifies you as "Please Renew" (meaning you were active in 2017) or "Expired" (meaning you've not been active since 2016), please renew for 2018 or convert to a life membership.

Cedar Hill Living Cemetery Walk coming in October: Mark October 21 (rain date October 28) on your calendars to remember the first ever living cemetery walk in Jackson County. Drs. Julia Everett and Blake Wilhelm at Northeast Alabama Community College are working with the JCHA to bring Jackson County history to life. If you would like to help with this effort, contact us at jcha@scottsboro.org.

Three more old friends gone

The last quarter has brought news of the deaths of three more long-serving members of the JCHA: Earnestine Mann Russell of Stevenson, John Gant of Pisgah, and Judy Proctor of Birmingham.

Earnestine Mann Russell

Earnestine Mann Russell was a fixture in Stevenson for more than a hundred years. She was the daughter of Edward Mann and Lucile Howe. Her father ran the Stevenson Railroad Hotel for many years, and her historic home still has a room furnished with hotel furniture. She was a lifelong member of the JCHA, and our "go-to guy" whenever we had a Stevenson issue to resolve. The obituary below was written by her daughter.

Ernestine Mann Russell died December 29, 2017 at her home, The Cedars, in Stevenson, Alabama. She was preceded in death by her husband of nearly 70 years, Israel Pickens Russell III and son-in-law Johnnie W. Campbell. She is survived by daughters: Mary Lucile Allphin (Robert) of Marietta, GA and Emily Russell Campbell of Stevenson. Grandchildren are Merideth Allphin Pehler (David) and Mark Russell Allphin (Pam) all of Atlanta, GA. She had 4 great-grandchildren and 3 step-grandchildren. She was 101 years old and had lived in or near Stevenson her entire life.

Mrs. Russell was a homemaker, teacher of English grammar and American literature in several schools of Jackson County and was active in her community. She was a member of Stevenson First United Methodist Church and was involved in every aspect of community life and service in Stevenson through church, schools, charities and other organizations. She was an avid reader, bridge player and member of the Democratic Party.

Ernestine Mann's earliest roots were tied to the railroad scene in Stevenson, through the old Stevenson Hotel which her father owned and operated. After graduating from Stevenson High School at the age of fifteen, she attended Berea College in Kentucky and was granted a Bachelor of Arts degree in English with a minor in French in 1937. She then taught school for four years in Scottsboro and Bridgeport.

She married Pickens Russell in June of 1941. After their daughters were of school age, Ernestine returned to work, teaching sixteen years at Stevenson High School. She served as a sponsor for the Beta (Honors) Club and class activities such as the Junior Play and Junior-Senior Banquet. She was an active member of PTA and Band Boosters.

Outside of school, Ernestine participated for years in the Meals on Wheels program, the Red Cross, and in the North Jackson Hospital Auxiliary. She was one of two Stevenson volunteers for United Way for many years. In recent times, she has supported the Stevenson Library and the Depot Museum activities. In 2001, she and Mr. Russell were Co-Grand Marshals of the Stevenson Depot Days Parade, the town's highest honor. Always interested in the town and its people, she was a familiar sight at every Depot Days Festival. One of her last acts was to cast her absentee vote from a hospital bed in the recent Alabama Special Senate Election.

Mrs. Russell was a tolerant, open-minded woman who believed deeply in the power of education to advance lives, especially those of her fellow citizens in Jackson County. She believed in and lived out the

meaning of the scripture, "to whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required". We will miss her.

John William Gant

Jackson County history lost a good friend when John William Gant of Pisgah passed away January 6, 2018 at age 98. John was a life member of the Jackson County Historical Association and served on the Board of Directors of the organization between 1989 and 1992.

John was born March 29, 1919, in Pisgah, the son of Granville and Lillie Gant. He was a lifelong active member of Pisgah Baptist Church. During World War II, John served in squadron operations with the 9th Air Force at bases in England, France and Belgium. After being honorably discharged on December 9, 1945, he enrolled at the University of Alabama in March 1946 and graduated in March 1948 with a Bachelor of Science in Commerce and Business Administration with a major in accounting.

After initially practicing with an accounting firm in Birmingham, John opened his own accounting practice in Scottsboro on January 1, 1950. He became the second Certified Public Accountant in North Alabama in 1952 when the Alabama State Board of Public Accountancy issued certificate No. 239 to him. John's firm expanded to include offices in Ft. Payne and Albertville, and, at the time of his retirement in 1981 and now, is known as Gant, Croft, and Associates, P. C.

John was a charter member of the Pisgah Civitan Club, in which he served in all elected offices, and a two-term Lt. Governor and chairman of finance of Alabama District North, Civitan International. He was honored as a Fellow of Civitan International. John was instrumental in recruiting to Pisgah the Dover Mills textile manufacturing plant, which had a very positive effect on the growth and development of the community.

Rayburn Hall remembered John for the help he received researching his family. In 2002, he visited the historical library, a little room in the back of the old Pisgah City Hall that John started and opened on Thursday evenings. Rayburn recalls, "John showed me records, pictures, family books, school yearbooks, and newspaper clippings that he had collected and had made available to the public. He...spent time there on Thursday evenings cutting out clippings of marriage announcements and obituaries of people from the Pisgah area and filing them."

Rayburn later volunteered at the historical library, and continued to visit John at home when he became too disabled to maintain the library. "I loved the times we spent talking about Pisgah and the people and the old days. It was rare that I could ask a question about the area and he didn't know something about it. He was an encyclopedia of historical information and enjoyed sharing his memories and knowledge with people that would take the time to listen."

Judy Jones Proctor

This quarter also brings the sad news of the death of Judy Proctor, one-time president of the JCHA, whose work in the 1980s helped preserve many of the county's architectural treasures that we enjoy today. Preservationist, artist, teacher, and friend, Judy died after a brief illness on March 10, 2018, in Birmingham, Alabama, at the age of 82.

Judy was born on July 20, 1935, in Oneonta, Alabama, the daughter of Elizabeth Weaver and Jack W. Jones. She grew up in Gadsden and graduated from Gadsden High School.

Afterward, she attended the University of Alabama, where she met and married John F. Proctor of Scottsboro. She later graduated from the University of Alabama in Huntsville with a BA in Art and then received her MA in art history from Vanderbilt University. She furthered her studies with post-graduate studies in painting, art history and archaeology at Birkbeck College, London University, London, England.

As an artist, Judy received numerous accolades, including a listing in Women Artists in America and frequent acceptance of her work into juried shows across the Southeast. She taught painting, sculpture and art history for many years at Northeast Alabama Community College, where she later served as chairman of the fine arts department. She also served as historic preservation officer/consultant with the cities of Scottsboro and Fort Payne, Alabama, where she successfully listed multiple properties on both the Alabama and the National Registers of Historic Places.

Judy was one of the driving forces behind the development of the Scottsboro Jackson Heritage Center. She was co-founder and the first director. Ann Chambless writes that "Judy Proctor convinced Mrs. Lucy Proctor and John to sell the Brown-Proctor House at a price the city was able and willing to pay after we convinced the city fathers that they should buy the house. I made the verbal appeal to the city council, and Judy was my strongest cheerleader. Shortly after the house was placed in the hands of the JCHA, a separate board was established." That board was made up of Judy and Ann, along with Jane Dykes, Bill Best, Stina Bankston, Dr. Charles Bradford, Dr. Darryl Britt , Susan Butler, Harry Campbell, Anna Ruth Campbell, Jim Bowman, Walter Hammer, Helen Kern, Gerald Paulk, Diane Pierce, Ralph Sheppard, and Wendell Page.

The board "suggested we establish a Founding Families Foundation by asking families to donate $1000.00....Judy used the Foundation money to make needed repairs that included refinishing the floors and to purchase a few pieces of furniture. She also actively solicited artifact and furnishings donations. Ann continued, "Judy worked tirelessly to announce the first open house at the Heritage Center. We had at least 1,000 visitors that Sunday afternoon."

With Ann Chambless, Judy served as the project coordinator for documenting Downtown Scottsboro as a Historic District on the National Register of Historic Places, taking hundreds of photos, researching the histories, and writing detailed architectural descriptions of homes and buildings in Scottsboro. She and Ann prepared the long, complex packages necessary to have downtown and the College Hill historical districts added to the National Registry of Historic Places.

After she left Jackson County, Judy was director of the Kell House Museum in Wichita Falls, Texas; director of the Chattahoochee Valley Art Museum in La Grange, Georgia; and director and head of sales for the Rodrigue Studio and Gallery, New Orleans, Louisiana. In 1997, Judy opened her own art gallery, J. Proctor Gallery at Seaside, Florida, where she represented notable regional, national and international artists. Although she retired from the commercial side of art in 2005, she continued her studio work for the remainder of her life, with a particular focus on pastels, oils, and iconography.

In 2018, we are able to take the Heritage Center and the preservation of county landmarks for granted. But historians like Judy Proctor who came before have made these treasures a protected reality. We in Jackson County are sorry for her loss.

Based on information from the 1982 *Jackson County Chronicles*; an obituary and comments from Rayburn Hall on kerbyfuneralhome.com; an obituary on rudderfuneralhomes.com; an obituary published in *The Birmingham News* on March 14, 2018; and email information from Ann B. Chambless and Nat Cisco.

Jackson County in 1948

I walked slowly through 1948 in Jackson County using the *Jackson County Sentinel* as my guide. Here is some of what I learned.

The first paper of 1948 announced a new business, Jeff's Electrical Appliance Store. It opened January 6, 1948 in the Hotel Scottsboro Building, in the space formerly occupied by Scottsboro Flower Shoppe and Western Union. In a couple of years, Jeff Eyster would move his business to a building on Market Street across from the post office. Wade Maples remembers that before every home had a television, people would gather in front of Jeff's window at night to watch television.

The competing business, Williams Radio Shop, responded with large ads reminding customers of the fine Bendix radios and record players they sold and their excellent repair service. This business was located in the Word Block near the Ritz Theater.

Scottsboro First Methodist Church started the year with a new pastor, the January 13 paper announced. Reverend E. M. Barnes Sr. was born in Tallapoosa County and arrived in November of the previous year from service in Albertville. That same week, Rear Admiral Houston L. Maples retired after 30 years in the Navy and returned to live in Scottsboro with his wife and daughter. He would be a guest speaker in April at the Chattanooga Civitan Club, speaking about the threat posed by Russia.

In a story picked up from the Guntersville *Advertiser-Gleam*, two women and a man returning home to Michigan crashed their small plane into the lake "between Clayville and the Y." When a heavy fog set in, the pilot landed his plane in a pasture and when the fog cleared an hour later, he took off with too little runway and plunged into the lake. The pilot swam out, rescuing his mother, and his wife swam out on her own. Though we do not know any names, we know that the pilot's mother "was about 60 years old and weighed about 200 pounds," adding, I suppose, incredulity to the feat of rescuing her. Glen Vaught's "duck" pulled the plane out and loaded it onto a truck where it was sent to Birmingham for repairs.

The year 1948 was an election year. Incumbent Governor Jim Folsom and several other candidates spoke to a crowd in front of the courthouse April 13, with the Strawberry Pickers Band warming up the crowd and Captain John M. Snodgrass introducing the candidates. The May Democratic runoff, the virtual election for so many years, showed these candidates: for tax collector, Bill McCord and Mose Swaim (proprietor of the City Cafe by the Bocanita); for tax assessor, Herman Brewster, Andrew Porter, Clifford Hodges, E. A. Johnson, and W. D. Woodall; for superintendent of education, Bill Dean, Delbert Hicks, Claude Matthews, and J. H. Wheeler.

That year, Harold O. Coffey's front page "Just Browsin' Aroun'" column commented on local and national events. Joe Money announced in February that he was a candidate for democratic representative to the national convention that would be held in Philadelphia in July of 1948. In May, the *Charlotte News* took credit for coining the term "Dixiecrats," a name which stuck and was more flattering than "The Boll Weevils." In November, Harry Truman would

be elected president.

Furniture was being sold on the block of Broad Street between Willow and Laurel, the location currently occupied by Maples Rugs. Dennis Furniture Company next door to Jacobs Bank was next door to Brown, Kennamer, and Bergman. R. A. Kennamer was a partner in the furniture store operated by Tom Brown and E. K. Bergman. They were selling Maytag washers with the wringer on top for $124.95, and Maytag Home Freezers for $173.04, heralding the end of businesses like the Locker Plant. Benson and Childress also sold appliances, an enclosed "all automatic" washer by GE, a GE large capacity eight-foot freezer for $316.00, and a tortured-looking flat plate ironer for $49.10.

The Scottsboro Bus Station, run by Weldon Kennamer and Joe McGahey, located on Andrews Street behind the Young Building, advertised that they were open at night "after all ball games, picture shows, school entertainments, etc." and served lunches, sandwiches, and hot and cold drinks. They touted curb service and "plenty of parking."

You could phone Scottsboro Laundry and Cleaners at 91 and ask for Bill, who would pick up your laundry and dry cleaning at no extra cost and guarantee one-day service. The Bake Shop on Lee Highway (not to be confused with the Variety Bake Shop on the square) was making white loaf bread, raisin bread, french bread and dinner rolls daily, and wheat bread on Thursday.

In February, Camp Scottsboro, the state convict camp located "two miles east of the city" (about where Maples Industries is on East Willow) reopened and "37 convicts have been installed here for road maintenance and building work" in Jackson, DeKalb, Marshall, and Madison Counties. The camp had closed in Fall of 1946. It was managed by superintendent George Armstrong with Ray Hembree as office manager, and foremen "Hill Stewart, Ben McLemore, Monroe Carter, Alton Starnes, Shird Carter, and Mr. Smart." Renee Tipton, Tom Ashmore Jr. and Mr. Selby drove trucks.

The Scottsboro High School Band Boosters were active, and band activities were frequently in the paper. Mrs. Clarence Kirby was president of the organization, and Mrs. Jewell Hall was secretary-treasurer. James Foley was the director. Band officers were Elmo Giddens, John David Hall, Jane Higganbotham and Dorothy Porter. Majorettes were Phillis Janney, Martha Beddingfield, and Drusilla Linder. Cheerleaders that year were Betty Rutledge, Carolyn Gay Petty, Martha McClendon, Martha Hunt, Billy Charles McCord, and Gordon Moore. They were pictured in April 1948 with their mascot, little Bonnie Harbin.

The Sentinel ran a half-page copy of the class photo, the same photo displayed in the hallway of the Page Administration Building, with their class advisors Mrs. Erin Davis and Mrs. Boyd Turner. Mrs. Turner, the home economics teacher who would later be known as Sarah Betty Ingram, would labor long on the Beautification Council and Library Board after her retirement from teaching.

The Children's Shoppe opened in February in the Bank Building next to State National Bank with Mrs. John Will Proctor of Centre partnering with Mrs. O. L. Minks (the Baptist minister's wife). E. S. Hollis

clothing store (located on the west side of the square next to the Ritz Theater) announced that Paul Fiquette and The Haas Tailoring Company of Baltimore would be in the store on February 11 and 12 to show customers new patterns for made-to-measure clothes. Another ad four months later pictured men in overalls and noted that based on a national survey, "Lee Overalls are the 6 to 1 favorite."

Congressman Bob Jones was asked to be the U.S. representative to Havana, Cuba to commemorate the sinking of *The Maine* 50 years earlier. Later in 1948, he was honored at Bob Jones Night and spoke to the American Legion, VFW, Lions Club, and Civitan Club about progress in the South and bills under consideration. "Bob, our first Congressman, is making a splendid record for his home town, county, and district, and the spirit of the meeting as shown Thursday night clearly indicates that our people have the utmost confidence in his ability and future."

H. O. Bynum and Son were selling The Universal Jeep. Luke and Bert Boykin were advocating the Safticycle, the latest innovative way for men in their business suits to ride to work.

Blackwell's Seed and Feed, the last store of this type to be found on the square, had moved by 1948 down Peachtree Street to the location of the current fire station. In February, they were selling cottonseed, seed corn, beans, and potatoes of various varieties, pasture greens, lespedeza, baby chicks of various types, garden seed, and basic slag. H. B. Keeble and Company on the west side of the square also sold baby chicks.

Our romance with royalty is nothing new. On March 10-12, the Ritz Theater had a special showing of the Royal Wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, "the greatest Achievement in film history actually filmed in technicolor within Westminster Abbey. This is more than just a short subject— 26 minutes of breath-taking entertainment." But all such foolishness aside, Lash La Rue would crack his whip on stage at the Ritz on November 29 as part of a "rip roaring stage show" that included music, comedy, and action and "radio and screen personalities."

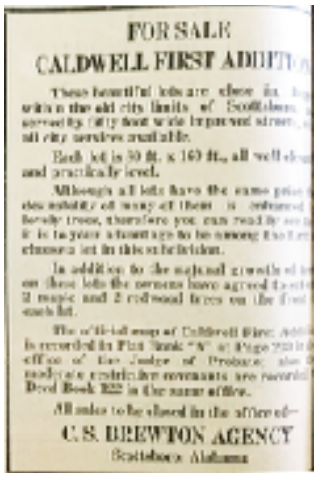
Heath Chenille Company was selling house coats, bedspreads, rugs, bath sets, and unbleached sheeting behind Scottsboro Laundry near the corner of North Houston and Mary Hunter. Charles Heath owned this business but, according to his son Charles Heath Jr., his wife Winifred ran the business. A new North Alabama Manufacturing Company which made auto seat covers and venetian blinds moved into a new building in November. The business was started by Robert Shook in December 1945; the owner in 1948 was Wayne Hall and the plant manager was Bill Schultz.

Plumber W. H. Johnson at 604 West Laurel is selling "automatic electric water systems," which apparently were well pumps for citizens not served by city water. A. R. Johnson operated a cedar mill in West Scottsboro. Alabama Hide and Tallow Company promised "prompt removal of horses, mules, cows and hogs." Jack Chapuis and Louis Letson owned and operated Jack's Plumbing and Electric Company next to Airheart Feed Store. J. L. Thomas also operated a plumbing and electric business. L. B. "Doc" Johnson ran an electric supply and repair business next to City Hall.

American Legion Post 30 was pictured on the front page in March 1948 showing their "enlarged and beautified" legion hall. This building was located at the intersection of Old Larkinsville Road and Old Highway 72 on Legion Field, the old county fairgrounds. A story on the same front page announced that VFW Post No. 6073 had plans to build "a permanent home in ideal location," which they described as "on the east brow of Backbone Ridge just inside the corporate limits and a short distance south of the old county tuberculosis sanitarium which burned several years ago and the new sanitarium was rebuilt west of town." This was at the end of Clifford Drive across from the Scott Cemetery.

David Bradford (who lived nearby) recalls that this facility had a hall big enough for wedding receptions and dances and included a living facility. The parking lot was used as a staging area for the Girl Scout Cabin which was located at the crest of Backbone Ridge and was accessible from this parking lot by a steep walking trail. The cabin was moved to King Caldwell park in the 1970s.

Competition was stiff (no pun intended) in the funeral business. Scottsboro Funeral Home started the year at their original location, 104 East Peachtree, where you could phone them day or night at 65-10. By April, this funeral home had moved to Willow Street, and a half page ad announced the new location and touted their "Lady Attendant." The new building and chapel were located at 426 East Willow, and a half-page ad on April 17 pictured their three Henshaw family members who were licensed embalmers: J. F. Sr., J. F. Jr., and W. R.. Not to be bested by their competitors, Word-Roper funeral home, Phone 66, was operated by Mrs. M. K. Roper (also a lady, I might add...) and changed owners in 1948. The business was founded and operated by Rupert Word, who also sold furniture. The famous Alfred Eisenstadt photo of the melon seller shows "Word Furniture and Undertakers." This business was sold because M. K. Roper had died early in 1948. The new owners were R. H. McAnelly (who had operated a funeral home business earlier on the east side of the square behind and later in the McAnelly Building), Cecil Word (better known as a builder and lumber dealer), and William Yates, Cecil's young son-in-law.


FOR SALE

CALDWELL FIRST ADDITION

C. S. BREWTON AGENCY

Scottsboro Alabama

Town was growing, and two subdivisions were selling lots during this time. In March, C. S. Brewton Agency was selling lots in Caldwell First Addition, "beautiful lots... close in, large lots within the old city limits of Scottsboro and served by fifty foot wide improved streets, with all city services available.." Lots of 80 feet by 160 feet, "all well elevated and practically level" with agreement to plant two maples and two redwoods in the front yard of each house. These lots were located between Houston and South Streets, bordered by Cherry Street.


34 Residence Lots

IN

HAMILTON HEIGHTS SUBDIVISION

FOR SALE

C. S. Brewton R. E. & Ins. Agency

In May, Brewton and Pontiff Skelton sold lots in Hamilton Heights, "34 high-class residence lots" with a desirable "location, topography, accessibility to highways, and attractive layout of streets and avenues." Purchase required a down payment of 10% and restrictive covenants were on file in the courthouse. This subdivision is bounded by East Willow/AL 279 on the north, Highway 35 on the west, Brown Street to the south, and Bingham Street to the East.

Drs. Pierce and Pierce, "Palmer school chiropractors, who have been located in Scottsboro for some time on the South Side of the square, have moved to commodious new offices, occupying the brick building owned by Mrs. Pryor Wimberly and located on East Willow Street. This building was recently vacated by a TVA division which completed its work in this locality. This is the building on the corner of Willow and Kyle, across from A&P."

JCHS played a J-Day inter-squad football game in April, prompting speculations about next year's team led by returning lettermen Bud Hancock, captain, and his alternate Bert Boykin, Markus Allison, Brooks Derrick, and Stanley Mathews. The team also included Paul Foster, Connie Webb, Leroy Gist, Charles Currie, Tom Holland, Jimmy Sloan, Pritchard Thomas, Bud Hunt, Bill Jack Downey, Rayford Sutherland, Donald Campbell, James G. Hembree, Bill McCutchen, and Robert "Foots" Clemens who went on to play with the University of Georgia and the Green Bay Packers. The 1948 team included Leon Downey, Jim Boggus, Hollis Johnson, Burrell Zeigler, John M. Etwart, Gene Machen, Tommy Foster, Bob Simons, Bob Petty, Luke Boykin, Bill Peacock, and Ralph Porter. They were led by Coach Jerry Odom.


New Bus Schedule

Not to ignore the roundball players, the *Sentinel* also ran a picture of the JCHS 1948 basketball team, who were the district champs: Jim Boggus, Ralph Porter, Waylon Thomas, Fred Thomas, Brooks Derrick, Luke Boykin, T. W. Linville, Ray Mitchell, Bud Hancock, Leon Downey, and Billy Charles McCord.

In April, the Tennessee-Alabama Baseball League played their season opener at Legion Park, beating Decatur 3 to 2. Ed Barclay pitched for Scottsboro, and the team was managed by Tracy Thomas.

Southern Railway Trains 7 (westbound at 5:50) and 8 (eastbound at 9:00), taken out of service briefly in 1948 because of a coal strike, were returned to service in early May, a boon to mail and passenger traffic alike, much to everyone's relief.

The Negro Division of the Boy Scouts of the Tennessee Valley Council held their annual jamboree at Carver High School April 22-24, with 128 Boy Scouts and 138 Girl Scouts in attendance. T. E. Weatherly, who was a member of Troop 122, was the son of Mary Hunter and later was principal of Carver School. Friday's busy day of campfire skits was attended by many visitors, including Mayor H. G. Jacobs, and the Alabama A & M Band performed in a parade. The camporee was under the direction of D. W. Kelly, Jr., Scout Field Executive.

A new florist business opened in town in the Jessica Hotel location recently vacated by the Children's Shoppe. Mrs. George Brakfield and Mrs. William Cloud operated the business, having recently completed courses in an Atlanta school of floral design. The new business operated as Jackson Florist.

Sadler-Kennamer ran a full-page ad at Easter, calling itself "Scottsboro's newest store" located next to the Majestic Cafe. Steinberg's ads claimed that it was Scottsboro's largest store; it was located in the Proctor Building.

Off the square on Laurel, the Red Hot store was running huge ads touting men's clothing. Rough and Tumble Furniture, on the location of the original opera house, added a second story in 1948. Izzy "Red Hot" Derrick bought the old opera house site and built a one-story building

which operated as Butler and Kennamer Wholesale for several years. About 1939, Derrick went into the furniture business under the name Rough and Tumble Furniture Company. As the business grew and needed more floor space, Derrick added a second floor with an elevator that was completed in 1948.

On May 18, a small article with the headline "New Store Opens in Scottsboro" announced that a new business has opened "on the west side of the public square in the building formerly occupied by the Economy Auto Store. It is Hammer's, a dry goods, clothing, and shoe store, owned by A. B. Hammer, of Guntersville. This store will be managed by Mrs. and Mrs. H. P. Kern, of Haleyville, Ala., who will make their home here."

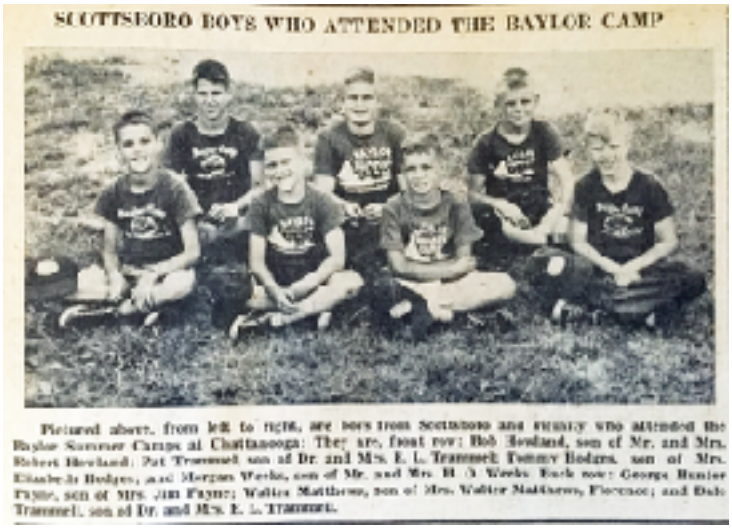
Even though Leroy Gist was a senior in the class of 1948, there was already a Gist Studio in Scottsboro, run by Leroy's father, between the Ritz and Reid Sundries on the west side of the square. You could also have your picture taken at Billy's Portrait Studio over David Lee's store on the west side of the square.

S. B. Manning, J. O. Chambers, Earl Willborn, Grady Adams, and Shorty Bishop were cutting hair at the Deluxe Barber Shop next to Word Furniture on Laurel.

In June, young lawyer John Milton Stockton set up a practice in Scottsboro. The nephew of the Stockton sisters (Mattie Lou, Beryl, Gertrude, and Lillian), he started practice in Scottsboro and (according to his cousin Andy Skelton) went on to teach law at Wharton Business School in Philadelphia and died in 2010.

Women's hats in Scottsboro passed a milestone. Sara and Dovie Rosson sold their business on Laurel Street (currently the office of the Porter Law Group) to W. D. Woodall and his wife, Hazel Thomas Woodall of Bridgeport, who promised "the same high grade lines of ladies' ready-to-wear" and called the business "Woodall's Shoppe." Bill's brother Brooks bought the Payne Drugstore business just down the street in 1989.

James Gay was operating his sporting goods business in the location across from Rough and Tumble Furniture. He would later operate a gun shop in the same location. The old Dr. Beech home place burned in June, a large frame structure north of Scottsboro Wholesale owned by S. T. Campbell and John B. Benson.



The municipal pool opened July 10, a new facility built by the City of Scottsboro "on the city property back of the athletic field," the location behind the current RecCom where the childrens' splash pool is now located. Shorty Robertson managed the pool, and Jimmy Thompson, Luke Boykin, and Leland Womack were lifeguards.

A group of smiling preteen boys were shown who would be attending the Baylor Summer Camps in Chattanooga. They were Bob Howland, Pat and Dale Trammell. Tommy Hodges, George Hunter Payne, Walter Matthews, and Morgan Weeks.

W. W. Coplin, who operated the hardware store on the corner of Laurel and Broad, opened a second hardware store in Guntersville in 1948. He also owned and managed Guntersville's Anchor Cafe.

"Scottsboro's Crack National Guard Company B" 151st Engineers Combat Battalion was pictured in the August paper, the photo of this group of men commonly seen appearing for the first time in this August newspaper. The photo recognized that the group had won honors at the annual encampment at Fort Benning, GA in July.

First Sergeant Jack Bradford and his Austrian bride Maria Mayrhofer are pictured in the July paper, having married in Linz. Jack was the son of T.I. and Annie Bradford of Scottsboro. His wife and children settled in Roane County, TN. State National Bank advertised that they were prepared to advance cotton producers "$125.00 per bale against warehouse receipts for current year's cotton, with interest at 3% per annum."

The October 5 paper reported that four parents in Dutton, Bridgeport, Section, and Stevenson were convicted for "failure to comply with the Compulsory School Attendance Law." Their jail sentence would be suspended if they kept their children in school.

Harbin Motor Company in the Benson Building ran a double-page spread showing all their employees in September. Charles and Claude Sublett opened a new radiator shop at the back of the old Scottsboro Funeral Home, which would have been behind the old fire station on Peachtree.

In October, Ralph Draughon was named president of Alabama Polytechnic Institute. The surviving members of the Bouldin family from the Paint Rock Valley met for a reunion here in November: Reverend George W. Bouldin, Judge Virgil Bouldin, Mrs. Mattie Bouldin Perry, Mrs. Betty Bouldin Pliant, G. P. Bouldin, and T. B. Bouldin.

Homecoming arrived in Fall 1948, and principal M. G. Couch recognized Homecoming Queen Carolyn Davis and the members of her court, Irene Machen and June Bishop, accompanied by Bud Hancock, Bert Boykin, and Brooks Derrick. The 1948 cheerleaders were Archie Barclay, Mary F. Green, Margaret Keeble, Augusta Snodgrass, Martha Hunt, and Hugh C. Word.

As Christmas approached, The Locker Plant offered "hens and turkeys alive or dressed, fresh or cured hams" and "frozen fruits and vegetables including pumpkin pie" on the south side of the square.

Some notable folks died during this year. Lieutenant Cecil Floyd died July 27 when the P-80 jet he was piloting crashed at the Hall Air Force Base in Utah. He and his brother J. W. "Hoo Daddy" Floyd are buried with their mother Ella at Cedar Hill. Claude Bobo, "one of the pioneer picture show men of the South," died at age 60 on November 20. He had started the Bonita theater in Chattanooga, the Dreamland silent movie theater upstairs in the Claybrooke Building, and the Bocanita Theater in Scottsboro.

These citizens died in 1948, and their obituaries were added to their Findagrave records: George Baker, Ida Willmore, Vannie Swaim Miller, Virgil Miller, young Billy Campbell, Mrs. Jessie Warren (but not, as the paper had reported, Mrs. Jessie Miller of South Pittsburg), Lucinda Walsh, J. W. Roberts, Cynthia Austin, James Hankins, Mrs. J. C. Grider, James Stogsdill, young Charles Edward Smith, William H. McKee, James M. Steele, Sarah Elizabeth Hall, Ida Bryant Wann, little Mozell Robbins who drowned in Section, Tom Lilly, Martha Jane Johnson. Martha Pendergrass, J. E. Culpepper, Dudama Hays Flowers

who moved to Oklahoma, Mary Alice Lee, Ruby Jane Maples, Floyd Petty, John W. Williams, Myrtle Neeley, John M. Jenkins, Joseph Lusk, Ola Talkington, Bob Robertson, Elam Kennamer, Winston Henry Payne and his brother James Robinson Payne, both sons of John Will Payne and Maymie Robinson, Lala Dodson, Alice Stewart, Eva Kennamer, A. W. Rogers, H. L Wilbanks. Sallie Ann Shipp Bennett, William Henry "Buck" Gullatt, Walter Snyder, little Betty Jo Edwards of Stevenson; Charles Hicks, Kate Sublett, Annie Richie Barbee, and Orlena Stephenson.

