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The Jackson County Chronicles

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In this issue:

JCHA Goes Virtual for the January 2021 Meeting

: It's too cold to meet outside and too dangerous to meet at the depot. So the January 2021 JCHA meeting will be a Zoom call. The meeting will be held at 2:00 on Sunday, January 31. The speaker will be Dr. David Coffey, Chairman of the History Department at the University of Tennessee at Martin. He is the author of *Soldier Princess: The Life and Legend of Agnes Salm-Salm in North America, 1861-1867. H*er husband, Union General Felix Salm-Salm, was a German prince who commanded Union forces in Bridgeport. Agnes lived in camp with her husband during the Civil War and raised money for the hospital.

A native of New Mexico, Dr. Coffey also wrote *John Bell Hood and the Struggle for Atlanta* and *Sheridan's Lieutenants: Phil Sheridan,* His Generals, and the Final Year of the Civil War, and chapters in anthologies about the Civil War, Mexican War, and Texas.

Blake Wilhelm created a Google Form that enables you to sign up to attend this meeting. Click the link below and provide signup information to Blake. He will email an invitation to you on Friday January 29. The deadline for signing up using this Google Form is Thursday January 28, 2021. Information about accessing the recording will be available on the JCHA FaceBook page and in the next *Chronicles*. Cut and paste this link and follow the prompts.

https://forms.gle/L1bjDZZEtXsabsZ47

New and Returning Authors: The JCHA is creating a document about the history of the seven schools that make up the county school system. We are fortunate to have Ed Carter's help. Ed wrote the history of North Sand Mountain School for this issue. Mr. Carter is writing a history of Bryant and is the genius behind the new Bryant School and Ebenezer Church historical markers, erected this year. And we welcome guest author James Simon who shares with us his story of a poet who visited Bridgeport in 1901. Mr. Simon is originally from Montgomery. After doing seminal work for Microsoft and serving in the US Army Reserve, he and his wife Cheryl retired to Scottsboro in 2012 where he still consults on cyber security. His curiosity was piqued when he stumbled on the Greenwood poem, and he shared his investigation of the story behind it with us.

Scottsboro's "Little Fox" Theater: The Bocanita

Standing in front of the building at 145 East Laurel Street on the north side of the courthouse square, those who remember the Bocanita Theater might find it remarkable that what seemed at the time to be such a palatial building was no wider than the the footprint of the building that stands on the site today, Berry and Dunn Office Equipment.

The Bocanita Theater was the ambitious dream of Claude Bobo who, prior to opening the Bocanita in 1930, owned and operated Scottsboro's Dreamland Theater, which he opened in 1924 on the second floor at 203 Market Street on the east side of the courthouse square.

The Dreamland was a silent movie house, with musical accompaniment provided by pianists such as "Miss Syd" Telford, who taught piano and until the 1960s served as organist at St. Luke's Episcopal Church. One Scottsboro resident recalls seeing a Tarzan movie in the old Dreamland with the musical soundtrack provided by a phonograph recording of a classical opera. Still visible in the old Dreamland space today is a railing, thought to have overlooked the first floor lobby of the theater. Incandescent light fixtures dangle from the wall where sconces once hung.

Bocanita Theater from the 1941 Bob Word movie

But Claude Bobo envisioned for Scottsboro a movie theater modeled on the Fox Theater in Atlanta, and he secured the financial banking of Margaret Minerva Hess "Texas" Snodgrass, familiarly known as "Aunt Tex."

The July 19,1928 *Progressive Age* newspaper announced "All excavation and preliminary work completed, materials assembled and forms ready for concrete pouring at the new Bocanita Theatre site, our $30,000 picture palace, which is to be the very latest thing in style, beauty, and convenience." The site of the new theater became an instant landmark as evidenced by a June 20, 1929 ad in Scottsboro's T*he Progressive Age* newspaper for City Cafe advertising the cafe's location as "next to the new Bocanita Theatre," a year after work had commenced but still a year before it would open to the public.

Bobo arrived at the unique name of the theater by combining his own name with that of his wife and a relative: "Bo" for Bobo, "CA" for brother-in-law Charles Ambrester, and "Nita" for Claude's wife, Nita. The unique name is unduplicated in theater history. Before coming to Scottsboro, Bobo had established and run the similarly named Bonita Theater in Chattanooga.

The theater opened to little fanfare in the local press. There was no official notice of a premier. We can date the first showings, however, by following Claude Bobo's periodic announcements in the press regarding progress on the building. In the April 17,1930 *Progressive Age*, written almost two years after

work on the Bocanita had commenced, Claude Bobo announced that he had signed a contract for sound equipment valued at $5,000 and that he expected delivery by May 13th.

He anticipated the equipment first being installed in the Dreamland Theater, but the proposed installation never occurred there. No doubt Bobo was frustrated by the slow progress on the construction of the new building, which was being executed in the depths of the Great Depression. He explained to the *Progressive Age* writer, "Due to the bad slump in our attendance now and desiring to get our patrons accustomed to the talkies before getting into the new theatre, we have decided to install this sound system temporarily in the Dreamland Theatre."

The next month, on the 15th of May, Bobo stated in *The Progressive Age*:

> Recently we made an announcement that we were going to install Vitaphone and Movietone equipment in the old Dreamland Theatre by May 15th. Since making that announcement, we have reached the conclusion that we can move into the new Bocanita Theatre building and install this equipment there within a short time by doing some three or four weeks more work on it.
>
> All of the upper floors, including both balconies are complete and ready for the seats, three fourths of the building is roofed, and by putting in the lower or ground floor and building a temporary partition three-fourths of the length of the building back from Laurel Street ... we can move in and be at home. By using the first or lower balcony and the ground floor we will have twice as much room as we now have....

The article masks an underlying problem: After two years of construction and $35,000 in expenditures, Aunt Tex Snodgrass's patience was growing thin. She had withdrawn financial support, and she halted Bobo's dream well short of its realization.

She retained Claude Bobo as manager, however, and in a possible veiled reference to Aunt Tex's impatience with the expense demanded by his grand design, Bobo said "Our good friend P.W. Campbell [the editor of *The Progressive Age*] suggested that we make this move now instead of deferring it until the building was nearer completion and the suggestion and advice, 'give the Devil his dues,' helped us to decide to get into it as soon as possible."

Finally, on July 10, Bobo reported

> We intend to start the picture show again next Thursday or Friday, July 17 or 18th [1930] in the new building with talkie pictures. Since closing the show at the old Dreamland stand last Monday night we have doubled the work going on . . . . While the building won't be finished completely we think the lower auditorium floor and the first balcony will be sufficient until we can complete whole. Those two floors will give us approximately 500 seats. We have 250 automobile seat cushions on hand with which to partially 'upholster' our seats, so we are trying to arrange for your comfort.

By July 24, the old location of The Dreamland Theater was being repurposed by L.D. Bell and Sons to house their new mercantile business.

The first talkies to show at the Bocanita were *The Show of Shows* and *Hold Everything*.

Bobo described the scheduling and pricing structure for the first showings: "For a while we will continue to run silent pictures Monday and Tuesday as usual at 20¢. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday will be talkies. Saturdays talkie Westerns will be 15¢ and 25¢. Occasionally, we may have to charge 50¢ top price on some of the big road show specials."

There were alternatives to the usual tariffs, however: *Chronicles* Columnist Stanley Jones recounted a special deal offered by Bobo for admission to the theater:

> [Claude Bobo] conceived the brilliant idea of constructing a decorative mosaic floor in the building—of shining arrowheads! Moreover, any person could go to the show free with six

> arrowheads or six caps from Coca-Cola bottles. Regrettably, for the Bobos, their "luck and plans" did not pay out and the "picture show" property was returned to that lovely, determined, happy, friendly lady Aunt Tex Snodgrass. No one really is sure what happened to all of those arrowheads that were collected, though one legend has it that Aunt Tex ordered them all dumped in the river.

Others claimed that the arrowheads were dumped at the city's solid waste facility near the end of the runway at Word Field. One contributor offers what he believes is reliable second-hand information from one who actually witnessed the dump. Another contributor remembers "Bub" Starkey carrying his son and friends to the dump to dig for arrowheads, telling the boys it was the site of an Indian settlement. Inexplicably, people who attended the theater as late as the 1950s and 1960s recall gaining admission with arrowheads, although Claude Bobo's tenure was long over by then.

The theater would continue showing movies in its partially completed state until 1934 when *The Progressive Ag*e reported, in an article entitled *Bocanita Theater Completion Work Starts Next Week*:

> Announcement is made today that material is being assembled for the completion of the Bocanita Theatre, the actual work to start next Tuesday, when masons will start laying brick on the unfinished . . . end of the building. When this work is finished, the building will be 165 feet long and five stories high. Work at the same time will be begun flooring the lobby, balcony, steps and other interior additions. When completed the theatre will have twice its present seating capacity. A stage for road shows will also be installed.

The theater had operated for two years with dirt floors, a temporary roof, and a makeshift partition at the end of the auditorium, but the 1934 work came near to realizing the smaller version of the Fox Theater that had been Bobo's dream.

Girl standing in front of the Bocanita ticket window

Unfortunately, Bobo had little time to bask in his creation: In October 1935, Claude Bobo was replaced as manager of the Bocanita by J.R. Long, a theater manager from Fort Payne.

Claude Bobo's tenure over his grand design might have been short, but his legacy was notable: His "Little Fox," which featured a portico with its great arch surrounded by bare incandescent bulbs and walls festooned with colorful posters, was reminiscent of an urban playhouse, far removed from the courthouse square on which it stood from the 1930s until the late 1960s.

Centered under the arch and recessed about eight feet behind mosaic tile work stood a pair of burnished wooden doors set with multiple window panes. Brass rails were set diagonally across each door. To the right of the doors recessed into the wall of the portico was a ticket booth that was rarely staffed since both Aunt Tex and her daughter, Allie Mae Hurt, who would eventually succeed Aunt Tex as owner and manager, performed all the front office duties: selling tickets, "catching" tickets, and selling popcorn. To the left of the double doors were large marquees advertising coming attractions.

Above the doors leading into the theater were two curved stairwells on either side of the rear walls. On the right side, Mrs. Snodgrass and Mrs. Hurt sold tickets and popcorn from a stool beside the juke-box-like corn popper. In addition to popcorn at 10 cents a bag, Allie Mae Hurt also sold "hard tacks" (partially popped kernels) for prices variously reported as 5¢ and 2¢. The looping stairwells opened onto the first of two balconies. On the third floor was an apartment where Aunt Tex lived until her death in 1945.

Built on the top floor, a structure resembling a "penthouse" housed the projection booth, making the Bocanita, at five stories, the tallest building in Scottsboro with the exception of the courthouse steeple.

On the first floor of the lobby, past the concessions, stood another set of double doors that led into an anteroom for the theater, consisting of a barrier behind which movie goers could stand until their eyes became accustomed to the subdued lighting. Smoking was permitted only behind the wall. Men's and Women's restrooms, illuminated in a an eerie violet light, were on either side of the anteroom.

The auditorium of the theater was hung ceiling to floor with heavy burgundy-colored curtains that ran the entire length of the side walls of the auditorium to the front, where they framed the screen. The curtains were hung in panels, allowing a small boy who was frightened by Frankenstein (me) to hide behind them.

North side of the square in the 1940s showing the height of the Bocanita balconies

The ambitious goals for the theater apparently did not incorporate explicit architectural renderings or technical specifications from established theaters, and as a result, the screen had to be angled backward in order to avoid parallax problems with the projection image, since the projector was set so high in the small space.

An early projectionist at the theater, Reuben T. Miller, described the configuration in the April 2002 edition of *The Chronicles* by saying: "Remember those projectors, 'standing on their heads,' looking down from the fifth floor penthouse? The screen had to be tilted back a little at the top to have the image-carrying light beam perpendicular to the screen surface. This kept the picture from being trapezoidal, or wider at the bottom than at the top. It also made for good viewing balconies and ground floor, as well as the projection booth."

Miller described the early technology of the "talkies" by relating this story:

> An electronic vacuum tube, the 205D, was one of the final output pair which delivered the sound to a large Amplion horn speaker mounted directly behind the snow-white screen. Then new to the movie business, this screen was perforated with tiny "soundholes," allowing the sound to pass through to the audience . . . . The projectionist played a phonograph record which provided the complete sounds and dialogue while playing the movie on the projector.
>
> Both phonograph and movie projector were mechanically coupled to keep sound and picture together. This worked well if the starting places were both properly observed. That is, unless the film had to be patched or repaired. In this case an exact amount of blank black film had to be spliced in to retain "synch," to assure lips and words, sound, and action all occurred at the same time. All projection booths did not always have blank film at hand. Yes, it happened too often. When it did, a serious moment could become hilarious. The theater's first projectionist experienced this problem. He said that without stopping he simply jumped the phonograph needle over one groove. It was in the right direction and the right amount.

Reuben Miller also recalls that although Aunt Tex might have kept a tight rein on Claude Bobo, she was generally known as a generous woman.

> In 1933, a boy of seven [Reuben Miller is speaking of himself], who had had polio (left leg) but had not yet had to go on crutches, begged a dime from his Mom to go see Tarzan the Fearless (serial) and Buck Jones, the Saturday matinee. Aunt Tex was "catching tickets." As I handed her my ticket, she rose to her feet, quite put out over the situation and said: "Honey, you don't have to pay to see ole Aunt Tex's show." She led me by the hand back to the box office, got my dime, and returned it to me. Returning home, I told my Mom who said, "No, you must always offer to pay." Well I did this the next time and got a genuine scolding from Aunt Tex. She said, "Honey, I told you that you get in free, and no matter who is on the door, you just tell 'em Ole Aunt Tex said you get in free." When I told my Mom this, she agreed, and I had a pass to the movies until I became sixteen.

At age sixteen, Miller began his part-time employment by relieving the regular projectionist, Albert Petty, during lunch breaks.

In Aunt Tex's 1945 obituary, the effusive writer notes " . . . it is not overstatement to say she was probably . . . one of the best liked persons ever living here. It was the usual custom at the picture show where she was ticket seller and doorkeeper for years that she never charged old people admission."

Bob Hodges wrote in his often-shared essay *Going Home Again*:

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

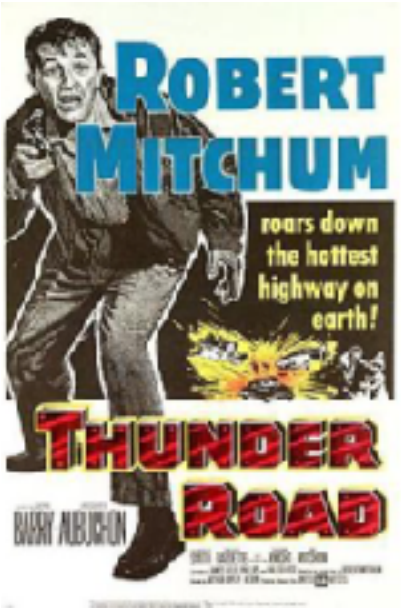
The Bocanita, despite having limited stage space, hosted periodic shows such as "Royal Revels" with the King of Jesters, Bobby "Uke" Henshaw. Webb Pierce's Bonneville convertible, studded with tooled leather upholstery inlaid with silver dollars, steer horns for a hood ornament, and pistols for door handles, frequently sat outside to advertise his shows in the 1950s and 1960s.

Theater Manager Ralph Grady Thatcher about 1957

In one memorable flub, one contributor remembers sitting in the Bocanita when a porn movie flashed on the screen, mid-movie: As he relates the story: "Here's a memory for you. When I was 12-13 years old I went to the Bocanita on a Saturday afternoon to watch a double feature. The first feature played just fine but before the second feature started the screen flickered in black and white and a title came on, it was something like *Bibet Does Paris*. Yep, someone had left a French porno film on the projector that had no holds barred. It was several minutes before the projectionist shut it off but not before my sex education was jiggled forward about five years."

During the war years, Aunt Tex Snodgrass relied on her granddaughter, Mary Texas Hurt (later Garner), to help with theater management. Theater magazines lauded her, at age 12, as the youngest theater manager in the country. Mary Texas Garner would later become the youngest secretary of state in the country when she was elected to the post for the state of Alabama at age 26. Some years later, she, her husband, attorney Bill Garner, and her daughter Mary Garner Robinson, would return periodically to Scottsboro to

stay in her grandmother's former apartment in the Bocanita building. Mary remembers walking across the hall from the apartment to watch movies just before bedtime, wearing her nightgown. The Garner family sheltered in the apartment during the Cuban missile crisis.