Many World War II soldiers who died on the battlefield and were initially buried in Europe were returned home in 1948, providing some closure for their families. The incredibly sad part of the 1948 obituaries was the number of infants and toddlers who died—not stillborn infants, but children who died at age 3-6 months. Fully half of the obituaries are for babies. In 1950, 3004 infants died in Alabama, compared to just 515 in 2004.

So all in all, it is probably a good thing to live in the 21st century where there are vaccines that allow more children to grow up and where washing machines, while costing more than $124.00, are a good deal more functional. But on a quiet Saturday night, I'd still like to see Lash LaRue pop his whip at the Ritz.

Annette Norris Bradford

All photos are from the 1948 Jackson County Sentinel unless otherwise indicated. Sadler & Kennamer Photo is from the 1950 JCHS yearbook. Harbin Motor Company photo from the walls of the Pikeville Store. Infant mortality statistics are from the Alabama Department of Public Health.

Destructive Fire

Reprinted from *The Weekly Advertiser*, Montgomery, Alabama, Tuesday, February 22, 1881, p. 6:

A destructive fire occurred at Scottsboro, Alabama, Thursday night, which destroyed a considerable portion of the town.

The fire originated in a blacksmith shop on the right hand side of the railroad, looking west, at about 11 p.m. A stiff breeze was blowing at the time and the flames were communicated to a block of business houses located a short distance off. On account of the lateness of the hour the flames gained considerable headway before discovered by the townpeople, and with their meager facilities for fighting the flames at hand, they were compelled to to permit it to exhaust itself and bend their energies to saving the goods in the stores and protecting adjoining buildings.

From 12 to 15 houses were destroyed, and the loss will range from $20,000 to $40,000, with no insurance. Mr. William Whitney was the heaviest loser owning five of the burned buildings. Mr. James Jordan owned three.

The following are some of the stores which were destroyed: Jordan's grocery store, stock saved, safe destroyed; it contained $200 in greenbacks which were burnt. Moody's dry good store; damage to stock light. Skelton's grocery store; stock saved, but building entirely destroyed; it was one of the finest in the city. Snodgrass; building and contents destroyed. Buchanan's drug store and dwelling; stock injured somewhat. Three saloons all totally destroyed. James Jordan Jr, millinary store, building destroyed and stock seriously damaged. Great difficulty was experienced in saving the M.&C. depot, which was done only after the most heroic effort.

The portion of the town destroyed constituted what is known as Old Scottsboro. The new portion is on the other side of the depot, and contained the largest buildings and most extensive establishments.

Jackson County's jet fighter pioneer: Cecil Floyd

Any mention of the Floyd Brothers, Cecil and Jesse, always draws comparisons of their radically different personalities. Jesse ("Hoo Daddy") Floyd was flamboyant and reckless. A decorated paratrooper during the Second World War, Jesse learned to fly after his discharge and became known for his daring exploits such as flying under the BB Comer Bridge and "buzzing" the courthouse cupola. When he was chastened by county officials for disrupting county business with his fly-bys, he dismissed their complaints by saying, "Tell them to open the doors, and I'll fly the damn thing *through* the courthouse."

Lieut. Cecil Floyd

Once, in an exhibition, Hoo Daddy was to parachute into a crowd of onlookers at a community gathering. Instead, he tossed a mannequin out of the airplane into the astonished group below. He plans for the substitution weren't known even to his mother, who watched the dummy plummet to the ground, chute unopened.

Hoo Daddy's brother, Cecil Floyd, was, as one friend put it, "cut from a different cloth." Cecil was quiet, modest, and focused on his school work and civic duties. "I liked Jesse," said the source, "I admired Cecil."

His obituary in the July 28, 1948 *Sentinel* noted, "As a child and youth, he had much ambition, and he was one of the few boys in this county to ever achieve a perfect attendance record of not missing a day from school through all the grammar and high school years."

Cecil joined the Air Force (then the Army Air Corps) after high school. During the war, he served as a combat pilot in Normandy, the Rhineland, Rome, Arno, Ardennes and central Europe. He received numerous citations for his leadership and bravery.

After the war, Cecil became a member of an operational unit immediately following the test pilot phase of the P-80's development - with the aircraft essentially still in its developmental stage. He was killed on a flight from March Field, CA to Hall Air Force Base in Utah.on Tuesday, July 20, 1948.

The P 80 fighter jet

At the time of the accident, he was solo pilot of a Lockheed P-80 jet, the first operational on-line jet in use by the United States Air Force. He was in a flight of a number of P-80's engaged in landing at a military airfield.

Apparently, in the course of the landing, something happened to the aircraft that occasioned the fatal accident. As a matter of course, following the accident, an inquiry was held and an accident report filed. However that information has not been available to those of us who have a special interest in Cecil.

As a former Air Force Pilot who knew and held a deep admiration and respect for Lt. Floyd—and who also got some flying time in what was by that time the F-80—I would like to offer some mitigating information about the type plane he was flying.

The United States Air Force was more than a bit tardy in the development and utilization of jet fighter aircraft. Britain and Germany had pioneered the effort, with Germany, by the end of the Second World War, far advanced. The first American jet, as I recall, was a Bell P-39 fighter

that had its conventional power plant replaced with a jet engine. Prototypes flew, but never became operational.

Lockheed Aircraft, including famed Kelly Johnson and his "skunk works" developed our first operational jet – the P-80. It was a neat innovation, developed solely as a jet fighter. There were problems encountered, including early issues with the aircraft having almost no stall warnings – so crucial to flying the airplane safely.

Then there was a larger problem with engine fuel metering and control – causing "compressor stalls" that "flamed" the engine out – which I suspect became Cecil's issue, with the need to "go around" and make another landing approach. Several distinguished WW-2 fighter pilots aces lost their lives in the developmental stages of the P-80. I would include Cecil Floyd in that esteemed group. That is a fact.

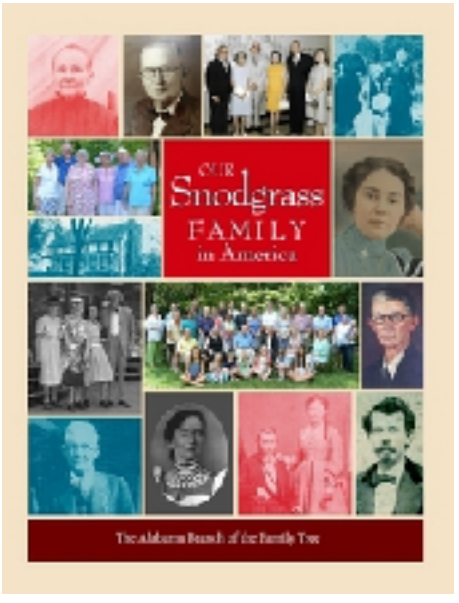
Cecil Floyd is, my book, one of those pioneer jet fighter pilots, whose unfortunate demise contributed the development and refinement of our incredible jet Air Force. I tip my hat to him as a true pioneer who gave his life in the development of the incredible air power we now have.

Rev. Dr. James Thompson
with research by David Bradford

Editor's Notes:
–Scottsboro native Jim Thompson's claims that he "got some flying time in F 80s" is modestly understated. He began flying two years after Cecil Floyd died, logging 71 combat missions in the F86s during the Korean war. Aiming for 100 missions, Dr. Thompson laments that he "just ran out of war." Following his service, he moved to Florence, AL, attended seminary ,and served for decades as a Presbyterian minister. Now retired, he frequently visits friends and fellow Auburn classmates in Scottsboro.
–Cecil Floyd was survived by his mother, Ella Floyd and his brother, Jesse. His father, Homer L. Floyd, had died when Cecil was four years old. Neither Cecil nor Jesse had children. Cecil is buried beside Jesse in Scottsboro's Cedar Hill Cemetery.

New Snodgrass Book

Janet Parks, whose book about the Parks family was available on lulu.com two years ago, has just published a new book about the Snodgrass family. Here is Janet's description of this book:



Stories in this book chronicle the lives of William and Catherine Patterson Snodgrass and seven generations of their descendants. Beginning with William's arrival in the New World at the dawn of the 18th century, Snodgrasses were classic pioneers, with each generation forging ahead to the next western frontier. They participated in the expansion of America, fought for liberation from English rule, crusaded for religious freedom, advocated for equal rights for women and minorities, and navigated down the Tennessee River to Alabama, where they were among the original settlers of Jackson County. Our family tree includes farmers, innkeepers, soldiers, authors, newspaper editors, cotton ginners, teachers, postmasters, lawyers, slave owners, abolitionists, merchants, weavers, legislators, Confederates, Unionists, sheriffs, musicians, and authors. Across all generations, five Snodgrass characteristics are clear: independence, fearlessness, realism, loyalty, and a reverence for education.

The book costs $70.15 and prints in 3-5 days. It can be ordered from http://www.lulu.com/shop/janet-parks/our-snodgrass-family-in-america/hardcover/product-23588366.html or by calling 844-212-0689.

The Graf Zeppelin over Jackson County

On Tuesday, October 24, 1933, a very ill Bill Bradford left his first grade classroom at Hollywood Elementary School to walk the quarter mile to his parents' home. Along the way, he heard the buzzing of aircraft engines. When he looked up, he had an unearthly vision: a 700-foot long airship with a swastika emblazoned on its tail was passing about 1000 feet overhead. Young Bill pitched over backwards and fainted.

Seven days later, he recovered full consciousness. His fainting and subsequent delirium had been induced by diphtheria. Assuming that the vision of the airship had been one of the many delusions he'd suffered while in the throes of the disease, he said nothing of the sighting.

Some 27 years later, at an informal reunion of Hollywood School students, a classmate asked Bill if he remembered the *Hindenburg* passing over the school when they were in the first grade. For the first time since his sighting, Bill received affirmation that his zeppelin experience had not been a fever-induced vision, but the real thing.

The classmate was mistaken in one regard: the airship that passed over Jackson County was not the *Hindenburg* but its predecessor, the *Graf Zeppelin*.

As James S. Benson, the editor of The Progressive Age, described the incident: "The giant dirigible, with its silver hulk listening in a brilliant sun, appeared over Scottsboro Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock from the south headed directly north, riding gracefully at a 1,000 foot altitude, its five motors roaring smoothy."(1)

The *Graf Zeppelin* would likely have passed over Jackson county in darkness had not foul weather earlier in the day caused it to circle in south Alabama where "mists and fogs wrapped the lowlands," as Benson described.

Eager Jackson Countians listened to reports of the progress of the ship, and "At 9 a.m., the government's radio station in Birmingham picked up the ship which gave its position as over Anniston and heading north."

There were 21 passengers on board the *Graf Zeppelin*. One was a stowaway who, as a member of the ground crew, had held on to the tethering lines when the ship left its moorings in order to climb the rigging to the gondola below.(2)

The *Graf Zeppelin* entered service in July 1928, and saw active service for nine years. It served as a prototype for future dirigibles that were intended to provide scheduled commercial trans-Atlantic service.

After a number of test flights, the airship left its native Germany in October 1928, crossing to the United States. Later shake-down flights included a round-the-world tour in August 1929, a Europe-Pan American flight in 1930, a polar expedition in 1931, two round trips to the Middle East, and a variety of other flights around Europe.(3)

In its 1933 fly-over of Jackson County, the *Graf Zeppelin* was on its way to the "Century of Progress" in Chicago. It touched down at Miami FL, Akron OH, and spent 25 minutes on the grounds of the World's Fair.

Operation of the *Graf Zeppelin* was an expensive affair for the Third Reich. It recouped some of its investment and operational expenses by charging $590 per passenger for the Germany to Brazil flight (the equivalent of nearly $11,000 today), but carrying mail and freight was its primary source of income.

All told, the *Graf Zeppelin* flew more than 1 million miles, becoming the first aircraft in history to do so. It had made 590 flights, 144 oceanic crossings

(143 across the Atlantic, one across the Pacific), carried 13,110 passengers, and spent 17,177 hours aloft (the equivalent of 717 days, or nearly two years). All of this was accomplished with a perfect safety record.(4)

The *Graf Zeppelin* was a powerful symbol of growing Nazi air superiority, and it was widely exploited by Nazi propaganda minister Joseph Goebbels. The internet site airships.net notes that "while Graf Zeppelin's appearance was one of the highlights of the Chicago Fair, the swastika-emblazoned ship, which was viewed as a symbol of the new government in Berlin, triggered strong political responses from both supporters and opponents of Hitler's regime, especially among German-Americans. The political controversy muted the enthusiasm that Americans had previously displayed toward the German ship during its earlier visits, and when [its commander] took *Graf Zeppelin* on a aerial circuit around Chicago to show his ship to the residents of the city, he was careful to fly a clockwise pattern so that Chicagoans would see only the tricolor German flag on the starboard fin, and not the swastika flag painted on the port fin under the new regulations issued by the German Air Ministry."(5)

As an instrument of propaganda, the *Graf Zeppelin* does not seem to have excited much fervor in the area. Despite the potential appeal of the Third Reich to the South—an ideology tailored to inspiring a defeated nation exploited during its post-war reconstruction and appealing to a populace given to xenophobic fears—support for the Nazi regime never really gained traction in Jackson County.

The newspapers occasionally reprinted messages espoused by prominent fascists—Charles Lindbergh, a controversial apologist for the Third Reich, remained a local figure of adulation whose views were widely propagated—but reserved most of their political vitriol for the condemnation of the communist party (which had funded the legal defense of the Scottsboro boys) and ardent support for the temperance movement. (The wife of *The Progressive Age* editor, Jim Benson, was an zealous, perhaps even vehement, Women's Temperance Union leader, and Benson's paper gave the organization in-depth coverage).

One notable exception to the apparent skepticism of the local press to the Nazi regime was an incongruous liaison of the venerable Twentieth Century Bookclub, and the prominent pro-fascist lecturer, Scottie McKenzie Frazier.

Frazier, reported *The Progressive Age*, "is in Scottsboro, the guest of her old friend, Mrs. H.O. Bynum . . . . She has recently made a trip to Europe and had the distinguished and much sought after honor of an audience with Hitler of Germany and Mussolini of Italy ... and during her visit there had a close-up view of conditions as they exist in those countries. Her visit to Austria was very interesting and especially interesting was her description of Germany and the adoration of the people of Germany for Hitler. They believe he is the only man that could have saved Germany after the war and the people simply worship him."(6)

Distrust of the Third Reich is evident in the local press in the wake of Hitler's inventions of Austria and Poland, but the *Graf Zeppelin*, the most imposing symbol of Nazi power ever to impinge on the lives of Jackson Countians came to an abrupt end four years after a Hollywood first grader fainted at its sight: It was withdrawn from service the day after the crash of the *Hindenburg* in May, 1937 and was decommissioned in Germany a month later.

David Bradford

1, 2) The Progressive Age, October 26, 1933, p. 1.
3, 4) Wikipedia, *The Graf Zeppelin*
5) airships.net, *The Graf Zeppelin*
6) The Progressive Age, May 6, 1937, p.1.
Jim Thompson writes after reviewing this article: I vividly remember the Graf Zeppelin coming over Scottsboro, concurrent with your Dad's experience! I was walking up town from my home, heard a deep-throated droning sound - looked up, and coming right over Market Street, over the east side of the square, was a zeppelin - headed north, just to the right of Tater Knob. I couldn't believe my eyes, yet there it was. It probably took two or three minutes from the time it came into view until majestically it lumbered on out of sight. What an experience!!! - and your dad saw it too!

Not really buried in Cedar Hill

When Shakespeare died in 1616, his contemporaries recognized the genius of his work and wanted to bury him in Westminster Abbey in London, the resting place of British poets, playwrights, and heroes. But Will was a Stratford Upon Avon boy at heart, and insisted that he lie with the rest of his family in the parish church. His epithet warns those who would move him elsewhere against his wishes:

> Good friend for Jesus sake forbeare,
> To dig the dust enclosed here.
> Blessed be the man who spares these stones
> And cursed be he who moves my bones.

North Gate of Cedar Hill in 1930

Many of the folks who did not choose Cedar Hill as their final resting place might have expressed much the same sentiment. Certainly some of the affected family members, especially those in the county's oldest cemetery, the Frazier Cemetery, were indignant and tried to have the move halted. There are many graves in Cedar Hill that were not the first resting places of the people named on the headstones.

Moving a cemetery

It is bad business moving a cemetery, and many modern subdivision developers choose to fence in and feature a cemetery rather than go through the legal maneuvers to move it. The reputable ones do this. The less reputable ones simply bulldoze the cemetery. This unfortunate practice has, in the past, given us such landmarks as Huntsville Hospital, the site of the Huntsville slave cemetery known as "Georgia" established in 1818, and the Birmingham Zoo and Botanical Gardens, its lush plants fed by the 4,711 pauper burials (sources differ on the exact number) located south of the city on the site that is now Lane Park and the Birmingham Zoo. The graves were not removed, but decades after the cemetery ceased to be used, the park and zoo were built over the graves. (See http://www.al.com/living/index.ssf/2015/02/when_you_visit_these_4_public.html)

Modern embalming methods did not reach Jackson County until the 1930s, when R. H. McAnelly became the first trained embalmer. This is why anyone who sold furniture also sold coffins and called himself a funeral director. Without embalming and vaults, burials in wooden boxes usually left no trace after 50 years had passed. Many old cemeteries that are moved are "symbolic moves" where movers dig down until the color of the soil changes, take a bucket of this soil from the grave, and move it to a new location, along with the headstone.

Other times, excavating old cemeteries produce very unexpected results. In a cemetery move in Hazel Green a decade ago, state exhumers dug down about a foot when they hit huge slabs of limestone, twice the size of the grave and a foot thick. It took a crane to lift them. They also had to stop at several points and do soil testing because embalming during this time period was often done with arsenic, and excavated old graves can be toxic and dangerous.

When you dig in a cemetery, no one actually know what lies beneath until the excavation is done.

Why Cedar Hill?

Cedar Hill is the flagship municipal cemetery in the county seat. It was established in 1876 when Charlotte Scott Skelton, daughter of Scottsboro founder Robert T. Scott, Sr., gave the land for the cemetery. On February 21, 1878, James Armstrong, editor of *The Scottsboro Citizen*, reported, "The Scottsboro Cemetery, where only six people have been interred, is a lovely spot, and, if improved and adorned with flowers, would be a most beautiful burial ground. The cemetery is on an elevated but gently sloped hillside, in the southwestern part of town. Though set apart by the town authorities as sacred to the burial of our dead, the site is nameless as yet."

The cemetery was not named until 1908 when, *The Scottsboro Citizen* noted, Mrs. Evie Brown Robinson suggested "Cedar Hill," and *The Citizen* concurred, noting "The suggestion made by this excellent lady is a good one." Writing about Cedar Hill in the *Chronicles*, Ann Chambless identified these as the six early burials recorded in Cedar Hill:

- Alexander Caldwell, born March 22, 1849 and died April 10, 1872
- Effa Shelton (daughter of MB. and E.I Shelton) born December 9, 1875 and died December 10, 1875
- William Duke Hill (son of J. W. and M. E. Hill), born September 1, 1975 and died September 24, 1876
- Capt. Jasper J. Jones, born January 24, 1832 and died February 6, 1878.
- Alexander Moody, born April 7, 1846 and died February 14, 1878
- Elizabeth H. McCord (wife of D. B. McCord), born July 20, 1825 and died March 2, 1875.

But if you walk through the cemetery, you find graves with death dates earlier than these. And some of these are graves without an occupant. Here is why.

Cenotaphs in Cedar Hill

A *cenotaph* is a tomblike monument to a person buried elsewhere, often used when commemorating people who died in a war and whose remains were not returned to the family plot.

There is at least one Revolutionary War cenotaph. **William Davis**, born in 1753 in Hanover County, VA and died August 19, 1848 in Maynard's Cove. This cenotaph appears in Cedar Hill but the actual grave is in the Proctor Cemetery. According to Donna Lyon who owns his findagrave record, William married Mary Ann Black, a full-blooded Cherokee woman who died in 1848. William and Mary Ann are buried in marked graves in the Proctor Cemetery. William has a cenotaph next to his daughter **Jane Davis Proctor**, whose grave in Cedar Hill must also be a cenotaph because she died ten years before the opening of Cedar Hill.

There are also World War I and World War II cenotaphs. In both wars, many bodies were disinterred and shipped home from overseas several years after hostilities ended. But not all of them.

Lieutenant Thomas Cobbs Kyle (Mrs Sid Telford's brother), a bonafide county hero of WWI awarded the French Croix de Guerre, has a commemorative stone with the family in Cedar Hill, but the stone reads "T. C. Kyle, 1892-1918, Some Where in France." The army records state that he is actually buried in "Grave #1, Sec. N. Plot 1, American B/A City., Fismes, Marne."

WWII soldier **Sergeant Virgle L. Knights**'s grave in Cedar Hill reads "Killed in Action Germany, World War II." But he is actually buried in the Normandy American Cemetery in Basse-Normandie, France. His parents John Robert and Allie Sanders Knight placed a cenotaph for Virgle with their family graves in Cedar Hill.

Thomas Cobbs Kyle

Virgle Leon Knight

Walter Matthews

Sergeant Rayford Ashmore's stone in Cedar Hill reads, "In Memory of S. Sgt. Rayford Ashmore, some where near Lintz, Austria, 15th Air Force."

Cedar Hill also includes a cenotaph for **Lieutenant Walter Matthews**, whose inscription reads "In Memory of Walter Matthews U. S. Navy, Buried on Luzon Philippine Island." He is actually buried in the Manila American Cemetery in Manila, The Philippines. He died when the Navy plane in which he was traveling crashed. His parents were Simmons Matthews and Bess Hunter, making him an uncle to Elizabeth Payne Word and her brother George Hunter Payne. He was married to Grace Swaim.

Bellefonte Cemetery and a Section pasture: Moved to protect the marker

One elaborate headstone was moved from Old Bellefonte Cemetery to Cedar Hill to protect it. It is located in a Rudder plot in Section 4 of the cemetery.

James Martin's gravestone is actually a cenotaph and is believed to have been moved from nearby Bellefonte. His inscription reads: "*Born Nov. 5, 1844, Died Jan. 4. 1863, in a negro cabin at Parker's Crossroads from a wound received in the Battle at that place Dec. 31, 1862. He was most brutally treated by the Yankees, and shamefully neglected by his own Southern doctors. A volunteer in the army of the South before he had reached his 18 years. He sealed with his blood his devotion to the 'Lost cause.' Peace to his ashes. To the youthful brave soldier's name, a soldier's honored grave.*"

James was the son of Daniel Martin, a prominent merchant and innkeeper in Bellefonte who had befriended General Sherman during Sherman's stay in Bellefonte in the 1840s. During the war, Sherman and Daniel Martin exchanged letters that referenced the suffering of the Martin family brought about by the war .

The stone is included in the burial plot of Joe R. Rudder and his wife Virginia Ellon Hess Rudder. Born in 1877, Joe and Ellon lived in the first house on the Langston Road from Highway 35 in 1937 and operated a small store when the family was relocated by the TVA. I cannot establish that Martin was a kinsman of the Rudders.

Another very old stone was moved from a cornfield and pasture in Section to protect it—the grave of Missina Nichols Dawson, (October 28, 1908 to January 24, 1887) located in the Dawson plot along the back of Section 8. Lallie Dawson Leighton explained that Missina was "was the second wife of my dad's great-grandfather, James McCord Dawson, from whom we are descended. J.M. Dawson is buried at Wesley Chapel, Sonoraville, GA (outside Cartersville), near where he died. His widow moved to Sand Mountain some time thereafter to be near some of her children."

"She was originally buried north of Section in what became a cornfield and pasturage, thus my dad's concern about her grave marker, which had already been broken by cows, farm equipment, vandals, or a combination of those. Her marker was moved to Cedar Hill in the 1996-1997 time frame, after my mom died in April 1996. An effort to have the headstone repaired was made via Skyline Monuments, which took care of removing the stone from its location near Section, withdrawing a certain depth of soil to accompany the stone. Her casket/coffin and any remaining bones had long since 'returned to the earth'."

The Frazier Cemetery and Allen and Clayton Burials: Moved for Revere

The largest and oldest cemetery in the county moved to accommodate modern needs was the Frazier Cemetery. The graves in the Frazier Cemetery belonged to families from submerged towns like Coffeetown, Kirbytown and Larkin's Landing who had already been displaced when the TVA impounded Guntersville Lake in 1939. They were Fraziers, Nicholsons, Hodges, Broadaways, Parkses, Jenkinses and Kirbys. This cemetery was originally located between the Revere docks and the safety harbor, approximately 200 yards inland.

In 1967, the Tennessee Valley Authority sold Goose Pond Island to Revere Copper and Brass for the construction of two enormous aluminum smelting and finishing mills. Although Frazier Cemetery was not within the proposed construction site, the company believed that visitors to the site could present a security problem, and the cemetery was moved to Cedar Hill. The Industrial Development Board of the City of Scottsboro supervised the move, along with city attorney Joe Lee.

In all, 212 graves from Frazier were moved by Scottsboro Funeral Home, though only the graves listed below were marked, and their lot numbers in the records are noted.

Josie Hodge (1)
Willis Hodge (2)
Laura Hodge (3)
Maggie Lue Hodge (4)
Loyd Hodge (5)
Mary C. Caperton (10)
Virgil Nicholson (11)
Louie Nicholson (12)
Martha A. Scarborough (13)
David Scarborough (14)
Thomas S. Kirby (15)
Alberta Kirby Morris (16)
Eliza Lee Kirby (17)
John Jenkins (18)
Lucinda J. Jenkins (19)
Infant Moody (21)
Ann G. Stockston (28)
Richard Sanford (29)
Mary M. Parks (37)
Ruth Parks (38)
John Parks (39)
Lucinda J. Frazier (54)
Joseph P. Frazier (55)
Lou J. P. Frazier (56)
Rebecca Parks (65)
Mary Frazier (66)
Samuel Frazier (67)
Rebecca Frazier (68)
Naomi Kirby (71)
Cynthia Mc Pherson (81)
Carter Brandon (83)
Morrison Kirby (84)
Hattie B. Broadaway (97)*
Nicholas P. Broadaway (103)*
Virginia A. Broadaway (105)*
Charles A. Reed (127)
John F. Rowe (183)

*moved to Goose Pond Cemetery

In October 1965, Inez Jenkins Murphy, who lived in Sheffield, AL at the time and had a number of family members in this cemetery, began a letter writing campaign aimed at stopping this cemetery from being moved, or at least ensuring that the headstones were moved with the graves. City Attorney Joe Lee assured Mrs. Murphy in a letter, "All of the graves located in Frazier Cemetery are to be removed and the remains are to be reinterred in Cedar Hill Cemetery in Scottsboro. A qualified undertaker will do this work and the removal and reinterment shall be at the expense of The Industrial Development Board and/

or Revere. Before these graves are removed, due notice will be given in the local newspaper and all known next of kin persons buried on Goose Pond Island will be notified by mail if their addresses are known. Of course, if the next of kin of a deceased wish to reinter the remains in a cemetery other than Cedar Hill, it is my understanding that they must bear that expense." (Letter Joseph A. Lee to Mrs. James Murphy, October 18, 1965)

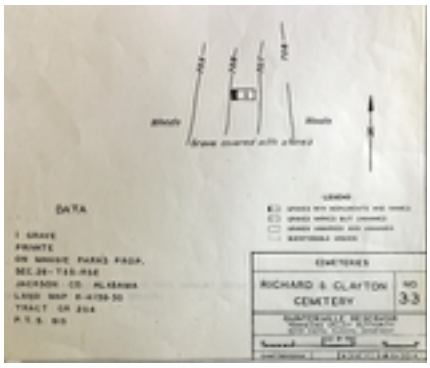
On January 12, 1966, J. C. Jacobs, chairman of The Industrial Development Board of the City of Scottsboro, Alabama, wrote Mrs. Murphy and enclosed the January 6, 1966 *Sentinel-Age* page 13 showing legal notices about the moving of three cemeteries: Frazier Cemetery (221 graves), the Allen burial ground (four graves without headstones) and the Richard B. Clayton Private Cemetery (the grave of Richard's wife Sally, described in the public notice as "abandonment of lands for cemetery purposes").

The public notice stated that "the Development Board hereby gives notices to all persons interested therein that the Development Board has declared, for the abandonment of Frazier Cemetery and for the removal of all human remains interred therein to another cemetery in the State of Alabama, to-wit, Cedar Hill Cemetery" and that this removal will start on or about March 7, 1966.

It is almost impossible to understand that the initial plan was to move just the remains, not the headstones. Mrs. Murphy wrote J. C. Jacobs on March 9, 1966, noting that she had read the public notice. "However, no mention was made in his letter nor in the newspaper notice concerning the old, valuable and historic grave markers. I mistakenly assumed that they would be moved with the human remains. It was not until Sunday, March 6 that I learned from Mr. Joseph Lee and Mr. Frank Henshaw, Jr. that these markers would not be removed. I respectfully request that the Industrial Development Board of the City of Scottsboro reconsider this matter and assume the responsibility and expense of moving the markers to the proper graves in Cedar Hill Cemetery. I realize there is not any legal obligation involved, but in my opinion there is a moral obligation," noting that there were only about 40 grave markers.

Apparently, Mr. Julian Clemons was designated as the person to take care of this move, and Mrs. Murphy agreed to abide by his actions. On November 15, 1967, J. F. Henshaw wrote Mrs. Murphy and sent her the three cemetery plats showing the move locations, but reported to her that the cost of marking the moved unmarked grave sites with aluminum markers was prohibitive. So we see the Frazier Cemetery as it exists today: a few markers dotted over the area at the back of Cedar Hill along a creek, backed up on the Word Lumber Company, with no location markers for the unmarked graves. Those plats are too big to reproduce here, but can be sent to interested persons by writing jcha@scottsboro.org. Mrs. Murphy continued to gather information on the families involved and to contact family members about the move as late as 1969. Her notes contain excellent information about the Frazier family.

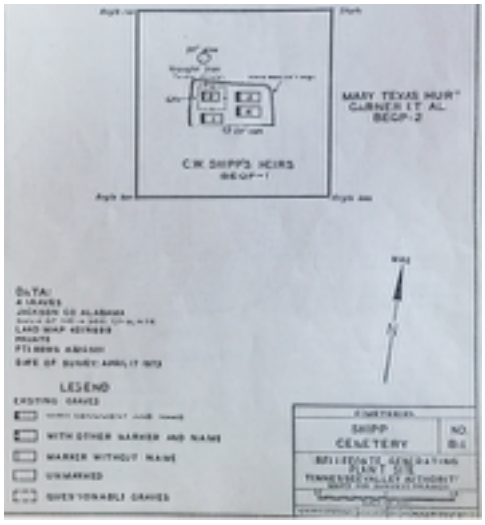
Poor Sally Clayton (March 22, 1796 to June 11, 1828) is found not just as part of this 1967 move but also in the TVA index when the land was surveyed in the 1930s prior to the 1939 flooding of the valley to build Lake Guntersville.However, the TVA must have determined her grave would not be flooded and chose not to move it. She escaped in 1937, but in 1966, Revere moved this grave to Cedar Hill.



It is not known where the unmarked graves on the Allen plot were moved, but it is assumed they are also in Cedar Hill.

The Shipp's Chapel Cemetery: Moved for Bellefonte Nuclear Plant

In 1973, when the TVA began clearing cemeteries from what would be the Bellefonte Generating Plant property, they surveyed and moved the Shipp's Chapel Cemetery. This small family cemetery consisted of four graves on the property of Mary Texas Hurt Garner. The attached document shows that the survey was taken on April 17, 1973, and these four graves were identified: two adults and two children.



Dr. David Stern (1902-1977)
Nancie Ann Shipp Stern (1822-1881), wife of David
Thomas Hayes Shipp (August 17, 1901 to August 7, 1907), the son of Charles William Shipp and Mary Jane Sterne Shipp. This family was living in Hollywood when little Tom Shipp was run over by a Southern Railroad train. His obituary can be found on findagrave.
Alberta Shipp (December 4, 1893 to April 13, 1911), another child of Charles William Shipp and Mary Jane Stearne Shipp.

They are all buried in the Shipp plot in Division 2 of Cedar Hill along the road. Other cemeteries were moved as well (the graves in the Fennell Cemetery, for example, were moved), but this is the only cemetery from this site that was added to Cedar Hill.

The Barclay Cemetery: Making way for an industrial park

If you look at the Barclay graves in Cedar Hill, you find four Barclay graves that predate the opening of Cedar Hill, commemorated on a single marker, shown here, in memory of:

- **Joseph Barclay,** thought to be the son of William Barclay (1757-1782) and his wife Ester [Unknown] (1759-1782)
- **Mary 'Polly" Ledbetter Barclay,** (1789-1860), thought to be the daughter of Joel Ledbetter, Sr. (1751-1815) and his wife Catherine Brazelton (1751-1860)
- **Joseph Pickens Barclay** (1830-1872)
- **Martha Hogle Barclay**, born about 1830 in Alabama and died between 1880 and 1890. Wife of Joseph Pickens Barclay

These graves were moved from a location in the southwest part of the Scottsboro Industrial Parks site on Highway 72 West (Township 5S, Range 5E, Section 11). According to Ralph Mackey, there were four other unmarked graves moved as well. These graves were moved on January 12, 1990.

Pat Deneen explained this marker in findagrave:

Originally, Joseph and Mary Barclay were buried in the Barclay Cemetery in Scottsboro. The following excerpt is from the book, *History of Union Cemetery*, by Joann Thomas Elkin:
"When Joseph and Mary died, they were residents of Jackson Co., AL and were buried in what was known as Barclay Cemetery, near Scottsboro. On 12 Jan 1990, a Barclay family memorial monument was erected by the City of Scottsboro, AL in Cedar Hill Cemetery. The monument reads: 'IN MEMORY OF JOSEPH BARCLAY AND WIFE MARY LEDBETTER BARCLAY JOSEPH P. BARCLAY 1811 - 1872 AND WIFE MARTHA HOGUE BARCLAY AND ALL OTHERS WHO WERE BURIED IN BARCLAY CEMETERY REINTERRED JANUARY 12, 1990'."

"The monument and reinterment were made possible through the efforts of a Barclay descendant, David Boyd Anderson, who resided in Scottsboro, and the City of Scottsboro. The city's purchase of land for an industrial park included the location of the Barclay Cemetery; both the Barclay descendants and the City of Scottsboro desired to preserve the memory of those who had been buried there."

Pat followed up this findagrave information with an email. "I have talked to David Boyd Anderson's son, James, and he recalls his father's involvement in the relocation of the Barclay Cemetery. He said that his father was not very happy with the idea but agreed to it eventually. James says that The City of Scottsboro was also supposed to be placing a monument on the property where the Scottsboro Industrial Park is now located to allow people to know where the Barclay Cemetery had originally been located. However, when the mayor of Scottsboro presented him with the monument, they had engraved The Anderson Cemetery on the monument instead of The Barclay Cemetery. Mr. Anderson would not accept this monument since it has the wrong information engraved on it. Nothing else was ever done so the Barclay Cemetery location will never be known to those of us who never saw it."

The William Scott Cemetery: Moved for St. Jude's Catholic Church

There were two Scott family cemeteries in Scottsboro related to town founder Robert T. Scott: the well-known Robert T. Scott Cemetery on Highway 35 at the junction of Highway 72, and the now defunct William Scott Cemetery located on the site of St. Jude's Catholic Church on old Highway 72. The cemetery was on the west side of Poorhouse Mountain, .9 miles west of the railroad and .2 miles south of Highway 35, on the west side of the Morris home.

Ann Chambless wrote that Robert Thomas Scott (1800-1859) and William A. Scott Jr. (1798-1859) were two of the sons of William A. and Jane (Thomas) Scott, Sr. who moved from Raleigh, NC to Madison County, AL around 1820. William A. Scott, Sr. died in 1829 and was buried on his farm in Brownsboro in Madison County. After the death of their father, Robert Thomas and William A. Scott purchased land in Section 23, Township 4, Range 4 East in the western part of present-day Scottsboro. Robert Thomas Scott settled at Bellefonte and then purchased much of the land which became the center of Scottsboro, planning by and named for Robert T. and Elizabeth Ann Scott.

William A. Scott Jr. married Elizabeth Knox on February 1, 1827 in Madison County, AL. They are both buried on their farm in the family cemetery that overlooks St. Jude Catholic Church. Their children

Henry Scott (1844-1959), Elizabeth Scott (died young) and Ann P. (Scott) Gordon Morris (1833-1897) are buried here. Other family members buried in the William A. Scott Jr. family cemetery are: Frank and Jenny McKissack; Wayne Morris; and Robert Thomas and Mattie (Wood) Morris. Robert Thomas Morris was a son of William A. and Elizabeth (Knox) Scott. Jr.

Robert Thomas Scott married Elizabeth Ann Parsons of Anson County, NC in 1826 in North Carolina. At the time of the 1850 Jackson County, AL census, they lived on the ridge just west of the junction of present day U. S. Highway 72 and AL Highway 35 (near the Highway 35 overpass). Robert T. Scott died on June 18, 1863 and was buried in his family cemetery which must have been adjacent to his home. Elizabeth Ann (Parsons) Scott died on October 14, 1873 and was buried beside her husband. Three of their Bynum grandchildren are also buried in the Robert T. Scott Cemetery. They are John William Bynum (1867-1868); Lillie Bynum (1868-1868); and Katie May Bynum (1880-1881), infants of Hugh and Lucy (Scott) Bynum. (Ann B. Chambless, "Two Scott Family Cemeteries," *Jackson County Chronicles*, October 2001, V13 No 4)

Some of the graves that were originally part of the William Scott Cemetery are now distributed among the graves in Cedar Hill. They are the graves of Robert Thomas Scott's first wife and two of his daughters. They were married in Jackson County on May 1, 1870. Two daughters of this union survived: Mary Jane Scott (1871-1934) and Mary Priscilla Ann Scott (1872-1962).

These graves are found in Cedar Hill:

Robert Thomas Morris (1861-1946), a son of William A. and Elizabeth (Knox) Scott. Jr.

Maggie M. Wood Morris (1868-1968), daughter of Charles Thomas Wood (1842-1901) and Mary Jane Jackson Wood (1841-1928) and wife of Robert Thomas Morris

Johnnie Thomas Scott, February 1, 1874-January 21, 1881: The six-year-old granddaughter of Scottsboro founder Robert T. Scott, the daughter of Robert Thomas Scott (1847-1910) and Nancy Jane Kennamer Scott (1846-1883). Nancy's grave was also moved.

Minnie Belle Scott, February 12, 1876-May 9, 1876: The almost three-month-old granddaughter of Robert T. Scott, another daughter of Robert Thomas Scott (1847-1910) and Nancy Jane Kennamer Scott (1846-1883). Nancy's grave was also moved.

Nancy Jane Kennamer Scott, 1846-April 12, 1883: The daughter-in-law of Robert T. Scott and wife of his son Robert Scott Kennamer.

After Nancy's death in 1883, Robert married Laura Catherine Moon from Madison County on March 2, 1884. This family moved to Shelbyville in Bedford County, TN where Robert died in 1910 and Laura died in 1937.

Annette Norris Bradford

There are many sources for this article: conversations, findagrave records, Ann Chambless' handwritten notes, old Chronicles articles, email exchanges, the files of Inez Jenkins Murphy (kept in the Heritage Center), conversations with Benny Bell, and al.com. Thank you Andy Skelton for the 1930s photo of Cedar Hill.

W. L. Heath

Scottsboro's W.L. (Bill) Heath was the author of 8 novels (one of which became a major motion picture), 28 short stories and 3 TV shows. He received widespread critical acclaim and several literary awards. Clearly, he was a very successful storyteller.

How does one tell the story of a storyteller? An internet biography of Bill Heath states: "William Ledbetter Heath was born September 28, 1924, in Lake Village, Arkansas, the third son of Charles Merrill and Ann Maples Heath. Heath's mother died soon after he was born, and he was sent to Scottsboro to be raised by his grandmother and aunt."

This is all true, but it is hardly complete and certainly not very compelling. For instance, this may have been the first and last time Bill was in Lake Village and doesn't begin to explain the circumstances. So hopefully the following will better tell Bill's story.

His father, Charles Merrill Heath, was the son of a Methodist pastor who came to Stevenson from, and later returned to, Crawford, Indiana. Ann Maples was the daughter of Dr. W.C. and Sophronia Maples. Charles was a lumberman associated with and related to the Armstrong and Mitchell families of Stevenson. He left Stevenson to run lumber mills in Louisiana. Bill was probably born in Lake Village because that was the closest hospital.

His mother's death, less than two months after his birth, caused a family crisis. There were three boys, Charles 11, Wiley 8, and Bill in the small Louisiana mill town of Oak Ridge. The solution was for their Aunt Lura Heath Ross, a 34 year old registered nurse, to come from New York City to care for the older brothers and maintain the household. The infant Bill was brought to Scottsboro to be under the care of his aunt Will Maples and his grandmother, "Miss Phronie." But there was no question that Will was his guiding light.

Bill grew up in a house full of adults - one aunt, three uncles, and his grandmother. His other uncles, Houston Maples, a Naval officer and Emmitt, an Alabama Power employee, were not living in Scottsboro at the time. The Maples lived in the house now occupied by Bill's cousin, Wade Maples, and his wife, Pat. The railroad passenger station was just across the tracks and the county square only two blocks away. As a child, he had the run of the town and later told and wrote of his experiences and impressions.

One family story was the founding of the original Maples Company. In the height of the Depression, his Uncle John, a Cornell graduate, had returned from work in South America. His Uncle Jack (Robert) was working as the pharmacist at Payne's Drugstore. His Aunt Will and Uncle Jim were unemployed. John perfected a chenille sewing machine that was unique and offered a potential business opportunity. Bill later

told of a family meeting during which the decision was made to pool their resources and fund a chenille enterprise. The first Maples' mill (located on the current BB&T Bank site) was a frame building formerly housing an overall factory. Bill recounted fond memories of how he would play at the factory, collecting the copper disks which had been discarded when the overalls were bradded.

The Maples Company proved to be a very successful enterprise, and a new mill was built adjacent to the family home. John served as the general manager, Jim ran the laundry, Jack the shipping department, and Will was the designer. Bill would later take Will's place in the design department and his brother, Charles, would become the office manager/bookkeeper. (Maples Rugs carries on the family's textile manufacturing heritage under the direction of Wade and Pat Maples and their son, John.)

Bill finished his secondary education at Chattanooga's Baylor School and enrolled in the University of Virginia. Unfortunately, the Second World War intervened and he joined the Army Air Corps. He was trained as a radio operator and assigned to B-24's based in India. Instead of carrying bombs, they were carrying supplies over the Himalaya Mountains into Nationalist China – affectionately known as "flying the hump." This was very dangerous duty under primitive conditions. Bill told of cyclones (hurricanes) that devastated their base and of watching planes crash on the dirt strip. For his service, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal. After the war, he wrote a novel about his experiences, *Last Known Position*, which conveyed the anxiety of flights over towering mountains, in terrible weather, with the constant threat of Japanese fighter attack.

After the war, Bill returned to the University of Virginia and completed his degree in English Literature, graduating in 1949. He began writing and publishing short stories and was awarded the Virginia Spectator Award his senior year. He was also an active member of the Sigma Chi fraternity, serving as President.

While at UVA, he met and married Mary Ann Stahler of Bluefield, WV. After college, they moved to Chattanooga, TN. Bill worked as a copy editor for *The Chattanooga Times* and Mary Ann worked as a nurse at Erlanger Hospital. While working for the paper, Bill honed his skills as a writer and published numerous short stories. After only a few years at the *Times*, he left the newspaper and returned to Scottsboro to pursue his writing career. He and Mary Ann built a home on Preston Island, about half-way between Scottsboro and Guntersville, which he jokingly referred to as Poverty Point. At one time they nailed a tin cup to the welcome sign. Bill had a writing area with his typewriter, reams of paper and copies of works in progress. He had an agent in New York who shopped his short stories to magazines such as Red Book, Argosy, Esquire, and Colliers and his novels to book publishers.

His first novel, *Violent Saturday*, was published in 1955 and rights were sold to 20th Century Fox. It become a motion picture with an all-star cast including Victor Mature, Richard Egan, Stephen McNally, Sylvia Sydney, Tommy Noonan, J. Carrol Naish, Lee Marvin and Ernest Borgnine. His second novel, *Ill Wind*, received literary acclaim and established him as a promising new writer with exceptional talents.

"I didn't find a niche for my writing," he once said. "I didn't stick with one genre. My agent always said that was what I needed to do to have a larger following, but I didn't." Even so, he was able to make a comfortable living from his writing through the mid-1960s. In all he published eight novels and 28 short stories, and three TV shows were based on his short stories.

After the movie *Pulp Fiction* was released, he commented, "That's not pulp fiction. I know what pulp fiction is. I've written a lot of it."

When asked which of his novels was his favorite, he said, "I think *The Good Old Boys* is a really nice piece of work. I'm proud of that one and especially the response I received from the community. Quite a few people from Scottsboro commented that they liked it and the characters – many of whom were based on local residents. But my personal favorite was *Oh Careless Love*. All in

all, I feel like it's my best work." Unfortunately, the manuscript was lost by his agent and it was never published.

Bill's second career was in the textile industry, going to work at the Maples Company. The business changed hands, being purchased by JP Stevens, and later by Fieldcrest Mills, but he stayed on as head of the design department until his retirement in 1988. Even after retirement, Bill was retained as a consultant. A few times each month he would fly his Cessna to Scottsboro from Guntersville, put in a day's work and then fly back. He was asked to continue indefinitely as a consultant but declined, saying that he would rather enjoy life than continue to draw a salary.

Bill's hobbies included the Maples' traditional hunting and fishing, as well as golfing and music. Thanks to his WWII experience, he developed an interest in aviation, obtained a pilot's license and owned a small plane. Having been around the river all his life, he was an avid fly fisherman in his youth. He also owned a number of boats, his favorite being a 26-foot cabin cruiser named *Requisite*. In both flying and boating, he was meticulous in his procedures, always following checklists and safety precautions. Flying on a-wing-and-a-prayer in the war had made him aware of all the bad things that can happen to the careless.

Throughout his adult life, Bill was involved in the community. He was a founder and director of First Federal Savings and Loan in Scottsboro and a member of the City Board of Education. After his retirement he also taught classes in creative writing at Northeast State Community College.

Bill's wife, Mary Ann, was also an influential and well-respected person in Scottsboro. She held nursing positions at Revere and Jackson County Hospital (Highlands). Among other accomplishments, she managed the hospital's nursing home, demonstrating her considerable management skills. She was also an active member of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, serving on the vestry and altar guild for many years.

Together they raised three boys – Cary, Warne, and Merrill. The Heath family was an active, vibrant group that always seemed to have a dog or two underfoot, a sporting or social event of some sort to attend, or maybe just a relaxing trip to the lake for some fishing and boating at Poverty Point.

Mary Ann died in 1988 and Bill moved from Scottsboro to Guntersville's River Bend. He had his plane, boat, books and piano for recreation. He was a self-taught pianist, and loved to play jazz, ragtime, and boogie-woogie. Once having supper at a restaurant, he commented that their piano player "must have been a music teacher, because she had no sense of rhythm." He was an active member of the Riverbend community and was President of the owner's association.

Bill died in 2007, leaving behind the literary legacy of keen observation put to paper in an age before word processing, social media, and other short cuts to storytelling. Those who knew him had the benefit of his cheerful personality and natural friendliness. He was a small-town boy with a broad world view who contributed in many ways to the color and history of Jackson County.

Charles Heath

Historic Huntsville Tour
Heritage Center
Visits Huntsville, Alabama
May 12th, 2018

Leaving the Home Depot parking lot at 8:30 AM
Returning around 4:30 PM

Our first stop will be the **Huntsville Madison County Veteran's Memorial**. Officially dedicated on Veterans Day, November 11th, 2011, the memorial pays tribute to all veterans of all wars. Along with the main memorial, the park contains a number of smaller memorials and points of interest.

Then, we will be going on to **Harrison Brothers Hardware**. A continuing tradition that began over 116 years ago. Harrison Brothers Hardware is a store unlike any other you will visit. Started as a family-owned business, the store has operated on the courthouse square since 1897. Today the store is owned and operated by the Historic Huntsville Foundation.

We will have lunch at **Galen's Restaurant** in historic 5 points in the location of the former Mullins building. Galen's has been in business since 2012 serving homemade American cuisine.

After lunch, we have a drive through the **Twickingham Historic District** planned. This is Alabama's largest antebellum district, featuring Federal, Italianate and classical architecture. It was the first historic district designated in Huntsville and is on the National Register of Historic Places.

Our last stop will be **Burritt on the Mountain**. Known as the "Jewel on the Mountain", the open-air museum and park atop Round Top Mountain overlooks Huntsville. Local physician and philanthropist, Dr. William Burritt willed his 167 acre personal estate to the city upon his death in 1955 for the establishment of a museum. Today, Burritt on the Mountain is on the National Register of Historic Places and consists of the historic mansion, restored 19th century buildings, farm animals and trails.

We will depart from the Burritt around 3:30 for our return trip to Scottsboro.

All Inclusive Cost per Person $80.00 Deadline for registering is <u>April 26th</u>

Please make checks payable to:
**Payment and registration
MUST be received by Deadline.

Scottsboro-Jackson Heritage Center
PO Box 53
Scottsboro, Alabama 35768
Phone 256.259.2122

Number Attending _____ **Please list any food allergies** _____
Names _____
_____
Address _____
Phone _____

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The Jackson County Chronicles

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In this issue:

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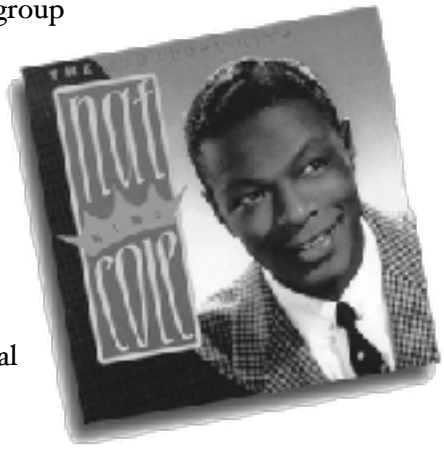
About this Publication:
The Jackson County Chronicles is published quarterly by The Jackson County Historical Association.
Editor: Annette Norris Bradford
Associate Editor: David Bradford
Editor Emeritus: Ann B. Chambless

Our July Meeting: This quarter's JCHA meeting will feature the life and music of Nat King Cole. Born in Montgomery, Alabama in 1919, Nathaniel Adams Cole established himself irrevocably as a voice of an American era and as part of the group of musicians who helped to create jazz when it was in its infancy. Our speaker, Daphne Simpkins, will present a program sponsored by the Alabama Humanities Foundation titled *Alabama's Own Nat King Cole* in which she talks about Cole's life story and introduces the music that he made famous. Her presentation will look at Cole's story and how it tells not only his history, but in many ways records sociological changes happening inside American culture and American homes. Ms. Simpkins is the author of 10 books, including the Mildred Budge series, *A Cookbook for Katie* (2014), *Christmas in Fountain City* (2016), two non-fiction memoirs about caring for her father through his Alzheimers called *The Long Good Night* (2003) and *What Al Left Behind* (2015), and most notably in this context, a 2002 book titled *Nat King Cole: An Unforgettable Life in Music*. For more information about Ms. Simpkins, see amazon.com/author/daphnesimpkins. The meeting will be held **Sunday, July 29 at 2:00 p.m. at the Scottsboro Depot Museum**. The event is free and open to both JCHA members and non-members.



Northeast Alabama Community College and the JCHA will sponsor the first ever Cedar Hill Living Cemetery Walk on October 21 (rain date October 28): Drs. Julia Everett and Blake Wilhelm at NACC are working with the JCHA to bring Jackson County history to life. Please help us make this event a success by volunteering your time and talents. Contact us at jcha@scottsboro.org.

Please renew your membership in the JCHA: If your mailing label identifies you as "Membership Expired," please renew for 2018 or convert to a life membership.

In the last *Chronicles*, we told you about Janet Parks' new Snodgrass book, available from http://lulu.com. Janet finds that she omitted a key photo and has created this photo as a bookmark in the same style as the book. If you bought this book, drop by the Heritage Center on South Houston Street and pick up a bookmark and pocket.

Another JCHA Friend Gone On

JCHA members will be saddened to hear that Betty Jean Gullatt Budlong passed away in August 2017.

In October 2004, Betty hosted the October JCHA meeting at her then newly restored family home, the Townsend-Gullatt House, now on the Registry of Historic Places. Since the group met there in 2004, the Budlong family has also restored the 1850s-era cabin located on the grounds of the home.

Betty never lived in Jackson County but had deep Jackson County roots. She was the daughter of Walter Frank Gullatt and Pauline Moneymaker and the granddaughter of John Frank Gullatt who ran a store in Hollywood and his wife Nora Lee Howard. "My Father was born in 1911, the youngest of three children. His father owned a small farm (120 acres) in Hollywood, Alabama, and ran a general store which was located near the Hollywood Baptist Church," Betty wrote in 2004.

"When my Father was about 19 years old, economic conditions in Alabama were such that the whole family left to go North and start dry cleaning establishments pioneered by my great-uncle, Charlie Howard. The two older boys (with their wives) went to Maryland and Cleveland, Ohio. My father and his parents moved to Connecticut. Grandfather John Frank Gullatt told them, 'If it doesn't work, the farm is there' [in Alabama]."

"Long story made short. It worked. After my grandfather died in 1935, his life insurance was used to pay off mortgages on the farm. My grandmother, Nora Lee, was supported by my father until she died in 1951. Her two oldest sons predeceased her. My father inherited the farms. They have not been mortgaged since then. When my father took a chance in business, my mother worried. He would look at her and say, 'Baby, if it does not work, we can always go back to the farm.' My father's dream was to return to Hollywood where he was born and raise horses on the farm. He died in 1953 at the age of 41. His last words to my mother were, 'Don't sell the farms.' My father's brothers died leaving only daughters; my brother died in the 1960s leaving two daughters. My nieces own the small farm; I own the large farm. All my life, when I have taken a chance, I have said, 'Don't worry. I can always live on the farm.' "

The Budlongs left New England for Los Angeles, though they visited Jackson County frequently. The people of Jackson County have benefitted from Betty's dedication to keeping the farm together. The land is currently held in trust. The Chandler family currently lives in the house and farms much of the Townsend-Gullatt property.

The Townsend Farmhouse is situated at the base of Poorhouse Mountain, and consists of the main house, built circa 1870; a two-room log house, built circa 1855 and today used for storage; and several outbuildings dating from the mid-20th century and later. According to the registry report, the center-hall house has a gable roof, with a tall, cross-gable pediment. The exterior is clad in clapboard atop the rough-cut limestone block foundation. Two limestone chimneys project from the gable ends. The front porch and entry exhibit Folk Victorian details. A three-bay ell extends from the rear of the house.

You can read the history of the Townsend-Gullatt House and the full interview with Betty in the October 2004 *Chronicles* (www.jchaweb.org). The house was listed on the National Register of Historic Places in 2005. Photographs and a history of the house can be found at https://www.webcitation.org/6Se30n3WS.

We join with husband Tom and son David in mourning her loss. Jackson County has lost a friend.

Annette Norris Bradford

1972: More than Meets the Eye

It is difficult to recognize the import of an event when you are mired deep in it every day. At first glance, 1972 looks like a year of mud-slinging elections and bad haircuts. It was an election year, with the county running national, local, and municipal races. John T. Reid and Sarah Betty Ingram were on the front page every other week. It is also the year when TVA was being coy about the land it was buying or condemning in Bellefonte (though John T. Reid was anything but…), and the year when George Wallace was shot in May and Loy Campbell's car was bombed in November.

In the past, I have walked through a year using *The Progressive Age* or *The Daily Sentinel*. But having recently searched for one of Brownie Stephens' photos for a friend and rediscovering all over again some of the splendid history recorded in *The Jackson County Advertiser*, I walked through the 1972 *Advertiser*.

The *Advertiser* was in its 6th year of publication in 1972, and the paper had a number of regular features that endeared it to its readers. These included:

- Informal news from the various towns and areas in the county. The people who wrote these columns were Ruth Smith in Stevenson; Danette Millican in Pleasant View; Marie Bramblett in Dutton; Arnese Marvel in the Paint Rock Valley; Marie Buckner in Skyline; Deva Wood in Pisgah; and Marie Carrell on north Sand Mountain.
- Businessman of the Week
- Gospel Tones, news about quartets and gospel singings
- Food and Notes by Mrs. Clyde Dykes Peck with the AU Extension Service
- Big Country, little Tom Underwood's column about country music
- Just Joshing, a humor column by Josh Varner
- Outdoors by T. F. Akeson
- The Book Shelf where Eliza Hackworth brought her unique perspective to the written word
- Voice of the People, the letters to the editor
- Spotlight on Youth
- Ramblin' 'Round, a spotlight on important events by Ann Hamilton
- Kitchen Corner, a weekly recipe feature from cooks all over the county
- Over Eighty Club, which gave old folks a year's free subscription for a photo (which I think the *Advertiser* took) and a sketch about their lives. Some of these sketches are just wonderful. Who gets to hear people who died in the 1970s give you first-person summaries of their lives? I put these sketches on their findagrave pages, and in at least three instances, I also put up their obituaries this year. The *Advertiser's* photo might well have been the last photo taken of these citizens.
- A community history and genealogy column by Edna Gay, Cactus Gay's mother. The subjects of these columns might interest you:

Date	Subject		Date	Subject
January 9	Green Academy		June 18	Farr Family
January 16	WPA Programs, especially Skyline		June 25	James Cotton
February 6, 13, and 20	Paint Rock Valley		July 9	Lewis Family

Date	Subject		Date	Subject
February 27	Spanish-American War		July 30	Houk Family
March 5	Larkin's Fork		August 6	Bulman Family
March 12	Woodall Family		August 13	McGehee Family
March 19	Ryan Family on Sand Mountain		August 20	Dodson and Elkins Families
March 26	House of Happiness		August 27	Petty Family
April 2	Whitaker Family		September 8	McAllister Family
April 9	Brown Family		September 10	Lewis Family Letter
May 7	Peters Family		October 1	Burnett Family
May 14	Lewis Family		October 15	Thomas Family
May 21	Ashmore and Atchley Families			

Without further ado, let's look at the events, earth-shattering and otherwise, that made up 1972 in Jackson County.

Pollution Control and Widows Creek

In January, a column by the editor detailed the dangers of sulfur dioxide, and the TVA made its first plans for sulfur dioxide control at Widow's Creek, proposing a limestone wet scrubber system. On February 13, the paper announced that Widow's Creek was set to receive a new $35 million scrubber by 1975. On March 30, Bob Jones commended the TVA for their swift response to the problem at Widow's Creek. The sulfur control project was detailed on May 25 and slated to begin in the fall. On June 29, TVA invited bids for low-sulfur coal to help them meet the state's new clean air standards. The August 31 paper noted that Avondale Mills would be discontinuing its coal-fired boilers.

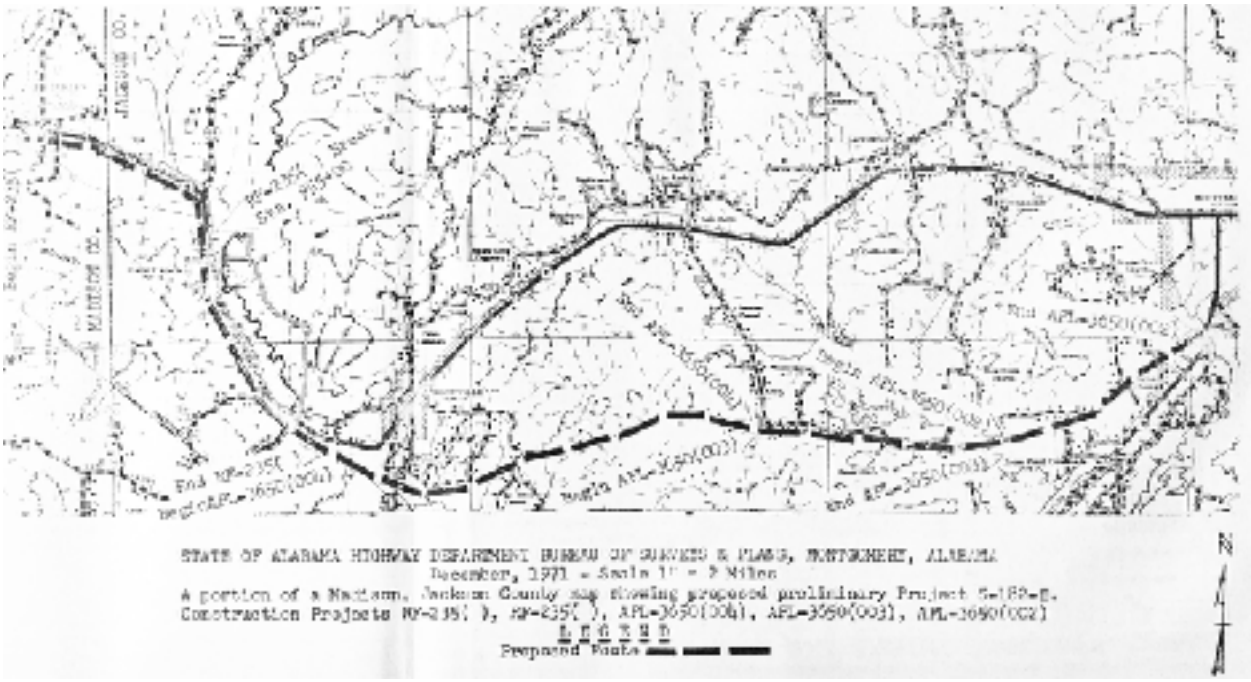
Much of this concern with sulfur dioxide emissions probably followed in the wake of the Environmental Quality Improvement Act of 1970. This act declared that "there is a national policy for the environment which provides for the enhancement of environmental quality. This policy is evidenced by statutes heretofore enacted relating to the prevention, abatement, and control of environmental pollution, water and land resources, transportation, and economic and regional development." Enforcement of this policy fell to state and local governments, and many of the articles about sulfur dioxide reduction referenced pressure from the state. See https://www.energy.gov/sites/prod/files/nepapub/nepa_documents/RedDont/Req-Envt_Qual_Impr_Act.pdf for the full text of this law..

Highways

The condition of county highways was of major concern in 1972. In January, the editorial page called for improvements to the Langston Road, prompted by a desire for workers who lived somewhere between

Langston and Guntersville to be able to work at the new Monsanto plant. The January 16 headline which read "Langston Road Condition Affects Employment in Jackson" was a response to the editorial by a personnel superintendent at Monsanto saying that the condition of the Langston Road caused the company to turn down Scottsboro applicants for employment. In February, this problem was still in the paper. That year, wrecks got major coverage, and people, especially young people, died.

On Jan 27, the first instance of a map that would run all year on the legal notices page showed the proposed new route of Highway 72 between Madison County and Jackson County, a public comment time on the route that would virtually wipe Paint Rock off the map. On February 17, the headline announced "16 Mile, 4-Lane Highway To Connect Gurley - Scottsboro."



John T. Reid announced at the City Council meeting that Representative Bob Jones had secured an Appalachia grant for $6.6 million, $1.4 would be used to improve Alabama Highway 35 between Rainsville and Ft. Payne, and $700,000 used to four-lane the highway between Scottsboro and Rainsville. On May 25, a headline story announced additional road projects, including improvement of the county's connection to Franklin County, TN by extending Farris Chapel Road and a 2.8-mile segment of U.S. Highway 64 from Dry Creek.