Like the Ritz, the Bocanita was strictly segregated. The first of two balconies was reserved exclusively for the "colored" patrons. Black patron Allan Cothron remembers Allie Mae as being very "cordial," treating the blacks with "great respect." Allen's aunt cooked at Tom Sisk's cafe down the street. Allen and his friends would go to Tom's back door where his aunt would give them burgers to go. Allie Mae let the boys carry them to their seats in the balcony. The only restroom servicing the Black patrons was across the street in the basement of the courthouse. The single-sex bathroom was stenciled "Colored" and accessible from a recessed doorway facing the Bocanita. In a rare photo of the front of The Bocanita taken during a showing of *The Ten Commandments*, prices are advertised as 90¢ for the matinee (at 1:00 pm), $1.25 for the evening showing (7:00 pm), 50¢ for children, and 90¢ for "colored."

Just as the Bocanita opened to little fanfare, it closed as unceremoniously. In the absence of press coverage, I've come to the conclusion that the theater closed in 1965, based on the announcement of the opening that year of Lorch's Jewelers in the new Gardner Building, built on the site of the Bocanita Theater. Allie Mae Hurt died on Christmas Eve of 1965.

Claude Bobo's 1948 obituary praises his work on the Bocanita by saying "[He built] one of the finest theaters in the country for a city this size [which is] today one of the finest and best structures in this city and county [standing] as a monument to his progressive spirit and his desire to always do something lasting and good."

My last trip to the Bocanita was with George Parks. We met at his father's clothing store, just down from the Bocanita. We had hot dogs at Payne's before walking up the street to watch Robert Mitchum play the role of a whiskey-running renegade in *Thunder Road*. It doesn't get much more Scottsboro than that. The Bocanita, by then, was not showing first run movies. *Thunder Road* had debuted seven years before we viewed it in the mid-1960s.

Everyone I interviewed for this article remembered the Bocanita fondly, perhaps romanticizing it though the lens of time. I was a bit intimidated by Allie Mae and her stern demeanor behind the popcorn machine, but it's likely that she saw boys my age as potential troublemakers. She was probably right, but she got no trouble from me. I spent Saturdays, rapt, contentedly watching double features and serials looping over and over again in the dark, cool, cavernous space. It was magic. If I could recreate my favorite childhood place and time, the Bocanita on a Saturday would be a contender.

David Bradford

Sheriff Dave Austin and the Courthouse Bandstand

You see it every day if you work near downtown Scottsboro. Our prim, well-maintained bandstand sits empty most weekdays, unless someone is lounging on the steps drinking coffee or eating ice cream. But over the Christmas holidays, Main Street has been out working, helping us find our seasonal joy and preserving our memories even in these tough Covid times. Santa Claus always sits in the bandstand and is the centerpiece of Jingle Bell Square.

Bandstand about 1976. Photo by David Bradford

In the First Mondays of the last century, preachers stood on the steps of the bandstand, waving well-worn Bibles and calling down hellfire and damnation. Pickers brought their homemade instruments from one of the mountains and formed impromptu bands from the available instruments. Last November at Scottsboro Trade Days, a live bluegrass band performed in the bandstand again, evoking memories of First Mondays past. Even as late as the mid 1970s when I first arrived in the Boro, First Mondays were special, and the centerpiece of most First Monday activity was and still is our bandstand.

The bandstand was the brainchild of Sheriff D. O. Austin (1866-1938). According to the April 22,1915 *Scottsboro Citizen*, "Sheriff D. O. Austin is having a handsome and roomy bandstand erected on the court yard near the east end of the court house, which will be used by the Southern Ideal Band in giving concerts. Sheriff Austin went down into his pocket and paid for the whole thing and tenders it to the band boys for their use at any and all times. Colonel Austin is being heartily congratulated on this, one of the many public spirited acts he has done. The stand will be the latest style and of the best material. Matthews Brothers are doing the brick work which always means neat and correct work."

Who were these musicians who inspired Sheriff Austin? The Southern Ideal Band existed only two years, based on a scan of the *Scottsboro Citizen*. They were first mentioned in the *Citizen* on May 1914 when the band performed on the courthouse lawn. The crowd was invited to contribute to the effort to buy summer uniforms, and "the Hon. Virgil Bouldin treated the entire band to drinks from Blakemore's soda fountain." The article ended by saying, "The boys have been promised that a band stand will be erected on the court house lawn." Their director was J. P. Edmonds, whose photo and bugle from the Civil War are displayed in the Scottsboro Depot Museum.

The band continued to raise money to buy band instruments, uniforms, and a "big bass horn." On July 9, 1914, they published an accounting of how they had spent their contributions, which totaled $254.00.

The band led a parade on July 4, 1915, just ahead of a float representing peace and patriotism. The parade assembled at the Presbyterian Church (which old folks will recall, was on Willow Street between the Tally house on the right and the Hal Hurt house on the left, but today is between the old Word Lumber building and Tokyo Japan). It continued to the court house where it was followed by a speech by Senator Frank S. White, a baseball game between Scottsboro and Woodville, and two races. The program was arranged by H. O. Coffey.

The last performance of the Southern Ideal Band written up in the *Citizen* was September 1915 when the "magnificent Judge Lester farm in Paint Rock Valley" was broken into smaller tracts and sold.

Sheriff Austin had already been elected to a second term in 1914 when he announced four months into his second term that the town needed a bandstand. Work on the bandstand produced quick results; the effort was announced April 22, 1915, and it was dedicated July 13, 1915. The *Citizen* ran this account: "A large crowd attended the concert and dedication of the elegant new bandstand erected on the public square northeast of the Court House, which was presented to the Southern Ideal Band for their use at any and all times. This splendid public spirited gift was made by Sheriff D. O. Austin, who has received the admiration of everyone for this, and of the thousands of generous acts that have characterized his career both in and out of office. Col. Austin went down into his pocket and paid the entire cost of the stand and it will remain a monument to his public spiritedness. Hon. Virgil Bouldin made the dedication speech."

Sheriff Dave O. Austin of Larkinsville had been coaxed into running for sheriff by his neighbors, and he served two non-contiguous terms, from 1900 to 1906 and from 1914 to 1919. The January 21, 1915 *Citizen* carries the account of Austin's inauguration as sheriff of "High Jackson": "The large courtroom was filled to overflow when 'the biggest hearted man in Alabama' took the solemn oath of office and made a short but thrilling speech." Rev. H. W. Rickey administered the oath of office, and Austin named W. B. Sumner as his chief deputy. The article ended with this tidbit: "Mr. Austin has moved into the jail as he will be jailer also."

Austin's biography is found in Volume 2 of the 1904 edition of *Notable Men of Alabama,* when he was serving his first term as sheriff. Dave Austin "was a man of considerable force of character who served two terms as sheriff, several terms in the house of representatives.and was doorkeeper of the house several years. He attended public school until he was 12, when he left to begin work in the brickyard near his home. He afterwards worked as flagman on the Southern railroad for two years, and later took up mercantile life, clerking for a number of years in different places In 1888 he started a hotel in Scottsboro and conducted it until 1900, when he was elected sheriff of the county, which he will hold until 1907."

"Sheriff Austin is considered one of the most fearless officers in the State," his biographer stated. "On one occasion, while taking a black man who was under arrest for criminal assault to jail, he was set upon by a mob of lynchers but defended his prisoner until he had been repeatedly wounded, two of his wounds being of a serious nature, compelling him to give up the unequal

struggle for the individual being lynched. Sheriff Austin's daughter, Cornelia, came to her father's assistance and would have shot some of his assailants had she not been overpowered by the mob, displaying some of the courage with which her father is endowed. Her part in the terrible struggle was taken up at the time by the magazines and papers of the country."

The bandstand that Sheriff Austin so graciously gifted to the people of Jackson County became a beloved centerpiece for activities around the square. But it was looking a little the worse for wear when JCHA president Donna Haislip (now Frederick) announced a fundraising effort in the 2007 *Chronicles* focused on renovating the bandstand. The JCHA raised more than $8,000.00 through the sale of engraved memorial brick pavers that were placed around the bandstand. Ken Tolar volunteered his services to oversee the actual renovation, reducing the cost of the project. The Jackson County Master Gardeners landscaped around the renovated bandstand. Of the $40,000 required for the renovation, the JCHA raised $36,000. The renovation was completed in the early spring of 2008, and the refurbished bandstand was ready for its debut.

The Jackson County Historical Association held its April 2008 meeting in the newly renovated bandstand. Citizens were invited to bring their lawn chairs and wear comfortable clothing and shoes for outdoor activities. The meeting was well-attended, and participants were served teacakes and lemonade.

The bandstand had at least one other major renovation. An over-zealous reveler set off dynamite in the bandstand to welcome in 1935, doing considerable damage. *Progressive Age* Editor Jim Benson noted in his weekly column, "The Commissioner's Court will make some improvements on it [the bandstand] which is very thoughtful of them. We cannot allow such an important and useful building to go to wreck and ruin."

Just a reminder to those few of you who have never been corrected. The structure on the northeast corner of the courthouse lawn is a bandstand, not a gazebo. Ann Chambless will be on you like a duck on a Junebug if you commit the sin of calling it by the wrong name.

Annette Bradford

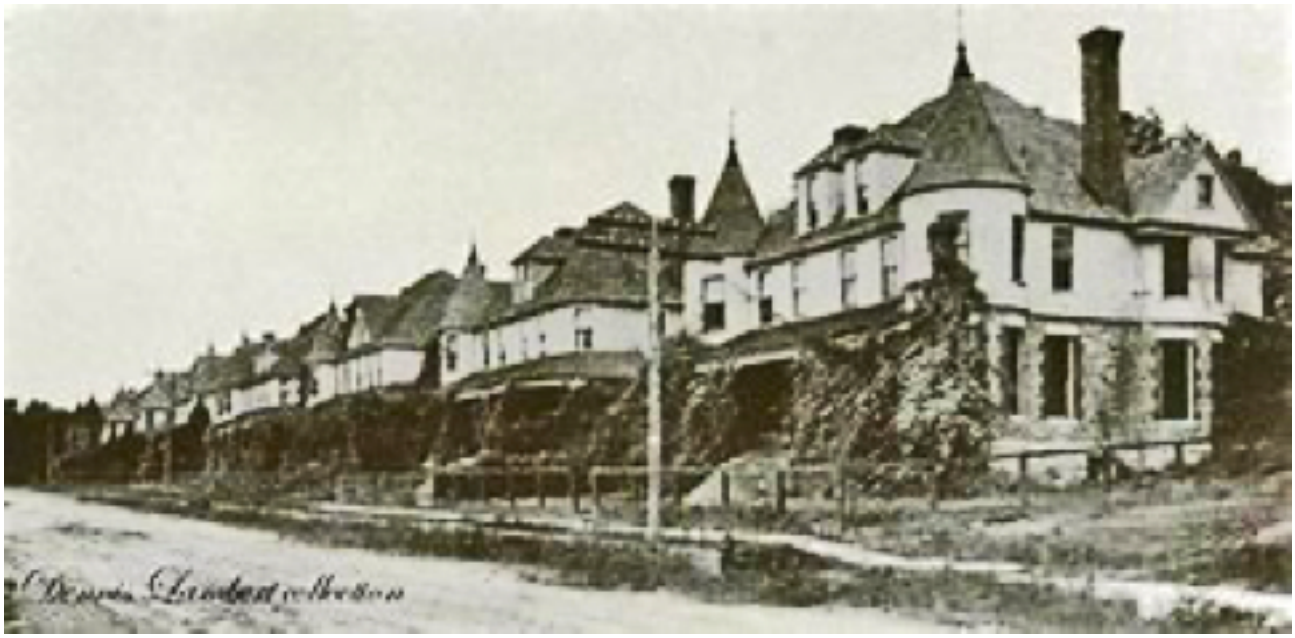
Courthouse and bandstand in the mid 1930s by Thomas Shipp

Ghosts or Angels and a Soldier's Memory: A Poet's Visit to Bridgeport in 1901

According to *The Progressive Age* of Scottsboro (May 2, 1901), in the summer of 1901, a tourist couple, who were also poets, visited Bridgeport, Alabama. They were Albert and Alice Greenwood from Montezuma, Indiana (the newspaper wrongly stated they were from Illinois).

They stayed at the Inn and, according to the paper, were planning to move to Bridgeport. The Greenwoods, like others in that time, wrote poems and contributed them to newspapers.

At that time, Bridgeport was a growing city, thanks in part to the efforts of the Kilpatrick family. One of whom, Frank Kilpatrick, became mayor and built a series of Queen Anne-style houses on what became Kilpatrick Row.



It seems that the Greenwoods were enchanted by Kilpatrick Row. A poem was written by Albert and published by The *Progressive Age* on December 5, 1901.

The Kilpatrick Row

While over the world we are roaming
Strange scenes and queer visions we see;
There is one we behold in the gloaming,
On the banks of the fair Tennessee.
When dim are the objects before us
And faint is the bright after-glow,
When the mantle of night is spread o'er us,
There are ghosts in Kilpatrick's Row.

While softly the night winds are sighing,
And mocking birds sing in the trees,
There comes while the daylight is dying

A whispering voice on the breeze;
When the first light is seen on the mountain,
And the valley in darkness below,
Like the mist that floats o'er a fountain,
Come the ghosts of Kilpatrick's Row.

When lights from the windows are gleaming,
Soft footfalls are heard on the floor;
And in the bright rays that are streaming
Out through a wide open door,
Forms in white robes are flitting,
And music, caressing and low,
Come o'er to the porch where we are sitting,
From the ghosts in Kilpatrick's Row.

Sometimes they are laughing and talking,
Sometimes there's snatch of a song,
At other they are silently walking;
But they are never visible long.
They're gone when the clock strikes eleven
And midnight comes silent and slow.
There may not be angels in heaven.
But there are in Kilpatrick's Row.

During their visit, they also met a Civil War veteran; A.C. Loyd, 4th Corporal Alexander Cicero Loyd who served in Company D of the 4th Georgia Infantry Regiment. Born in Warren County, North Carolina on November 18, 1836, he fought at Chancellorsville and was captured at Gettysburg. After the war, he resided in Bridgeport, Alabama where he died, aged 90, on January 12, 1927.

A poem, seemingly based on an interview with Mr. Loyd, was published in Mrs. J.C. Dow Sr.'s *The Blue and the Grey or After Many Days*, (Chicago: M.A. Donohue & Company, 1904.) In the book, which is a fictionalized portrayal of the Union occupation of Tuscaloosa in 1865, the authors were named as "Albert Greenwood, Newport, Ind. With A.C. Loyd, Bridgeport, Ala."

The Untitled Poem

We sat on a porch when the sun went down,
And he showed me the Stars and Bars;
His eyes were dim; his cheeks were brown,
And his body was marked with scars.
"I was with Stonewall Jackson," he said,
"At Chancellorsville that day,
When the iron rained on the living and dead.
I was there with the boys in grey.

Stonewall said our march had been hard,
In a voice that was low and mild;
But he'd ask us again to break their guard,
With a charge both fierce and wild.
We came from the woods, over hollow and knoll,
In serried and stern array,
And the blue rolled up like a parchment scroll
From the long thin line of grey.

The rifles cracked and the cannon brayed,
But never a soldier quailed,
Though upon us a storm of bullets played,

Around us the dying wailed.
In triumph we swept o'er the bloody field,
Where never a foe could stay;
There was never an army that would not yield
To Stonewall leading the grey.

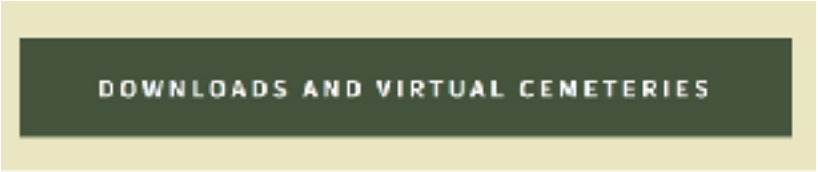
We slept that night on the field we won,
And waited until the dawning light,
The sound once more of the bugle and gun
And the wild delirious fight;
But grief came in the early dawn,
And it never passed away,
Stonewall Jackson forever had gone
Out of the ranks of the grey.