Engineers and state highway department officials studied four-laning of Highway 35 in late August, and maps of the proposed route were reviewed. Highways and highway safety was at the heart of a series of features about places in the county where the roads contributed to accidents.

Public Works Projects

The year 1972 also saw a lot of county public works projects. This year included major improvements in the Bridgeport water system, and the addition of a new city park. Water system improvement work was

also going on in Stevenson. On May 25, a North Jackson water project from Rosalie to Bryant added city water for 600 homes. John T. Reid announced improvements to the sewer system. June 1, South Central Bell made a half-million-dollar upgrade to improve service in Bridgeport, Stevenson, Gurley, Madison, and Huntsville.

On July 6, Bridgeport announced that the town would begin collecting city garbage, and James Russell, administrator for the county health department, announced that the county would begin enforcing the Solid Waste Act on August 1.

Bellefonte Nuclear Plant

On January 27, a small headline announced that the TVA had purchased 11 acres of land from Edith Machen Tate for a proposed nuclear plant site. The Hurt and Garner families fought a federal court suit that TVA filed for the limited taking of their property to perform core drillings. They had made the Garners an offer for property but did so under the pretense that they were "merely building up their inventory of land." The TVA stated strongly that they had not decided where to locate a new power plant.

A small story at the bottom of the front page on March 6 reminds us that the TVA decision to build on Bellefonte Island was not a done deal. "TVA Gets Set To Buy Plant Site" said that TVA would start making offers to land owners next week and noted that TVA "expects to build some day 11 miles up the river from Guntersville." But by March 9, the cat was out of the bag and the headline read "TVA to Condemn Land For Nuclear Plant At Bellefonte: Bellefonte Will Be World's Largest." John T. Reid and "the Chamber of Commerce, and every civic group in the area" advocated for the location of this facility in Jackson County. "This condemnation proceeding means we will have not only a fine employment situation for the next six years, but once the facility is completed our area will have a continuous supply and adequate supply of energy to service our total requirements for industrial growth and residential expansion," Reid said.

On June 1, TVA invited bids for equipment that would be used in their upcoming nuclear power plant construction—steam supply systems and systems for the fabrication of nuclear fuel. And on June 6, TVA announced that the Jackson County nuclear plant might be a "breeder-type plant." Even as the mayor accepted a nuclear plant in Bellefonte as a done deal, the Garner and Hurt families, representing Bellefonte land owners, continued to challenge the TVA's right to acquire their land by condemnation on June 22. On August 3, TVA was given the right to conduct further tests on land it was seeking to condemn for construction of a "electric generating plant," the land in Bellefonte owned by the Garner family. On November 20, another court brief was filed by the Garner and Hurt families challenging TVA's right to condemn private property to use in constructing a generating plant.

Politics

By February, candidates began to qualify for the May primaries, and candidate photos and profiles appeared on the front page for the next two months, along with political ads sprinkled throughout the paper. At March 1, the end of the qualifying period, only three Republican candidates had qualified: Kenneth Higgins who operated a store in Pleasant View, Jerry Gentle who lived in Long Hollow and worked for WCNA and was pastor of Lakeview Baptist Church at Mud Creek, and Robert V. Henshaw of Woodville.

Bob Jones, long-serving U.S. Representative, was challenged in his race by Bellefonte Democrat Mary Texas Hurt Garner. On May 4 after the primary, the paper reported that Jones "had little difficulty" defeating his Democratic opponent, and that Republican Winton Blount had gotten 112 votes in Jackson County.

In November, Nixon carried Jackson County, and most incumbents were re-elected.

A Sad Resurgence of the Klan


ADVERTISER'S PHOTOGRAPHER witnessed this cross burning Saturday night in the Tupelo Community.

The April 20 paper brought a ghost from the past: a cross burning on Tupelo Pike.

The headline story "United Klan Plans Rally In This Area" on April 23 explained that such crosses were burned all over the state of Alabama to show that the Klan was organized and "still very much alive and working." A rally was planned for Scottsboro on May 27.

The April 27 paper said that the Klan was scouting locations, looking for a lot that would accommodate 2000 cars. On June 1, John Adams, grand dragon of the Alabama Klan, spoke at a rally in the Tupelo community, criticizing local politicians for not allowing a Klan rally to be held in front of the courthouse. He reported that 22 new members were added as result of the May 27 rally. A photo of the Millard McCloud Band of Bryant performing at the rally ran on the front page June 6.

Business and Pleasure

On the less serious side, brides were big business and much of the paper was devoted to photos of weddings and engagements. Perennial teen favorite the Dairy Twist at 720 Broad Street announced a new owner, Bill Gilbert, who changed the name to Bill's Dairy Dip. Tom's Cafe, formerly a lunch counter only, which the paper said owner Tom Sisk had been remodeling since October 1971, reopened in January with seating capacity for 18-34.

In March, Cato's moved from the east side of the square to the Scottsboro Hardware Building.

Downtown, you could shop for stylish clothing at Kennamer's, Hammer's, Adams', Cato's, Parks' or Derrick's (no longer the Red Hot store) or buy fabric to sew your own at Kennamer's Mill End. You could buy appliances at Rough & Tumble Furniture or Western Auto. You could buy 8-track tapes on sale at the Music Center for $3.95. Two ten-cent stores were still in business—Lays and Elmores. You could buy furniture at Sterchi's or Brown and Bergman. You

could buy the latest in home entertainment at Keller TV on Market Street. You could still buy books at Hodges' Book and Gift.

In August, Bill Sumner opened Bill's Shoe Store on the west side of the square. Scottsboro Shoe Store, which had been in that location, became Country Cobbler Shoes and moved to Scottsboro Plaza.

These merchants peopled the fairly new Scottsboro Plaza on Highway 79: Woolworths, Pic N' Pay Shoes, Plaza Boutiques, Sears, Belk Hudson, Larry's Men's Shop, Head Hunters' Beauty Shop, Pasquales Pizza, Eckerds Drugs, Allstate Insurance, State National Bank, John's Barber Shop, Country Cobbler Shoes, Clements Jewelers, and Winn Dixie Food Store. King Town Gallery, a furniture store, opened in the plaza in April.

Dixie Market was still selling groceries on the Ft. Payne Highway. Both Loyd and Allison operated grocery stores in Stevenson. R. B. Derrick real estate moved off the square to 919 South Broad Street.

Billy Jack was showing at the Holiday Cinema in January, *Klute* in February. *Love Story* in March. Raquel Welch made her debut as a roller derby queen in September with *Kansas City Bombers*. October featured *Brian's Song.*

One of the mainstays of the paper was celebrating a segment of society by recognizing its national week. Everyone saluted the Scouts on February 6 for Scout Week. National Beauty Salon Week February 23 featured ads with photos of every salon and its operators. The salons and operators in that story are shown in this table.

There were also FFA Week, Firemen Appreciation Week on March 6-13, Girl Scout Week March 12-18, and National Library Week. One of the strangest was Mailbox Improvement Week May 15-20. That same week was Police Week and Law Days, with a salute to lawmen all over the county themed "Super Highways Can Be Super-Die-Ways."

Name	Location	Operators
Rena's	112 S. Market Street	Martha Tubbs Linda Proctor Roarline Ashburn Jackie Derrick
Nita's	207 E. Laurel	Nita Coplin Annie Lee Webb Margaret Power
Roseberry	County Park Road	Billie Berry Linda Blevins Phyllis Harris
Head Hunter	Scottsboro Plaza	Inez Nichols Carol Edwards Lynn Haynes Linda Stewart
Jackson County Beauty School	303 S. Broad Street	Carrol Cuzzort Debbie Weeks Pam Smith Joyce Marshall Ora Cordell Debbie Redmond Lynn Russell Marie Bradford
Judy's	111 W. Willow Street	Judy Kay Wilma Williams Carnell Gilley Hazel Shewers Grace Boggus
Bobbye's	228 W. Laurel	Julie Nelson Madge Brazelton Patsy Saint Elizabeth Gladson
Mary's	108 W. Laurel	Jan Little Kathleen Gamble Mary Brandon Jorge Ward Barbra Hancock

Month by Month

January: The Jackson County Hospital celebrated its 20th anniversary and announced the completion of a building that housed an additional 70 beds, with 7 beds devoted to an ICU. In October, the hospital added the gift shop and snack bar with Virginia Lindenmeyer as president of the hospital auxiliary. In December the hospital held an open house.

On Thursday, January 27, City School Superintendent T. T. Nelson closed the school until the next week because of flu.

February: The headline Feb 24 announced that the Trade School would open in the fall, and the accompanying story listed the courses that students could expect to see. February 24 noted "Potatoes Drop In Popularity." The end of February, Jerry Moore opened his modern new Standard service station on the corner of Highway 72 and County Park Road.

The First National Bank branch in Bridgeport was robbed in February, as was the Bridgeport Drug Store. The paper explained the new federal Title 1 funding to its readers. There was an excellent feature on Sanders Russell on February 10. All the local merchants welcomed the new Scottsboro High School football coach in February, Coach Tompkins.

In Dutton, the mainstay of 1930s humor, the womanless wedding, was still being staged. Ruth Pepper and Jimmy Nichols implemented the county's Right to Read literacy program.

March: The Bridgeport Ferry announced that it would continue its eight hours of operation on weekdays but close on weekends. L. L. Bartlett of Addison, AL was towing a mobile home across Crow Creek in Stevenson when a gust of wind blew both the home and the trailer towing it into the creek.

On March 12, the Girl Scout Cabin, built in 1936 by Miss Will Maples, was rededicated having been moved from atop Backbone Ridge where it was being vandalized after Miss Maples' death. The cabin was moved to a location behind the public library, which was not yet designated as Caldwell Park. Federal funds were approved in July for the development of what became the complex of parks on Veterans' Drive.

On March 9, a prolific sow gave birth to 42 piglets in one brood. Her owners swore she had taken no fertility drugs.

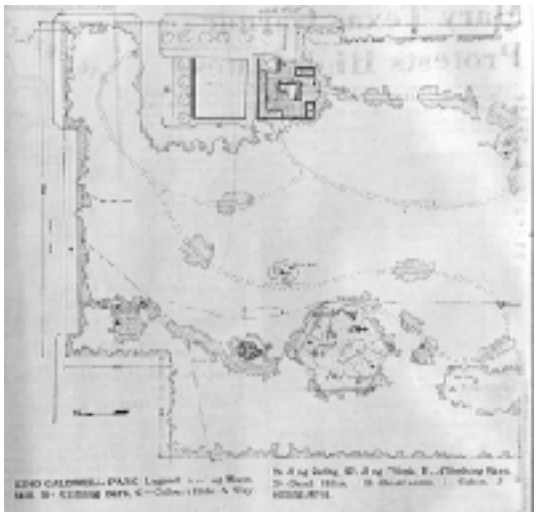
The remains of the beloved but burned Jessica Hotel were razed in March. This photo ran, and the caption read "Thirty years ago this was the site of one of the finest hotels found in this area. A few months ago men began tearing down the old Jessica Hotel which was noted far and wide for its fine meals of years gone by. Wednesday workmen began hauling in gravel and construction of a new display lot for Word Motor Company began."

THIRTY YEARS AGO this was the site of one of the finest hotels to be found in this area. A few months ago workmen began tearing down the old Jessica Hotel which was noted far and wide for its fine meals of years gone by. Wednesday workmen began hauling in gravel and construction of a new display lot for Word Motor Company began.

On March 19, an especially large headline screamed "Scottsboro Soon To Get 70 Modern Apartments," announcing that Eddie Ray Hembree had bought land and cleared zoning for a complex near the country club that would later be known as Westchester Apartments.

On March 23, "tornadic winds" overturned an airplane in which Bart Starr was sitting (according to an off-the-record source, Starr was under court order not to be in Jackson County because of ongoing legal proceedings associated with the development of Goosepond Colony). The community of Dean's Chapel was hard hit, and sailboats in Guntersville Lake were overturned. In a further degrading of rail service, Scottsboro lost its Railroad Express Agency office in March. Skyline completed its new gym.

Arrests focused on illegal beer as often as they did on marijuana. Smashing of a still in Flat Rock was reported on March 26.



April: Easter came and went, and little Lisa Allison died the week of April 6 in a house fire. April 9, the headline writer wondered, "What Will Become Of Carver School?" Idita Blanks posed with the library's new microfilm reader, and John T. Reid revealed plans for D. K. "King" Caldwell Park. The complete county voter list was published ahead of the May 5 primary.

Cathedral Caverns reported on April 29 that they had been collecting items for a frontier village, but "anticipated attendance had not materialized" and their collection of artifacts was to be auctioned off. On July 30, the caverns would be included in the National Registry of Natural Landmarks.

The Civitans held Radio Day where members were assigned an hour's DJ duty.

May: New trails were still being built in Buck's Pocket as of May 4, 1972, and the Collegiate Civitans at Northeast State Junior College finished the last 3/4 of a mile to reach the bottom of the gorge. (The park was closed when I was there in May 2018, though not the roads that go through it.) Bess Rothman Lawrence taught Charm Classes at Northeast the week of May 8-12, and Lt. Governor Jere Beasley spoke at the college the same week.

The week of May 4, an L&N train sitting on a railroad siding northeast of Stevenson was stolen, and its cargo unloaded. Mattie Lou Stockton was honored by the Pilot Club, and thank-you ads appeared from election winners and losers alike. On May 14, Mary Nell Gonce of Stevenson was named outstanding high school chemistry teacher by the American Chemical Society. The detailed by-precinct election results were published.

As the end of May and graduation season approached, photos of outstanding students appeared. On May 21, Bob Haas headed a group called Citizens for Fair Taxes to support Amendment #1 in the May 30 runoff election which would standardize and lower the assessment rate. Dr. Carl Collins was honored for 20 years of service. As high school students graduated on May 25, the John C. Calhoun Technical School in Hollywood offered its first classes in accounting, shorthand, typing, business math, machines, filing, indexing, communication, payroll, and secretarial practices.

With school over, the summer family reunion season began. May 25 also brought the news that Jackson County was losing four buses that served northeast Alabama, including service to Huntsville, Scottsboro, Stevenson, and Bridgeport. The towns had been served by Continental Trailways.

June: A. A. Clemens, County Superintendent of Education, announced that our county would host the annual state workshop for migrant education June 12-14. That school, held in Dutton in August, enrolled 136 students. Ron Atchley followed in his mother's footsteps and graduated from optometry school in June. The 4-H achievement winners were recognized.

Support for George Wallace was on everyone's minds. An assassination attempt on May 15, 1972 left Wallace paralyzed from the waist down and wheelchair bound. A gospel singing was held in Bryant June 9 with all proceeds to go to the George Wallace campaign. The attack left local politicians calling for support and unity. Jim Allen wrote on June 1, "We must find a way in which all Americans can live together in peace and harmony," a message perhaps even more appropriate today than in the divisive times of 1972. On June 29, Flat Rock had collected $1280 for the Wallace hospital fund.

The medical facility that now houses the Doctors Hodges on Parks Avenue opened as a new facility in 1972 and included the medical practices of Doctors Louis Letson and D. L. LeQuire, and the dental office of Dr. Mack Goss. The paper included many photos of the new facility. Detailed run-off results were published, and the editorial page of the paper called the recent election "a shameful episode" and the "dirtiest political campaigns" in memory. I think we say that about every election.


Sam McCamy. Photo by David Bradford, 1968.

The accomplishments of athlete Sam McCamy were highlighted on June 3, which was declared Sam McCamy Day, celebrating his recent draft by the Boston Celtics basketball team.

Downtown development continued. Bob Jones and John Sparkman helped the city secure a half-million dollar grant for redevelopment and rehabilitation "of approximately 60 acres in downtown and adjacent residential areas." This money financed the teardown of the white two-story Skelton Building on the corner of Market and Laurel and of the low office building behind it, leaving a vacant lot that provides parking for the Post Office and the Lipscomb Building.

With June came baseball, and wonderful photos of little league teams filled the June 6 paper. News items included baseball and brides and the swim team and Girl Scouts going to camp. The cornerstone for the new First Baptist Church of Bridgeport included a copy of the *Advertiser* with photos on June 15. Edgefield Church in Stevenson was burglarized and vandalized the same week.

Cavers found a human skeleton in a cave in Orme. A couple of weeks later, the remains were identified as Bridgeport man Carl Thomas who had disappeared 12 years earlier. Evidence indicated that the man had met with foul play before his body was dumped in the cave.

This wonderful photo of the Lawrence E. Brown house, the best one I know of, appeared on the front of the June 18 paper because its long-life asbestos roof, a product of Johns-Manville, was featured that week by Word Lumber. Joan Harbin began teaching summer art classes that week, and Lawrence Kennamer opened a new Mill End Store in Rainsville.

If any of you recall the otherworldly buzz of cicadas a few years ago as they all hatched out, know that we shared this scourge with the summer of 1972.

June 29, the Supreme Court overturned the Johnnie Beecher conviction on the ground that his oral confession was "the product of gross coercion." On August 17, it was announced that Johnnie Beecher would be tried again on charges of murder and escape. On September 28, the trial was postponed. A second June 29 second story speculated about whether the convict camp built to replace the one from

which Beecher had escaped might be reopened. This speculation became an actual proposal on October 12, but the camp was slated to be used as a youth detention facility.

July: Hammer's ran a full-page white on black ad about their July 4th special—a gallon of Prestone Anti-Freeze for $1.39. On July 2, boll weevils were predicted to inflict record damage to the cotton crop because of the mild winter, with as much as 19% of the crop already affected. Frank Guess of Stevenson was photographed with the first full-grown cockleburrs of the year.

C. E. "Ed" Cornelison cultivated a record-setting 768 acres of cotton. That same week, Colonel Sanders put in an appearance at the gospel music show at Section High. The week after the 4th, the paper carried stories of holiday accidents, while Southern Railroad began a series of track repairs and a new low-rent housing project was proposed.

In July, Stevenson was the announced site for the H. D. Lee Company plant, a division of Vanity Fair, which would employ 500 people.

August: For the first time in eight years, the county had to borrow money to meet expenses. The SHS majorettes were in the paper, having won an award at the Birmingham Southern marching band camp. They were Gayle McCauley, Carolyn Crawford, Karen Parker, and Gayle Bradford. Cheerleaders were pictured the next week: Linda Carter, Debbie Karrh, Sheila Collins, Jana Downey, Julie Boykin, Linda Redmond, Carol McCloskey, Sharon Gay, and Jenny Collins, sponsored by Virginia Sloan. Ruth Jacobs was head majorette at Bridgeport, and Tommy Keller was featured twirler at Stevenson.

Dutton Boy Scouts won ranks and merit badges at summer camp, including Marty Tipton, Dale Pendergrass, Larry and Timmy Robertson, Don Stockton, and David Patty, under the leadership of Dairol Stockton. Dutton 10-year-old girls won the Jackson-DeKalb Tournament under coaches Joy Thornhill and Polly Gant: players were Merry Ann Thornhill, Pam Hicks, Debbie Roberts, Sonya Gant, Robin Gant, Tammy Day, Jane Bowman, Lisa Harper, Karen Underwood, Cheryl and Jan Lackey, Debbie Gradon, Linda Marona, Karen Kirby, and Janice and Sandy Wicks. Photos of swimming holes and other attempts to beat the heat abounded.

Big C Drugs, which was located on the square at this time, began staying open on Thursday afternoon, a city-wide closing time unique to Scottsboro. Various summer programs, like Macedonia Headstart and the Section Boy Scout summer camp, drew to an end. A report card on the county was filled with good news: fewer persons were leaving the county, the educational gap between Jackson County and the nation narrowed, and county household income showed gains.

State Treasurer Agnes Baggett spoke to the Rotary Club in August. The August 12 paper announced that crop subsidies of $20,000 each went to 472 farmers in Alabama, which included 6 farmers from Jackson County. Nancy Jo Hammer graduated from David Lipscomb College in Nashville with a degree in art education. Little Claude Washington III was pictured celebrating his 1st birthday. More family reunions. And on August 17, a story featured the Caldwell twins, Hamlin and Holley, and published the Auburn University football schedule. Municipal elections were held with few surprises.

The August 17 paper contained a double-page spread about the new River Mont Cave Historic Trail that begins in Bridgeport and ends at Russell Cave.

As the start of school got closer and closer, A. A. Clemens published a list of county teachers on August 24 and bus drivers on August 27. Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Barclay retired from Jacobs Bank after more than 70 years of combined service. Little Margie Moore was born in the Jackson County Hospital weighing only 2 pounds 4 ounces. New stamped metal license plates arrived at the courthouse—dark red on ivory—back when tags changed every year.

Civitans Jim Eiford, Ben Richardson, John Neely, and Mark Scott Skelton prepared for the 14th annual Chuckwagon Dinner, where plates were $1.75. Deputies confiscated nearly ten cases (two beers short actually) of beer from a home in Larkinsville, assuming the beer was meant for resale.

The August 31 paper noted that several wet-dry petitions were being circulated. The Drys held a rally on the courthouse law on October 1 to elect a steering committee that would formulate the plans for defeating a Wet referendum. The "Voice of the People" column contained an article submitted by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harbin about the evils of alcohol which had "drained more blood, hung more crepe, sold more houses, plunged more people into bankruptcy, armed more villains, slain more children, snapped more wedding rings, defiled more innocence, blinded more eyes, twisted more limbs, threatened more reason, wrecked more manhood, blasted more lives, broken more hearts, driven more to suicide, and dug more graves than any other poisonous scourge that ever swept its death-dealing waves across the world."

On October 6, the Drys filed a petition with the state attorney general to get access to the petitions filed by voters requesting the referendum so that they could publish the names of the signers and investigate the petitions for potential fraud. On October 12, Judge Gentry stated that the petitions were public records but that he did not feel that names of signers should be published "unless someone could show reason for this other than malice." Petition signers, he explained, were not voting for legalizing alcohol but instead for the right to put the issue on the ballot. More inflammatory anti-liquor columns and paid cartoons ran.

The miners at the Arch Coal Company in Fabius rejected union membership. The Merchants' Association complained to the city council that some merchants were violating the blue laws and staying open on Sunday. The council responded that if they enforced the blue laws strictly, they would have to force bait and tackle shops, theaters, golf courses, and many other businesses to close, and no one seemed to want that.

September: At the Labor Day First Monday, Republican candidate for the Senate Winton "Red" Blount visited Scottsboro. Blount ran against John Sparkman, his only run at political office after his tenure in 1969 as Richard Nixon's Postmaster General. Blount was a philanthropist who funded, among other projects, the Alabama Shakespeare Festival Theatre in Montgomery. The September 7 headline proclaimed, "GOP Must Be Stopped In Their Tracks."

In the lower right corner of the front page, the headline proclaims "Scottsboro Native Missing in Vietnam," a reminder that the Vietnam War was going on. Captain Bill Woods was missing in action. He was a pilot whose plane was shot down over Laos. Bill had worked for the TVA before the war, and after

graduating from Scottsboro High School and Auburn University, had moved with his wife and daughter to Paris, TN.

The September 7 paper also reminded residents that the home rate for TVA electricity of 1.28 cents per kilowatt hour remained below the national average. WCNA broadcast the last major NASCAR race of the year, live from Darlington, SC.

Jackson County Vietnam Veterans' Memorial. Photo by A. Bradford.

With the fall came carnival ads and cheerleader photos. The September 10 paper announced that tryouts were being held by the Scottsboro Community Theater for their production of "The Magic Flower Garden." The State ABC Board arrested 22 Jackson County bootleggers for violating the state prohibition law.

Burma Thomas of Rainsville caught a six-pound bass in the Tennessee River on a black sally with an orange pork rind. Beauties were sought for the Maid of Cotton, Junior Miss, Alabama Teenager, and County Fair beauty contests, and pictures of homecoming courts began appearing, pretty maids all in a row. The paper began publishing a TV Guide on September 10. Shug Allen defeated incumbent Cecil Harris to become mayor of Stevenson. Midget and Pee Wee football leagues began their season. Mrs. David Roberts, President of the Alabama Council of Arts and Humanities, spoke to the Jackson County Arts Council.

The Auburn Extension Office in Scottsboro announced an outbreak of hog cholera on September 17, and Medicaid announced that it would begin providing youth dental service. Colonel Albert L. "Fate" Melton was promoted to wing commander at Luke Air Force Base in Phoenix, AZ. The Wildcats beat Emma Sansom, but Stevenson lost to South Pittsburg. The unused convict camp was proposed as the site of a youth rehabilitation center on September 21. The question was debated in all quarters.

The county school system got a Title VI-B grant to help their schools better meet the needs of handicapped students. Local Hoyt Kirk became the new president of the Alabama Wildlife Federation. The old First Baptist Church building in Bridgeport was sold to the congregation formerly known as the Smyrna Baptist Church, and the First Baptists moved to their new building on 9th and Broadway in Bridgeport.

September 24, the women of the Fortnightly Book Club met at Mrs. H. E. Phillips' home and sold items made by the Blind and Deaf School in Talladega. The ladies pictured are Miss Gertrude Stockton, Mrs. Ralph Powell, Mrs. Joe Dawson, Mrs. Jep Moody, Mrs. H. E. Phillips, and Miss Mattie Lou Stockton.

On September 28, Elbert Lee Lyda died in Flat Rock when he was dragged around his field by a frightened bull.

October : Woodson Deerman started the first full month of fall by heading up events for Jogging Day, set for October 7. Dr. Sanford Holland opened his dental practice. Judge John Tally completed his temporary duty on the Alabama Supreme Court, helping the

judges clear their backlog. October 6, the front page showed photos of Sheriff Bob Collins and ABC agents destroying a 3000-gallon still in Flat Rock.

The new paddlewheel steam boat *Julia Belle Swain* docked in Guntersville. The paper was filled with honor rolls, birthdays, obituaries, and club meetings. The local chapter of the National Secretaries' Association elected officers Barbara Estes, Edith Bramblett, Phyllis Smith, and Marie Bradford. Larkinsville Missionary Baptist Church moved into their new building. The library received a $1000 grant from the Alabama State Council for the Arts and Humanities to develop programs for children and young people.

The Pilot Club honored its charter members: Mrs. Charles Wann, Mrs. Charles Haislip, Mrs. Fred Beason, Mrs. Hugh Stewart, Mrs. Jim Pitt, Mrs. Billie Dahlberg, and Mrs. Joseph Power.

The front page on October 15 decried with photos and a story the problems of people flagrantly dumping garbage in areas not designated as dumps. This situation has not improved much over time. A vacant house on North Houston owned by Loy Campbell burned. On October 22, a crew from Ray Geophysical Corporation was in town searching for oil and gas.

On October 26, a delegation of black residents complained to the city council that the operation of a corn sheller and chicken hatchery produced offensive odors on East Maple and that the odor from a stock barn on Oak Street was almost unbearable. North of the tracks, they contended, ditches were not cleaned, outdoor toilets were allowed to exist, vacant lots and empty homes were untended, broken down cars were not moved, and promised sidewalks were never built.

Judge Gentry with his clocks reminded people that daylight savings time was about to end.

A long article on October 26 recognized the contribution that Stevenson physician Dr. Fred Porter Rudder made to anesthesiology. Political ads and Lorch's selling shotguns. Just before Halloween, telephone rates were allowed to rise 8.58 percent, and Herb Kern showed off the expansion of Hammer's, adding a back onto the second of the three buildings and increasing floor space by 85%.

November: The November 2 paper reported that razor blades had been found in trick-or-treat candy, and election officials were named ahead of the November 7 election. Full page anti-liquor ads and one-last-chance political ads ran. The November 5 paper announced that the Drys were planning a county-wide prayer meeting. The Wets talked about lost revenue and the need for regulation. George Wallace published a letter in support of John Sparkman and Bob Jones.

The headline on the November 9 paper reported "Nixon Takes County; Legal Liquor Loses," though the liquor vote was close: 4756 Dry to 4147 Wet. The Drys did a victory lap with another full-page ad. Avondale Mill announced that profit sharing payments would go to its employees. The technical school, open since the start of summer, held an open house and dedication. Phillips Grocery Store in Pisgah was robbed, and the virtues of silage as the cheapest way to feed livestock were touted.

On November 12, John David Hall was named Director of the Marshall-Jackson Mental Health Center, and Chandler Bramblett took over as administrator of the Jackson County Hospital. Precinct-by-precinct election numbers were published. Jerry Gist, author of *The Story of Scottsboro, Alabama*, was named to

Outstanding Young Men of America. The first Christmas decorations went up on November 16, and construction was moving forward on the new Sherwin Williams store on the corner of Broad and Cherry. Sanders Russell drove his great trotting mare Fresh Yankee, the "Cinderella mare" and world record holder, concluding her career at Stackville Downs in Nova Scotia.

The November 19 Thanksgiving paper announced that Lozier Corporation would be locating in Scottsboro, and the Scottsboro Library started its Story Princess program with Gina Sheppard as the first title holder. Two brothers were charged with the theft of 60 dozen eggs on Halloween night. Bet some mischief was involved here beyond the theft. Santa arrived at Scottsboro Shopping Plaza on November 24. The Sand Mountain Rescue Squad paid off the mortgage on their building, and the paper pictured Jack Caperton, James Wade, and Robert Whitley holding the document destined for destruction. Lt. Governor Jere Beasley attended the Scottsboro Christmas parade. The holiday home tour sponsored by Friends of the Library featured the homes of C. D. Cromeans, Herbert Glass, Jim Pitt, and S. E. Pritchetts.

December: High school seniors from across the county designated as Good Citizenship Girls met at the home of Mrs. Henry Grady Jacobs for a DAR luncheon. Basketball teams and dead deer. The December 7 paper was covered with photos of Loy Campbell's car after the December 3 9:00 a.m. bombing. Governor Wallace offered a $5000 reward for information leading to the capture of the bomber. Judge Campbell was hospitalized and both legs were amputated. It was pure chance that Campbell's six-year-old daughter Ramona had not been in the vehicle with him. The blast occurred as he cranked his car to go to work. On December 28, Sheriff Bob Collins announced that the county would add $6355 to the state reward of $5000 for information about the Campbell bombing.


Photo taken December 5, 1972. From Jason Hodges

The December 10 paper announced that Judge Campbell had been moved to Birmingham, and that a bomb scare that week had emptied Stevenson High School. Scottsboro High School had a bomb hoax December 15. Jackson County Hospital held an open house on December 17, celebrating 20 years of operation. The resignation of Scottsboro police chief Barney Harding was announced in the December 16 paper. Harding left to become warden at Atmore Prison, and Ed Cotton was named as his replacement the next week.

The December 21 paper announced that 57 acres of choice industrial property had been purchased across from St. Jude's. This paper includes letters to Santa and photos of and addresses for county men in the armed forces. The last paper of the year, December 31, showed citizens lined up to pay their property taxes before year end.

Lots of photos of dead deer.

Annette Norris Bradford

All photos from the 1972 *Jackson County Advertiser* on the date indicated in the text unless otherwise noted.

"A Veterinarian and a Natural Healer": Judge R.I. Gentry

When the the position of juvenile court judge was assigned unexpectedly to Probate Judge R.I. Gentry in the 1970's, there were few established procedures and precedents for him to draw from. He had to make much of it up as he went along.

He administered justice--both as a juvenile judge and probate judge--in a culture that is in some ways far removed from ours. His justice was swift, homespun, and uncomplicated by official protocols. His disposition of cases was as likely to consist of the threat of public shaming or a parent's administering corporal punishment as of official judicial process.

From the cramped office he occupied for 36 years on the northeast corner of the Jackson County courthouse, Judge Gentry intently observed the community he presided over, sometimes sending his staffers out to summon those who were misbehaving (he had a low tolerance for public drunkenness), those whose children were truants, and those who were practicing lewd acts among the citizenry.

The offenders were likely to enter the east door of the courthouse, appear briefly before Judge Gentry, and leave shortly out the south door, sentenced to seven days in the county jail. Those who worked with him agree in their assessments of his judicial actions: he was fair, he was compassionate, and he was absolutely confident of the correctness of this actions.

Jackson Countians gave Gentry their confidence in return. They voted for him on an unprecedented scale. He served six consecutive six-year terms as probate judge. Before Gentry, no Jackson County Probate Judge had ever succeeded himself.

Born May 22,1923, he attended school in Bridgeport, making the trip back and forth across the Tennessee River on the Long Island and Bridgeport ferries. "We never lost anybody [on those ferries], but it's a wonder we didn't."

On days when the weather prevented the ferry from crossing, Gentry's journey to school was even more perilous. He would cross the railroad bridge into Bridgeport on foot, a feat that required careful coordination with train passings and cautious footing on slippery railroad ties. Between and below the ties lay the sheer drop to the free-running and often frozen Tennessee River below. On more than one occasion, Gentry mistimed the passing of a train and hung from the ties until it passed overhead.

He was also known to swim the Tennessee to bring the unmanned ferry to the Long Island side of the river and pilot his schoolmates across. The school bus would meet them at the ferry landing to complete their trip to the Bridgeport schools.

Before serving as probate judge, and continuing throughout his term, Gentry was a highly regarded veterinarian. His decision to leave Long Island for Alabama Polytechnic Institute to earn the veterinary degree was a difficult one. His father had died when Bob was young. His younger brother was disabled by rheumatic fever. He was the head of a large family, tasked with feeding and milking livestock both before and after school. "It was a fast turmoil at home," he told Judy Prince in a mid-1990's interview. "I had a cousin who wanted to be a veterinarian. I couldn't even spell the word. With my father dead and my brother home with rheumatic fever, I hated to leave

home. My mother said, 'You're going. Go on and go'."

With no means of paying tuition, fees, and board, Gentry attended a vocational counseling session at the outset of his freshman year. When a vocational counselor asked if anyone in the group needed to work to put himself through school, Gentry recalls, "I was the first one up there. I thought I was a barber. I had cut hair with some of those clippers that pull out more hair than they cut. I got to Auburn and found out I was no barber."

He was assigned to the campus barbershop where patrons were charged 45 cents for a haircut. Of that, Gentry pocketed 30 cents. "The first one that came in there, I hopped on him. He looked pitiful [when I was done]. I cut the first [Mohawk] haircut that ever walked out of that place. It was awful, pitiful. And you don't just holler magic and it's fixed. It's there. Those electric clippers were a lot faster than anything we had in [Jackson County]."

After a week of on-the-job training, Gentry was confident in his barbering skills and continued to cut hair on the campus for the next five years. In addition to cutting hair, he served three meals a day in the women's dining hall and sold veterinary supplies on the weekend.

After completing veterinary school in 1947, Gentry returned to Jackson County to set up his practice. He had to overcome his youth ("We need to see you with your momma and your daddy before we let you doctor on our cows," he was told), his clients' lack of familiarity with what professional care for their animals entailed (he was the county's first veterinarian), and the poverty of most of his contacts.

He was often paid with farm produce. Meat, eggs, and vegetables were frequently delivered to his home or office in Scottsboro. When one regular contributor suddenly stopped bringing vegetables to the judge's house, Gentry queried the farmer about why he'd quit. He found that the farmer was still delivering vegetables, but was delivering them to a house Gentry had moved from months before. "They were eating good," the judge lamented.

One of Gentry's best tales of his days as a veterinarian involves treating a chronically ill milk cow on Sand Mountain. He'd treated the cow on previous occasions so he no longer troubled the farmer when he arrived to examine the animal. He was a frigid day, "blue cold," as Gentry described it. When the farmer walked out to the barn to talk to Gentry, all the farmer could talk about was the weather. Shortly, the farmer noticed a thermometer the doctor had inserted into the cow. "My God, it IS cold," the farmer exclaimed. "Look at the icicle hanging out of that cow's [rear]."

He had a way with animals. "I've seen him walk into a fence with the meanest dogs. There was one German Shepherd. The owner said you ought to knock him out. [Gentry] told the owner to go in the barn. He did something with his fingers; I couldn't tell what it was. The dog sat down and let Gentry treat him. He just had a way with animals. He had a way with everyone," said one source.

As a vet, Gentry covered the entire county and became a well-known and well-liked presence in the rural communities. Gentry recalled the perils of entering some of the hollows, especially when driving a newer model truck unfamiliar to the locals. In the Paint Rock Valley, where corn liquor production was rampant in the late 1940s and early 1950s, a resident near the mouth of the "hollow" would set off a stick of dynamite outside his house when he spotted a vehicle that might have belonged to a government agent. The blast would signal distillers in the valley to shut down operations. Gentry passed the sentry without setting off dynamite and became a popular figure in the Valley, even when prosecutions for illicit distilling began in earnest in the 1950's. "Sometimes, you'd be walking and meet somebody with a rifle and you'd know not to go any further. You were intruding on sacred ground, you might say."

In 1958, 11 years after he'd established his veterinary practice, he was urged to enter politics. "Eddie Ray Hembree's father came over and said it's time you run for a political position. I said 'Ed, I haven't studied that. I'm not interested. I'm happy with what I'm doing'. I was young and didn't give a damn for anything except being chucked in a herd of cattle."

Gentry changed his mind about running for the judgeship when he overheard a potential challenger say that Gentry would be crucified in an election. “I had never been crucified. It was a challenge.” Gentry won the election against six other candidates without a runoff.

Among his duties as probate judge, Gentry was responsible for handling commitments to Bryce's, the state mental hospital in Tuscaloosa. He says there was one drunk he sent to Bryce's so many times that “he nearly wore out a car.” Once, he looked out his office window and saw the man sitting in the square's bandstand even before the deputies who were to deliver him to Bryce's had returned to town. While waiting for admission, the man recognized a patient from Scottsboro who was being released from Bryce’s. The new arrival told the man being discharged that he had also just been released and needed a ride to Scottsboro. Busying himself with a broom and working his way to the back door, the new arrival climbed into his friend’s car and got his ride back to Scottsboro, arriving on the square before the deputies.

Jackson County Advertiser, February 20, 1975

Gentry faced the difficult chore of removing children from homes where prostitution, truancy, drug abuse, alcoholism, snake-handling and neglect were practiced. Once, having disrupted a prostitution practice, he sentenced the accused woman to 30 days in the county jail. “She BAM hit the floor [in an apparent seizure].” An alarmed social worker appealed to the judge to call for medical help. The judge ignored her and spoke directly to the flailing woman, saying, “That'll be 30 more days in jail for disrupting my court. She jumped right up.” Jerry King, the county's first juvenile probation officer witnessed the event and says, “So right there, the judge cured epilepsy.”

Also in King's hearing, parents pleaded to let a son out of jail saying he would commit suicide if he were to remain locked up. “Besides, he's found the Lord,” the parents pleaded to Gentry. "You know,” he responded, “that's the fourth person this month that's found the Lord up there. Jesus must be living on the second floor of the jail.”

In his role as juvenile judge, Gentry’s handling of court cases was informed by his deep-seated distrust of state correctional facilities. “Nobody ever went there and came out a better person. They just learned new tricks,” he noted as he tried to find a local solution--however unorthodox--to behavioral issues. A young boy caught shoplifting at Lay’s Variety Store avoided incarceration when the parents agreed to using a switch on the boy in the judge's office. The judge’s rules for such encounters were that the parents had to provide their own switch, and the judge himself could not touch the boy. In this case, however, the judge was called into action to restrain the child when he tried to bolt from the office. In the melee, the mother inadvertently struck the judge with the switch, raising a welt on his thigh.

Judge Gentry also headed the Jackson County Rescue Squad. He told a story of a woman who was presumed drowned for whom the squad spent an entire weekend dragging North Sauta Creek. On Monday, one of her family members phoned to say they'd learned that the woman had “run off to Birmingham with the bread man.”

In 1971, Gentry opened Scottsboro Antiques on Market Street on the east side of the square. From his shop, he meticulously refinished and restored furniture that was sourced both locally and from Europe. He was also gifted at restoring and fixing clocks. He maintained the ill-behaved clock in the Jackson County courthouse cupola for over 40 years.

His gift for restoring intricate mechanics extended to cars as well. One of his showpieces was a Ford Model A. Gentry restored the engine, reupholstered the car, and refinished the body.

"There was no part of the restoration he didn't do himself. He approached it just like furniture, taking it down to every part, cleaning it, and putting it back together. He was a mechanical genius," said one friend.

Judge Gentry disliked pursuing any of his passions alone, and maintained a close circle of friends who accompanied him to auctions and other trade-related events. He, in turn, was very generous with them, discovering other people's collecting interests and buying pieces as gifts for their collections. Having understood that Jerry and Drenda King wanted to restore Congressman Bob Jones' home on Scott Street with early plumbing fixtures, Gentry began dropping decades-old toilets on the Kings' front porch: 10 of them in all.

He was an accomplished carpenter, best known for building the mule-drawn wagon for Red Sharp that served as the hearse leading Sharp's funeral cortege.

His ingenuity seemed to know no bounds. When he saw a car on Sand Mountain hit and kill a groundhog, he put the dead animal in the bed of his truck, took it home, and skinned it. His intent was to tan the hide to use as the head for a banjo he was restoring. The project failed. "It was the awfullest mess you ever saw," said a friend who watched the skin swell and turn to mush. Gentry ended up rebuilding the banjo with a store-bought head.

I had my own encounter with Judge Gentry in his official capacity when I was walking across the courthouse lawn one afternoon. Judge Gentry emerged from the courthouse in his accustomed overalls and informed me that my marriage license, issued 29 days before, was set to expire the next day. I walked home, found the license, visited the homes of the officiant and the witness to have them attest that the vows had been delivered in accordance with Alabama statutes, and took the documents to Judge Gentry before the day's end. The license had been scribbled over with Scrabble scores and had wine stains on it. Judge Gentry shook his head in mild amusement and registered our marriage.

At a retirement dinner for Congressman Bob Jones, Gentry was unexpectedly called on to speak. He repeated an oft-told story of Coot Cothron and and his son going dynamite fishing in Dry Creek next to Randall's Chapel Church. They tied the dynamite to a stick and threw it into the water, not considering that they had brought a gun dog, a retriever named Hobo, along on the trip. Hobo retrieved the dynamite and brought it back to the river bank, setting off a frantic exchange between Coot and his son, trying to persuade the dog to drop the explosive a safe distance away

"Coot went one way, his son went the other, and Bob Jones headed down the road, not to be seen again," Gentry told the group. "Bob Jones wasn't really there. I just stuck him in."

"Did it kill old Hobo?" audience members asked Gentry "Naw, but he never was really worth a damn thereafter. The group [of dignitaries] came around after it was over and said 'we thought we had a story, but you beat us all'. And I hadn't even really known what I could say when I got up."

I asked one friend why R.I. Gentry was worth writing about. He said, "He was the law. He didn't play by the rules at anything. He did things his way. He didn't have an ulterior motive. His motive was good. He wanted the best no matter what class people were or where they fell. He just wanted to help."

Of his own perspective on the public he served and often judged, Gentry commented: "A lot of people are guilty of saying 'Look how important I am'. Those kind, I just push them aside and go on."

In his last interview, Judge Gentry said of his legacy: "I guess you'd call me a veterinarian and a natural healer."

He concluded the interview by saying, "It's been an enjoyable life. Really, it has."

David Bradford

The Honorable Robert Isaac Gentry Jr. died on September 13, 2006. He is buried beside his wife, Annie Louise Russell Gentry in Scottsboro's Cedar Hill Cemetery. They were survived by two children, Abby and Russell, and three grandchildren.
In 1995, Judge Gentry moved his antiques business from the square to his workshop on West Willow street. His daughter, Abby, runs the business in that location today.

The Dairy Twist

A recent examination of the 1972 *Jackson County Advertiser* turned up this photo of the famous and much-loved landmark, the Dairy Twist, which was located at 720 South Broad. Today there is only a vacant lot next to Rudder Funeral Home, where you can buy Lions' Club Brooms and Pecans and Maggie Valley strawberries. The caption of this 1972 photo announced a new owner, Bill Gilbert, who changed the name to Bill's Dairy Dip, so perhaps this was his reason for cutting off the motorized swaying lady on top of the building.

This photo evoked pleasant memories for many when it was shared on the JCHA Facebook page. At the time of this writing, it has been shared 25 times and has 92 likes and 90 comments.

Jackson County Advertiser, January 1972

Some folks simply commented their favorite Dairy Twist foods: milkshakes (Ann H. Rich); pizza burgers (Ringo and Laura Still); french fries (Chuck Bryant); footlongs or ice cream (Charlene Chaclan); the Suicide (coke with all flavors mixed together (Roger Allen); banana split (Donnie Holderfield); best cheeseburger baskets (Bobbye McCartha); large chocolate cone, 10 cents (John Warr); corn dog (David Patrick); peanut butter milkshakes on hot summer days (Bob Gilbert). Quineth Ward summed it up: "Everything that they had was awesome."

Sunday afternoon was a special time at the Dairy Twist. Jennifer Venable McIntire remembered "going to get ice cream with my grandparents on Sunday." John Michael Little remembered ice cream on Sundays and Jimmie Fay Justice Perry remembers "going there with my aunt after church."

The warm feelings about the establishment often evoked happy times with family members. Nancy Rose Gregory remembered, "My precious Aunt Mamie Green taking us there for pizza, Frito pie, or sometimes pie with ice cream." "I loved their hamburgers," Janie Reed Davis wrote. "My dad used to stop and buy us one when we went to visit his brother."

But the Dairy Twist was also a big Friday night date locale. Lisa Parton remember "stopping there for burgers and fries on dates to see a movie at The Holiday Cinema." Mike Stanton stopped here after movies at the Ritz. Hoyt Baker commented "my wife says this was where we always stopped after a date. Hey, what can I say, I'm cheap." Lynn Snyder commented that "everyone says they went there on Friday nights. Where did you go on Saturday nights," to which Mike Staton replied "to the square." Sarah Stedman said, "remember it like it was yesterday. Everybody always stopped here on Friday nights."

The Dairy Twist was also a place people went after ballgames, which at the time were played on a nearby field before the Rec Com was built. Pam Burgin remembers "cherry milkshake after the ball games...also dying laughing watching my momma try to drink her peanut butter milkshake through a straw—still so funny." Melinda Gilbert remembered "being able to run over from the softball fields and get ice cream" and a cheeseburger. Wes Reynolds recalls, "Loved the shakes after a Saturday game, back when the ball fields were at the current Rec Com location." Melinda Gilbert reminded Wes of his days as an

umpire, to which he replied "needed Tums after those games." Melinda remembered "we were not that bad" but Wes retorted, "you weren't, but the parents...."

Some people remembered family members working at the Dairy Twist. Bobby Precise remember that his mother "worked there for Sam Holland." Bobby Paradise remembered, "Mom would cook those same great burgers at Sam's Pool Hall and go to the Twist and cook until closing." Tommy Holt said, "I used to live right across the road when we first moved to town. My mom worked there."

A debate raged about whether Frito pies were available here or only at the Dairy Queen on Willow Street. Hoyt Baker said, "I think the Frito pie was at the Dairy Queen at Five Points," but Martha Ralf Ayers commented, "got Frito pies there also." Regina Grider Pipes said, "The Dairy Queen was the first place you could get a Frito pie in Scottsboro." But both establishments served Frito pies, made by breaking up the side of a bag of Fritos and adding chili, cheese, and onions.

Carla Moore-Williams remembered that she would ride her bike "up there to get ice cream all the way from County Park and then would go hang out at the rec center." David Patrick remember "getting a corn dog and ice cream, then home to watch Tarzan on Friday night."

Sometimes a trip to the Dairy Twist was combined with other area "attractions." Quineth Ward commented, "We lived behind Burger Chef, and walked down there to wash clothes and get hot dogs and shakes." Karen Wilhelm treated herself to ice cream while she did laundry: "Going to the laundry next door and then getting food. Loved the sign. I wonder where the sign was kept. I can imagine the Pickers on TV loving it." Carol Chapman Boardman said that the sign had not been kept, and that the motor on the twisting lady "finally quit working and they didn't want to pay enough for a new motor. I would love it if her top part were to be found."

The fame of the Dairy Twist spread beyond the Boro. Chuck Bryant remembers, "I hung out there though I was a Stevenson boy. It was the place until they built the Jack's in Stevenson."

The photo reminded a few people of other high school haunts. Jimmy Deerman said, "reminds me of the Dairy Queen in Fort Payne at the Y. Also the Dairy King in Rainsville where cars circled all evening." Clyde Broadway also remembered journeying to the Ft. Payne DQ. "A few of us lived dangerously, or dared ourselves a little in those days."

Dairy King in Rainsville. Photo from JCHA Facebook page.

Bill Parks wrote that that "the original owner of the Dairy Twist was Bud Whitaker who sold his general merchandise store in Rosalie and moved to Scottsboro and started the Dairy Twist, though he admits his memory might be faulty.

Regina Grider Pipes asks when the building was torn down; "Was it the Dairy Twist when it was torn down?" Nat Cisco knew that it was not the Dairy Twist when he remembered it, "In the early 90s it was a full-service gas station. Only one I remember as a kid. Gas pumped and windshield wash for a tip." Bobby Paradise knew the history. "Ralph Holland closed it and moved down the street and opened Ralph's Dairy Dip."

Regardless of your favorite dish or memory, Sally Reynolds seemed to sum up the wishes of the group: "Man oh man....I wish I could go get a burger basket and a cherry shake right now."

Annette Norris Bradford

Mary Texas Hurt Garner, the Nation's Youngest Secretary of State

Mary Texas Hurt entered the world on October 3, 1928, the heir to a host of old and respected Jackson County names—Hess, Hurt, Shelton, Snodgrass—families whose roots go back to old Bellefonte and the earliest days not just of Jackson County, but of Alabama. She also carried with her the determination of generations of bright, strong-willed women. She used her brains and breeding to secure a stellar education and then went on to win the statewide elected office of Secretary of State at age 26, the youngest woman in the United States to hold this office.

Alabama is not exactly a state known for its groundbreaking feminism. It was, in fact, "the last state to organize for women's rights, holding its first suffrage meeting in 1902." (1) Eight years passed before the Alabama women's organization joined the National American Suffrage Association. When women won the vote in 1920, political analysis Doris Weatherford reported in 2012 that "fifteen hundred women celebrated in Birmingham with a brass band." (2) The front page of the *Montgomery Advertiser* on August 20 reported that Tennessee, the final state needed for ratification, had voted in favor, but an August 22 headline noted that women could not register to vote until the state's lawmaking body held an extra session to remove impediments. The August 23 front page said Tennessee anti-suffrage movement was not giving up easily.

Three Alabama women who served brief terms as U.S. Senators between 1932 and 1978 were surrogates for men and were appointed, not elected. Most of us recall that George Wallace, loath to give up power, ran his sick wife Lurleen as his surrogate in 1966, though her sacrifice bought her husband only 18 months of proxy rule, during which she had to be driven from the cancer hospital in Texas back into the state to keep Bill Baxley out of power. For the history books, Lurleen Wallace was at that time only the country's third female governor. It would be the 1970s before women in Alabama were elected in greater numbers. Janie Shores was elected to the Alabama Supreme Court in 1977, the fifth such woman in the nation. Louphenia Thomas of Birmingham became the state's first African American female legislator. It was not until 1983 that Mobile's Ann Smith Bedsole was elected as the first female state senator. (3) When Mary Texas was elected in 1955, she won a statewide election on her merits as a candidate, and she won decisively.

Mary Texas Hurt was the daughter of Frank Paul and Allie (Snodgrass) Hurt; granddaughter of the late William and Texas (Hess) Snodgrass, and the late Frank D. and Mary (Shelton) Hurt. She grew up in Scottsboro in a rambling Victorian house on Willow Street located where "He Sells, She Sells" stands today, the old Piggly Wiggly building that her family built on this site after their house burned in 1958. The home was called Magnolia Acre because of the huge magnolia tree in the yard. The family had owned but rented out the lovely gingerbread Snodgrass-Hurt house on Laurel Street. After the fire, they moved into this house (which itself burned in 1987).

Mary Texas's father was an insurance man, and her mother was the daughter of mythic Bocanita Theater owner Margaret Minerva "Aunt Tex" Snodgrass. In fact, at age 12 when the Bocanita's manager was called

away to fight in World War II, Mary Texas began managing the Bocanita, a task that she continued through high school. She was featured as the world's youngest theater manager, and, *The History of Jackson County* notes, "Several national motion [picture] magazines commended her for the job she did during World War II years when employees were hard to find." (p.165)

One of Mary Texas's closest friends growing up, and indeed, a lifelong friend, was Babs Hodges Deal who grew up nearby in the old R. A. Coffey house on the corner of Laurel and Kyle. The photo on the left, taken on the front steps of the Coffey house, showed Babs on the left and Mary Texas on the right about 1940.

Mary Texas attended local schools and graduated from Jackson County High School in 1944. She started college at Vassar in Poughkeepsie, NY, and graduated from George Washington University in Washington D.C. in 1949 with a B.A. in political science. She taught political science for a time and stayed at George Washington to study law, receiving her LL.B. degree in 1952.

She returned to Scottsboro in 1952 and entered private practice in the firm of Scott, Dawson, and Hurt while she studied for her bar exam, and passed it later that year. In 1953 she became the assistant to the State Attorney General. As an attorney, she did research, prepared briefs, and went into court for the state of Alabama. She considered this work in the Attorney General's office "a second education," one which put her in an excellent position to run for Secretary of State in 1954. This was her first venture into politics, and when she qualified for the Democratic race, she was only 25 and virtually unknown, and ran against two older, more experienced opponents.

During this campaign, Mary Texas travelled all over the state. On May 4, 1954, she won the Democratic primary as part of a field of three with 39 percent of the vote, and won the nomination easily in the June 1 runoff with 63.7 percent of the vote. In November, she was elected over the Republican candidate by a six-to-one margin. When she was sworn into office on January 17, 1955, she was the youngest Secretary of State in the entire country. She served in this position until 1959.

While she was campaigning for Secretary of State in 1954, her opponent's campaign manager stormed into her office to discuss a contested issue. This indignant opponent was William E. Garner of Ozark, Alabama. He had served as a delegate to the 1952 Democratic National Convention from the 3rd District, the convention that nominated Adlai Stevenson to run against Dwight Eisenhower. Bill and Mary Texas eloped on November 3, 1956 and were married in the Montgomery Episcopal Church of the Ascension. Bill was a law student. After he graduated, he practiced law with offices in the Montgomery-based Guaranty Savings Life Building.

During her tenure as Secretary of State, Mary Texas dealt with the administration of the state social security agency, land records, the qualification of corporations, election laws, and the service of law suits on non-residents. She also served on the Board of Adjunct, the first of her two terms on that important administrative board.

At that time, certain state office holders could not succeed themselves. Her daughter Mary Garner Robinson notes that during this period, some offices in state government were considered "women's offices" that were swapped among electable women, and that her mother served in all three capacities

normally associated with women during this time period. The chart below shows the "swapping" of offices among qualified Alabama women.

Office Holder	Secretary of State	Treasurer	Auditor	Public Service Commissioner
Sybil Pool	1944	1950		1954
Agnes Baggett		1958	1954	
Mary Hurt Garner	1954	1962	1958	
Bettye Frink	1958		1962	

This swapping of offices went on as late as Lucy Baxley in the 1990s and Kaye Ivy only recently.

During this time that Mary Texas ran the Secretary of State's office, legislators did not have offices, and pandemonium ensued when the sessions adjourned. The halls of the capitol were densely crowded with legislators, citizens, and lobbyists who wanted to button-hole them to express opinions about pending legislation. This environment was also a hazard to Mary Texas' secretaries, forced to weave their way though all this chaotic assembly of men to get their work done. "Put on your brass brassiere, ladies,' Mary Texas would tell them. "The legislature is in session."

In 1958 Mary Texas ran for State Auditor. and won the Democratic primary without a runoff on May 6, 1958 with 57 percent of the vote. She won the office in November by a ten-to-one margin over her Republican opponent. She took office in January 1959 and, with a staff of seven, audited the accounts and records of the state Department of Finance and State Treasurer. This entailed examining almost a million vouchers in the course of a year. While serving as State Auditor, she also gave birth to her daughter, Mary Texas, born on August 2, 1959.

During this period, the family lived in Montgomery, but kept a Scottsboro apartment on the top floor of the Bocanita Theater. Mary Garner Robinson remembers very little about living over the Bocanita, but recalled that when the Cuban missile crisis heated up in 1962, the three of them left Montgomery for the security of the Bocanita. As a child, Mary remembers, she loved the fireflies that lit up her grandparents' yard. The nights before the family returned to Montgomery, Mary would work hard to catch a jar of them which she released in Montgomery. She hoped to see the clouds of lightning bugs she loved in Scottsboro, but they disappeared into the city lights of Montgomery.

When the family came to Scottsboro, they did not travel light. Their trips included the family of three, two cats, and two goldfish. Little Mary learned her love of animals from her grandfather, who fed all the stray cats in town daily on a vacant lot on Laurel Street.

In 1962, Mary Texas ran for State Treasurer. She defeated two opponents and carried every county in the state. In this election, George Wallace won a plurality in the May 1962 Democratic primary, and defeated his closest Democratic opponent Ryan DeGraffenried soundly in the June 24 runoff. The Republican party did not even field a candidate in November. Mary Texas served out her term as State Treasurer. Near

the the end of her term, on August 9, 1967, the family added a son, William Texas Garner. Mary Texas lost both of her parents in 1965.

Having served 12 years and held three statewide office, Mary Texas retired from politics in 1967. The family returned to Scottsboro and built a home in Bellefonte, where they raised their two children.

A busy young mother tending not just her children but her family's farming interests, Mary Texas seemed have have "gotten politics out of her system." However, when her children were 12 and 5, she decided to make one more run for political office. She entered the 1972 Democratic Primary for the Alabama Fifth Congressional District in Congress, running against popular and long-serving Representative Bob Jones.

The article in the February 28 *Jackson County Advertiser* that announced her candidacy stated, "It had been predicted that Mrs. Garner would be a candidate for Attorney General in 1966 but the death of her mother and her father led her to devote her time to family business and farming interests. She said at that time she was not ruling out re-entering the political arena at a later date."

In deciding to run against Bob Jones, Mary Texas said in the *Advertiser*, "On Monday, February 28, I will qualify as a candidate for Democratic nomination for Congress from the Fifth Congressional District. My friends tell me, and I agree, that we are not receiving the kind of representation in the Congress to which we are entitled." She campaigned March 12 at Redstone Arsenal. She campaigned in Florence, Sheffield, and Tuscumbia on March 16. On March 25, she was in Lawrence County and on March 26, in Flat Rock.

A strong proponent of conservation, she said in March 1972, "I am going to introduce a companion bill to the Sparkman-Allen bill to set aside 12,000 acred of the Bankhead National Forrest as a wilderness area." Her political ads appeared in the paper throughout this period.

But she lost in the Democratic primary in May. Her children grew up and went off to college. Her daughter grew up and married a lawyer, and her son-in-law John Robinson represented District 23 in the Alabama House of Representative from 1994 to 2014. As her daughter became more involved with family businesses, Mary Texas later moved to Greensboro, North Carolina to be near her son, but was in Scottsboro frequently to see her grandson, Lawson.

Having made an indelible mark on Alabama politics, Mary Texas died on July 1, 1997 and is buried in Cedar Hill with her husband and parents.

Annette Norris Bradford

(1) Doris Weatherford, Women in American Politics: History and Milestones (London, United Kingston: CQ Press, 2012), p. 435. (read in google books)
(2) Weatherford, p. 435.
(3) Weatherford, p. 435.

Stevenson Hotel Restoration Continues

In his January 2018 "State of the City" address, Stevenson Mayor Rickey Steele expressed doubt about whether the landmark Stevenson Rail Hotel, struck by flying debris from a passing train last year, could be repaired. We are more than happy to report that Rickey and the Stevenson City Council found the money and skills to save this irreplaceable landmark. Depot Days in June celebrated the new life that Rickey and the Council have breathed of this respected old building.

Ricky's connection with the site goes back many years. "My daddy was a railroad man," Ricky said, "and I was part of the group that poured the concrete floor in the kitchen." Ricky said that local people helped convince the insurance company that the building could be repaired in a way that maintained the structural integrity and preserved the historic appearance of the building. The building infrastructure has been repaired with concrete blocks, and now the slow and painstaking process of cleaning the mortar off the old bricks and replacing them it moving forward. Ricky noted that all the mortar in the building is being reinforced during this repair process.

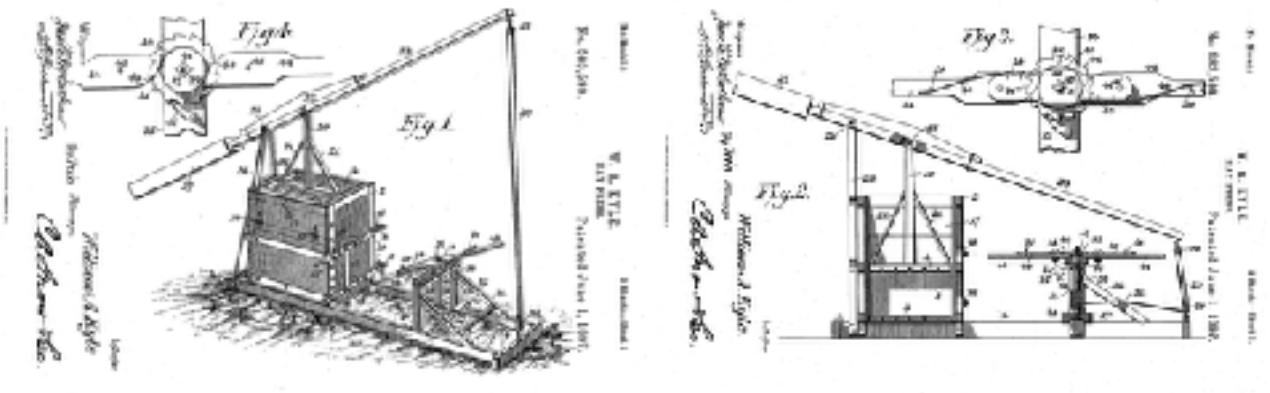
Thank you, Ricky and the Stevenson City Council, for restoring this historic hotel.

December 2017 just after the train accident

June 5, 2018 with repairs in progress

The Local Inventor of the Patented Kyle Hay Press

On June 1, 1897, U.S. Patent 583599 A was issued to William Anderson Kyle of Scottsborough, Alabama for the Kyle Hay Press, based on an application that was filed November 6, 1896. The patent stated that Kyle was patenting a new design for a hay press that provides "a simple and inexpensive press having positive and efficient means for quickly baling hay with but a small expenditure of power." The patent included two views of this new device and provided step-by-step instructions for using it, keyed to letters in these two engineering drawings.



Hay presses were early versions of what would eventually become hay balers. The earliest hay presses were housed in barns and used horses to create bales weighing around 300 pounds. "Until the mid-1800s, hay that was harvested for livestock was simply piled into stacks or moved into the barn for use during the winter. Moving the crop involved pitching it onto a wagon and pitching it back off at the destination," the Farm Collector website explains. "That all changed in the mid-1800s, with invention of the first mechanical hay press. Most of the earliest hay presses were stationary units built into a barn and extending two to three stories into the hayloft. Generally, a team of horses was used to raise a press weight, which was then dropped to compress the hay. Other versions used a horse- or mule-powered sweep at the bottom of the press to turn a jackscrew or a geared press." (1)

"The various barn-based technologies gave way to a baler that went to the hay, rather than bringing the hay to a stationary baler. A wooden hay press built in 1863 by William Henry Penniston, Fox, MO was entirely hand-operated, requiring workers to fill the upright chamber with hay, pack it with a lever-operated jack-type ratchet, tie the bale with wire or cord once the chamber was full and then open the front door to eject the bale. With a coordinated effort, a crew could supposedly build up to 72 bales in one day."