The Greenwoods did not relocate to Alabama although one of Albert's poems *The Old Log Cabin,* was published in *The Greene County Democrat* (Eutaw Alabama) on April 17,1904. Both are buried in Newport, Indiana; his gravestone says he was born in Canada in 1842 and died June 4, 1929. The poem about Chancellorsville is the only one found so far with a military theme. The National Park Service was not aware of the poem and is helping to try to find the title.

James Simon

A New Button on the JCHA Web Page

Over the past few years as discussions on the JCHA Facebook page arose or further information was available about *Chronicles* articles, PDF files were made available for download from the JCHA web page or by entering a URL from the *Chronicles*. Sometimes these files contained information related to a story, such as the JCHA's TVA cemetery records. Other times, these additions arose from complaints about out-of-print books that are occasionally found in auction sites at a hefty price, such as *Birmingham As It Was in Jackson County*, the 1935 history of the Rash area by James Frederick Sulzby or *Growing Up Hard* by Dr. Ronald Dykes, his 2003 interviews with some of the county's oldest citizens about their memories of the communities in the county where they lived.



David added a new button to the jchaweb homepage where you can access these PDF files and download them to your machine, if you wish. We will not post scanned books that are still in print. But many of us need scarce resources, and making the available from the web site seems like a good solution. These files are currently available:

Growing Up Hard by Dr. Ronald Dykes (2003)
Birmingham As It Was in Jackson County, Alabama by James Frederick Sulzby (1944)
Chattanooga Sunday Times Memorial Supplement showing area Wold War I dead. (May 24, 1919)
Jackson County Civil War Soldiers by Annette Bradford and James Sentell (2020)
Scottsboro Municipal Elections by Greg Bell (2020)
"Skyline Farms: A New Deal Community" by Cynthia Rice (*Alabama Heritage* Spring 2018)
District D CCC 1938 Yearbook, published by the U. S. Government
"Truth and Myth about Sauta Cave" by David Bradford (*The Daily Sentinel Weekender*, 1976)
Additional JCHA Information about TVA Cemeteries (2020)

The History of North Sand Mountain High School

Excerpted from Ed Carter's forthcoming book, The History of Bryant and the Vicinity.

The origin of North Sand Mountain High School extends back to the late 1800s when a small one-teacher schoolhouse was built about a mile from the current high school campus on Alabama Highway 71 in Higdon, Alabama. According to a brief history written by the late Roy A. Higdon, it was named Mount Olive School in honor of Olive Gross, the wife of a prominent citizen of the area at the time, Ephraim C. Gross.

The original schoolhouse was replaced in the early 1900s by a larger one-room school building built on land donated by Thomas Walker Higdon at the edge of the present school site.

This building burned in 1933 but was replaced by another one-room, wood-frame structure in 1936. Over the years, as the Higdon community's school-age population grew, the school was enlarged by the addition of rooms on both the eastern and western sides of the building, as well as a large room on the northern end with a partial basement underneath. At some unknown point in time, the school's enrollment grew sufficiently for the school to be called Mount Olive Junior High, with grades 1-9. Some of the school's principals in the late 1940s and 1950s were Kermit Wooten, J. E. Edmonds, Truman Maples, John Higgins, Ralph Faulkner, and Patrick Leon Bentley, Sr. The office of the principal during the latter decade was in the original 1936 classroom in the center of structure.

The students who graduated from Mount Olive Junior High School during the 1950s were in the same position as those who graduated from Bryant Junior High School and Flat Rock Junior High School. They either ended their formal education at the ninth-grade level or took a long bus ride each morning on Highway 71. The nearest senior high school in the county was Pisgah High School, located about twenty-six miles south of Bryant School, nineteen miles south of Higdon, and twelve miles south of Flat Rock. No other local option existed in Alabama. Few farm families could afford to board their children in a town with a high school.

By the late 1950s, leaders in the three communities began to call for a change in the school situation. The obvious solution was the opening of a senior high school in the northeastern corner of Jackson County. A rising chorus of community voices supported the idea.

On February 27, 1959, a delegation from the three communities presented a request to the Jackson County Board of Education, asking that a survey be conducted to determine the best place to construct a senior high school in the area. All three communities had a burning desire to be selected as the high school site, but the delegation agreed to abide by the decision of an out-of-town survey team. The County Board of Education immediately passed a motion instructing the Superintendent, Mr. Grady Thomas, Sr., to request that the Alabama State Department of Education conduct such a survey. In due course, a three-member team from Montgomery came to the area and assessed the situation. According to board minutes, the team issued a report to the board on July 18, 1960, recommending the Mount Olive School site in Higdon as the best location for the proposed high school. The survey team's recommendation was based primarily on the fact that the Mount Olive School site was centrally located. The choice was not a popular one, and it ruffled many feathers.

According to a history written by former Flat Rock Methodist Church pastor Donald K. Barnett, the North Alabama Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South opened a small private subscription primary school in Flat Rock in 1905. The school was upgraded year by year and in 1911 opened as Flat Rock High School. It was the only high school on Sand Mountain north of Albertville at

the time it opened. The high school operated very successfully until the 1920s and graduated scores of seniors. It closed in 1929 because its two dormitories burned at different times in the 1920s and because private support for the school diminished with the onset of the Great Depression. The Methodist Church sold the school's property soon thereafter to the State of Alabama, and it reopened at some point as Flat Rock Junior High, with grades one through nine. In 1977, the Board of Education decided to move all ninth graders to the senior high schools. Flat Rock School now teaches K-8 students.

In the 1960s, the citizens of Flat Rock still dreamed of securing a public high school to replace the private one they lost. The tight-knit Bryant community had also sought to become a high school when Dr. John B. Armstrong was the principal of Bryant Junior High. They attempted to reach that status in the 1940s when some upper level classes were taught to a few students there. However, the progress they made under Dr. Armstrong's leadership was lost when he left the community. By the 1960s, Flat Rock, Higdon, and Bryant were all deserving of the new school, but simply put, Higdon's geographical location carried the day.

Three months after the survey team's decision was announced, the County Board of Education announced that two tracts of land were available in Higdon to increase the size of the Mount Olive School campus. The board agreed to acquire the land from Mr. Sam Dobbins and Mr. Ira Kennamer if local citizens raised the money to pay the cost. Fortunately, the leaders of the Higdon community were up to the challenge. In fact, they had earlier conveyed their willingness to do so to Superintendent H. E. Phillips if the Board of Education would follow through with a new school building for their children.

On August 4, 1961, Mr. Lloyd Kranert, from the architecture firm of Northington, Smith and Kranert in Huntsville, presented architectural plans for a new Mount Olive School. When the sealed bids on the project were opened, the low bidder was Construction Engineers, Inc., of Jasper, Alabama. The Board immediately accepted the $173,371 bid, setting in motion the construction of the new school building, consisting of seven classrooms, a gymnasium, two restrooms, and three small offices. Construction was completed the following year. However, a major problem still existed. The new school was not large enough to house the entire Mount Olive student body. The lower elementary grades remained in the deteriorating 1936 wood-frame building for a few more years until money could be found to construct additional rooms on to the new building. This situation was a preview of the struggle the new school would face for many years to come. Seemingly, no one envisioned that the school would continue to grow in the future. The construction of additional classroom space usually ran a few years behind the time when the space was first needed.

Upon its completion, the name "Mt. Olive School" was placed on the front of the new building in aluminum letters. However, the name did not remain there for long. The Jackson County Board of Education voted on January 26, 1962, to change the school's name to North Sand Mountain School. The board hoped that by dropping the former name, some of the controversy over the high school's location would be alleviated and support could be built around a new name. The only documented use of the name North Sand Mountain in the area before that time was its presence on the charter of the American Legion Post No. 211 established in the Bryant community in 1948.

Later in 1962, a delegation, consisting of Mr. Gass, Mr. Cagle, and Mr. Reese, met with the Board of Education requesting that the process of upgrading to a high school begin the following fall. That summer, the school board responded to the trustee's request with a conditional approval. The board authorized the addition of tenth grade classes to NSM School in the fall of 1962 if the patrons of the school would secure a qualified teacher and pay his/her salary, as well as the cost of adequately equipping a room as a science lab. The board further stated it would not be responsible if NSM academic credits weren't accepted by other schools because of non-accreditation.

The Board of Education's stipulations were unusual, but a group of dedicated parents again took up the cause. They immediately began collecting donations and having every imaginable type of fund-raising

activity on weekends to raise the money needed to purchase science lab equipment and pay the additional teacher's salary. Fund raising continued for three years. The fundraisers held included chili suppers, Sunday dinners, cake auctions, cake walks, and gospel singings. Roy Higdon, who had a family singing group at the time, arranged for several well-known gospel groups, such as the Florida Boys and the Oak Ridge Quartet, to make "pass through" visits to NSM to help with the project. The well-known gospel groups always pulled a large crowd of church goers into the school gym for singings. On other weekends, a very different type of crowd was attracted by the staging of professional wrestling matches, emceed by promoter Harry Thornton of Chattanooga. The sale of concessions added to the revenue derived from the sale of admission tickets.

The school took its first step toward high school status when the 1962-63 school term opened in the fall of 1962. Principal P. L. Bentley, a native of Geraldine, had looked forward to this day since he first became the principal of Mount Olive School in the fall of 1959. He happily welcomed Thomas Wyatt Bouldin, a graduate of Mississippi State University, to the faculty as the science teacher. The next fall, when the 1963-64 school year started, eleventh grade classes were added to the curriculum. On May 29, 1964, the County Board of Education officially voted to add the twelfth grade to the school the following fall. The Board affirmed this decision again at their June meeting by passing the same motion a second time (for some unexplained reason) by a unanimous vote. The Board also agreed to spend $3000 to remodel a breezeway at the new school into a space suitable for a small library. The enrollment during the 1964-65 school year was 362 students. The faculty that year was composed of Principal Bentley and twelve teachers: Mrs. Peggy Bentley, Mr. T. W. Bouldin, Mr. Woodson Deerman, Mr. Ben F. Hill III (a future lawyer and judge), Mrs. Victoria Hill, Ms. Patricia Martin, Mr. Joseph Sims, Mrs. Gloria Snoddy, Mrs. Nora Sutton, Mrs. Ruby Woodfin, Mrs. Lois Wright, and Mrs. Olivia Yates. The first senior class graduated in May 1965 with seventeen members. The president of the first graduating class was Kerry Edwards of Bryant.

In 1966, Shiloh Elementary School, located near the Jackson-DeKalb county line, consolidated with North Sand Mountain School. The increase in enrollment at NSM was a good thing, in one way, but it added to the overcrowding problem. However, in due time a four-room addition was added to the new building. Thereafter, the old Mount Olive school building was used only as a home economics classroom and an agriculture shop classroom.

During the next ten years, NSM's enrollment increased phenomenally. In 1970, the enrollment stood at 474. It soared to 697 by 1975. The dramatic increase in enrollment was due partly to a lower dropout rate and to additional families moving into the area. Another factor was a decision made by the County Board of Education to stop running a bus from Bryant Junior High School to Pisgah High School each day. This decision took effect in the fall of 1973. Bryant students could still attend Pisgah High School if parents provided their transportation. High school students from Flat Rock were given a choice as to which school they would attend. One bus went south to Pisgah and another north to NSM.

As student enrollment surged, the school's physical plant was expanded slowly — one project at a time. A new lunchroom was constructed 1971 to replace a concrete block structure built in 1950. During the 1972-73 school term, a much-needed home economics lab and three classrooms were constructed on the south end of the school, adjacent to the new lunchroom. A few months after this project was completed, the old Mount Olive School building was destroyed by fire one night during the summer of 1973. The cause of the fire was not thoroughly investigated; therefore, its origin was never officially determined. However, matches were the chief suspect. Either coincidently or deliberately, the fire broke out the night before the Board of Education was scheduled to vote on an agenda item calling for the building to be sold and razed. The new home economics lab/classroom wing, which was located only yards away from the old structure, suffered minimal exterior damage due to the quick action of several young community volunteers or culprits who used a water hose to prevent the school's new addition from catching afire. The truth will never be known.

In 1975, the school library was renovated, and Mrs. Olivia Yates became the school's first full-time librarian. Construction on a football field house was also started that year by a group of community volunteers but was not finished until the following year. In this same time frame, vocational agriculture and vocational home economics were added to the school curriculum, the result of a state law which State Representative Bethel Starkey pushed through the Alabama Legislature mandating that the State Department of Education grant these programs to NSM. A vocational agriculture building was added to the campus in 1976 near the end of the elementary wing. However, it was dismantled and moved to an area north of the football field a few years later.

A huge milestone in NSM's history was reached on February 18, 1975, when the Alabama State Department of Education granted state accreditation to the school. Accreditation had been a problematic issue from the very beginning of the high school's existence. The school's small enrollment and the lack of certified teachers in some subject areas were the largest factors in the state's denial of accreditation. The transportation of students from Bryant to Pisgah complicated the enrollment situation. The school's rural setting and a regional teacher shortage made the attraction of certified teachers to the campus very difficult. A meeting between Principal Bentley and the school trustees with Governor George Wallace, as well as additional "behind the scenes" meetings with other politicians, helped the school finally reach all the benchmarks necessary for accreditation. At a special dinner in the school lunchroom on February 18, 1975, a Certificate of Accreditation was presented to the principal, Mr. P. L. Bentley. That evening, a seemingly insurmountable obstacle was overcome, a dream was realized, and a tarnish on the school's image and reputation was removed. Only the participants in the struggle fully appreciated the sweetness of the hour.

At the end of the 1975-76 school year, a medical issue led Mr. P. L. Bentley to retire as principal after seventeen years of dedicated service to NSM. Mr. Bentley was succeeded as principal by Mr. Jim Kirby of Rosalie. To help Mr. Kirby administer the school, Mr. Bethel Starkey of Pisgah assumed a new position as assistant principal. After Mr. Starkey's retirement in 1982, Mr. Marland Mountain moved from guidance to that position.

Under Mr. Kirby's leadership the school's facilities continued to expand with the construction of a new science lab and eight additional classrooms. This much-needed addition became available for use in the fall of 1978, eliminating the need for several mobile classrooms into which the school's bulging enrollment had overflowed. In 1980, NSM's enrollment reached a peak of 777 students. In 1985, a beautiful new library was completed, and additional classrooms were added to the ends of both the elementary and the high school hallways. A second gymnasium was added on the eastern end of the school campus in 1988. The gym was built on the former site of the school's softball field.

In the fall of 1986, the NSM faculty again began an extensive self-study of the school's curriculum and programs. A large team of educators from throughout North Alabama visited the school the following spring and thoroughly evaluated every aspect of the school's operation. Again, hearts filled with pride when Mr. Willard Isbell, chairman of a Southern Association of Colleges and Schools team, announced to Mr. Jim Kirby and the faculty that NSM had been awarded full accreditation by SACS. That status has been maintained by the school ever since.

During Mr. Kirby's tenure as principal, additional land was purchased on the north side of the school's campus. One portion of it was filled and leveled for a bus parking lot and another developed into a large elementary playground. Several years later, a baseball field and a softball field were constructed on other portions of this land. Shortly before Mr. Kirby's retirement in 1993, ground was broken for the construction of a computer lab and a new suite of administrative offices. The completion of this building was delayed for several months but was finally ready for occupancy in the fall of 1996. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Smith of Bryant generously donated twenty-four computers to help jump start the teaching of computer science. About the same time, three advanced placement classes were initiated during Mr. Kirby's tenure as principal.

Mr. Ronnie Shelton took the reins of the school for the 1993-94 school year. He made many innovative changes to the school curriculum and spearheaded a fundraising campaign to pay off a large debt the school incurred when a two-acre plot was purchased on Alabama Highway 71, adjacent to the school's parking lot.

Mr. Ronnie Shelton served for only one year as principal and was succeeded by Mrs. Elaine Buckner Slater. Mrs. Slater worked at NSM during the 1960's and 1970s as a substitute teacher, teacher, bus driver and school secretary. After teaching at North Jackson High School for ten years, she returned to NSM in the fall of 1990. She replaced Mr. Marland Mountain as assistant principal when he became principal of Bryant Junior High School. Mrs. Slater continued in that role under Mr. Shelton. Coach Glen Hicks was named assistant principal in 1994 when Mrs. Slater was promoted to principal. After four years, Coach Hicks retired and was replaced by Mr. Ralph Thornhill of Rosalie, served in that role for one- and-a-half years before moving to Hollywood Junior High School as principal.