"By the 1880s, large manufacturers like John Deere, J. I. Case, International Harvester, along with about 30 other little-known companies that appeared during the hay press era...put a horizontal hay press on wheels so it would be a lot more mobile. Previously, movement of even the portable-type presses required that they be tipped onto a wagon and moved from one location to another. Until the turn of the century, though, most were still powered by horses harnessed to a sweep that powered a series of gears that moved the plunger forward and backward."

William Anderson Kyle jumped into the hay press market in the late 1890s, at a time when the big guys were making heavier and more complicated machines. His portable hay press could be operated by two

people, requiring not even a horse, and was clearly light enough to be easily transported to the site where hay needed to be baled. And it was less expensive than his competitors' manufactured machines.


The KYLE HAND POWER
HAY PRESS
W. A. KYLE - - Scottsboro, Ala
Sole Owner and Manufacturer
It Has no Equal.
WM. A. KYLE, Scottsboro, Ala.

Even before his patent was issued, W. A. Kyle can be found in the February 16, 1894 *Progressive Age* traveling through the Paint Rock Valley with Ewing Thompson "in the interest of the Kyles [sic] hay press." After his patent was approved June 1, 1897, Mr. Kyle himself placed ads in local newspapers. A September 9, 1897 ad in the *Scottsboro Citizen* touted the virtues of the machine and explained its operation: "W. A. Kyle has on exhibition in town this week the hay press recently invented by him. It is a cheap press, costing only $35, while the higher priced hay presses cost from $100 up. Two persons can operate this press, and it requires four to work the other presses. The Kyle press bales nicer hay than any other, and is something that every farmer needs. This is said to be the cheapest one of its kind in the United States. Farm, County, and State rights for sale. Address, W. A. Kyle, Scottsboro, Ala."

Between 1897 and 1904, a number of newspaper ads and items all around Alabama and in South and North Carolina and Florida reference the Kyle Hay Press, and the invention seemed poised to become a real player in the farm equipment arena. The *New Decatur Advertiser* on November 3, 1899 announced that " W. G. Skillman, dealer in Agricultural Machinery and Implements, does a lucrative business. He has recently associated with Mr. J. E. Penney in the manufacture of the Kyle Hay Press, and they have quite a number of the presses ready for sale." There are other similar notices about sales representatives. The April 19, 1900 *Guntersville Democrat* noted that "Hugh P. Dorsey is now in Georgia, traveling in interest of the Kyle Hay Press."

By June 30, 1900, the press was being sold in Macon, Mississippi, where this ad is found in the *Macon Beacon*: "Cheap Hay Press. Having bought the right to manufacture and sell the Kyle Hay Press in Noxubee county, I would be glad to compare presses and prices with parties needing anything of the kind. Will also sell farm rights. M. V. Friday." The July 12, 1900 *Progressive Age*, stated that "Mr. Jones, of Albertville, was here Wednesday selling the Kyle hay press." The July 19, 1900 *Guntersville Democrat* revealed that the man identified locally as "Mr. Jones" was actually J. Willis Jones "who has been traveling in Mississippi in the interest of the Kyle hay press."

By October, the hay press was also being sold in Florida. An October 4, 1900 note in the *Weekly Tallahassean* noted that "The Kyle Hay Press for sale, at Yaeger's. In the reach of every farmer." The press was also sold at Schrader's Drug and Seed in Tallahassee (September 20, 1900). And indeed, cost seems to have been one of the primary selling points: the press cost less than its competitors. Mr. Kyle himself placed ads in local newspapers and demonstrated his invention. The September 2, 1900 *Stevenson Chronicle* said, "No farmer can afford to do without a Hay Baler—and a farmer can save enought [sic] for the Kyle Baler in one season. You can get the Baler on short notice by sending your order to me at Bridgeport, Ala. W. A. Kyle."

It is interesting to note that there seemed to be no central manufacturer from whom farm equipment suppliers ordered this pre-built piece of equipment. Rather, the plans for the press were provided to local builders, as this August 28, 1900 ad in the *Tuskaloosa [sic] Gazette* indicated: "Notice is directed to Mr. N. E. Robertson's ad in another place. He has just secured the county right for the Kyle hay press and is turning out a number of splendid specimens of work in the way of presses from his shop. The *Gazette* man was down there yesterday and was much interested by the view of these capital presses, four of which he

has nearly completed. They are convenient, easily run, horse power presses, and the cost of them will be saved to a farmer in much less than a season. Mr. Robertson will be glad to give any information or show the presses to any one."

The local manufacturing arrangement is further explained in the June 13, 1901 *Concord Standard* newspaper in North Carolina: "Those wishing a quick and honorable business for making money will do well to call at the Standard office, where I will be till next Saturday evening to sell county right for the Kyle Hay Press. This press has been tried and gives general satisfaction. Don't stay away for want of money. Good notes will answer. Respectfully, W C Grant."


THE
KYLE HAY PRESS
Kyle Hay Press

By September 21, 1901, the fame of the Kyle Hay Press had spread to Winston-Salem, NC, where this ad appears in the *Union Republican*: "The celebrated Kyle Hay Press will be on exhibition and in operation in Winston on Saturday next. Every one interesting in the growing and baling of hay should see this press."

In 1902, sales representatives are still selling the hay press. On April 24, 1902, the *Scottsboro Citizen* noted that "C. A. Hamaker, who has been traveling in the interest of the Kyle hay press, is at home for a few days."

This ad was placed by Mr. A. L. Huggins in the July 13, 1903 newspaper in Laurens, South Carolina.


KYLE HAY PRESS

As time went on, the ads got better and more descriptive. The ad on the left appeared June 19, 1902 in the *LaFayette Sun* in Alabama and provides useful details about the operation of the hay press.

But after 1904, no more ads for the Kyle Hay Press are found. The farm collector website suggests that the demise of this handy invention was brought about by mechanization. "By the early 1900s, hay presses began to follow the rest of the industrial world, meaning they were either powered by their own engine or driven by the belt pulley from a tractor or steam engine." The time for a simple wooden machine that two men could operate had passed.

Who was W. A. Kyle and how did he come to consider himself an innovator in farm equipment who was ready to take on the big guys? Perhaps it was the "heady times" at the turn of the century that convinced Kyle and his backers to patent and offer their own hay baling solution. The *Scottsboro Citizen* reported August 12, 1886 that "Patents to southern inventors have doubled within the last three years."

William Anderson Kyle, the local inventor, was one of seven (four surviving) sons of Nelson Kyle (1828-1886) and Mattie Robinson (1829-1884), who are buried today on a hilltop just north of Old Bellefonte overlooking the nuclear power plant. Nelson Kyle is first found in Jackson County in 1850, where he is the youngest of four Kyle siblings living in District 19 of Jackson County; his oldest brother Edward married in Tennessee. In 1853, young Nelson is an election inspector. He married Mary Jane Robinson, the daughter of lawyer Nelson Robinson and Jane E. Swann, some time before 1858.

In the 1860 census, Nelson is a wealthy 32-year-old farmer in Bellefonte with real estate valued at $2,000 and personal estate valued at $5,000, and two young children living with him, Eliza Walker Kyle age 10 (who might be a niece) and son William Kyle, age 6 months. When the Civil War was imminent, Nelson became a member of the Jackson Rifles, the militia formed in 1860 (*Chronicles*, July 2012). He was county treasurer by January 5, 1869 when Jackson County Court Minutes 1868-1869 indicate that he and Judge David Tate were authorized to build a 20 by 40 building to hold probate records, though records initially transferred there were moved back to the "brick house" that Judge David Tate had rented from M. V. Conley (the "little brick courthouse" on the grounds of the Heritage Center today).

In the 1870 census, Nelson is still county treasurer living in Scottsboro with his wife and four children and his unmarried sister Sarah. In 1872, Nelson Kyle was a member of the county's first Board of Equalization which reappraised country property. (*Chronicles*, July 1980) Between 1874 and 1880, he was the county's probate judge. The March 16, 1876 *Alabama Herald* notes that Judge Kyle is arranging the county's estate papers in "200 Japanned tin boxes or drawers" (*Chronicles*, January 1996). The January 11, 1878 *Fellow Citizen* reported that Nelson Kyle was one of the supporters for building of the Scottsboro Academy on land at the north end of town (the site of the Carver High School). "Judge Kyle subscribed $200 and says he will double that amount if they will build a brick house. A nice brick building can be built for $3000.00," the paper reported. (*Chronicles*, January 2000) He was probate judge when the new courthouse burned in February 1879. The *Alabama Herald* said on February 20, 1879, "When the excited crowd saw this [the fire in the cupola] , the work of saving the archives began; all the county papers were saved, but were piled about so promiscuously that it will take Judge Kyle months of labor to get them straightened out."

In the 1880 census, Nelson Kyle is living in Scottsboro with Mary Jane and their four children, and his wife's sister-in-law and her son W. J. Robinson (who would witness his cousin William's patent application in 1897) are living with them. Mary Jane died in June 1884, and Nelson married Mrs. Minerva Russell on July 15, 1885. They were married just over a year when Nelson died September 19, 1886. Nelson Kyle did important work during the settling of Scottsboro; his vital roles are reflected in the fact that Kyle Street is named for him.

Nelson and Mary Jane were the parents of four children: William Anderson Kyle (1859-1928); James Alfred Hudson Kyle (1862-1919); Sallie Bett Kyle Hunt (1864-1889), the first wife of William Blackburn Hunt; and Charles E. Kyle (1866-1918). On February 23, 1885, Will married Mattie Nicholson in a DeKalb County ceremony performed by her Methodist minister father. They had four children: Warren Nelson Kyle (1886-1953), Walter C. Kyle (1888-1943), William McCord Kyle (1846-1949), and Mary "Polly" Kyle (1899-1975).

Will served on the board of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Scottsboro. In 1900, the family lived in Albertville where Will was described as a "dealer in pattern." By 1905, he was a federal employee working for the post office in Scottsboro, and in the 1910 census, the family was living on Tupelo Pike. In the 1920 census, unmarried daughter Mary remains at home, and Will is a 60-year-old mail carrier. He died June 13, 1928. His wife Mattie lived until 1932.

William Anderson Kyle lived an ordinary life except that between 1897 and 1904, he hoped to make his mark as an inventor by patenting and marketing the plans for an inexpensive machine for baling hay.

Annette Norris Bradford

(1) All quotation in this section are from the internet article, "Farm Collector: History of the Hay Press." For more information , see https://www.farmcollector.com/implements/hay-press-zmhz12fzbea

Commemorate our Veterans

The Jackson County Veterans' Memorial Park now being built on Heroes Drive near the fairgrounds is offering the friends and families of Jackson County veterans the opportunity to honor their service with inscribed brick pavers to be laid in the approach to the central monument.

Pavers are $100 for a three-line inscription and $200 for an six-line inscription.

We suggest that in filling out the form below, you use all capital letters and avoid punctuation marks.

Veterans Memorial Park of Jackson County, Alabama

Buy a personalized brick and help support our veterans.
Memorial brick pavers come in two sizes.

Please make check payable to Veterans Memorial Park.
Form and check can be mailed to:

Veterans Memorial Park
1616 Heroes Dr., Scottsboro, AL 35768

4" x 8" Brick Paver - $100 (Includes 3 lines with 18 characters per line)

8" x 8" Brick Paver - $200 (Includes 6 lines with 18 characters per line)

Donor Information:

Name: _____

Phone: _____

Address: _____

_____

City:_____

State:_____

Zip:_____

Email: _____

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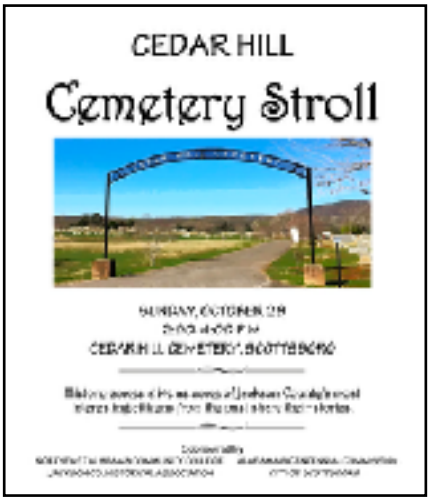


Our October Meeting: The 2018 October meeting will consist of a special cooperative effort between Northeast Alabama Community College (NACC), the City of Scottsboro, the Alabama Bicentennial Commission, and the Jackson County Historical Association, who will jointly sponsor the first **Cedar Hill Cemetery Stroll** on **October 28** from **2:00 pm to 4:00 pm.**

The stroll will feature narrations from 15 prominent Jackson Countians buried at Cedar Hill Cemetery. Scripts introducing the characters are published in this issue, but the actors portraying our featured citizens will bring unique information and perspectives to their narrations, either as a result of their own research or as the result of having been personally acquainted with the character they are portraying. As a result, many of the presentations will be impromptu with personal insights not included in the published scripts.

Bottled water, fans, emergency aid, and some limited seating at each gravesite will be provided. NACC instrumental and vocal groups will provide much-appreciated background music. Pick up a program and watch for balloons that lead you to gravesites where actors are waiting to share their life stories with you. Watch the local newspapers for information about parking and logistics.

Other News: The *Chronicles* thanks frequent contributor Reverend James Thompson both for his insight on the division of the Presbyterian Church into Presbyterian USA and the "flavor" we in this area know best, the Cumberland Presbyterians, and for giving voice and presence to Cecil Floyd on the cemetery stroll. Thanks to Carolyn Barclay Tamblyn for the clarifications she provided about the Barclay Cemetery in response to the recent "Not Really Buried in Cedar Hill" article. And thanks to Charles Heath, Mary Lyda Walker Emerick, and Bill Tally for help tracking the history of the Tally House. Thanks to Carol Ballard and Ann Chambless for help with the county's oldest places.

Cedar Hill Cemetery Stroll Scripts

Northeast Alabama Community College and the Jackson County Historical Association will present the first Cedar Hill Cemetery Stroll on October 28, 2018. The following scripts represent the kind of information that our cast of actors will be providing.

Lucille Benson, 1914-1984

Portrayed by Traci Phillips

I am Lucille Benson. I started out near the bottom, but I ended up pretty near the top. It took decades of hard work. I waited tables in New York, I took bit parts in straw hat theaters. But I was there for the heyday of Broadway, and I made films with the greats: Marlon Brando—I admired him. He oozed talent. Robert Redford—I thought he was dreamy, and when he found out I could ride a motorcycle with the best of them, he took me under his wing on the set. John Belushi—I hated him. He was no gentleman, and I always demanded gentlemanly behavior, even in Hollywood. Tom Hanks—I'll say more about Tom Hanks in a bit.

Let's with start when I was at the bottom. In 1914 my aunt Elma Benson (she's lying right there next to me) came to Stevenson to visit her ailing 23-year-old sister, my mother. She found my mother dead in the house of TB and my brother and me crawling around on the floor. She brought us home to Scottsboro where she raised me. I was named Virginia Morris when I was born. I became Lucille Benson.

This town wasn't going to hold me. I was valedictorian of the Jackson County High School in 1932. My senior prophecy said I was going to be a professional golfer, but I knew from the sixth grade that I was meant to be on the stage. I went to Huntington College and then on to Northwestern in Chicago. I studied drama and came back here to teach for a while. Then, during a summer break, a friend and I decided we'd go to New York City. We thought we'd try professional acting and be back here in time for the Fall school term to start. She came back. I didn't.

My adoptive parents worried about me. They wrote me letters in New York that I didn't respond to. I don't know why. They came to New York City to visit me at the return address on my letters. I wasn't there. They came back to Scottsboro without seeing me or even knowing if I was alive.

I started out in straw hat theater in New England and returned to it all along, but it was Broadway I loved. I got my first Broadway role in 1942. Tennessee Williams himself asked that I be cast in one of his plays, *Orpheus Descending*. By the 1950s, I was doing television dramas. Back then, it wasn't taped; it was done live. In 1960, I was in my first movie. It was *The Fugitive Kind* with Marlon Brando, filmed in New York.

In 1969, I got my first Hollywood role, acting with Robert Redford. I still thought of myself as a New Yorker. I didn't care much for California. But a year later, I was cast in a movie by a young Hollywood director named Steven Spielberg. I left my furniture with a friend in New York, and I moved to a little apartment two blocks off Sunset Blvd. I learned to love California.

My biggest break came in 1980 when I landed a role in *Bosom Buddies* with Tom Hanks. By then, I was retuning to Scottsboro at least once a year to visit family. I told them then that Tom Hanks

would be the biggest star ever to come out of Hollywood. They laughed. I showed them.

In the end, I'd done 20 television series and 30 films. My favorite roles were those on *The Andy Griffith Show*. He was a gentleman and treated us all like family.

I came back to Scottsboro frequently in my last years. People adored me, and I loved it. Even in Scottsboro, I felt like I was on the stage.

In 1984, I came back to Scottsboro one last time. I was staying with my adoptive sister while I was battling cancer. I lost that one. I died here at age 69.

A poet said home is the place where they've got to take you in. Then he turns it around and says, no, it's something that you really don't deserve. I guess it's both for me. I spent a long time trying to put this town behind me. In the end, I guess it was where I belonged.

Charles R. Bradford, Jr., 1920-2009

Portrayed by Bill White

I'm Charles Bradford. My life started out ordinary enough, but the times demanded extraordinary things of my entire generation.

I was born and raised in Hollywood. I went to Auburn on an ROTC scholarship. While I was there, I excelled in all things military. I was one of only three cadet colonels there, and as it became obvious there was going to be trouble in Europe, I was able to hold a group of those elite soldiers together in an outfit mustered at Fort Bragg.

At Bragg I did something that a lot of people considered impetuous. I asked my superior officer for leave to return to Scottsboro to marry Ruth Moody before I was deployed overseas. He refused. So I went to the base commander, who approved my request.

When I returned to Fort Bragg, I was in some serious hot water. My commanding officer removed me from my hand-picked unit of Auburn boys and put me in a sort of motley unit designated as the 106th. It was my policy never to criticize the Army or my country, and the worst I ever said publicly about that unit was that their morale left something to be desired. Fully half the group was made up of men who had actually volunteered for the Army Air Corps but got bumped to the Army's 106th because the Air Corps' ranks were filled.

They sent us to France where we found ourselves manning a 27-mile line right at the head of a "bulge" extending into Germany. As a forward observer I noted unusually heavy activity, and soon we engaged the enemy. We captured or killed dozens of Germans, and we managed to gather intelligence that this foray was not just a skirmish, but the beginning of a major German offensive. I alerted command, but they told us we didn't have the experience to correctly interpret what was going on. The Germans would never launch a major offensive in Winter, they said.

After days of isolation from our supply lines and allies, we finally had to surrender. I was taken prisoner. I escaped, but was recaptured. I wasted away to under 105 pounds. When I was liberated, they built me up by thirty pounds before sending me back to Hollywood.

I thought I was done with war, but I was dogged by what had happened in the Battle of the Bulge. I wondered how different things might have been if I'd been able to convey the urgency I felt when I came to understand the extent of the German assault. I settled in to Scottsboro, had two children, and took command, along with my friend Mark Scott Skelton, of a National Guard unit here, Company B. We officers were assured we wouldn't see action in Korea, but when our boys were called up, Mark Scott and I said we'd go

with them. My wife encouraged me to go. She knew I was haunted by my misgivings about the capture of my boys in the bulge.

Company B was an engineering battalion. We built roads and bridges. We were operating one day near a Korean village named Sopa Re, making repairs to a road that was going to be used in the event of a retreat. What we encountered were thousands of people pouring out of the north, telling us an invasion was imminent. I contacted command, and in what seemed like a replay of the situation in the bulge, my superiors told me I was misreading the signs. I called again and again, asking for permission to pull my men back. I was denied. Finally, I told my radio man, Connie Webb, to make the request and then turn the radio off. He did. We retreated. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese troops came pouring down that road, destroying everything in their path.

There were 164 local boys in that outfit. All of them came home. I feel like what happened at Sopa Re completed a circle somehow. I feel like I was given a second chance, and this time I got it right. I came back to Scottsboro and got my chance to live that ordinary life.

Ethel "Babs" Hodges Deal 1929-2004

Portrayed by Joan Reeves

My name is Babs Deal. I was born and raised in Scottsboro, Alabama. One of my childhood friends, Mary Texas Hurt Garner, the first female attorney general of Alabama, is being featured on the stroll here today as well.

After high school graduation, I worked as a substitute teacher and eventually joined the U.S. Army and worked as a clerk/typist in Washington, D.C. After my discharge from the Army, I attended the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa and received a B.A. in 1952.

It is at the University of Alabama where I met my soon-to-be-husband, author Borden Deal. I was Borden's second wife. We lived in Tuscaloosa for several years after we married, spending most of our time writing. We had three children--one son and two daughters.

In 1954, we moved to Scottsboro but eventually returned to Tuscaloosa in the late 1950s. I published my first novel, *Acres of Afternoon*, in 1959. In 1961, my short story "Make My Death Bed" was televised as part of the Alfred Hitchcock Presents series.

In 1964, we moved to Sarasota, Florida, where we socialized in the company of other writers, many of whom were well known. One of our closest friends was John MacDonald, a well-known crime and suspense novelist.

Borden and I divorced in 1975. We maintained a summer home here in Scottsboro on Preston Island in the early 1970's, and we reestablished contact with several of my childhood friends and fellow students from the University of Alabama during those years.

I published twelve novels in all and was nominated for an Edgar Allan Poe award, one of the highest honors of mystery writing, for my 1966 novel, *Fancy's Knell*. A later novel, *The Walls Came Tumbling Down*, was the basis for a made-for-television movie. It was also my best selling book because it was just a good idea. It just grabbed people. It was about the skeleton of a baby being found behind the walls of a sorority house that was being torn down at an Alabama university. Don't ask me why I haven't thought of another idea that captured people's imagination like that. It's a rare thing in publishing, finding a hook like that.

In interviews, I've described my upbringing as "old South, high class." My parents died when I was a young child, and I was raised by an aunt and my grandmother. We did a lot of porch sitting. I think that's how all Southern writers find their

voices. They sit on the porch and listen to the tales.

My last novel was published in 1979. I lived my later years in Gulf Shores. I died in a Montgomery hospital on February 20, 2004, at the age of 74.

Cecil Floyd 1921-1948

Portrayed by Rev. James Thompson

Ask anybody in the county about the Floyd brothers, and it's likely my brother, Jesse, also known as "Hoo Daddy" that will come to mind. Those old enough to remember me are going to tell you that Jesse and I were opposites. As one man very close to the both of us said, "I liked Hoo Daddy. I admired Cecil."

Hoo Daddy's story gets told over and over. He was flamboyant. He was a daredevil. He was a showman. He distinguished himself in WWII. He was a highly decorated paratrooper in Europe. He didn't learn to fly until after the war, but he sure made his name in local aviation history. He'd fly under the BB Comer Bridge. He would buzz the courthouse to the point that the county commission complained. He told them, "you tell them to open the doors, and I'll fly the damn thing through the courthouse."

Once in a fourth of July celebration, he was supposed to parachute out of an airplane into the gathering below. Instead, he threw a mannequin out of the plane. He hadn't let anyone, including our mother, in on the gag. She fainted dead away.

Well, it's Hoo Daddy you're more likely to have heard of, but I'm the one they chose for the cemetery tour today. I did some pretty remarkable and daring things myself. They just weren't the kind of things that make for good local legends. I was the straight arrow. I was the white sheep of the family. I never missed a single day of school. I was the teacher's pet. Everybody remembers me as quiet and modest.

When I graduated from high school, we were in the midst of WWII, and I enlisted. I was trained as a fighter pilot in what was then the Army Air Corps. I was a fighter pilot who saw action in the Rhineland, Rome, Arno, and all across central Europe. I won citations for leadership and bravery.

After the war, I continued flying with what became the US Air Force. I was assigned to a unit that was involved in the early development of the first American jet fighter: the P-80. We were late in our development of jet aircraft for the US military and in our rush to get jet fighters into production, we encountered a lot of problems.

I was on a flight from California when my P-80's engine failed during an approach to a runway at Hall Air Force Base in Utah. I died in the crash. There was an inquiry, but even my fellow pilots were denied access to the files and findings. One of those fellow pilots cites the fact that the P-80 lacked stall warnings and the engine's tendency to "flame out" as the likely cause of my crash. The same thing happened to several other pilots. A lot of lives were lost in P-80's. In the end, the problems with the aircraft were so serious that it never entered production.

I'm proud of my contribution to the development of American air superiority. One of my fellow pilots recently said that I was "a true pioneer who gave his life in the development of the incredible air power we now have."

Sometimes, the straight arrows make for pretty good legends, too.

Mary Texas Hurt Garner 1928-1997

You might not know that right here in Jackson County, you had the youngest woman ever to

serve as secretary of state in the entire country. As you can see from my first campaign poster, I was just a girl of 26 the first time I was elected to state office in Alabama.

I was born Mary Texas Hurt in Scottsboro, Alabama on October 3, 1928, the daughter of Frank Paul Hurt and Allie Snodgrass. My father sold insurance and my mother was the daughter of the owner of the Bocanita theater, Aunt Tex Snodgrass. I grew up around the movie theater. In fact, when I was just 12, the manager of the theater was called away to fight in World War II and I took over as manager of the Bocanita. Theater magazines recognized me as the youngest theater manager in the country.

I grew up on Laurel Street, first in a house that sat where "He Sells She Sells" is today and then across the street in the house that many of you remember as the Hurt-Snodgrass House, a pretty white house known for the Victorian gingerbread trim on the front porch. Just a few houses down, Babs Deal was my age and grew up in the old Coffey house on the corner of Laurel and Kyle, and we became lifelong best friends. You can meet Babs over that way. She is here today too.

I graduated from Jackson County High School in 1944 and went off to Vassar College in New York. I graduated from George Washington University in Washington DC in 1949 with a degree in political science. I taught for a time while I worked on my law degree at George Washington and graduated in 1952. I came back to Scottsboro to study for my bar exam and worked for the Scott, Dawson, and Hurt Law Firm on the square. When I passed the bar later that year, I went to work for the state attorney general in Montgomery, where I did research, prepared cases, and went into court representing the State of Alabama.

I decided to run for secretary of state in the 1954 election. I travelled all over the state. I won the election with 64% of the vote and became the youngest secretary of state in the country. While I was campaigning, I met this good-looking man named Bill Garner from Ozark who was working for my opponent. After his candidate lost, we began keeping company, and we married in 1956.

In 1958, it was time to run for office again. I could not succeed myself as secretary of state, so I ran for state auditor and won with a 10-to-1 margin. In August 1959, my husband and I welcomed our daughter Mary into the world. We lived in Montgomery but kept an apartment over the Bocanita Theater in Scottsboro near my parents' house on Laurel Street. It was located on the square where Berry and Dunn is today.

In 1962, I ran for state treasurer. With my good record and experience, I won easily, carrying every county in the state. Near the end of my term as treasurer, we added a son ,William, to our family. Both of my parents had died in 1965, so I retired from politics at the end of my term in 1967 and moved back to Scottsboro. We built a house in Bellefonte where we raised our children and managed our family farms. I lost my husband in 1979. I lived on in Scottsboro and later in Greensboro, NC near my son. I died in 1997 just before my 70th birthday.

And here I am, lying with my parents and grandmother and my Uncle Hess here in Cedar Hill. Thank you for visiting with me today.

Mary Weatherly Hunter, 1897-1959

Portrayed by Regina Nicholson, her great granddaughter

Back before the big names and the dramatic strides in civil rights, there were those of who worked tirelessly and mostly silently to help our people achieve equality. In my view, the way to do that was through education.

My name is Mary Hunter. You'll see my name here on the street named for me and on the public housing complex named in my honor.

I was born Mary Emily Donegan near Greenbrier in Madison County in 1897. By 1920, I'd moved to Scottsboro and was living on the street that would eventually bear my name. I was a widow with a two-year-old son named Thomas, after his father.

My first husband, Thomas Weatherly Sr., died of an attack of appendicitis for which he was refused treatment locally. En route to a hospital that treated people of color, he died.

Later in the 1920's I married Lawrence Hunter, a railroad employee who would outlive me by 14 years.

I helped establish the Rosenwald Elementary School in nearby Fackler. Rosenwald schools were built for the education of African-American children in the South in the early 20th century. The schools were funded and given their mission by Julius Rosenwald, the president of Sears, Roebuck and Company, and Booker T. Washington, a scientist and the president of Tuskegee Institute.

The Rosenwald schools promoted cooperation between the black and the white communities in matters of funding, construction, maintenance, and staffing the schools. My diplomacy and leadership were also critical in success of the Hollywood Junior High School, where I was principal for 40 years. I remained resolved and focused despite formidable economic and social challenges.

My son was a renowned educator. He was principal of Carver School here. My grandson, also named Thomas, was a published poet living in New York City. He wrote *A History of the Saxophone* and *The Mau Mau Chronicles*.

My family is dispersed now, but I think they took with them from Scottsboro my spirit and my determination. They understand the patience and determination required to lay the foundation for the Civil Rights movements of the 1960s and 1970s. And by their example, they've helped others understand.

In some ways, I was born out of place and out of time. In others, my quiet resolve is what the time and place demanded. I'm proud of my legacy.

Robert Emmett Jones, Jr.
1912-1997

Portrayed by Carter Jones, his grandson

My name is Robert Emmett Jones, Jr. Everybody called me Bob. My heart was always here in Jackson County, but I spent 30 years in Washington DC as the congressional representative of Alabama's District Eight.

I graduated from Jackson County High School, and I worked my way through the University of Alabama--first as an undergraduate and then as a law student--in six-and-a-half years, graduating in 1937. I practiced law in Scottsboro for a bit, then won my first local election—to a county judgeship—in 1940.

I didn't spend much time on the bench during that first term. The war disrupted my life and my legal career. I joined the Navy, seeing action in both the Atlantic and Pacific as a gunnery officer and then serving for a time on General MacArthur's staff. While in the Navy, I was re-elected in absentia to my local judgeship, and I resumed the bench when I returned to the states.

I ran in a special election for the US

Congress in 1947 to fill the vacancy left when John Sparkman won his bid for Senator. The following year, I won the regular election to keep that seat in the 81st Congress. I won 14 consecutive elections before retiring in 1977.

I worked hard on behalf of my constituents. My legislative acts shaped the economic climate and even the environment of north Alabama. I was instrumental in saving Redstone Arsenal when it was slated to be decommissioned after the war. I promoted it as a research and development facility for the eventual deployment of the Saturn rockets that took man to the moon. I was known as "Mr. TVA" for my innovative approaches to funding the organization, and I was chairman of the house committee that drafted the first really significant environmental legislation: the Federal Water Pollution Control Act of 1972.

I was also instrumental in passage of the 1965 Appalachian Regional Development Act. As Chairman of the House Public Works and Transportation Committee, I championed and wrote legislation that established the interstate highway system in 1956. I lived to see the interstate system nearly 90 percent complete.

In January 1977, I retired from politics and returned to full time residency in my home on Old Larkinsville Road. There, I tended my garden, and raised a flower known as "Old Maids." I regularly sent bouquets to the local hospitals and nursing homes.

My wife, Christine Francis Jones, predeceased me by four years. She was remarkable for her poise and her charm. She wowed them in Jackson County and she wowed them in Washington.

I'm proud of my accomplishments. I served North Alabama in a tumultuous time, but an optimistic one. The federal government reflected the hopefulness of a post-war generation, and I was there to help Alabamians participate in that growth, prosperity, and enlightenment.

At heart, I never left home.