Under Mrs. Slater's leadership many of the programs started by her predecessors were continued and new ones added. An academic incentive program called P.R.I.D.E., an acronym for Personal Responsibility in Daily Excellence, was implemented, as well as a Music, Theater, and Arts Council. A new accelerated reader program was implemented in the elementary school. Mrs. Slater retired as principal at the end of the 1999-2000 school term. She was succeeded by Mr. Terry W. Hancock of Section. Mr. Hancock served as principal for 5 years, with Mr. Lloyd Ellison as his assistant principal. He was followed by Mark Guffey, who served for two years. Upon Mr. Guffey's decision to return to Pisgah as their principal in 2007, Mr. Chris Davis, a member of NSM's 1994 graduating class, became the school's principal. Mr. Davis had served as assistant principal during Mr. Guffey's tenure. Mr. Kerry Wright was transferred from the position of agriculture teacher to assistant principal in the fall of 2007.

In the 21st century, NSM continued to be a school "under construction." In 2000, a new middle school wing was constructed adjacent to the library. The 1971 vintage lunchroom was closed for the 2005-2006 school year and completely renovated. A larger dining area was constructed, and a new front entrance to the school was built as a part of the project. A corner of the former lunchroom space was also reconfigured into a new administrative office area for the school secretary and the principal. This arrangement placed the principal's office in a more central location. The former administrative offices became a suite of offices for the school's counselors.

During the next five years, two other construction projects were completed. The first involved adding additional classrooms to the ends of both the elementary and middle school wings. A three-room kindergarten addition, with nearby restrooms, also provided these students quick access to the afternoon student pick-up area. This project was finished in 2008. The final project was an extensive renovation of the building which was originally constructed as a computer lab. This project was carried out in 2011 after new computer labs were set up in both the middle school and high school wings. The renovation resulted in one of the most beautiful and impressive state-of–the-art science labs in the state of Alabama. A unique feature of the new facility was a ceiling which displayed the entire periodic table.

Over the years, many of NSM's academic and athletic programs have reached great heights in the pursuit of excellence. A separate history would be necessary to properly acknowledge all the accomplishments of NSM's many exceptional teachers, coaches, students, and alumni. This brief history cannot do justice to Ms. Dorothy Preston's award-winning FCCLA program, Mrs. Rebecca Page's success with Advanced Placement English, Coach Glen Hicks's and Coach Tracy Vest's teams many triumphs on basketball courts, or Coach Michael Tice's, Coach Shawn Peek's and Coach Adam Gilbert's football teams' success stories on the gridiron. Over the years, several NSM faculty members were named "Teacher of the Year" in Jackson County. Others were honored with prestigious awards by non-school entities. One faculty member, Mr. David Patterson, was inducted into the Jacksonville State University Teacher Hall of Fame in 1989 while he was employed at NSM. A North Sand Mountain retiree, Coach C. B. "Red" Strickland, was inducted into the Alabama High School Sports Hall of Fame in 1999. The scholarships and awards

that have been bestowed upon NSM students are far too numerous to list in this brief narrative, which is also true of the success stories of North Sand Mountain High School's illustrious alumni. The spectrum of their success ranges from simply becoming excellent fathers and mothers to outstanding careers in law, medicine, nursing, education, law enforcement, ministry, broadcast journalism, architecture, space research, and the business world.

Principal Chris Davis presided over many school improvements during his tenure as principal. A few highlights of these include the reestablishment of the school's marching band by Mrs. Anita Blevins in 2008, implementation of an Honor Court system for the high school, the installation of digital projectors and smart boards in most classrooms, and the purchase of 2.1 acres of additional land from Jimmy and Joan Hixon. The land purchase allowed a practice football field to be built and made it possible to design a much safer afternoon student pick-up area for car riders. Principal Davis also supervised the implementation of a much needed after-school tutoring program in November 2013.

During the 2013-14 term, the North Sand Mountain High School celebrated its first fifty graduating classes. At that time, NSM had an enrollment of 697 students in K-12. The school's faculty consisted of forty-two classroom teachers, one and one-half counselors, two aides, eight bus drivers, six cafeteria employees, four custodians, plus a bookkeeper and a nurse. These numbers substantiate the fact that NSM is the largest school in the Jackson County School system, in terms of the number of students and school personnel at a single campus. North Sand Mountain's pursuit of excellence was recognized in 2007 and in 2012 by U. S. News and World Report. The magazine classified NSM as a Bronze Medal School. In the spring of 2013, the Jackson County Soil and Water Conservation District presented Mr. Davis with a plaque honoring NSM for having the most improved school campus.

Sixty-six percent of the faculty that school year held a Master's Degree or higher certification. Fifteen members of the faculty were North Sand Mountain graduates. Two alumni teachers, Mrs. Donna Arnold Kirk and Mrs. Patricia Frost Holman, had already retired from NSM. Another alumni teacher, Mrs. Connie Carrell Benson, passed away before reaching retirement age.

Since the first comprehensive history of North Sand Mountain High School was published during the 2013-14 school term, several significant things have happened at the school. In 2016, a $900,000 athletic fieldhouse was constructed between the football field and baseball field. A robotics program was started, and a computer lab equipped with some 3-D computers was opened. Assistant Principal Kerry Wright left the school in January 2015 to become the principal of the Ernest Pruitt Center of Technology (EPCOT) in Hollywood, Alabama. Mr. Dustin Roden was selected to fill that vacancy. A year later, Principal Chris Davis was promoted to Director of Special Education at the Jackson County Board of Education's central office in Scottsboro. Mr. Roden then moved to the principal position in 2016. Mr. Jonathan Colvin became the assistant principal at that point. Mr. Colvin left NSM in the spring of 2017 to become the principal of Bridgeport Middle School. Mrs. Shasta Breland filled the vacant assistant principal position. In August 2019, Mr. Drew McNutt became the assistant principal when Mrs. Breland went to Scottsboro High School as an assistant principal. Mr. McNutt left NSM in early 2020 to assume the principalship of Skyline High School, just before the Corona virus shutdown of all Alabama schools.

North Sand Mountain High School won its first team state championship near the end of the 2018-19 school term. According to NSM's Golf Coach Tracy Vest, the school's golf team won the Alabama High School Athletic Association's 2019 Class 1A-2A Boys Golf State Championship on May 14, 2019 at the Robert Trent Jones Golf Trail's Capitol Hill Senator Course in Prattville, Alabama. They defeated the team of the private Donoho High School of Anniston, Alabama 710 to 725 in the two-day state tournament.

Edward H. Carter

News

This section contains information about activities and topics of interest to people who follow our county's history

Historical Marker at Old Baptist Dedicated

At the Old Baptist historical marker dedication Sunday. Left to right Robert Meek, Ilene Cothron, Opal Meek, Herman Washington, Rev. Isaiah Robinson Jr, Henry F. McDaniel, Annette Bradford, and Tommy Cothron

Like many residents in the Hollywood area, Chauncey Robinson has family buried in Old Baptist Cemetery, though he lives in Chicago. Robinson did the research and paperwork to have the cemetery added to the Alabama Historic Cemetery Register in May 2019. And this fall, he had a historical marker placed at the entrance to the cemetery explaining the cemetery's history.

His father, the Reverend Dr. Isaiah Robinson, together with Dr. Herman A. Washington, President of the Old Baptist Cemetery Fund, held a dedication of this marker at 3:00, Sunday, November 8 at Old Baptist Cemetery on County Road 42.

The marker reads, "A historically significant 19th century burial site, the Old Baptist Cemetery is located in Hollywood, Alabama in the area formerly known as Mud Creek Primitive Baptist Church. The cemetery is named for the oldest Baptist church in Jackson County, which dates back to 1819. The cemetery's division reflects the era of its founding. The white section of the Old Baptist Cemetery, donated by Thomas Henry Machen, inters Civil War veterans. The cemetery's African American section, donated by Henry A. Stewart, contains the burial plots of former enslaved persons and their descendants. John Eustace donated additional land for the church in 1844. The oldest graves in Old Baptist Cemetery are marked by stone markers and worn hand stones. The African American plots were once marked by natural markers such as wood and flowers."

Dr. Washington welcomed the group, and Dr. Robinson discussed his son's work to have the marker placed. Ilene Cothron read the marker text. Dr. Annette Bradford of the Jackson County Historical Association talked about the importance of preserving family history. Opal Meek, whose family is buried in Old Baptist, talked about her years of work to maintain the white part of the cemetery. Dr. Robinson closed with a dedication prayer.

Making a Cemetery Self-Sustaining

From time to time, someone contacts the JCHA as says, "The *whatever* cemetery is just a mess. When are you going to clean it up?" To which my first impulse is to say, "If your family is buried there, when are *you* going to clean it up?" The number of old cemeteries (those support no current burials) we have in this

county is just staggering. Findagrave recognizes 477 cemeteries in Jackson County, some as large as almost 7,000 (Cedar Hill) but many family cemeteries of 1 or 2 graves.

I talked with Opal Meek recently whose families are from Hollywood recently about her efforts to make Old Baptist a self-sustaining cemetery and what I learned about her 20-year effort and her research is well worth sharing.

It is a long and arduous process to make a cemetery self-sustaining, and Step 1 for most of us is a show stopper: raise $100,000. Why this huge sum? Because for a cemetery to be self-sustaining, you have to create an endowment for it, and yearly maintenance has to be paid for with the interest income generated by the endowment. The endowment needs to be invested in a low-risk revenue instrument. A certificate of deposit (CD) from a bank generates 2%. Mutual funds do slightly better. Therefore, on an endowment of $100,000, the cemetery board would have between $2000 and $3000 a year to spend on maintenance. A cemetery should be mowed and cleaned an absolute minimum of three times a year, though 5-6 is more realistic for a cemetery that has generated $100,000 and charges its members for burial plots. A typical cleaning for a medium-size cemetery is $300. We recently raised $300 to remove a fallen tree at Old Baptist. Opal recalls that it took Elizabeth Holder Dicus years of fundraising to generate this large endowment amount that today maintains Price Cemetery.

The second issue is how the right to be buried in the cemetery is handled. In a municipal cemetery like Cedar Hill, for example, you purchase lots from the city. The lot owner is then a land owner and can do with these plots as they please, including planting and decoration. But there is no annual fee associated with lot ownership; it is a one-time charge and the city pays for maintenance of the cemetery.

But many of these small cemeteries are either currently or formerly associated with a church building and a denomination. For those who split hairs and distinguish between cemeteries and graveyards, a graveyard is a burial ground within a churchyard. So technically, the white portion of Old Baptist [also known as Mud Creek] was originally a graveyard, being associated with the Mud Creek Primitive Baptist Church, The church was struck by lightning and burned August 4, 2005. Until quite recently, there were Primitive Baptist Trustees appointed for the cemetery but according to Opal, the last living Primitive Baptist Trustee is Brooks Brown; no replacement trustees have been appointed.

Even if Old Baptist had the $100,000 required to endow the cemetery, the families of the people buried there do not own the lots in the same way that people who purchase lots in a municipal cemetery own a deed to the plot of land. Old Baptist Cemetery includes an African-American side, part of whose area included in the original churchyard and the newer part on the other side of the road was donated by Henry Stewart. The white side of the cemetery includes the original church and graveyard site donated by Thomas Henry Machen .The Mud Creek Primitive Baptist Church (Old Baptist) appointed Trustees for the original churchyard cemetery. These trustees were appointed legally and recorded in the Jackson County Probate Judges Record Room. For many years, the entrance to the cemetery featured a sign that said to contact Brooks Brown for permission to be buried in the white side of Old Baptist. But in 2020, there is no new set of trustees for the cemetery. But it is almost a moot point since the white portion of the cemetery is almost fully populated.

In 1998, Opal met with Lawyer Charles Dawson who told her that for the white portion of Old Baptist to set up an perpetual care endowment, the cemetery needed to incorporate, set up by-laws governing the care of the cemetery, and then define three trustees who would administer the endowment and be responsible for implementing the by-laws. Opal visited representatives for the county cemeteries that had perpetual care endowments in place. She specially researched and visited: the Old Baptist African-American Cemetery, administered by Tommy Cothron; the Woodville Union Cemetery, administered by Joann Elkin; the Gold-Winninger Cemetery, administered by Rayford Hall; and Price Cemetery, set up by Elizabeth Holder Dicus and administered in 1990 by John McCrary. There may be other endowed, self-sustaining cemeteries in the county, but these are the only cemeteries in Jackson County that Opal found

in her 1998 research. If anyone is looking for model incorporation papers, the JCHA has copies of these records.

So how is Old Baptist maintained? The African-American portion of the cemetery has perpetual care in place and is beautifully administered and maintained. However, the white part of the cemetery is primarily the original churchyard portion of the cemetery, and maintenance is random and haphazard and dependent upon descendants. Opal reports that like many local cemeteries, Old Baptist has a Decoration Day, usually the third Saturday in May. But there are very few places for new burials in this cemetery, and the descendants are further and further from the people buried there. The Bradfords buried there, for example, are my husband's great great uncles and their families. We do some work on Old Baptist, but we have 20 other cemeteries closer to us in time and kinship. Over the course of the summer, the cemetery becomes overgrown. Sometimes, someone arranges for the Sheriff's Office to bring inmates to clean the cemetery, and they do an excellent job. During 2020 spring, the African-American Association got a grant and had the complete cemetery mowed and cleaned. The bottom line is, the cemetery depends on maintenance by family, friends, and anyone who will volunteer.

I use Old Baptist here as an example of the issues that surround an old cemetery wishing to establish perpetual care. Cleaning cemeteries is hard, hot work, a true labor of love. Decoration Day was once a chance for fellowship and picnics on the ground, but today, so many activities compete for the attention of young families. Opal is tired of fighting the good fight at Old Baptist, and when I no longer find her there on Saturdays spraying weeds and burning branches, I don't know what will become of the cemetery.

Ft. Payne DAR Honors Patriot Jeremiah Roden

Many people in Jackson County are descendants of Revolutionary War DAR Patriot Jeremiah Roden. On October 4, 2020, the ASDAR Phillip Hamman Chapter of Ft. Payne held a re-dedication service honoring him. The program was a tribute to his life, his service to America and a home-coming to his family of descendants and was attended by more than 50 family members.

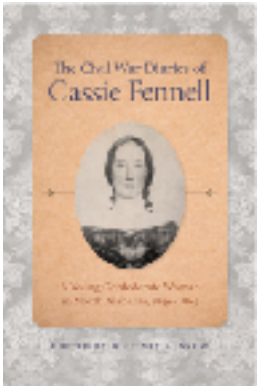
Jeremiah Roden was born November 3, 1754 in South Carolina and died January 1, 1851 at the age of 96 in DeKalb County, Alabama. He married Susannah Kirkland on April 28, 1784 and the couple raised a large family as there are many descendants in DeKalb, Jackson and Marshall counties today.

The military record, like so many Patriot soldiers, is difficult to trace but the best evidence available indicates Jeremiah Roden enlisted in South Carolina at Brushy Creek on the Sante River and served in the company commanded by Captain Frost, Major Bond and Colonel Lacey. Jeremiah Roden joined for a 6-month term but continued serving until the end of the war, being discharged at or near the Edisto River. His name is listed in the roster of South Carolina Patriots.

After the war, Jeremiah Roden and family moved to Kentucky and then on into Tennessee to settle near McMinnville, where Jeremiah was given a land grant in 1808. By 1820, the Rodens moved into Alabama and were some of the first settlers in Northeast Alabama when Alabama was still a territory. They settled in Sand Valley and Big Wills Valley. A drive through Sand Valley and though the gaps to Sand Mountain today is to see their names as a tribute to the earliest settlers and founding families in DeKalb County.

A New Book About the Fennell Family

The Civil War Diaries of Cassie Fennell: A Young Confederate Woman in North Alabama, 1859-1865, edited by Whitney Snow, was recently published by the University of Tennessee Press. The book can be found at



https://utpress.org/.../the-civil-war-diaries-of-cassie.../ Cassie's diaries report on many Marshall County happenings, including the shelling and burning of Guntersville.

Catherine Margaret "Cassie" Fennell Esslinger (1842-1884) was the daughter of Matilda Allison and James Watkins Fennell. Many Jackson Countians are descendants of these families.

Whitney Snow is a local historian in Guntersville who writes about topics in Marshall, Madison, and Jackson Counties. She is the author of several additional books including *Lake Guntersville* (Arcadia), and *Guntersville* (Arcadia, forthcoming).