Thomas Cobbs Kyle
1892-1918

Portrayed by NACC Student Logan Bloyer

I am talking to you today because my family placed a marker for me here in Cedar Hill with the rest of the Kyle family, but I actually died in battle in Marne, France three months before the end of World War I and I am buried there. My gravestone here reads “Somewhere in France.”

When I was growing up, people called me Tom Kyle. I was born December 9, 1892 in Scottsboro. My parents were J.A. Kyle and Vula Sanders Kyle. My grandfather Nelson Kyle was one of the first probate judges in Jackson County. Kyle Street was named for him. My grandfather Constantine Blackmon Sanders was the famous Sleeping Preacher of Mooresville who would fall into trances and predict the future. I bet some of you remember my sister, Mrs. Sid Telford, who taught piano to half of Scottsboro after I died and played piano for the silent movies.

World War I had started in 1914. When I was called up from Jackson County in June 1917, I was 23 years old and working for the Fairbanks Company in Rome, GA. My company made scales. I was described on my registration card as a slender boy with blue eyes and brown curly hair.

Everyone in Europe thought, if we could just get the Americans to enter the war, we could bring this to an end. The Europeans had been fighting since 1914 and there was no end in sight. After attacks on American merchant ships, the U.S.

declared war on the Central Powers (that is, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and the Ottoman Empire). We fought on the side of the Allies—Russia, France, Italy, and the United Kingdom.

We soldiers were so young and so idealistic. We thought that the Americans were off to rescue Europe and that we'd make short work of this war that had dragged on for more than three years. The newspapers were full of hope and the music was full of confidence and optimism. One song went...

"Oh my sweetheart, don't you fear. I'll bring you a king for a souvenir. I'll bring you a duke and a kaiser too, and that's about all one fellow can do."

They called us "Sammies" because of the Uncle Sam recruiting poster, and later they called us doughboys or just Yanks.

My friend Jep Moody and I were the commanders of the first group of 13 soldiers shipped out September 12, 1917, only three months after the first Americans entered the war. Three of the 13 never came home. The town had a celebration in the courthouse square the day before. Bands played and pretty girls kissed us. The days we left, a big crowd gathered at 9 am to cheer us on as we boarded the train for Camp Pike in Little Rock, Arkansas. I was assigned to Company A of the 30th Infantry. We shipped out for France in June 1918.

When we got there, we learned firsthand how modern technology had made this war so hard to win. Trench warfare. Tanks were new to this war. German submarines. Aircraft. World War I was the first war fought in the air with biplanes. Deadly chlorine gas that killed boys like McKinley Kirby here in Cedar Hill in 10 years after the war was over. America was in the war only 19 months, but 4.5 million were called up, a million served in combat, and 115,000 died.

My company arrived in Europe on June 18, 1918, just in time for the Second Battle of Marne, the last major German offensive of the war. It started on July 15. The battle was nearly over when on August 10, my company was pinned down by a nest of machine guns that killed anyone who tried to advance. Three of my buddies and I tried to take out this machine gun nest, and all of us were either wounded or killed. I was cut down by machine gun fire and died on August 10, 1917, four months short of my 25th birthday.

In April 1919, one of the men in my company, Private Brooks from Pisgah, came to town to see my parents and cried as he told them how I died. He told them that "no gamer soldier ever shouldered a gun than Tom Kyle," and that I was the pride of my company. France awarded me the Croix de Guerre, given to soldiers who distinguished themselves by acts of heroism and conspicuous bravery. And my body lies near where I fell, in France.

Marvin H. Lynch, M.D.
1903-1975

Portrayed by Les Hutson

I'm Marvin Lynch. I finished medical school in Charleston in 1928 and moved here to Scottsboro in 1929 to serve as assistant public health officer for the county. Things were pretty uneventful until March 25, 1931 when the sheriff brought me two women who'd been pulled from a train in Paint Rock. The two women claimed they'd been raped, and I was charged with examining them for forensic evidence.

It's not proper to discuss my findings in any detail here, but I'll tell you there was absolutely no physical evidence of any assault. The two women were in good spirits when I examined them. I'd even say they were jovial. When I asked them for reassurance

that they'd in fact been raped, they burst out laughing.

There wasn't a lot of laughter in the weeks that followed. Nine young men were charged with raping these two women—Ruby Bates and Victoria Price. All nine were black men. One of them was 12 years old.

Those young men—they would come to be known as The Scottsboro Boys—never had a chance in their trials here in Scottsboro. The jurors and the public took the word of the two white women and sentenced eight of the nine to death in short order. Only the twelve-year-old was spared capital punishment, not because they ruled him innocent, but because they couldn't agree on whether or not to send him to the electric chair.

My testimony wasn't what the prosecution was hoping for. There was intense pressure from them for me to give testimony that would incriminate the boys, but I had to tell the court that there was no evidence that the women had been violated.

Some time later, the defendants were granted new trials in Decatur. The deck was stacked against them there, too. The county's chief medical examiner, Dr. Robert Bridges, testified first. He told pretty much the same story we had told in Scottsboro, that the women showed no signs of being violated. When the prosecution understood that we weren't going to do much to incriminate the boys, they excused me from testifying, saying my testimony would just be a repeat of Dr. Bridges'.

But the truth gnawed at me. I asked for a private audience with the presiding judge, Judge Horton. He and I met in the men's room at the courthouse while a bailiff stood at the door. I told the judge there was no chance those women were telling the truth. Horton said to me, "My God, Doctor, is this whole thing a horrible mistake?" I said, "Judge, I looked at both the women and told them they were lying, that they knew they had not been raped, and they just laughed at me."

I'd been excused as an expert witness, so had no reason or obligation to carry my misgivings further, but Judge Horton weighed them. When the jury returned a guilty verdict once again, he set the verdict aside and ordered new trials.

It's not up to me to tell you the story of the Scottsboro boys. I'm pleased that Dan Carter, who wrote the landmark book, *Scottsboro*, called my coming forward to Judge Horton "courageous." I stayed quiet about the incident throughout my life, though. Doing anything to exonerate the Scottsboro Boys would have made me very unpopular here, and might have even jeopardized my family's safety.

It was a tumultuous start for me in Scottsboro, with those two women causing such a hardship for so many of us. But I moved on to private practice in 1932 and practiced medicine on the square for over 40 years. The peace and quiet suited me fine.

James M. Money
1881-1961

Portrayed by Ernie Kennamer, his grandson

We Moneys have been in Jackson County a long time, and we have always tried to serve the needs of the county. I bet some of your parents or grandparents were in my daughter Edith's elementary school class or those of you from Skyline might have had my daughter Joyce teach you history.

I am James Madison Money. I was born November 22, 1881 in the Paint Rock Valley where my family has lived since 1830. I went to school in Paint Rock and Winchester College in Tennessee, and I taught school for a time. Pretty Mattie Robinson was one of my students. A year after she left my classroom, I married her in 1903 and we have 9 children born over 28 years. We lived in Scottsboro on Kyle Street.

I was only 31 when I ran for Tax Collector in 1912 and served in this office from 1913 to 1917. When I left office, I sold insurance and real estate to support my growing family. But I wanted to serve in county office again, so I ran for probate judge in 1927. I should have served six years but the man who should have succeeded me in 1934 lost his

entire family and suffered a breakdown, so I quietly served for him another two plus years.

I became probate judge on July 1, 1929 and the stock market in New York crashed four months later. Now, things had been pretty bad in farm communities before that, but this crash of the market started the Great Depression. Our banks all closed. No one had any way to earn money. The president then, Herbert Hoover, put aside 300 million dollars that could be lent to the states for relief project.

We acted fast and got two of these projects approved. The first was the road up Cumberland Mountain. There was no way to drive up to Skyline in 1929. Tupelo Pike was an old road, but the left turn at the Pikeville Store did not exist. We started the road in February 1933. Men showed up without lunch or shoes. Mr. Hal Cunningham donated sweet potatoes from his farm that they roasted on the roadside, and I bought shoes for men who had none. We completed the road in November and it cost only $12,000 to build. We had a barbecue to celebrate.

I was chairman of the county rehabilitation commission, and applied for money to establish government-sponsored cooperative farms in Jackson County, one on Sand Mountain and one on Cumberland Mountain. The Cumberland Mountain project was approved, and this was the start of the project known as Skyline Farms, a cooperative farming experiment that offered jobs and social welfare programs to desperate farmers. At the same time, the TVA was buying and clearing land to build Lake Guntersville, which was filled in January 1939. We had so many people displaced by this buyout, and some of them applied to be part of the Skyline Colony. It was a big deal, and the government sent famous photographers here to record the project. There was a school, a commissary, a warehouse, and a store. The remaining land was divided into 181 farms of 40 to 60 acres. They grew cotton and potatoes. They were taught innovative farming practices and received health care and good schools for their children. They cultivated local music and dance traditions and had a band and dance group that performed as the guests of Eleanor Roosevelt at the White House in 1937. But most of you know about that.

When I finally left the probate judge's office, I built the Hotel Scottsboro, a three-story rail hotel with 33 rooms. I bet your grandparents remember eating at Katie's, our restaurant. The hotel welcomed weary travelers who got off the train and drove along Highway 72, the only road from Chattanooga to Memphis at the time. The retail spaces around the hotel served a number of businesses—grocery stores, beauty shops and barber shops, flower shops, auto supply businesses, dentists. The big room on the corner was used by the Red Cross during World War II to knit lap robes for soldiers and to roll, sanitize, and package bandages. My son Lloyd had an ice cream parlor there for a while, but he gave away so much ice cream to his friends, we had to shut it down. I sold the hotel to two of my sons in 1961 and they operated it until about 1997, when it closed. It burned in 1998 and was torn down.

With the hotel established and running smoothly in 1936, I decided to run for congress. Archibald Carmichael was retiring and the 8th district was without a representative. Five of us in North Alabama wanted to take his place, including myself and another man from Scottsboro, John Snodgrass. I won a majority of the primary vote in Jackson County in May 1936, but the district included most of North Alabama, and a man from Limestone County, Robert Simpson, won the majority overall. There was a runoff between the top two vote getters, Simpson and young John Sparkman. John was just a young man then and this was his first race. He respected the campaign that I had run and asked me to run his campaign, which I did. He beat Simpson and went on to be our congressman for the next 11 years before he

ran for and was elected one of our two senators. Bob Jones over there took over his congressional seat, and Sparkman served as our senator for 30 years. We remained close friends.

I worked at my real estate business until World War II started. Two of my boys, James and Lloyd, served in the war. At home, the defense plants were desperately churning out the supplies that our armed forces needed to fight the war. The government build a big munitions plant in Childersburg in 1941 that made explosives and heavy water for the atomic bomb. Lots of folks from Jackson County went there to work. But the town was overwhelmed and our people from Jackson County had no housing. Working there was hard and lonely and difficult. Mr. C. B. Brown and I saw the need for housing and restaurants for our Jackson County people. I built a 36-room hotel and we looked out for the Jackson County people. When the plant closed in 1945, I tore down my hotel and used the materials to build five rental houses on Money Lane behind my house. After the war, rental property was hard to find. Many Jackson County folks, including my daughter Joyce and her husband Alfred Kennamer, lived in these houses.

Mattie and I had 56 wonderful years together. We raised all of our children to be public-spirited adults. Mattie left me in 1959, and I died quietly in my sleep in August 1971.

Dr. William Henry Payne 1846-1899

Portrayed by Kelly Goodowens

I am happy to see all you people here today. How many of you have been to my drug store for ice cream? We sure used to serve a lot of thirsty folks from our soda fountain back when I was alive.

My name is Dr. William Henry Payne. I was one of the first business professionals here in Scottsboro, the town's first compounding pharmacist. I was born August 12, 1846 in Virginia, the only child of Dr. John James Woodville Payne and Mary Virginia Winston. My mother died soon after I was born, and my father remarried and I had three half brothers and three half sisters.

Right in the middle of my schooling, when I was just 15, the Civil War started. I reported for duty in the Confederate Navy in 1861 and served on the *Patrick Henry* until 1864. After the war was over, I kept my military skills up to date as commander of The Jackson Rifles. James Skelton and John Snodgrass who are also here today were part of this group. We went to Montgomery in 1887 to be reviewed by President Grover Cleveland and took part in the Civil War events like the annual encampments where we met with other Civil War veterans.

How did my family end up in North Alabama? My father ,Dr. John Payne, came here to be the principal of your new school, the Scott Academy, the first school in Scottsboro, which sat where old Carver School is today. My daddy had gone to Columbus, Mississippi to be principal of a school there, and when the call came from the new town of Scottsboro in North Alabama, I moved with him and came to consider Scottsboro as my home as well.

In 1868, I married Maggie Brown and we had four children: Mary, Warwick, Charles, and John Will. We built a house that is still standing today on Elm Street. We later built a house on Houston Street diagonally across from the Heritage Center today, that was a twin to the Proctor House.

In 1869, I started what has turned out to be the oldest continuously operating business in Alabama—Payne's Drug Store. Back before the big fire of 1882, before we had a courthouse square, all of the town of Scottsboro was clustered around the railroad track, and all of the town's business houses fronted the track. I opened my first Payne's drug store with my partner Meredith Price. It was just south of the tracks on what is today Mary Hunter Street, across from the freight depot.

There used to be no such thing as "over the counter" drugs. Everything was made by a druggist, and I might modestly say, I was one of the best compounding pharmacist with a set of drugs that I made and sold in my store but also through the mail and to other drug stores, There was Payne's Eureka Itch and Tetter Ointment (a tetter was a rash like pfsorarisis) , Payne's Rheumatic Liniment, Payne's Compound Wild Cherry Syrup, and Payne's Eureka Vermifuge for destroying and dispelling parasitic worms.

But what people remembered most fondly was cold, sparkling soda water. We had a soda fountain written up in *The Southern Herald* newspaper in 1869, and people thought that soda water would improve their health. My partner died in 1876, and I moved my store to a new location and installed an Arctic soda fountain that produced sparkling, ice-cold beverages for five cents a glass. I moved again two years later but was still located by the railroad track.

For a time in 1880-1881, my half-brother Rufe had a drug store on the square where Presley and Hodges Drugs stores would later be located, but he also sold the popular medicines that I created and packaged. His store on the square closed in February 1881.

After the fire that burned most of the of businesses along the railroad track, I moved my business to the corner of the square where it is still located today. In 1890, *The Bridgeport News* reported the big price I paid for that corner lot when I bought it from C. S. Freeman, $80 a front foot, the highest price ever paid for a Scottsboro building lot at the time. But what a great location this has been. We opened there in 1891. There are pictures of the drug store on opening day, and of the inside of the store.

I died July 26, 1899, only 52 years old. My sons kept the business open under my name and were pharmacists at the drug store. My grandson James Robinson Payne renovated the store in 1939, adding the side door and moving the soda fountain from the back to the side where you see it today. It was the largest soda fountain in the county, 20 feet long and modern in every way, *The Progressive Age* said. When Jim died in 1948, Brooks Woodall came to work as the pharmacist, and he bought the business in 1954. When Brooks died in 1991, the drug store stopped filling prescriptions and became a full-time soda fountain and sandwich shop. My great granddaughter Elizabeth Payne Word still owns the building today. And you can still get refreshing fountain drinks there.

James M. Skelton

1870-1915

Portrayed by Paul Stevenson

My names is James Skelton. People say I and my brothers had bad luck and ill health health starting right after we killed R.C. Ross. They say my hair turned grey almost immediately. Right up until I walked in the back office in my hardware store on the square and shot myself in the head, it was like there was a curse on me.

PORTRAIT OF JAMES M.'S FATHER JAMES T. SKELTON OWNED BY TONY CURTIS

My two brothers, a cousin, and I ambushed R.C. Ross at the Stevenson Depot. We had reason to believe that R.C. Ross had wronged our sister, leaving her a ruined woman.

Ross was a married man. He had moved here from Wisconsin and was the second officer at the Tennessee Valley Bank on the square in Scottsboro. He had five children, a beautiful wife, and one of the nicest houses in town.

Everybody said our sister Annie Skelton was one of the most beautiful and talented young ladies ever to come out of Scottsboro. She taught piano to one of Ross's daughters, and Ross's wife thought the world of Annie at the outset.

Then Annie got dissatisfied with things in Scottsboro. She moved to Day's Gap to teach music, and while she was there, she was courted by a lawman. He jilted her, it sounded like to us. She came back to Scottsboro in a dark mood.

After a time of moping around here, she went to stay with her sister in Little Rock. One day, her sister opened a piece of mail addressed to Annie. It was a love letter from the banker Ross. Our sister went searching through Annie's trunk where she found several more letters to the same effect. She learned Ross was about to leave his wife and run away with Annie. Our sister in Little Rock wrote us and told us what she'd found. It was clear that Annie's virtue had been violated.

We set about plotting to kill Ross, and we made our intent clear to our sister Annie. She wrote us a letter asking us not to harm Ross. She even told us the name of the man who'd been responsible for her ruin. It was that lawman in Day's Gap, but we were bent on our purpose by that time.

She sneaked out of Little Rock. She met Ross and warned him of our intent. Being warned, Ross stayed clear of town right up until his wife came due to have their sixth child. He came back to town to be with her, and he lay low in his house while we kept watch.

On the morning of February 6, 1894, shortly after his wife gave birth to a little girl, Ross made his move to escape. Knowing that we and several of our kin folks and friends were keeping an eye on the Scottsboro depot, he took a hack to Stevenson. My brothers and I took a different route into Stevenson and set up our ambush behind the depot. When he stepped down from the wagon, we opened fire. At least three of us shot him. M y brother Robert and I delivered the final shots while Ross lay dying on the train platform.

A telegraph operator in Stevenson received a wire from Scottsboro, telling Ross to look out for us, saying we intended to kill him. That telegram was never delivered, for reasons that would be debated in courts for years and set some legal precedents that law students study even today.

Annie had a breakdown. She spent a lot of time in a hospital in Cincinnati. When she returned to Scottsboro, she was a sad sight. The doctor said she was suffering from nervous exhaustion.

An old beau of hers came to town to see about her. He had always loved Annie and stuck with her even though she was seeing other men and treated him like dirt. He took her away, married her, and devoted himself to nursing her back to health. He didn't last long. He died of smallpox.

My brothers and I were never convicted. It was ruled justifiable homicide.

You will no doubt judge me harshly. All I can say is that it's difficult for people nowadays to understand how we felt about women back then and our responsibilities to them.

Still, I made an awful mistake, and I paid an awful price for it.

Col. John Snodgrass
1836-1888

Portrayed by John Neeley

You might notice as you stand here with me that I have two tombstones: one from the Snodgrass family and one from the military. I was a hometown hero during the Civil War.

I was born in Jackson County in May 1836, the son of Tom Snodgrass and Susan Caroline Martin. My family was from Virginia, and my father Tom met and married my mother in Tennessee. My

parents settled in Martintown, which was named for my mother's family. My parents bought stock in the Memphis and Charleston Railroad in 1957 and I was one of nine children. I am the oldest son.

I was a merchant in Bellefonte for a time, and Jackson County Sheriff from 1849 to 1852, and I operated a cotton gin. I was active in civic affairs and a member of the *Jackson Rifles* militia brigade in the years leading up to the Civil War.

When the Civil War started in 1861, I enlisted as the Captain of Company B, in the 2nd Confederate Infantry Regiment. I was wounded at Shiloh and served as a Captain until the unit was disbanded in May 1862. I was then designated the Lieutenant Colonel of a battalion, which was to be called Snodgrass's Battalion, and served with his unit until it was renamed the 55th Alabama Volunteer Infantry Regiment in 1863. I was in command of this regiment when we finally surrendered at the end of the war in Greensboro, North Carolina.

I married my lovely wife Mary Jane Brown in 1861, and we had two children, a son and a daughter. When our first child, little Tom, was born in 1863, I could not bear being away from Mary and the baby, so I broke through a blockade and came home to visit my new son. Legend says that I was sleeping safe at home that night when the Yankees knocked on the door. I took my clothes and climbed into the attic, and the family slid a wardrobe in front of the door to hide the entrance. But after I was safely hidden, my wife found a stray boot and my long underwear still on the floor. She stuck the long johns and the legs of the baby into the boot and arranged the covers over the booted baby. Even persons as rude as Yankees would not burst into my wife's bedroom and rouse her sleeping baby, and I escaped capture.

After the war, I opened a general mercantile store in Scottsboro and served as the depot agent for the Memphis and Charleston Railroad during the late 1860's. Along with Dr. Payne, W. H.'s father, I helped to organize Scott Academy, Scottsboro's first school, in 1875.

We lived in the big antebellum house later known as the Morgan House, in a part of Scottsboro known as Episcopal Hill. My wife's family were prominent Episcopalians, and we helped organize St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Scottsboro.

I was one of the first people in Jackson County to install a home telephone, and the event was considered newsworthy, as the editor of *The Alabama Herald* reported that Col. John Snodgrass "can now talk between his store and his home".

I died on Christmas Eve in 1888, only 52 years old, while visiting in Hurricane Springs, Tennessee. Mary Jane lived another 24 years and is not here with me but buried in Birmingham. My son was not quite 30 when he died of typhoid, but their two sons lived long lives in Scottsboro and in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Thomas Shipp

1901-1907

Portrayed by Miles Hodges with his mother, Sarah

My daddy always told me to hold tight to his hand when we walked across the railroad track in Hollywood. He said those trains could start moving at any time. And as it turned out, he was right.

My name is Tom Shipp and I was born August 17, 1901. I was the youngest of 9 children of Charles Shipp and Mary Jane Sterne. My grandfather Dr. Sterne who is buried here with me was the first doctor in Jackson County. He practiced medicine in Bellefonte. My older brother John, who was only 14 years old when I died, became a doctor too and practiced in Chattanooga. I have three brothers and five sisters in all.

In 1907 when I died, Hollywood was so busy. There were stores on both sides of the tracks. We had a hotel, and horses and buggies were all over the streets and several trains a day stopped at our little station. I always saw bricks and lumber being loaded onto the train when we went to town.

It was a Wednesday afternoon when I died, bright and sunny. I was so happy to get to go with Daddy to town. Mr. McClendon over at the store always gave me a stick of peppermint candy. It was about 5:00 and we were crossing the tracks behind a big Southern railway freight train that was sitting still at the crossing. Just as we crossed the tracks behind it, it started to move. There was no whistle. No bell. No warning at all. The bumper on the train hit me and threw me under the wheels. Daddy tried so hard to get me away from the train, but he was knocked down too and just barely missed being killed himself. His frantic face and the screech of the train wheels were the last things I remember.

It was a very sad funeral. I was buried with my grandparents at Shipp's Chapel in Bellefonte. My sister Alberta joined us there in 1911. She was just 18 when she died of pneumonia. Our original graves were just to the left of the big cooling towers at the Bellefonte Nuclear Plant.

When the TVA was getting ready to build the plant in 1973, they couldn't just leave us there in Bellefonte. But Mother died in 1933 and Daddy in 1940, and they were buried in the town cemetery, here at Cedar Hill. So the TVA moved the four of us here with the rest of our family. I am happy we are all together.

Unknown White Male
Birth date unknown-1981

Portrayed by Jerry King

In October of 1981, I was standing beneath the bridge where Highway 35 crosses over John T. Reid Parkway. You can get in one of those niches up there and stay pretty comfortable on a cold or rainy night. I'd gotten a ride earlier that day all the day from Kentucky to Hollywood. The truck driver gave me his address. I put it in my pocket. That slip of paper and three pennies was all I had in my pockets when the coroner examined me. I wasn't paying close attention, I guess. It was nearly 2:00 in the morning. I wandered into the road and was hit by a car.

The coroner judged me dead at the scene and carried me to Henshaw Funeral Home. They fretted over me, hoping to find next-of-kin somewhere. They embalmed me and maybe a hundred or so people came from all over to see me, hoping I was a long-lost relative. Finally, they buried me. There were 20 people at my funeral. There were flowers. I was buried here in the indigent part of the cemetery. I lay here undisturbed for 30 years.

Then, a young man who lives here in Scottsboro was watching one of those cold case television shows. They showed a picture of the man who had just been promoted to the top slot on the FBI's "10 most wanted" list. He had worked at the funeral home during the time I spent there, and

he thought that the FBI suspect on the cold case program looked a lot like me. He called the hot line for the show. He said he wanted to remain anonymous, but they told him there was a $100,000 reward for resolution of the case. He gave them his contact information, but they didn't do anything about it. He then went to Scottsboro Police Chief Ralph Dawe. Chief Dawe was impressed by the resemblance between the FBI's man and me.

The FBI took Dawe seriously. They came to town and got an exhumation order to dig me up. They took me to Pine Haven Cemetery where they could work in privacy and broke open my vault with a backhoe. They took my femur for DNA identification. They put me back in the ground in short order. I got a new coffin and a new vault out of the deal. They did the DNA analysis. They said I wasn't the guy they were looking for. I got on the national news.

They were hoping I was a man named William Bradford Bishop. It sounds like he was a real bad guy. He killed his mother, wife, and three children in Maryland. He went to Ivy League colleges. He was a diplomat. He spoke a bunch of languages. He was last seen about a hundred miles from here.

"Why would a man with that background end up homeless under a bridge in Scottsboro Alabama?" people ask. They might as well ask, "Why would a man with that background go crazy and kill his whole family?" It's just as improbable.

They put me back in the ground. Since all the commotion, I'm pretty well tended. I've got a few regular visitors. I get flowers and flags and little statuettes. A man who lost his brother and never again heard from him again bought me a headstone, thinking maybe someone would know where to find me if they came looking.

You never know. Maybe they will come looking. The guy who had this grave before me was identified after lying here for a bit. They dug him up and took him back to Texas.

I'm only one of two people in this whole cemetery who's unidentified, but with my DNA on file, who knows? Maybe I'll pick up where I left off under that bridge and be on the road home.

Matthew Lemuel Wann
1876-1932

Portrayed by Nat Cisco

I'm Matt Wann. I was Sheriff of Jackson County for only a year and a half in the early 1930s, but I doubt that any local lawman ever saw as much turmoil as I did. Before I took office in January 1931, I'd never held public office, and I'd never been in law enforcement. But all the experience in the world could not have prepared me for what was set in motion around noon on March 25, 1931.

The station master in Stevenson called my office to report that some white hobos reported there had been a fight between them and some black men riding the freight train out of Chattanooga. The black men had thrown them off the train, they said. At least on of them was pretty beat up, with his head bleeding.

By the time my office got the call, the train had already passed through Scottsboro, so I phoned ahead to Paint Rock where I got Charlie Latham on the phone at Rousseau's Store. Charlie deputized every man with a gun he could find. He and his men searched the 42-cars of the freight train and turned up nine black men, one white man, and two white women. Charlie tied the nine boys up with a single plow line to transport them back to Scottsboro. The two women stood around and talked for about a half hour with some folks that had gathered at the station.

Then, after Charlie loaded the boys up in a truck, one of the girls, named Ruby Bates, walked over

and said that she and her friend, Victoria Price, had been raped. When the boys got to Scottsboro, I put them in the county jail and sent the girls over to the medical examiners, Dr. Bridges and Dr. Lynch.

The word got around fast. By sundown, several hundred folks gathered at the jailhouse door, calling for the boys to be lynched. Me, my full staff of nine deputies, and twelve folks I'd deputized on the spot held the door from the inside. I was determined to do my duty as a peace officer and see that the boys got due process. But I didn't think I could hold out long against the mob, so I arranged to have the boys transferred to another jail. But when we got ready to load them into cars around back of the jail, we found that that the ignition systems of all the cars had been tampered with.

Mayor Snodgrass and I both stood on the steps of the jail and tried to talk sense to the crowd, telling them how it would reflect on the town if we didn't see proper justice done. They didn't listen to reason. At that point, I called Governor Miller asking for help, and he dispatched national guard troops out of Guntersville. By the time the 25 troops from Guntersville arrived, I'd managed to reason with enough folks that the crowd was down to about a hundred or so die-hards, and it looked like the immediate threat had passed, but the tension flared up several more times in the week or so it took to return indictments and during the four days of the trials. The square was packed every day, and it took the heavily armed national guardsmen to keep the crowds in line.

There are two rumors, neither of them fully substantiated, about my involvement in the Scottsboro trials. One is that I was the model for Atticus Finch when he stood in the jailhouse door to protect Tom Robinson in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. The other is that the KKK killed me in revenge for preventing the lynching of the Scottsboro boys.

I was shot dead on May 3, 1932 while I was serving a warrant on a 20-year-old man named Harry Hambrick, who lived out by the fairgrounds on Old Larkinsville Road. At first, I mistook his brother, Arthur, for Harry and put the cuffs on him. Thinking the matter was settled, I dropped my guard. Then, Harry came up behind his brother there at the front door, fired over his brother's shoulder, and killed me with a single shotgun blast to the chest. Harry Hambrick escaped. He just walked out the back door without interference or capture. To some people, it looked like a setup. Some say it was revenge for my defense of the Scottsboro boys. Some say it was retaliation for my being hard on the bootleggers.

Scottsboro got a bad rap for the treatment of those nine boys, but it would have been worse if I hadn't made my stand. I was a sworn lawman, and I saw the law through.

Tally House in Bass Destroyed by Lightning

Sons and daughters of Jackson County will be saddened to hear that the historic Tally House in Bass was destroyed by fire on June 28, 2018. It was thought to have been struck by lightning during a violent thunderstorm. Stephanie Gonce was driving by on Highway 117, saw the smoke, and called the fire department. She took this photo. Trucks from Stevenson, Hollywood, Fackler, Flat Rock, and Bridgeport came, but without fire hydrants and a city water system, they could do nothing but transport and apply as much water as possible The house was a total loss.

The house was started around 1848 by John Benton Tally I (1815-1881). John was one of 11 children of Jacob Tally (1784-1842), one of two Tally brothers who came to Alabama in the early days of statehood from Franklin County, TN. Jacob and his brother Matthew can be found on the 1812 tax list for Franklin County (which might well have been Jackson County even then since Dry Cove residents were frequently censused in Tennessee), but shortly thereafter both settled in the Crow Creek Valley.

MOURNING ROBERTS TALLY

According to legend, conversations, and Eliza Woodall, Jacob constructed a two-story log house on a slight rise of land near the foot of the mountain. He married Mourning Roberts about 1807; her portrait was one of those lost in the fire. Jacob and Mourning had 11 children whose marriages linked the Tally family to most of the pioneer families in the area: the McMahans, the Wimberleys, the Walkers, the Capertons, and the Russells. Descendants of Jacob and Mourning married into the Arendale, Rudder, Skelton, Coffey, Vaught, McCutchen, Bogart, Heath, and Matthews families. As my mother-in-law once said, everyone is a cousin.

John Benton Tally I inherited the land and cabin built by his parents. According to *The Stevenson Story*, John Benton "continued to farm the land from Jacob and also bought adjoining land until he amassed a plantation of considerable size. Many slaves were needed on the farm, some of whom adopted the surname Tally when freed. John B. was an elder in the Primitive Baptist Church (like his father before him) and was instrumental in getting a church built on the upper end of the farm. The church was called Cedar Grove and was an arm of Mt. Gilead Primitive Baptist further up Crow Creek Valley. Miss Ann Graham was the teacher. The building burned in 1920." (p. 501)

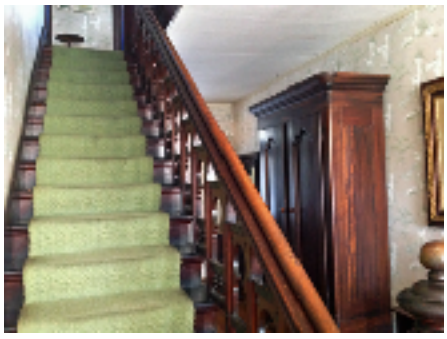
JOHN BENTON TALLY I AND SARAH PRICE

Furtherance of the gospel was continued by his sons, William Jasper Tally, who established Bethlehem Presbyterian Church on the Tally farm across from the cemetery, John B. Tally, a Cumberland Presbyterian elder and denominational leader, and Campbell Hendricks Tally, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister.