A New Compilation of City of Scottsboro Elected Officials

Encouraging Greg Bell to subscribe to newspapers com was one of the smartest things I have done recently. When Greg asked me about a Scottsboro municipal election, I told him that if he wanted very old information, he would look in J. R. Kennamer's *History of Jackson County, Alabama*, and if he wanted this information between 1935 and 1968, he would look in Jerry Gist's book *The Story of Scottsboro, Alabama*. If he wanted to see photos of all of our mayors, he could check city hall. Otherwise, he was out of luck. He had to go to the *Sentinel* office and walk thru the newspapers.

I love someone who will not take "No" for an answer. Greg compiled "Scottsboro Municipal Elections" that covers from 1870 to present and made it available on the JCHA web site. Thank you, Greg, for this valuable document. It can be found on the JCHA web site in the **Downloads** section.

Nice Work Being Done in Bridgeport

Bridgeport has suffered its share of adversity. The bust that followed the boom of the early 1890s, and the shift away from the river as a source of income and activity has taken much of the starch out of a town that was once the most urbane and sophisticated locale in the county. The downtown still had several businesses up until the natural gas explosion in 1999 leveled a sizable portion of the buildings.

But there is recent good news in Bridgeport. A triangular island built two years ago where Brummel and Alabama Avenues converge by the old bank building has slowed the traffic through town and gave the drive through the town a new focal point with its tall flag pole and small veterans statues. The raw teardown of the Jones building (built in 1908) that had fallen into disrepair before burning, beside the Spiller building (built in 1891) and near the old Ritz theater (built in 1937), has been cleaned up and smoothed out to a pleasing shape. Dennis Lambert has restored life to downtown by lighting the third floor of the 95-year-old Loyd Hardware building, adding a new roof, door covers, and wall caps and painting faux brick and windows on the side of the structure. A new drug store located in the old bank flatiron building opened in downtown Bridgeport late in 2020. The interior brick walls still bear the black burned scorch marks from the fire that destroyed the four-story Aldhous Block (building) on January 23, 1937. The ground floor walls were saved and rebuilt into the existing building.

To follow developments in Bridgeport, join Dennis Lambert's "Bridgeport, Alabama - Then and Now!" FaceBook page, and stop by and visit Chris Gunter and the wonderful collection at the Bridgeport Depot Museum..

Civil War Soldiers Buried in Jackson County

I recently ran across across a cemetery file from ALGENWEB titled "Civil War Veterans from Jackson County" compiled by Linda Ayer, in May 2003. I put this file on our JCHA Facebook page, thinking our members might find some useful information about their families' Civil War service. Linda's listing was based on pension records. I was immediately overwhelmed with "well my great great grandfather's not in there" notes. So it was clear that pension records alone were not going to be an effective way to determine how many men who fought in the Civil War lived out their lives and died in Jackson County.

So I scanned the past issues of the *Chronicles* and found that Ann Chambless had published long lists of enlistment records, which is evidence that someone enlisted (or was conscripted) to fight in the war. But this information does not tell you who ended up here after the war. For that, you need cemetery records.

Our county is fortunate to have a long line of diligent volunteers who have collected cemetery information for our county. The Matthews sisters, Leola in particular, began collecting this information in looseleaf notebooks in the 1930s. Annie Ruth Proctor, whose work is collected into volumes in the library, did so much good work on cemeteries and family Bible records. Others volunteers have traipsed through fields and braved the snakes to capture tombstone information. Barry Puckett and Ralph Mackey did a lot of this long before Jane Nichols and her husband visited nearly every cemetery in the county in the 1990s. Small groups have concentrated on a particular cemetery or set of cemeteries and produced books like *Union Cemetery* or *Paint Rock Valley Pioneers*. Our county is very lucky in this respect.

Today, we have also had a small army of findagrave volunteers intent on moving this information online—Ann Tomelin, Donnie Holderfield, Rob Minteer, James Tate, Jamie Brooks, Brenda Hastings Talley, Beth Collins Presley, Regina Grider Pipes, Carol Ballard, Michelle Urban, James Sentell, Bobby and Judy Liles, and many others with nicknames that do not betray their identities. Bobby ensures that the cemetery records we have all so carefully recorded in Findagrave do not get out of date by creating a record for *every* new obituary in our county. Findagrave now recognizes 430 "cemeteries," some as large as municipal cemeteries like Stevenson City and Cedar Hill, and others only a single grave. Finding and documenting every grave online is so important, especially to the families whose itchy feet took them out of Jackson County. I have family who stopped their westward migration only when they reached the Pacific coast. I started out adding to findagrave only the people whose death could be documented by a headstone. But over time, I have begun adding people on the basis of an obituary or Bible record. Just because your family could not afford a tombstone does not mean your death should go undocumented, so families in distant locations can find them when census records indicate they died here. We want all of the people buried in our county represented.

To capture all of our Civil War veterans, I updated the 19-page flat file I started with, the file that Linda Ayres created. And I added a virtual cemetery, a Findagrave construct that lets you pull together groups of people from different cemeteries into one thematic unit. This, I think, is the first comprehensive collection of people who fought in the Civil War, both Confederate and Union, who died in Jackson County. There is also a limited number of Jackson County natives who entered the war from Alabama and moved on after the war. I had some very good help in this effort. James Sentell researched individual cemeteries and sent me his findings.

There are many stories to tell here. There is a surprising number of Union soldiers (82) who spent time in Alabama and returned here after the war, whether it was the country or some young lady that drew them back to Jackson County. There is one African-American, Hence Talley, who served in the 111th U. S. Colored Infantry. There are lots and lots of siblings. Five Washington sons marched off to war, for example, as part of Company C of the 49th Alabama Infantry. One returned home to die of tuberculosis in 1863. One returned home with a leg injury that would not heal and after the best medical opinions of

the time and a trip to Hot Springs, died in 1969. Two returned home to become businessmen in Stevenson, though one died in 1884 of Bright's disease. The youngest son, Frank, has no official service record because he was only 14 when the war started and followed his brothers off to war as a drummer. It is sad that a family with six sons had no male heir in the next generation, and the Civil War is the reason. There are a couple of fathers and sons, and at least one instance where members of the same family fought on different sides. Humphrey Posey Mason entered the war in Bolivar as part of the 18th Battalion of the Alabama Infantry, and after capture, served in the 7th Tennessee Infantry. Captured a second time, he joined the Union Navy and served on the U.S.S. Florida, though his brothers fought for the South.

This text file and the virtual cemetery that goes with it enable you to search Civil War veterans across Jackson County. The virtual cemetery is a Findagrave construct and currently includes 846 entries; Findagrave is a relational database tied into Ancestry, owned by the same organization that owns newspapers.com and Fold3, the military records database. The list of Civil War soldiers is a flat text file, not a database. Findgrave is a database. Having the text file lets you search across all the Findagrave records for commonalities. For example, you could search the text file on "Vidette" to find all those men who served in the 1st Alabama and Tennessee Vidette Cavalry or "nitre" to find the men who mined salt peter. Searching "(Union)" shows you all the men who fought for the U. S. Army or Navy. The broader you search, the better because there is no consistency in how the headstones refer to the regiments and companies. I did my best to address this, but I am not a Civil War expert, and if I take time to become one, I will neglect everything else I work on.

When I could, I improved the record I found. I added ancestry records that proved what regiment these men had been members of. I contacted photo owners and added photos to some records. I looked every one of these men up in Ancestry. I hit Ancestry so hard for so long that someone at Ancestry contacted me at one point and said, "Hey, you need some help?"

There were a lot of transcription errors in the original 2003 file—I am sure I have made new ones in my version as well. The people in RED in the text file were part of the original file but I cannot locate them in Findagrave when I searched the entire United States. If you know about any of these people, please contact me. I corrected errors with Findagrave, like the re-enactors who had been mistaken for Confederate soldiers in Harris Chapel.

A great number of these records have wonderful pictures with them. I reproduced some of them below. I love the picture of Dr. William Bonapart Mason, a doctor who served in both the Indian Wars and the Civil War and died at age 90 on his way home from delivering a baby.

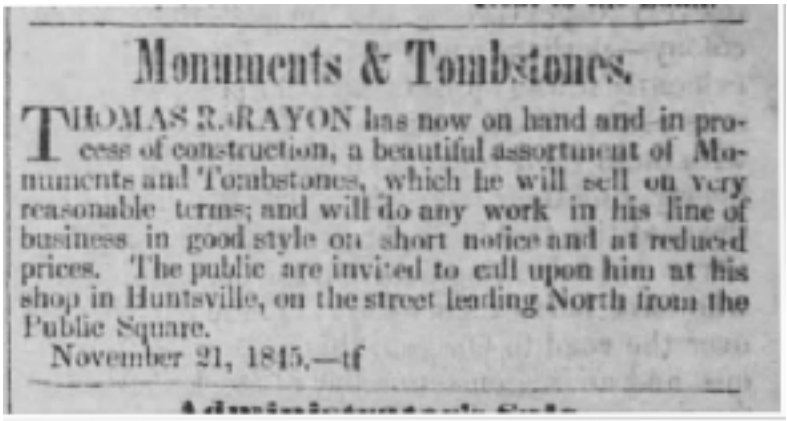
The original file was 19 pages. It is now 60 pages. With a two-line entry for each man, you get an idea of how many people I added. And I added only those I could prove. Occasionally, when the original author had added a name that I was pretty sure was right from looking at Ancestry records, I added a comment. Those are always prefaced "AB:". Local cemeteries have many names. If you search Findagrave for "Blue Springs" you will not find anything because it is "Blue Spring." Sometimes "mount" is abbreviated and sometimes it is written out, the perils of having user-generated data. I have tried to be consistent with what these cemeteries are called in findagrave.

L to R, John Vestal Wheeler, Terrell Norton, Mitchell Lay, Lewis Erwin Lindsay, Calvin Morris, Dr. William Bonapart Mason, Eldridge Johnson Sisk

Buying a Tombstone in Jackson County Before 1940

Those of us do do genealogy research know how frustrating it is to look for a grave with no headstone. Even graves that were originally marked are not safe from losing the identity of their inhabitants. Vandals bust up headstones that are then buried or lost over time and removed when longer helpful. Stones made of soft local materials weather and inscriptions are no longer readable. But when I gnash my teeth over unmarked graves, I have to stop and recall how expensive headstones were to farm families and how hard good headstones were to obtain.

The earliest marked graves in Jackson County, to the best of my knowledge, are the Frazier graves, moved to Cedar Hill from the Frazier Cemetery, originally adjacent to the Revere site on Goosepond Island. The earliest stone belongs to 21-year-old Rebecca Frazier, the daughter of Samuel Frazier and Mary Parks, who died in 1824. It is, I think, sandstone and badly weathered. It is likely this stone was carved locally. She is now buried with her parents in Cedar Hill.



Monuments & Tombstones.

THOMAS R. RAYON has now on hand and in process of construction, a beautiful assortment of Monuments and Tombstones, which he will sell on very reasonable terms; and will do any work in his line of business in good style on short notice and at reduced prices. The public are invited to call upon him at his shop in Huntsville, on the street leading North from the Public Square.

November 21, 1845.—tf

Huntsville and its environs include some of the oldest graves in Alabama. An ad from *The Democrat* in November 1840 announced that Thomas R. Rayon had "a beautiful assortment of monuments and tombstones." Since he also specifies that he has tombstones "on hand," I believe he ordered blank stones and carved only names and dates on the premises.

CHATTANOOCA Marble Works.

MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES,

of the finest

ITALIAN MARBLE,

ALWAYS on hand, and for less than the same can be purchased of any other dealer South of the Ohio River. Shop on Market Street, between 8th and 9th.

Chattanooga, Tennessee,

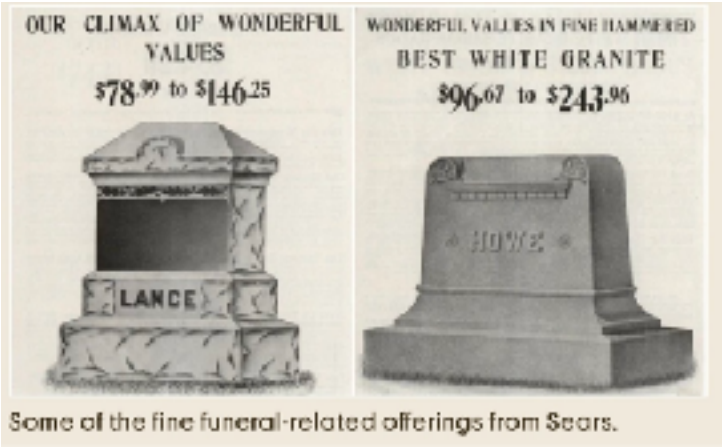
G. P. DAILY.

Chattanooga had a business called Chattanooga Marble Works that was operating in May 1873, according to this ad in *The Daily Times*. Since the proprietor, G. P. Daily, advertised creating monuments "of the finest Italian Marble," I think again it is safe to assume he did not quarry that stone in Tennessee or Alabama. There are numerous examples of the popular Victorian obelisk-style tombstone shown in the picture in Cedar Hill.

MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES.

The first Scottsboro newspaper reference to carving tombstones in Jackson County is in 1880 where A. J. Rooks advertised in the *Scottsboro Citizen*. He offered various grades of marble and said he would deliver the tombstone. It does not say if his marble was locally sourced. About the same time (1883), the *Alabama Herald* carried ads touting the skills and services of Scottsboro mayor Abner Rosson, a woodworker whose furniture survives today, who advertised "burial cases" and robes.

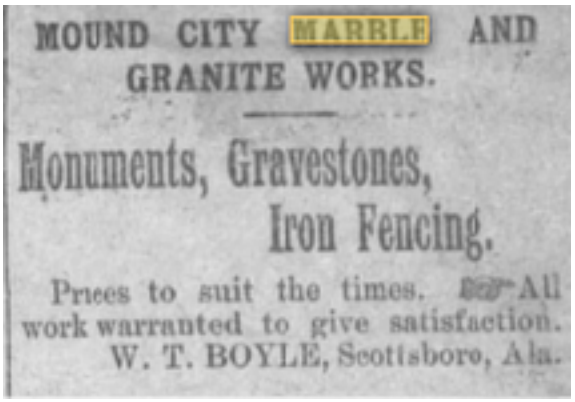
Other parts of Alabama had quarried marble. August 26, 1886 *Citizen* notes that "The Confederate monument at Montgomery is to be built with Alabama marble, which will be quarried in Colbert county." In May 1888, the *Citizen* declared, "The *Mobile Register* claims that the State of Alabama has some of the finest marble quarries in the world." In October 1890, the *Citizen* reported that Editor Brewer, of the *Piedmont Post*, has just discovered on his little farm a fine marble quarry" and that Brewer was displaying "high glee" since owning a marble quarry is "decidedly more profitable than editing a country weekly." Gadsden announced its own marble quarry in the July 1906 *Citizen*: "Expert marble men have discovered a rich quarry of white marble near Gadsden." Samples shown compared with the celebrated "Talladega marble," a fine quality marble available in "unlimited quantities."

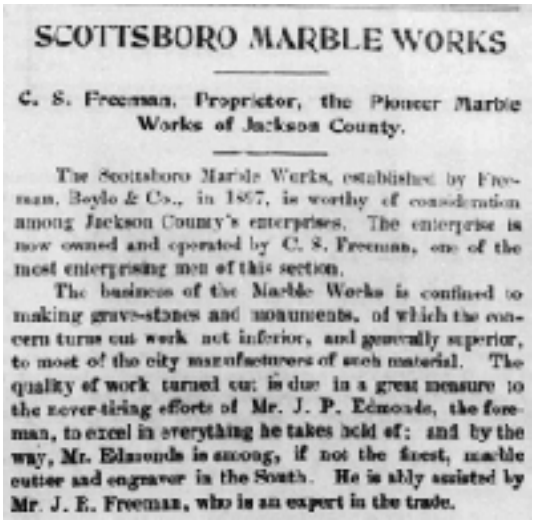


Some of the fine funeral-related offerings from Sears.

While we are talking about demand and supply at the end of the 19th century, remember that Sears and Roebuck was founded in 1892. If you could buy a house from Sears, shipping a tombstone to a customer would be easy. Many of you will recognize these two examples, which can both be found in Cedar Hill. Sears was so successful at the tombstone business that in 1906, the company published a specialized "Tombstones and Monuments" catalog. If you look at this catalog, you will see a lot of familiar stones.

In the September 1896 *Citizen*, W. T. Boyle, the man who had recently left his post as editor of the paper, placed an ad that stated he was an agent for Mound City Marble and Granite Works, which provided monuments, gravestones, and iron fencing. He would partner with Charley Freeman the next year to operate the Scottsboro Marble Works where he remained through 1900; In 1906, Boyle and his family had moved to Murfreesboro,TN and because a newspaper editor once more, ink coursing through his veins, I guess. His wife and Photographer W. S. Lively's wife Lena were sisters.




SCOTTSBORO MARBLE WORKS

C. S. Freeman, Proprietor, the Pioneer Marble Works of Jackson County.

The Scottsboro Marble Works, established by Freeman, Boyle & Co., in 1897, is worthy of consideration among Jackson County's enterprises. The enterprise is now owned and operated by C. S. Freeman, one of the most enterprising men of this section.

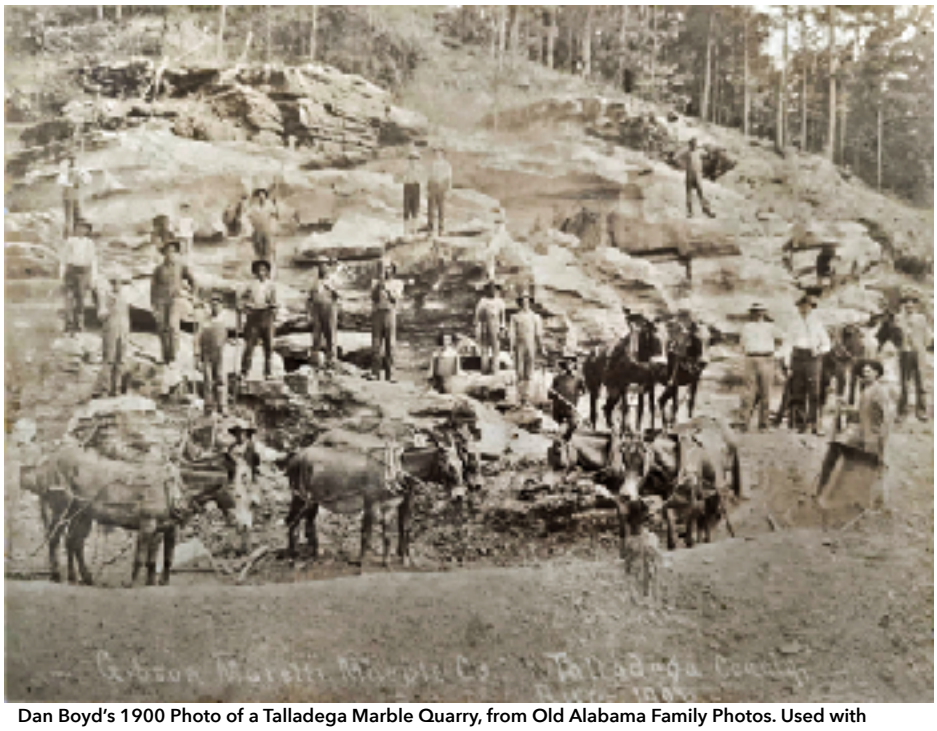
The business of the Marble Works is confined to making grave-stones and monuments, of which the concern turns out work not inferior, and generally superior, to most of the city manufacturers of such material. The quality of work turned out is due in a great measure to the never-tiring efforts of Mr. J. P. Edmonds, the foreman, to excel in everything he takes hold of: and by the way, Mr. Edmonds is among, if not the finest, marble cutter and engraver in the South. He is ably assisted by Mr. J. E. Freeman, who is an expert in the trade.

In May 1897, that *Citizen* announced that W. T, Boyle, Charley S. Freeman, and Freeman's son John "opened a marble yard in town, and will make tombstones, monuments, etc." A writeup in the 1900 Business Supplement to the *Progressive Age*, said the company was founded in 1897 under the name Freeman, Boyle, and Company. Boyle left in 1900, but this group continued in business. This business was featured in the 1900 Business Supplement to the *Progressive Age*.

By 1905, Freeman was 60 years old but his business was thriving. Orders continued to pour in. The business supplement stated that Marble Works' only business was gravestones and monuments and that their work was generally superior "to most city manufacturers of such material." The paper credits this sustained high quality to

the foreman Mr. J. P. Edmonds (whose photo and bugle are found in the Scottsboro Depot Museum) who was "among, if not the finest, marble cutter and engraver of the South." A J. R. Freeman was also working with him. Son Dr. John Freeman had married Annie Skelton six years before his death from smallpox in 1901. By May 1910, this business was gone and F. M. Kirby has taken over the business site.

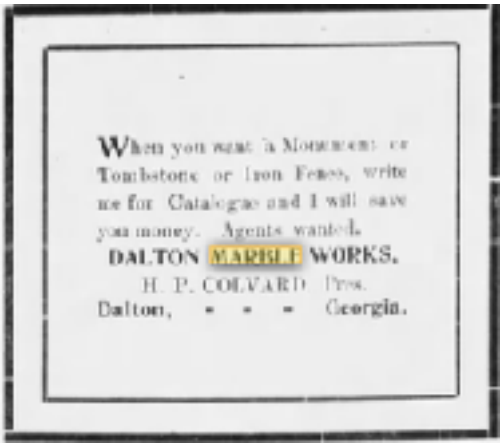
This discussion of tombstone providers and materials started when I posted a 1900 picture of a marble quarry. JCHA FaceBook subscriber Becky Kay Cloud stated unequivocally that "There are several limestone/dolemite formations here that polish up like marble....they are not thick enough and commercially viable like 'Tennessee Marble.' So the early claim of having a "marbleworks" is probably false. Other members argued that marble was mined in Jackson County, and the question was not settled.



Dan Boyd's 1900 Photo of a Talladega Marble Quarry, from Old Alabama Family Photos. Used with permission of Gail Starr.

The other tombstone material that was locally available in the county was granite. On April 27, 1899, the *Citizen* announced, "A very fine quality of granite marble has been discovered on J. W. Edmond's place on top of Freeman's mountain, a short distance north of town, within the corporate limits. There are ten acres of it and if it is gotten out in large quantities may prove very valuable, as it seems to be usually fine quality and takes a high polish." Again in November 1899, the *Citizen* stated "Mr. Edmonds has discovered some fine gray marble on his mountain place."

Our local tombstone agents and carvers had plenty of competition from outside Jackson County. The June 18, 1901 *Progressive Age* carried this ad from H. P. Colvard for Dalton (GA) Marble Works. There is very little information on how to contact Mr. Colvard. And our local people began advertising themselves as tombstone agents. In May 1904, J. N. Haynes of Section announced in the *Progressive Age* that he was tombstone agent for Chattanooga Marble Works.


When you want a Monument or Tombstone or Iron Fence, write me for Catalogue and I will save you money. Agents wanted.
DALTON MARBLE WORKS.
H. P. COLVARD Prop.
Dalton, - - - Georgia.

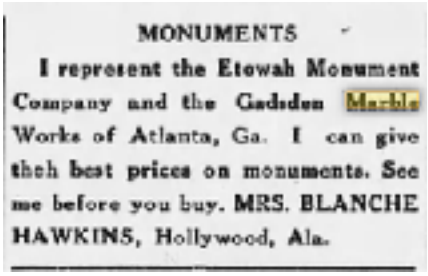

Remember The Loved Ones!
By placing a stone over their graves. You can get them from M. B. Arthur who is with the Etowah Marble & Granite Co., of Attalla, Ala. Mr. Arthur can be found at Sisk Boarding house, Scottsboro, Ala.

There were still traveling tombstone agents as late a 1915. Agent M. B. Arthur came to meet with people wanting to buy tombstones at the Sisk Boarding House, representing the Etowah Marble and Granite Company in Attalla. R. H. McAnelly opened his furniture and undertaking business on the square that same year. McAnelly was the county's first trained embalmer and received

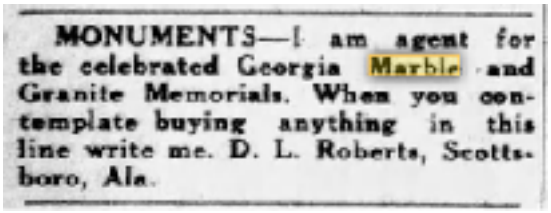
his training in the early 1930s. He opened his dedicated funeral home business in the old McAnelly home on Andrews Street, in April 1931. In 1920, Rupert Word began the funeral home business on the north side of the square, immortalized in the Alfred Eisenstaedt photo of"Word Furniture and Undertaking" from 1937. This business continued with various partners after it moved off the square. In 1948, for example, when the funeral home on Broad Street that is now owned by the Rudder family was built, the partners were Cecil Word, William Yates, and R. H. McAnelly. J. F. Henshaw and his sons opened their business at 425 East Willow Street in April 1948 and featured "three licensed embalmers and a lady attendant."


R. H. McANELLY
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Scottsboro, Alabama
READY TO SERVE YOU
DAY AND NIGHT

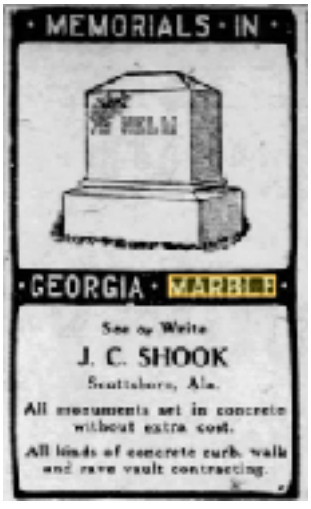
TO THE PUBLIC:
I am representing the Gadsden Marble and Stone Co., and am prepared to give prices and estimates on all kinds of monuments from the lowest priced to the most expensive designs. The price of monuments has materially decreased during the past several months and right now is the proper time to honor your dead with a fitting marker. I will be glad to furnish any information in regard to this line and will appreciate any favor extended me. Write or see MRS. BLANCHE HAWKINS, at Scottsboro.


MONUMENTS
I represent the Etowah Monument Company and the Gadsden Marble Works of Atlanta, Ga. I can give them best prices on monuments. See me before you buy. MRS. BLANCHE HAWKINS, Hollywood, Ala.

I have found no evidence that furniture salesmen who provided coffins also provided headstones. Scottsboro continued to support a wide range of dedicated tombstone agents not associated with any particular funiture/ funeral business. In 1922-1923, Mrs. Blanche Hawkins represented the Gadsden Marble and Stone Company and offered low prices for the most expensive monument designs. She lived in Hollywood. Her name appeared in R. H. McAnelly's ad as a tombstone agent in 1922.


MONUMENTS—I am agent for the celebrated Georgia Marble and Granite Memorials. When you contemplate buying anything in this line write me. D. L. Roberts, Scottsboro, Ala.

By 1925, a new tombstone agent, D. L. Roberts, began advertising the local papers, an agent for "the celebrated Georgia Marble and Granite Memorials. A 1927 analysis touted "the famous marble quarries at Sylacauga. From these quarries come the very finest white marble in the world and the plant is a sight worth seeing.



In 1929, J. C. Shook of Scottsboro advertised as an agent for Georgia Marble and Granite Memorials. For the first time, vaults are part of the services that this agent provides. "All monuments set in concrete without extra cost." This expansion of services is possible because a local provider is acquiring and setting the stone.

As dedicated funeral homes opened for business in the 1930s and 1940s, these businesses broadened their scope to include selling headstones. The 1950 ad for Henshaw says that in addition to his funeral home business, W. R. Henshaw represented Long Brothers Memorials, made by Gadsden Marble and Granite.


W. R. HENSHAW
Phone 65—Scottsboro
Is Jackson County Representative for the famous
Long Brothers Memorials
Made by
GADSDEN MARBLE & GRANITE CO.
He will be glad to assist you in any way in making a suitable selection. This company has been well known here since 1911.

Annette Bradford

JCHA Membership 2021

An asterisk (*) preceding a name indicates that 2021 dues have not been received. Please renew.

* Clarence J Abadie Jr., Scottsboro
Carol Abernathy, Athens
Barbara Akin, Powder Springs GA
Alabama Hist. Assoc., Auburn
Tom Allen, Vestavia Hills
Debra Allen, Vestavia Hills
Allen Co. Library, Fort Wayne IN
Robert Alley, Scottsboro
Jimmie R. Allison, Scottsboro
Cathy Anand, Hixson TN
Bill Anderson, Scottsboro
* Jim Anderson, Spotsylvania VA
* James Anderson, Madison
Mike Anderson, Huntsville
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The Jackson County Chronicles

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In this issue:

The Scottsboro Boys Special Edition

The general temper of the public seems to be that the negroes will be given a fair and lawful trial in the courts and that the ends of justice can be met best in this manner, although the case charged against the negroes appears to be the most revolting in the criminal records of our state, and certainly of our county.
The Progressive Age, March 26, 1931.

How much farther apart the night and day are the nine men who perpetrated those frightful deeds and a normal kind-hearted man who guards his little family and toils through the day. . .?
Chattanooga News, March 27, 1931.

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Ninety Years Later: Reflections on the Scottsboro Case

In 1969, I published my doctoral dissertation, *Scottsboro: A Tragedy of the American South*. Five years after its publication I worked with film maker, Tom Moore, to bring the story to a television audience with his film, *Judge Horton and the Scottsboro Boys*. Nearly 30 years later, I joined film-makers Barak Goodman and Danny Anker by contributing to the making of their prize-winning documentary, *Scottsboro: an American Tragedy* (2001)

But my visceral connection to this story goes back to the mid-1960s. In April of 1966, I interviewed 89 year old former Judge James Edwin Horton and listened for more than two hours as he reviewed the case over which he had presided and, for the first time on the public record, presented conclusive evidence that the Scottsboro defendants were innocent.

That same summer, I sat in the manuscript room of the Boston University Library and read dozens of letters written by the Scottsboro defendants during and after their captivity. "I am trying all that is in my power to be brave," Andrew Wright wrote after seven years of brutal confinement. "But you understand, a person can be brave for a length of time, and then he is a coward down. That's the way it is." Finally freed from jail in 1950, he moved to Albany, New York, and wrote of his loneliness and isolation. "I am just like a rabbit in a strange wood and the dogs is after him and [there is] no place to hide."

Ninety years after this event began and a half century after I began my research, Scottsboro is still with me. After all these years, I ask myself, what can we make of the larger meaning of the Scottsboro Case?

From a constitutional point of view, it was certainly one of the most significant civil rights cases of the 20th century. In Powell v. Alabama (1932), the Supreme Court had ordered a new trial on the grounds that defendants in capital cases were entitled to more than a pro forma defense. Although the case had a relatively limited impact initially since it was restricted to cases involving the death penalty, it ultimately led to the court's decision in Gideon v. Wainwright (1963) that gave defendants the right to be provided an attorney in all felony cases.

In Norris v. Alabama (1935), the high court reaffirmed earlier decisions that found all white juries unconstitutional. But a unanimous court went further, asserting that the absence of blacks on jury rolls created a clear presumption that those in charge of the jury rolls were violating the 14th amendment and the Court warned that, hereafter, it would void convictions that resulted.

But the impact of the Scottsboro case reached beyond changes in our legal system. While there were a number of incidents and episodes in the 20th century that inspired the emergence of the civil rights moment, historians generally agree that the angry reaction to the injustice embodied in the Scottsboro case was a critical moment in the emergence of the civil rights movement.

Even though the defendants have received posthumous pardons and these events occurred 90 years ago, it remains one of many painful pages in the history of race in America. At this time of deep divisions in our civic and political life, there are many among us who have concluded that it would be better to smooth out the rough and crooked places of our memory, to end the age-old cycle of accusation and recrimination, of guilt and denial and begin again. After all, America, and particularly the South of 2021 is not the South of 1931. And isn't that one of the great appeals of this country: that we can free ourselves from the burden of the past, that we can always begin anew?

On this question, two schools of thought face each other across the open field of history.

On one side, there is the insight of the French historian Ernest Renan that every nation is a community both of shared memory and of shared forgetting. If we are to end our ancient quarrels, wrote Renan, "forgetting is an essential factor in the history of a nation."

On the other side, there is the ancient wisdom of the Jewish tradition: only remembrance can bring redemption.

I sometimes think we have taken a third path. Too often we have recreated the struggles for racial justice into pre-packaged rhetorical slogans that appear every year during black history month and help us smooth over those rough and crooked places of our memory.