These portraits of John Benton I and his wife Sarah Price Tally perished in the fire.

Eliza Woodall, in a rare mistake, reported that the cabin was the foundation of the Tally house, that it was sided over and incorporated into the house. This, according to the living descendants, is not true. The log cabin survived 140 years, only to be burned by vandals in the early 1970s. It stood in the flat area at the corner of the Tally House road and the road to the Tally Cemetery. The cabin can be seen on this 1950 aerial photograph of the Tally house from Bill Tally.

The house that burned in June was built around 1848 and was expanded and improved in 1893 when rooms were added and the concrete foundation around the porch and the front colonnade were added. It was reportedly the first dwelling in Jackson County to have indoor plumbing. It was continuously occupied with the exception of a year or two until about 1990. Since then it had been enjoyed by the family for short stays and weekly visits.



TALLY HOUSE MAIN STAIRCASE

One of the saddest losses in the Tally house fire was the loss of the wall of family portraits that surrounded the ornate staircase in the front hall. Because of the number of families who married the original Tally descendants, these portraits depict the ancestors of many people with Jackson County connections, and the JCHA has worked to identify those portraits and make them available for download. Go to www.jchaweb.org/tallyportraits.html for a list of portraits available for download.

One of John Benton I and Mourning Roberts' sons, William Jasper, purchased the interests of his siblings and took possession of the house. He married Mary Eliza Coffey, one of the five surviving children of John Reid Coffey and Mary Ann Cross. Jasper and Eliza reared their seven children and a Coffey niece and nephew, children of her brother John B. Coffey, in this house.

The well-known portraits of Eliza's parents, John Reid Coffey and Mary Ann Cross, perished in the fire.

This more youthful and less dour portrait of Mary Ann Cross Coffey was also stored in the house and perished in the fire.

One other remainder of the Coffey family presence in the Tally House was this photo of the old John Reid Coffey house in Stevenson. Notice Charlie Rudder on the roof. This house was eventually joined to the house next door, and was the home of Alley G. and Hannah Rudder and later served as Rudder's Funeral Home. The house is still in the Rudder family. This picture burned in the

house, but there were several copies of it.

This portrait of the John Benton Tally II family was also kept in the Tally House, though the family had good copies of this portrait. This portrait shows Sidney Skelton Tally (1861 -1935) and her husband John Benton Tally Jr. (1851 -1929) with their two sons John Benton III (1881-1929, left) and Walter (1878-1939, right). After John Benton II sold his interest in the family farm to his brother, W. J., he moved to Scottsboro to practice law. They were not the occupants of the Tally house.

Sidney grew up in the old Skelton house in Skelton Hollow, near what is now the ball field at the end of Walnut Street, at the foot of Tater Knob Mountain. The portrait on the right, believed to be a later photo of John Benton Tally II, was also lost in the house fire. William Jasper and Eliza Coffey raised their family in the Tally house.

One of the most poignant losses of the house was the wonderful portrait of Willie Tally (1889-1907). The daughter of William Jasper and Eliza, Willie had gone off to college when she developed an aggressive form of bone cancer and came home to die just weeks before her death. According to Bill Tally, she returned to Bass on the train in such acute pain that men had to carry her from the Bass train station to the Tally house. Her grave in the Tally cemetery is marked with an angel, one of the most striking markers in the county.

Mary Eliza Coffey Tally lived in the Tally house until her death in 1934. Her obituary in the *Jackson County Sentinel* on September 20 noted that "she had spent her long life in love, devotion, and labor for her family and found her greatest pleasure in residing at her mansion-like home on the vast Tally estate nestling between the mountains and having her loved ones visit her and make the same place a happy one." After her death, her unmarried daughter Sarah Ann "Sadie" and Sadie's widowed sister Eliza Tally Atwood (whose husband Alfred had died 1937) continued to live in the house, along with Cam Macklin Tally and his two children, William J. Tally and Mary Elizabeth Tally. Sadie died in 1967 and Eliza in 1968.

After Mary Eliza Attwood died, ownership of the house passed to her daughters, Patti Attwood McCutchen and Freda Attwood Bogart. The house stood empty for a brief time until Patti McCutchen and her husband, Walker, took up residence there in the early 1970s. Walker died in 2000, and Patty in 2001. The house then was co-owned by the McCutchen's daughter, Elisabeth McCutchen Heath and Patti's sister Freda Bogart The property is now owned by Charles Heath and Walter R. (Rusty) Bogart III.

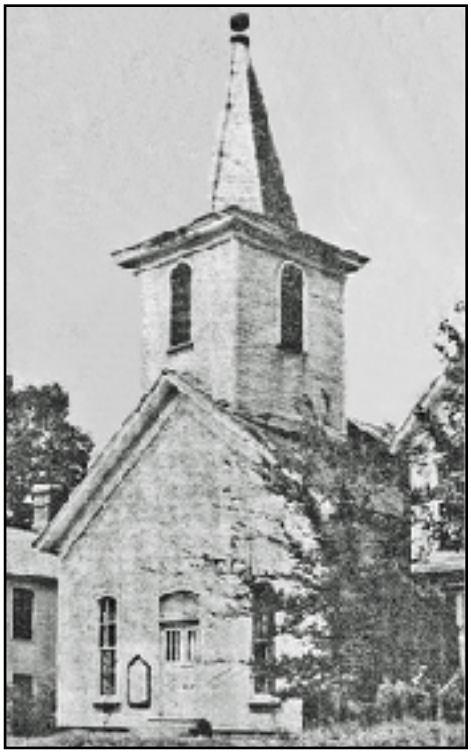
A final irony of the fire is that Rusty Bogart had brought his mother's portrait and ashes to the house to include her image with the historic portraits of the Tally family and to inter her ashes in the Tally Cemetery. Both were lost in the fire

The burning of this ancestral home is a loss to the extended Tally family, but also to those of us who treasured its majestic facade as a reminder of a history that we all share.

Annette Bradford and Bill Tally

An *Agape* Moment in the Scottsboro Presbyterian Church

Agape is a Greek biblical word for love. It is a special kind of Christian love – a love willing to sacrifice as an expression of the depth of love for others. Jesus epitomized that love in his sacrifice even to death for us. In John 15:10, Jesus said. "If you keep my commandments, you will abide in my love, just as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love," in other words - love each other sacrificially, with the same passion I have loved you! That biblical concept and command is at the heart of the story that I seek to relate to you about a wonderful Scottsboro Church that nurtured me in the Christian faith.



JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL AUGUST 25, 1955

Judge John B. Tally, in 1979, wrote an excellent history of the Scottsboro Cumberland Presbyterian Church.[1] Judge Tally was reared in the Tally home, just to the east of the Willow Street church building. Involved in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church from his birth, and faithful to his death, he left a historical gift to subsequent generations. My story, which I'll relate subsequently, focuses on a crucial episode in our church's life that I think deserves to be added to Judge Tally's chronicles.

My story relates to a critical incident that seems to have become lost in the transition from how a USA Presbyterian congregation and a Cumberland Presbyterian congregation became **one** Cumberland Presbyterian Church in a new building serving the Scottsboro community.

American Presbyterians, on the frontier, during the Second Great Religious Awakening, rebelled against rigid Scottish doctrines about predestination, and the necessity for ordained ministers to have to go back to Scotland for religious education in the theological seminaries (approximately three years). Desperately needing ordained pastors for the churches that were that rapidly were being established, as a result of powerful evangelistic preaching, they wanted to ordain ministers of those growing churches with the intent to educate them in America at seminaries in the process of being established. The college and seminary at Lebanon, Tennessee, that my grandfather, born in 1850, attended, is a good example. Attempts by Presbyterian traditionalists to discipline frontier Presbyterians in the Cumberland region of Tennessee led them to form their own Presbytery in 1802, which came to be known as today's Cumberland Presbyterian Church.[2]

In 1906, efforts to reunite Cumberland Presbyterians with Mainstream Presbyterians, the USA Presbyterians, succeeded only partially, with a significant number who chose to remain Cumberland Presbyterians. The Scottsboro Presbyterian Church was a victim in that well-intentioned effort. Contentious national lawsuits resulted in a Court settlement that awarded the Cumberland property and buildings to the USA Presbyterian Church. Ownership of the property by the USA Presbyterian Church

[1]History of the Scottsboro Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Judge John B. Tally, 1979

[2]A History of Christianity, Kenneth Scott Latourette, HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, page 1042

left Presbyterians in Scottsboro who wished to remain Cumberland Presbyterians in a terrible quandary. Graciously, the members in Scottsboro who had reunited with the USA Presbyterian Church quickly chose to share the building with their Cumberland sisters and brothers. The result was the formation of a single church with two Sessions and a clever solution to governance. Each Session maintained a relation with their Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly, and a separate roll of membership. However, they cooperated with a Joint Session that make decisions for the cooperating congregations – and most members of the congregation never seemed to know about the wonderful united effort! Growing up, I knew that my dad attended Huntsville Presbytery, and had served as a Ruling Elder Commissioner to a General Assembly in Grand Rapids, Michigan. I also knew that the fathers of my friends attended Robert Donnell Presbytery. That was the limit of my awareness—until I made a Profession of Faith in Christ, and "Joined" the Church!

By the time I was around ten, I became aware that most all of my friends were "Joining their Church," and I began thinking it was high time for me to do so as well! I talked with Dad and Mother about it. They encouraged me to do so. So, one Sunday morning, when Brother Jones, following the sermon, issued an altar call, I, sitting on next to the back row, got up and trotted down to the front, looking up at my beloved pastor. He proceeded with the formalities of my making a Profession of Faith, and baptized me with a sprinkling of water. Then he looked at me and asked me, "*Which Church do you want to join?*" I was absolutely taken aback! I responding fairly quickly, **WHY, I WANT TO JOIN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH!** He promptly responded, "*I know, but* ***which*** *one?* Then, I quickly said that it was the one my Dad and Mother belonged to! *Talk about an education in a few moments!* I really became aware that we had **two** Churches sharing sunday school, worship, and Christian endeavor!

Our building on Willow Street had two small classrooms at the front of the building, along with what I perceived as a nice room heated by two pot-bellied, coal-fired stoves for worship and other group activities. There was a second-floor balcony that, with restrained conversation could accommodate three Sunday-School classes. So, we had limited educational space for a church that should grow in a growing community. That led, after Brother Jones death, to a movement toward constructing a new building —a genuine need, if we wanted to grow.

Following Brother Jones death in 1952, Judge Tally relates how the Rev. Paul F. Brown led a revival meeting with the view of bringing the two Scottsboro congregations together, commencing the movement toward a new church building. I was in Korea by the time this occurred. My impression is that the Cumberland members were virtually unanimous in wanting to move from Willow Street and build at some other location. I also am under the impression that John K. Thompson, A. L. Couch, W. H. Robinson, and two or three other Elders in the USA Session were seeking to determine what to recommend to the USA Presbyterian members. My impression was that they determined that Scottsboro did not need two Presbyterian churches. I think they recommended that the USA Presbyterian members should join with the Cumberland members in making the move.

How that was accomplished is now buried with the leaders of the USA Session. I had thought that the Session in Scottsboro petitioned Huntsville Presbytery of the USA Presbyterian Church to transfer the membership of all who wished to move, to Robert Donnell Presbytery and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Scottsboro. That may have been accomplished by USA Presbyterians simply transferring to the Scottsboro Cumberland Presbyterian Church. I've been unable to find any records of transfers by contacting the Scottsboro Cumberland Presbyterian Church, or archive agents of the United Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, or the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Of one thing, I am absolutely sure: Almost all of the USA Presbyterian Church joined with their brothers and sisters in moving to construct a new building on Kyle Street! It was a beautiful example of *agape* love—one group of Presbyterians willing to forsake their denomination for the sake of a unified Presbyterian witness in

Scottsboro. I regret that such a generous action by the USA Presbyterians appears to have been lost in the transition. The building on Willow Street was owned by Huntsville Presbytery, and sadly, Huntsville Presbytery, rather than doing what they should have done, donating it toward the cost of constructing the new church, sold the Willow Street building and property to the Word Lumber Company.

In going back in memory to the reunification of the two church congregations I have concluded that the action of the USA Session was one of the most Christ-like actions I have witnessed in the course of my life and ministry. As I stated previously, I think it was uniquely an *agape* moment in the history of the Scottsboro Presbyterian Church. The USA Presbyterian congregation was willing to "die" so that Scottsboro would have one, strong, growing Presbyterian Church. Morris Pepper's wonderful leadership contributed much to that. John David Hall and I are two sons of the church who have followed Jimmy Jones and Morris Pepper in lifelong ministerial leadership. There surely have been others who also did so, but we both grew up at just about the same time.

In conclusion, at age 90, I believe that, other than John David Hall, I am just about the only remaining former member who remembers how the new Kyle Street church came about, and I especially, *because Jimmy Jones asked me "Which Church do you want to join?"*

Rev. James Thompson

An Update on the Location of Barclay Graves from Carolyn Barclay Tamblyn

In April 2018, the *Jackson County Chronicles* ran a summary of people buried in Cedar Hill Cemetery who were not buried there originally but were instead moved from another location. Carolyn Barclay Tamblyn challenged the notion that the graves of Joseph Pickens Barclay and Mary Ledbetter Barclay had been moved from the Barclay Cemetery to Cedar Hill. this comment:

I hope that Mr. Anderson, who was responsible for the placement of the Barclay marker in Cedar Hill Cemetery, did not mean to imply that Mary Ledbetter Barclay and Joseph Barclay had been buried at the excavated site but only wished to memorialize them. I do not believe there was a Barclay cemetery outside Scottsboro at the time they died. It seems to have begun in 1872 with the death of the youngest Barclay son, Joseph Pickens Barclay, and contained his wife Martha Adeline Wood Hogue and perhaps others of his family. Note that the marker has the incorrect date for the birth of J. P. Barclay. He was born September 11, 1830. It was his older brother, Joel Ledbetter Barclay, who was born in 1811.

Joseph Barclay was among the first settlers in Aspel, Jackson county, and he and his wife Mary are buried in Old Aspel at the foot of Gunter Mountain, according to J. R. Kennamer Sr. in "The Barclay Family: Gleanings of History and Geneaology," February 1927. Mary died in Aspel sometime between 1850 and 1860 (censuses); Joseph died several decades later, after 1870 when he was over 90 years old and living in Marshall county at the home of his oldest son, Joel Ledbetter Barclay, with whom he had lived after the death of Mary (1860, 1870 censuses). This location was but a few miles up the mountain from the cemetery at Old Aspel. According to Ann Chambless (letter, 1994), the old cemetery was behind the Smith's Chapel Church at the foot of Gunter Mountain and had been in use in the 1840s, although the church was not built until the 1870s. Mary and Joseph Barclay were buried in this old cemetery, resting among a number of unmarked graves.

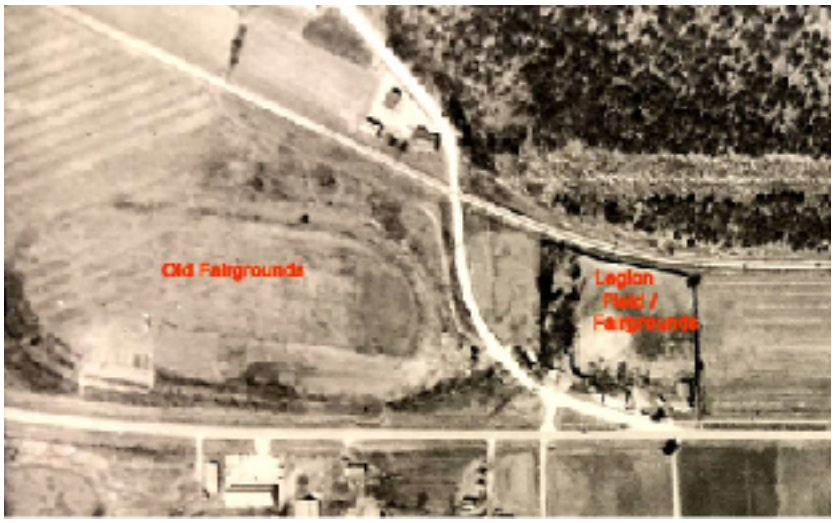
Another Fairground Tidbit from Bill Tally

While wandering around in 1921 newspapers, I recently came upon this wonderful panoramic photo of the old fairground on Willow Street that sparked a lot of discussion on the JCHA FaceBook page.

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL SEPTEMBER 1, 1921

To clarify some of the comments that appeared there, Bill Tally wrote, "The old fairground was on the north side of Willow Street where the Old Larkinsville Road turns off toward the railroad. There was a baseball diamond there, and a grandstand for people to watch baseball games. The back and side fences were concrete block walls with ads painted on them. At least some of the walls are still there, and traces of the ads may still be visible. I remember going to ball games and the county fair there. There were local baseball teams and leagues that played during the summer. I distinctly remember being amazed seeing Bobby Hodges break a baseball bat one night. (Little did I realize at the time that breaking a bat isn't that difficult if your hold the bat wrong!) The American Legion/VFW had a house on Willow Street right in front of the fairgrounds and ball field where they had meetings. People would also rent out or borrow that building for gatherings such as birthday parties.

But, the fairgrounds depicted in the Facebook post showing harness racing were not on that site. There was a still-older fairground just a little further west down Willow Street, just beyond the Old Larkinsville Road. In fact, the site of the ball field wasn't nearly big enough to accommodate a harness track. If you look at the 1950 aerial photo just west of the Old Larkinsville Road, you can clearly see the outline of an oval horse track. This is where I remember being told that the old fairgrounds were located. Dr. Sanders's old veterinary office, Dr. Gentry's antique warehouse, and a trailer park pretty well cover that ground now.



I have often wondered why harness racing was so popular in this area in the early 1900's only to disappear from the southeast without a trace. Several people, notably the Russells, were very successful harness racers on up into the 1960's or 1970's, but all that racing took place elsewhere."

Bill Tally

Marking the Grave of Fallen U. S. Marshall Ed Moody

The Cedar Hill Cemetery Stroll welcomes donations from attendees. We plan to use these donations to buy a marker for the unmarked grave of fallen U. S. Marshall Ed Moody. We came to know that a U. S. Marshall occupied one of Cedar Hill's many unmarked graves when a museum that maintains a list of fallen marshals contacted the Heritage Center, leading us on a search for his unmarked grave. Benny Bell's cemetery records tell us that Ed owned lots in Cedar Hill, and the obituaries for Ed and his wife Ada Webb state that they were buried in Cedar Hill. These lots are adjacent to the graves of Ada's brother William Jessie Webb and Ada and B. F. Shook's married daughters, Fannie and Sallie Shook Hammons. William L. Hammons apparently married Sallie after Fannie died.

Edward Moody was the son of Orran Addison Moody and Mildred Virginia Moody Moody. He was born November 13, 1866 in Cottonport, TN and died July 25, 1921 at age 54. He was a Deputy U. S. Marshall at the time of his death. He was the third of five children. The children of this marriage were:

- Miles Addison "Milo" Moody 1861-1948, a state representative known for his emphasis on roads and the lawyer who defended the Scottsboro Boys at their Jackson County Trial in 1932. Ed and Ada, his second wife, are buried next to Milo and his wife Fannie Ashbridge.
- Robert A. Moody 1865-1930, a dry goods merchant from Guntersville with whom Ed was in business at one time.
- Edward Moody, the subject of this story
- Elizabeth Moody Kirby 1870-1942
- Orran Allison Moody Haralson 1872—a daughter who married in 1896 Dr. Jefferson Bennett Haralson, son of Circuit Judge William J. Haralson. J. B. was a physician and merchant and the couple lived in Marshall County but are buried in Ft. Payne.

Ed's father, Orran Moody, married Mildred Virginia Moody on July 30, 1860 in Meigs County, TN. Orran served in the Civil War. On January 22, 1863, he is found in Plaquemines Parish Louisiana where he is a hospital nurse for the 13th Maine Regiment, Company K. When he returned from the war, he entered business and worked as a dry goods merchant in Atlanta, GA, in Coweta Springs, GA, and in Elija and Cottonport, TN. He was appointed postmaster of Langston, AL on January 11, 1869.

In the 1870 census the Moody family is living in Coffee Town where his father Orran is a 37-year-old dry goods merchant. His wife Mildred is 28 and four of their five children are already born: Milo is 9, Robert is 6, Edward is 3 and his sister Elizabeth is 7 months old. Their fifth child, a daughter named after her father, Orran Allison, was born May 18, 1872, only six months before her father's death.

Ed's father Orran died in November 17, 1972, and he was at fault. He pulled a gun on another Moody storekeeper in Langston and his slayer, storekeeper Thomas Moody, returned fire and killed Orran. He turned himself into authorities and was tried and acquitted. Ed's mother Mildred was left a 30-year-old widow with five children under age 11, and she married Benjamin F. Shook in 1876. Mildred and Benjamin had three additional children, Ed's half brother Barton born in 1877 and two half sisters Sallie born in 1879 and Fannie born in 1891.

Ed was only six years old when his father was killed, so he was raised as part of the Benjamin Franklin Shook family. In the 1880 census, Ed is living in Scottsboro and working in his step-father's hotel while

attending school. He was a familiar figure in Jackson County, and his comings and goings were written up frequently in the local newspapers.

Ed married twice. He married Ada Lovelace on February 14, 1889. Their son Orran Addison was born August 5, 1890 and their daughter Bessie was born January 13, 1893 in Kirbytown. Ada died of consumption on September 2, 1893 leaving her two small children. Ada's sisters helped raise these two young children, and Ed remarried Ada Caroline Webb on December 25, 1897.

In November 1892, Ed moved from Langston to Guntersville to go into a partnership with his brother, Robert Moody. In Langston, Ed had been in business with Frank Kirby at Hillians Store. In the 1910 federal census, Edward is married to Ada. He is 43 and she is 38, and they have (or will have) these children:

- Edward Lester Moody,. born February 17, 1899 in Langston and died December 2, 1972 in Roanoke City, VA.
- Clarence Webb Moody, born January 28, 1902 and died April 13, 1983 in Athens, AL.
- Will Henderson Moody, born April 13, 1905 and died Jan 29, 1968 in Cameron County, TX.
- Wallace Gordon Moody, born June 25, 1909.
- Mildred Elizabeth Moody Hipp, born January 18, 1912 and died May 28, 1972.

In April 1900 Ed was living in Stevenson and in the grocery business. A note in the April 19, 1900 *Stevenson Chronicle* noted that his wife had left Langston to join him in Stevenson. The *Guntersville Advertiser* tells us that Ed and his family moved to Scottsboro in April 1917. In the 1920 census, the family is found in Scottsboro. Ed is 53 and a dry goods salesman in a store. Ada is 48, and four of their children (including Ed, age 20, the oldest) still live at home.

In a time when jobs where hard to come by, getting appointed U S. Marshall was considered a piece of good luck. The March 17, 1921 *Progressive Age* reported that "Ed Moody of Scottsboro was appointed deputy U. S. Marshall by Marshal H. A. Skeggs last week to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John A. Hackworth, who has gone back to railroad work in Mississippi. Mr. Moody has already entered the new job, and we congratulate our neighbor and fellow townsman on securing this appointment and feel sure he will make good."

Just over four months later, Ed was shot and killed when he went to the house of a black man named Joe Stone to quell a disturbance. He was shot through a closed door. Stone fled, and seven other black men who had been at the party were arrested but released since it was clear that Stone had been the shooter. A posse of 100 heavily armed men used bloodhounds to track Stone, who was thought to be hiding in Jackson County. He was captured the night of July 25 in Shelbyville, TN.

The killing of Ed Moody sparked immediate outrage. Armed guards had to be posted around the jail to prevent violence. Stone was tried in Scottsboro in September 1921 and sentenced to hang on November 4. After the trial, he was held in Huntsville for his protection. Stone was granted a new trial because of irregular questions asked of character witnesses. After this trial in March 1923, he was sentenced to 25 years.

The August 10, 1921 *Progressive Age* reported that T. N. Cottrell from Birmingham had been appointed Deputy US Marshall to succeed Edward Moody who was killed in Scottsboro. Ed's wife, Ada, died January 1, 1922 when little Mildred was only 9. According to *The Progressive Age*, she is buried in Cedar Hill cemetery "beside the newly made grave of her husband."

Annette Bradford

A Health Check on Jackson County's Oldest Structures

For a book about the oldest structures in the state as part of Alabama's bicentennial celebration next year, retired state architect Robert Gambol contacted the JCHA looking for updates on a list provided to him in 1976 by Wendell Page. The list was vague. There were one-line descriptions of the properties, some with names past or present associated with them, and occasionally a brief description. It was a daunting task to identify and verify all of these places, and I am indebted to John Graham, Paul Machen, Elizabeth Sharp, Ann Chambless, Carol Ballard, Bill Allison, John Pepper, and Clyde Broadway for their help. Here are a few of the discoveries made when we looked for the county's oldest structures.

Austin Cabin in Little Coon Valley, Built in 1817

Wendell Page cited this cabin by name on the list that he sent Mr. Gambol in 1976. The only mention I can find of the Austin Cabin is in a 1944 book: James F. Sulzby Jr.'s *Birmingham as It Was in Jackson County, Alabama.* I am sure that this book was the source of Wendell Page's 1976 information.

In a discussion of "Men of the Times," Sulzby has this to say about A. C. Austin:

This log cabin, built in 1817, is said to have been the first building in Coon Valley, and was once occupied by A. C. Austin. Pleasant Springs is located about fifty yards to the rear of the house. Now owned by John W. Coffey.

"Many are the interesting and noble persons who have sought their livelihoods from the soils of Coon Valley. One of these was Anthony Crockett Austin, at one time a very important figure in the early days. Even though he was engaged in stock raising after coming to the county in 1832, Austin did find time to become interested in a postoffice, and in 1845 became the postmaster of the community. He lived in a log cabin near Pleasant Springs. It should be understood that Austin never depended on his income from the post office, for in 1847 he received $10.59 for the year's work, and in 1848, the first nine months netted him $10.66. The log cabin in which the postmaster lived also served as the location of the postoffice. The old log cabin near Pleasant Springs was used as a foundation for the neighborhood , later to be endowed by the humanities of a humble people. Austin moved to Princeton, Jackson County, Alabama, in 1853, leaving the community at a time when large plantations were making this part of the county very attractive." (pp. 21-22)

Neighbors remember that the Austins lived in the cabin, built in 1817, while the Austin house, further down the road, built in 1844, was completed.

Dusty Matthews, who lives in Rash, confirms that the Austin cabin which also functioned as an early post office "is no longer standing. This would have been by the spring [Pleasant Springs] on the right before you got to Rash School house." Conversations with other neighbors in Rash confirm that the cabin has been torn down. A developer who built modern homes near the Helton home seemed intent on rubbing out all traces of the old Rash community. The current owner of the W. A. Austin-R. A. Coffey home at the junction of County Road 53 and County Road 55 confirms that when he bought his house (which is to the left of the Austin family cemetery), the cornerstones of the old post office were still in place, but the

developer dug them up and used them in another structure. This developer, we are told by neighbors, also razed the old Austin cabin.

The Adam Caperton Enclosed Dogtrot in Stevenson ca. 1832

It is extraordinary for a home nearly 200 years old to have been passed down through heirs in a single family. This cabin, built by Adam Caperton, is occupied by John and Rosemary Roper. I took this name of this home from Walt Hammer, but Eliza Woodall in *The Stevenson Story* calls this the Sterne-Roper House. Eliza notes that "this home has been owned since 1951 by Mr. and Mrs. John Roper. It was built about 1840 for Adam Caperton by a carpenter from Virginia. Adam Caperton's daughter, Cordie, and her husband, William Sterne, were the next owners. He, Mrs. Roper's grandfather, operated a general store and the Yucca post office. He was shot and killed in the store during a robbery. His son, L. C. Sterne, then bought out heirs to the house and farm. The doors of the house were burned in 1863 when it was occupied by General William Sherman and his forces." (p. 268)

The current owner, John Roper, inherited the home from his parents, John and Beulah Roper, who owned it in 1967 when Walter Hammer featured it in his *Pictorial Walk Thru Ol' High Jackson* book. The house is located in Stevenson on County Road 491 on the south side of the Tennessee River. To reach it, take the first right after crossing the Snodgrass Bridge in Stevenson. The house is 2.2 miles after the turn, on the left. It is concealed in trees and easy to miss.

The house backs up onto a mountain with a number of rock outcroppings. The period spring house in the back is by the entrance to a small cave, which, Rosemary notes, gushes through the small opening into the nearby stream during storms. The home shows the hallmarks of 60 years of consistent ownership by a family that loves and cares for the house. Here are 1967 and 2018 photos for comparison.

Caperton Cabin in 1967 from Walt Hammer's book

Caperton Cabin in 2018

According to Eliza Woodall's *Stevenson Story*, Bernard Caperton was the only Caperton to immigrate to America in 1740-1750, and he married Poly (Mary) Thompson before or soon after he arrived in America. They purchased land in Augusta County, VA in 1755 and later migrated to Monroe County, VA (which is now part of West Virginia). They had eight children, one of whom was Adam born, around 1753. Adam married Elizabeth Miller about 1774, and they were the parents of four children: John, George, Elizabeth, and Hugh. Adam and his family came to Kentucky using the Boonesboro Trail. Adam died in 1782 in the Estill's Defeat battle with the Indians. Two of his sons moved south to Franklin County, TN: John (1775-1827) and George (1777-1836). George married Mary Miller Clark.

Adam H. Caperton was the youngest of eight children of Colonel George Caperton and Mary Miller Clark. Adam "lived south of the Tennessee river where they built a two-story log home still [1982] in an excellent state of preservation, now owned by John Roper. The house is about 140 years old. Adam and Mary were the parents of Margaret who married John E. Caperton, Jr., no children; Paulina who did not marry; George S. who married Mary Helen Smith, to Shamrock, Texas; Virginia who married John Hardie; Hugh C. who married Susan Mary Clark and moved to Ohio; Cornelia who married William Starnes; and John H. who married Lula Mill Smith and moved to Oklahoma." (p.405)

The Ropers own a dairy and much of the land that surrounds the home. With its new porch and its strong, secure chimneys, the house's condition has improved since 1967 when the earlier photo was taken

The Mark Barbee Cabin in Dolberry Hollow, ca. 1830

The Mark Barbee Log House was located at the head of Mud Creek in Dolberry Hollow. Mark Barbee started building this house in 1830 for Eliza Rogers, his bride-to-be. Mark and Eliza are buried in the Barbee Cemetery adjacent to the house. The last person to live in the house was Mark and Eliza's son Lewis, who died in this house in 1936. In 1976, this cabin was still standing and in good repair. Notice the unusual thatched roof.

Barbee Cabin in 1976

Barbee Cabin in 2018

Today all that remains of the cabin is the massive original native stone chimney. Hannah Whitaker Barbee (Mark's mother, 1770-1843)) joined the Mud Creek Primitive Baptist Church in January 1820, and her husband, Abimeleck Barbee (1770-1843), joined in March 1835. They had married on November 10, 1789 in Orange County, NC where Abimeleck sold land in 1795. Before moving to Alabama in late 1819, they lived in Oglethorpe County, GA and Franklin County, TN. Abimeleck Barbee was born circa 1780 in NC and died in 1848 in Jackson County, AL.

Hannah and Abimeleck's son Mark was born in 1806 in Oglethorpe County, GA and died in 1860 in Jackson County, AL. He married Eliza Rogers (1811-1885), the daughter of John and Elizabeth Rogers, on December 22, 1831 in Jackson County, AL. Mark Barbee was the original patentee of several parcels of land purchased between 1835 and 1856. Their children were born between 1832 and 1854.

Mark Barbee died shortly before the Civil War. During 1863, Federal soldiers moved into Mrs. Barbee's log home and she and the children were forced to live in what had been a slave cabin on the property.

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