After all, there is little enthusiasm for recalling the horrors of slavery or revisiting the soul-deadening days of segregation when blacks were denied all but the economic crumbs from the table of whites, when every ladder for educational, economic and political advancement was barred by the iron chains of racism; when signs in public places screamed the message to our black brothers and sisters: you are inferior, your presence contaminates us, you are nothing, and don't you forget it. And most of us certainly do not relish looking directly into the stories of the more than 5,000 black men and women lynched by mobs after the civil war.

Instead, the great voice of the civil rights movement, Martin Luther King, too often survives as a soothing symbol to black and white, conservative and liberal alike. Again and again we hear King's emphasis on reconciliation: "I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at a table of brotherhood."

Or on the absence of personal racism: "I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character."

These are inspiring dreams. The problem occurs when we deceive ourselves into believing that the dreams have become reality. After all, segregation is no longer legally sanctioned and few people would openly acknowledge a belief in white supremacy or inherent black inferiority.

And so we pretend, willfully forgetting Martin Luther King's insistence that the legacy of centuries of racial oppression required more than passing laws. As he said in his 1964 book, Stride Toward Freedom, it was "obvious that if a man is entered at the starting line in a race three hundred years after another man, the first man would have to perform some impossible feat in order to catch up with his fellow runner."

Forgotten as well is King's denunciation of American foreign policy in Vietnam, or his call for a "restructuring of the architecture of American society," a restructuring in which there had to be a "radical redistribution of economic and political power and wealth."

The late Julian Bond put it best. "We do not honor the critic of uncontrolled capitalism, or the pacifist who declared wars evil, or the man of God who argued that a nation that chose 'guns over butter' would end up destroying its soul." The bracing challenge of King's call to struggle too often has been stripped away, leaving only a soothing pablum of feel-good sentiments.

Now I believe that remembering should not be an occasion for accusation and recrimination or for assigning guilt. But I choose the Jewish tradition: redemption cannot come without remembrance.

What then should we remember about the Scottsboro Case ninety years later. What is usable—relevant —about that past today?

Some of "lessons" seem obvious: the evils of racism and the paralyzing force of fear and the lust for domination that can lead otherwise decent individuals to commit the most indecent acts and then to convince themselves that their behavior was necessary or even a product of a higher morality.

Beyond that, each of us must think on these things. Perhaps because I followed their lives so closely when they were imprisoned and often on death row, I think about the wasted years those nine black teenagers spent in Alabama's prisons, and from there to my despair over the way in which this nation continues to

create generation after generation of men and women, disproportionately black, with its inhumane policies of incarceration.

I sometimes see these nine teenagers, wretchedly poor, uneducated and left to struggle for survival on their own, as contemporary rather than historical figures. For we live in an America in which those who are poor and marginal in our society deserve not an outstretched hand, but dismissal from view and contempt for being "losers."

If the Scottsboro case reminds me of battles to be fought, it also inspires me with the stories of earlier men and women who did not, like the Priests and the Levites, cross to the other side of the road when confronted with the Scottsboro case.

Some of them are well known and rightly so like Judge Horton and the defendants' primary attorney Samuel Leibowitz. But the honor roll is a long one.

In recently re-reading my book, I was once again reminded of the bravery and courage of radical activists, many of them members of the Communist Party like Joseph Brodsky. Brodsky, the chief lawyer for the International Labor Defense and other radical lawyers from outside the South, risked beatings or death every time they crossed the Mason and Dixon line. Several critics expressed their belief that I was too sympathetic. But even though I had and still have little use for their radical ideology, I am convinced from reading their correspondence and, in two cases, interviewing them, that they acted from a sense of authentic and genuine outrage at the wrongs they encountered. I don't think it is an accident that three were Jewish and saw in the anti-Semitism that they encountered a reflection of the prejudice against black Americans.

I think also of the courage required by white Alabamians when they broke ranks and stood up for the Scottsboro nine.

Judge Horton is the prime example of the willingness of some individuals to stand outside their traditions, but there were others.

Clarence Watts, a Huntsville attorney, braved the anger and scorn of many of his colleagues and friends to defend the Scottsboro defendants in the later trials, a defense he mounted with every ounce of courage and strength despite his own conservative views.

The Rev. Henry Edmonds, a Birmingham Presbyterian Minister and Waights Taylor, a 24 year old member of Edmonds church, persuaded a handful of white Alabamians to join a Scottsboro Defense Committee, and traveled the state trying to build support for the release of the Scottsboro defendants.

Rabbi Benjamin Goldstein was forced to resign as Rabbi of his Montgomery synagogue when he forcefully defended the innocence of the nine young men.

Mrs. Craik Speed of Montgomery and her daughter Jane—members of one of the oldest and most elite families in Alabama—had to flee the state after they spoke out against what they saw as a miscarriage of justice.

These are only a few of the courageous individuals who, in the words of one white rebel, "stepped outside the magic circle" and stood against everything the culture of whiteness had taught them.

Still, as I look back, I think I am most drawn to the stories of the black Alabamians who said no to fear. Enough: I will not remain silent. One by one they mounted the witness stand in Decatur to endure a ferocious and demeaning cross-examination by the state's attorney general and threats from the white community: Frank Sykes, a Decatur Dentist, Dr. N.E. Cashin, a courageous Decatur physician and John Sandford of Scottsboro, a plasterer whose work depended upon white patrons. These and other unremembered heroes cast aside their fears and testified about the racial discrimination that prevented blacks from voting in Alabama. They reflected a turning point in the willingness of black Americans, particularly those in the deep South, to begin to speak truth to power despite the danger.

Beneath the mythology surrounding those who struggled racial equality over the years is a messy tapestry of anger, frustration and internal struggles among individuals with strong egos and strong convictions. We should remember these brave men and women not because they were flawless, but because their larger vision helped them to rise above their flaws.

Confronting the challenges we face today in these troubled times makes it seem downright foolish to believe that it is possible to bring together our separate black and white pasts into a shared memory and a common future. We forget that the struggle for justice is not a destination, but a journey and the temptation to feel helpless and overwhelmed is everywhere.

But as I reflected on the long shadow of the Scottsboro case, I remembered an essay by Joanna Macy, the environmental activist and author of more than a dozen books on Buddhism. In the 1980s, Macy visited a group of Tibetan monks and nuns whose thousand-year-old monastery had been destroyed by the Chinese government.

Working with nothing more than hand tools and wheelbarrows, they had begun to rebuild their monastery. To Macy, their reconstruction with such limited resources seemed overwhelming. What if the Chinese troops should simply return once again with their bulldozers, she asked one monk? He shrugged. Macy saw that such calculations were conjecture to the men and women who worked. "Since you cannot see into the future," she wrote, "you simply proceed to put one stone on top of another, and another on top of that. If the stones get knocked down, you begin again, because if you don't nothing will get built."

Like the monks and nuns of Larung Gar, we cannot foresee the future any more than we can change the past. But all of us, whatever our particularly religious faith, or no specific faith, have an obligation to speak and above all to act in this moment of crisis in our national life.

As Dorothy Day, the great Catholic defender of the poor and the forgotten said in the midst of the great depression, "no has a right to sit down and feel hopeless. There is too much work to do." So that is the choice before us. If the stones get knocked down, like the monks and nuns of Larung Gar, we have to begin again, because if we don't, nothing will be built.

Dan Carter
Brevard, NC

Before his retirement, Professor Dan Carter taught United States History and has a special interest in national 20th century politics and the post-Civil War American South. Dr. Carter has taught the US Since 1877 survey, the history of the New South, and courses on documentary films as well as the making of Southern culture. He has also taught graduate courses on the Civil War and Reconstruction, 20th century US history and the post civil-war South. His publications include: *Scottsboro: a Tragedy of the American South*; *When the War Was Over: the Failure of Self-Reconstruction in the South, 1865-1867*; *The Politics of Rage: George Wallace, the Origins of the New Conservatism*, and the *Transformation of American Politics*, and F*rom George Wallace to Newt Gingrich: Race in the Conservative Counterrevolution*, 1963-1994. Dr. Carter wrote this essay expressly for publication in *The Chronicles*.

Dr. Dan T. Carter. Photo by Ann Borden. From emory.edu.

Who Were the Scottsboro Boys?

Aged 13 to 19, the Scottsboro Boys shared a background of financial deprivation that drove them to ride the rails to look for work. One of the boys was hoping for enough money to buy eyeglasses. Another was seeking medical treatment for a debilitating disease. Following their pardons and paroles, finally granted six to nineteen years after the arrests most would face lives of continued poverty, violence, and the stigma of being a Scottsboro Boy.

Andy Wright

At 19 years old, Andy Wright, along with Charlie Weems, was the oldest of the Scottsboro Boys. He was accompanied on the freight train by his younger brother, Roy, and friends Haywood Patterson and Eugene Williams.

Andy had attended school in his hometown of Chattanooga through the sixth grade when he was forced to quit school and help support his family after the death of his father. He was employed as the driver of a produce truck for several years until his employer's insurance company discovered he was underage, and he was released. After losing his job, he and his three companions caught the freight out of Chattanooga, believing they would find government jobs in Memphis.

In January, 1944, the Alabama Board of Pardons and Paroles released Wright, but refused to let him leave the state, instead placing him in a job at a Montgomery lumber company. It was a job that Wright described as "no difference [sic] than prison."(1) Outdone with his situation, Wright and Clarence Norris, who was serving a similar sentence, fled the state. During his time as a fugitive, he married for a second time (his first had been during his work-release in Montgomery) and held a job as a truck driver until 1946 when the chairman of the Scottsboro Defense Committee (SDC), Allan Knight Chalmers, persuaded him and Norris to return to Alabama, believing the SDC had secured an assurance of leniency for their having violated parole. Instead, the parole board returned both men to prison.

Wright, Norris, and their SDC attorney felt betrayed by the parole board and vociferously expressed their bitterness. Despite their protests, Wright was not paroled a second time until 1950, when the SDC found him a job as an orderly in an Albany, NY hospital. He was the last of the Scottsboro Boys to go free.

In 1951, he was once again accused of rape. He spent eight more months in jail in New York, but was finally acquitted by an all-white jury.

In November of 1952, Wright stabbed his wife in New York. He received a suspended sentence but was ordered to leave the state. He spent eight months in Cleveland before returning to New York, unable to find and hold employment in Ohio.

Described in the 1937 *Life* magazine feature as "the best natured" of the boys, Wright drew the ire of prison guards and inmates and was often beaten severely enough to be hospitalized. In March, 1938, a vindictive prison guard went after Wright with a knife, but in a case of mistaken identity, attacked Charlie Weems instead. Weems was seriously injured.

He spent the early years of 1950 in Connecticut, apparently without further legal complications. His obituary has not been found.

Andy Wright is buried in an unmarked grave in Chattanooga, next to his brother, Roy, whose grave is marked with a military headstone.

1) Carter, p. 411

Charlie Weems

Charlie Weems, at 19, was, along with Andy Wright, the oldest of the boys pulled from the train. He was the product of a tragic childhood. He lost his mother when he was four. Six of his seven siblings died during his youth. He completed the fifth grade before his father dispersed what was left of the family and Charlie went to live with an aunt in Riverdale, Ga. There, he worked on road gangs and on farms until deciding to leave his aunt's care to make his way in the world. He had been on the road only weeks before being pulled from the train in Paint Rock.

Weems suffered a serious injury that would trouble him until the end of his life when Jefferson County prison guards found him in his cell reading tracts sent to him by the International Labor Defense organization, the communist organization that had partially funded his defense. The guards sprayed him with tear gas though the bars, then dragged him into the hallway where they beat him. As a result of the tear gas attack, he was partially blind and suffered considerable burning in this eyes for the rest of his life.

Weems was paroled in November 1943. He relocated to Atlanta where the Board of Pardons and Paroles had found him a job in a laundry. Although unhappy in the job, Weems remained in his position, fearing that breaking parole would jeopardize the prospects of the four boys still awaiting parole.

Weems' prison record was spotless. He avoided most of the conflicts that embroiled the other boys in vendettas and feuds.

Weems settled into obscurity. There is no report of further arrests. His obituary has not been found.

Clarence Norris

Clarence Norris's life's story is the lengthiest and ultimately most redemptive of the biographies of the nine boys. His autobiography, The Last of the Scottsboro Boys, reflects a more subdued, introspective, and perhaps more reliable narrator than Haywood Patterson, the only other Scottsboro boy to publish his memoirs.

Norris said he was the son of a slave. His father was a devoted family man who kept the family together despite abuse and treachery by the white landowners for whom he sharecropped. His father was a striking figure, part Indian, who wore his hair in braids down to his waist. "He was a hard man, but he did the work of ten men, stayed with his family, and we never went hungry," Norris recalled in his autobiography. (1)

Following his father's death in 1928, Norris moved to Warm Springs, GA where he caddied at the prestigious golf course, but was fired when a friend of his stole cigars from the club store and Norris was accused. From Warm Springs, he went to Gadsden where he married, worked at the Goodyear plant, and established a comfortable home. After a year of marriage, his wife, Annie Pearl, left him. Norris walked away from their home and all their possessions and began a life of hoboing.

Peculiarly, in his memoirs, Norris makes little mention of the trials in Scottsboro and says nothing about turning evidence against his codefendant, Weems. In the trial of Charlie Weems, Norris told the court, "Every one of them [had] something to do with those girls after they put the white boys off the train. They all raped her, every one of them."(2) Haywood Patterson and Roy Wright would also turn against codefendants on the stand in Scottsboro, claiming to have witnessed the rapes, but not participating in

them. Roy Wright later claimed that he was coerced into making the accusations by deputies who beat him in an anteroom adjacent to the courtroom during a recess in the trial. Norris never rationalized his testimony in his autobiography.

In November, 1943, Norris and Andy Wright were offered parole, but refused it because the terms of the deal required that they remain in the South. In January, 1944, he and Wright accepted the parole, but were placed in jobs and living quarters that they said were little better than prison. Norris remarried while on parole, but left her behind when he violated parole in September, 1944. Convinced by the Scottsboro Defense Committee leadership that he would be treated with leniency if he returned to Alabama, he was instead returned to prison. It would be September 1946 before he was once again freed. His wife had not waited for his return. He settled in Cleveland and then, in 1953, in New York City where he married for a third time.

His third marriage was stable. Norris raised a stepdaughter and two biological children. His freedom was in jeopardy, however, when he stabbed a girlfriend in the throat. She refused to press charges.

In October, 1976, Governor George Wallace signed a pardon for Norris which he accepted in person in the governor's office.

He died in January, 1989 from complications of Alzheimer's.

1) Norris, p. 29
2) Carter, p. 33-34

Eugene Williams

One unaddressed peculiarity of the trials in Scottsboro is why Roy Wright achieved such attention for being only 13 years old and was even tried separately as a result of his youth, while Eugene Williams, also 13, was tried with the other "adults" (15-19 years old). His age would, however, be a factor in when his case was reviewed by the Alabama Supreme Court in 1932, and his conviction was overturned on the basis that he "may have been a juvenile" at the time of the commission of the alleged crime. In July 1937, having served six and half years in jail, he, Roy Wright, and two others were released on the condition that none of them return to the state.

He was traveling with three Chattanooga friends—Roy Wright, Andy Wright, and Haywood Patterson—on the day of the arrests and was not acquainted with the other five defendants until they were taken from the train.

A reporter for *Life* magazine who wrote profiles of the boys in prison, painted an unflattering portrait of Williams, describing him as "a sullen, shifty mulatto" who "usually tries to impress visitors with his piety." The uncredited Life author was hardly an objective reporter, however, calling the boys "stripling blackamoors."(1)

Other than his unfavorable mention in *Life*, Williams drew little attention or approbation during his prison years. When he accompanied his attorney, Samuel Liebowitz, to New York when he and three other defendants were released, he told Liebowitz that his dream was to play in a jazz orchestra.(2)

When a vaudeville stint arranged for the boys by their "manager," Thomas Harten, ended in rancor (they charged that being put on stage for the profit of others was just another version of sharecropping), the boys went their separate ways with some guidance and aid from the Scottsboro Defense Fund. Williams announced that he intended to settle in St. Louis where he had relatives. His intent was to enroll in the Western Baptist Seminary. He declined to go on a national tour to speak on behalf of the boys who were still imprisoned in Alabama.

Williams ended his life in obscurity. There are no reports of subsequent arrests. Nor is it known if he completed his studies at the seminary. Unsubstantiated reports speculate that he led a quiet life as a husband and a father. His obituary has not been discovered.

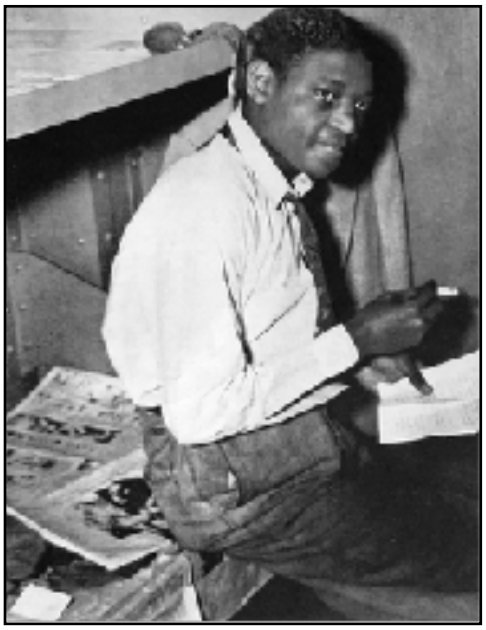
1) Life Magazine, July 19,1937, p. 30
2) Goodman, p. 338

Haywood Patterson

Perhaps none of the nine defendants in the Scottsboro trials drew more rancor from white antagonists than Haywood Patterson. Flamboyant and confrontational, Patterson defied juries, prison guards, and prosecuting attorneys with a surliness and contempt for those sitting in judgment of him that was rivaled only by that of his accuser, Victoria Price.

Haywood Patterson was the product of a stable home: his parents had remained devoted to one another for almost four decades before the death of his father. He recalls that his father cried on the occasion of every visit to prison. His mother was a frequent visitor and correspondent during Patterson's incarceration. He lists as one of his proudest accomplishments learning to write by studying the Bible while on death row and composing a letter to his mother. She personally visited Washington DC and requested audiences with Roosevelt to plead on her son's behalf. She died of a stroke on the way home from having visited him at Kilby Prison, having delivered the news of his father's death.

In prison, he manipulated the system to his advantage, paying guards five dollars per conjugal visit with female inmates and ordering his meals from the commissary rather than settling for prison "slop." On the day of their executions, Patterson would buy the condemned prisoners special treats denied them by the state, delicacies like ice cream and candy.



He amassed so much money through contributions from supporters that prison guards once robbed him, taking $100 from his pants pockets. Patterson says that in retaliation, he cleaned out the cash that he kept interleaved in his Bible and shredded $75 into the toilet bowl, calling the offending guards in to witness his gesture of contempt. "I don't know whether [they] thought I was crazy or whether [they] understood I did it rather than have them come back and find that money."(1) The warden withheld Patterson's mail for a month in retaliation. When Patterson appealed through his mother to have his mail restored, he received a backlog of 15 registered letters, all containing cash.

Patterson said of his years in prison, "I was as mean as society can make a man. I was as low as they come."(2) At Atmore, he started collecting snakes and putting them down his shirt, becoming especially adept at capturing rattlesnakes to enhance his growing reputation as insane. One of his lawyers described him as "as mad as a dog with a can tied to its tail," and "confused and about as badly rattled as any man you have ever seen." (3)

In 1948, Patterson's incarceration for the Scottsboro cases ended when he escaped a work detail and made his way via foot, freight train and bus to Detroit, where he sought refuge in his sister's house. In 1950, he was arrested by the FBI for unlawful flight from Alabama, but Michigan's governor refused to extradite him.

In December, Patterson was charged with killing a man in a barroom fight. His first trial ended in a hung jury, his second in a mistrial, but at the third trial for the offense, he was convicted and sentenced to six to fifteen years. He served only one year before dying of cancer in prison on August 24, 1952. He was 39 years old.

Haywood Patterson's 1950 biography written with Earl Conrad, *Scottsboro Boy,* is a disturbingly direct narrative of prison life at Kilby and Atmore, unflinchingly addressing issues of homosexuality. His salacious description of his cultivation of "gal-boys" was at the time unprecedented in American non-fiction.

1) Patterson and Conrad, p. 59
2) Patterson and Conrad, p. 96
3) Goodman, p. 377

Olen Montgomery

Olen Montgomery's dream was to be a blues musician, and ultimately he appeared on the stage of the Apollo Theater in New York, although not in the role he envisioned for himself.

Upon his release in Alabama, he and three of his codefendants were taken to New York by their attorney, Samuel Liebowitz, who saw himself in the role of guardian for the boys who'd spent their lives in jail or in circumstances that failed to properly socialize them. Within hours of arriving at Penn Station, the boys were offered roles in various schemes that promised riches and greater fame. A Harlem minister, Thomas S. Harten, successfully enlisted the boys to recognize him as their manager. The boys accused Liebowitz of oppressing them and denying them lucrative opportunities and signed on with Harten.

Harten booked the boys at Harlem's Apollo Theater on August 20, 1937. The handbill read "Welcome the Scottsboro Boys. Appearing in person as a special added attraction with the novel all-girl review . . . a cast of fifty fascinating females," displaying them as little more than a vaudeville act in which they sang and danced and reenacted portions of the trial. (1) Shortly, however, the boys turned on Harten, seeing his management as a another form of sharecropping, with Harten profiting from their efforts.

In his defense at the trials in Scottsboro, Montgomery denied having participated in the rapes or having seen anything. "If I had seen them, I would not have known whether they were men or women; I cannot see good."(2) In fact, Montgomery was blind in this left eye and had only 10 percent vision in his right, caused by cataracts. He was on the freight train to Memphis hoping to find a job that would allow him to buy new glasses.

The product of a broken and abusive home, he nevertheless maintained a close relationship with his mother throughout the trials and his incarcerations. His mother was an ardent defender and resorted to outspoken political action, affiliating herself with the communist party, the organization that paid for the boys' defense. "I am with the party as long as I live. I don't care who likes it or who don't like it. I tell the world I want to be

somebody but I can't under this government. This so called government has put many a good woman in the garbage can, and put the lid on it."(3)

The most literate of the boys, Montgomery frequently wrote letters for his codefendants. From prison, Montgomery wrote to a benefactor asking for a guitar. He wrote songs. The lyrics to one, "The Lonesome Jailhouse Blues," was published in the Communist party periodical The Labor Defender. In asking for the instrument, Montgomery said "If I live, I am going to be the Blues King. I want to surprise everybody some day."(4) In 1938, a year after his release, Montgomery bought a guitar and saxophone, but never mastered either.

Following a short stay in Detroit in the early 1940's, Montgomery moved back and forth between New York and Atlanta, periodically ending up in jail for drunk and disorderly conduct, assault, and once on an accusation of rape, which was dismissed before it came to trial. He was troubled with chronic asthma that limited his physical activity.

Following one of his arrests, he said, "I guess a whole lot of people think I've let them down, but just the opposite. I am again a victim of almost inconceivable malignity, and though I heartily dislike the role of martyr, I have been cast in that role and it seems impossible to escape it."(5) [note: misspellings and grammar corrected here].

He never realized his dream of becoming a blues king. He died in Atlanta, apparently due to complications of alcoholism and asthma on March 9, 1959.

1) Carter, p. 385
2) Carter, p. 46
3) Goodman, p. 237
4) Goodman, pp. 270-271
5) Goodman, p. 361.

Ozie Powell

In the second round of trials of the Scottsboro Boys held in Decatur, Dr. R.R. Bridges, the Jackson County medical officer who had examined Victoria Price and Ruby Bates following their alleged assault, fell ill during the retrial of Clarence Norris. William Washington Callahan, the presiding judge, called an indefinite recess in the proceedings to allow for Dr. Bridges' return. The nine boys were to be returned to Birmingham to await the resumption of the trials.

The boys were divided into three cars with Clarence Norris, Roy Wright, and Ozie Powell manacled together in the backseat of a car driven by Morgan County Sheriff J. Street Sandlin and deputy, Edgar Blalock. Apparently, Sandlin and Blalock were taunting the three about their "communist lawyers." When Ozie Powell insulted Blalock in return, Blalock struck Powell. When Blalock again faced foward, Powell reached across the seat and slashed Blalock's throat. Sandlin subdued Powell while trying to hold the car on the road. When he finally brought the car to a halt, he pulled his gun and shot Powell in the head.

Both Blalock and Powell survived. Blalock received 10 stitches in his neck. Powell, transferred to Hillman Hospital in Birmingham, underwent surgery to remove two bullet fragments embedded an inch into his brain. The surgeon gave Powell a 50/50 chance of survival.

The sheriff and his deputy denied having harassed the prisoners and claimed instead that the attack was a part of a carefully planned escape attempt. Southern newspapers praised the restraint shown by the officers, but the Northern press were contemptuous that the assault was part of an escape plot. The chances of three manacled men wielding a pen knife and escaping a two door car with two other county law enforcement cars following seemed like an unlikely scenario. The officers were exonerated and praised for doing "their full duty."(1)

Powell's actions rekindled the anger of the white community just as things had seemed to be calming down: In a previous trial, Haywood Patterson had been given a 75-year sentence rather than the death penalty, a reduced sentence that the defense viewed as substantial progress toward justice and that infuriated the prosecution. If Patterson had been tried in the wake of Powell's attack, he likely would have once again been sentenced to death, according to popular speculation. Rape charges were dropped against Powell, and assault charges were pressed instead. He received a sentence of 20 years in prison in exchange for his guilty plea.

Powell suffered lasting consequences from his injuries. His memory and his speech were impaired. He lost strength and movement in the right side of his body. His behavior became erratic. In an interview with Governor Bibb Graves who was considering the boys release, he was prompted by the Governor, "Tell me only what you want." Powell retorted "I don't want to say nothing to you."(2) Powell was then denied clemency.

Powell was 16 years old at the time of his arrest in Paint Rock. An IQ test indicated that he had the mental acuity of a nine-year old. He had received only three months of formal schooling.

He was finally paroled in 1946. He is believed to have died in Atlanta in 1974.

1. Carter, p. 350
2. Goodman, p. 323

Roy (Arthur LeRoy) Wright

The plight of none of the Scottsboro Boys was more pitiable than that of Roy Wright.

Only 13 years old when pulled from the train in Paint Rock in 1931, he was away from his Chattanooga home for the first time in his life. Roy was accompanying his brother and Chattanooga friends Haywood Patterson and Eugene Williams on the Memphis-bound freight to look for work. He had left without informing his mother, Ada Wright, whose devotion to her son and his brother, Andy, (also one of the nine Scottsboro Boys), would be proved through her letters and her activism throughout the boys' tribulations.

At Haywood Patterson's Scottsboro trial, Roy cemented the public's and juries' worst misgivings when he testified that he'd seen Price and Bates on the train and witnessed "nine negroes down there with them. I saw all of them have intercourse with them. I saw all of them have intercourse. I saw that with my own eyes." (1) Roy Wright was the second of the defendants to state that he had witnessed rapes, preceded by Clarence Norris who had testified in the earlier during his own joint trial with Charlie Weems. While implicating others, Wright denied that he or any of his three Chattanooga companions took part in the assault.

In a subsequent interview with a New York Times reporter two years later, Roy Wright said he remembered very little

of his testimony in Scottsboro, so little in fact that he was certain he'd been tried only because because he was aware that Supreme Court had ordered his conviction overturned. He stated that during a recess in Haywood Patterson's trial in Scottsboro, a deputy took him to an anteroom off the courtroom and "whipped me and it seems like they was going to kill me. All the time they kept saying, 'Now will you tell?' and finally it seemed like I couldn't stand it no more and I said yes." (2) While in custody in the Jackson County jail, he had been stabbed in the cheek with a bayonet.

Roy Wright was released in 1937 under the condition he leave Alabama and vow never to return. His attorney, Samuel Liebowitz, accompanied Roy and three others released the same day to New York, where he and the other boys were greeted by throngs of people, and he was featured at a Scottsboro Defense Committee gathering that drew 4,500.

During the 1950's, Roy visited on occasion with co-defendants Clarence Norris and his brother Andy who lived in Connecticut. He completed school, served in the army, and married. He pursued a successful career as a merchant marine following his military service.

Returning home from time at sea in 1959, he discovered that his 36-year old wife, Kathleen, had been unfaithful to him. He shot her before killing himself at his apartment at 2235 Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. (3)

He is buried in a neglected cemetery in Chattanooga under a military headstone. The unmarked grave of his brother, Scottsboro co-defendant Andy Wright, is adjacent.

1) Goodman, p. 15
2) Goodman, p. 97
3) *The New York Times*, August 18, 1959.

Willie Roberson

To any impartial jury member, Willie Roberson's guilt would be the most difficult to rationalize. He was ravaged by syphilis and gonorrhea. He had sought treatment at Henry Grady Hospital in Atlanta. He was turned away from Grady, being told that he was ineligible because he was not a Georgia resident. On the day of his arrest in Paint Rock, he was making his way to Memphis where he'd lived for several months previously, hoping he might be eligible to receive treatment there.

Roberson's childhood had been disrupted by several losses. His father had abandoned the family at his birth. His mother had died when he was two. He was reared by his grandmother until her death in 1930. After a brief stint of living with his aunt in Columbus, GA, he was turned out of her house at age 15 to make his own way, and he relocated temporarily in Memphis.

He had received as many years of education as any of the boys, but was limited in his verbal skills and literacy by an IQ of 64.(1) As a result of his unkempt appearance and his difficulty speaking, he drew derision from the press and spectators, and he was labeled with various derisive racial slurs.

When pulled from the train in Paint Rock, Roberson was relying on a cane to walk. He was told by deputies to discard the cane and made to hobble when tied to the other defendants with plow line for their journey back to Scottsboro. He was in constant pain during his incarceration and often sobbed in his cell during the two years that his condition went untreated.

Dr. R.R. Bridges, the chief medical officer in Jackson County, testified that Roberson was suffering from venereal diseases to such an extent that "it would have been very painful for him to commit the crime," and he added that Roberson "would not have had any inclination to commit it." By his own admission, Roberson had "sores all over this privates."(2) Roberson's difficulty in walking made it unlikely that he could have vaulted over the sides of a gondola car, participated in a fight, and taken the active role in the rape that Victoria Price ascribed to him. (3) Nevertheless, he was found guilty and sentenced to death.

He was among the four Scottsboro Boys released in 1937 and who accompanied their attorney, Samuel Liebowitz, to New York City. By then, he'd regained some measure of his health and participated in the speaking engagements and vaudeville shows choreographed for the boys.

In 1959, freed codefendants Clarence Norris and Olen Montgomery went to Brooklyn to visit Roberson at his home, only to discover that he had died the previous week from an asthma attack.(4)

1) Goodman, p. 276
2) Carter, p. 221
3) Carter, p. 221
4) Goodman, p. 384

David Bradford

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1935 wire service photo of the second grand jury in Scottsboro to indict the Scottsboro Boys following the 1935 Supreme Court ruling. Caption reads: (3ax) Scottsboro, Ala., Nov. 14—Jury with Negro on It re-Indicts Scottsboro Case Defendants. A county grand jury with one negro, Creed Conyer (upper left) on it, returned 18 new indictments here charging the nine Negro defendants in the Scottsboro case with attacking two while women. A supreme court decision upholding a defense contention that Negroes had been excluded from juries connect with the case necessitates the new inquiry. J. Wiley Whitaker (third from left in front row) was foreman of the grand just which is shown after it met. (EKB 51130) Taking this case to the Supreme Court left the county near bankruptcy. (*Progressive Age*, February 28, 1935)

A Brief Overview of Legal Proceedings in Scottsboro

Note: These are all the known photos of Scottsboro taken during the Scottsboro trials. The source of most of these photos is unknown, but they are not found in contemporary newspaper accounts.

March 25, 1931: At two in the afternoon, nine Black youths and two White women were pulled from a freight train in Paint Rock, just short of the Madison County line. The impromptu posse, led by Deputy Sheriff Charlie Latham, had been alerted by Jackson County Sheriff Matt Wann who was responding to a complaint from White youths who reported in Stevenson that they'd been thrown from the train after an altercation with the Blacks. As the hobos milled around after being pulled from the train, one of the women, Ruby Bates, approached deputies to say she and her friend, Victoria Price, had been raped. Tied together with plow line, the boys were transported to Scottsboro on a flatbed truck. The boys were originally given to believe that the charges against them were assault and attempt to murder. It was not until later in the day that they were brought from their cells, lined up against a wall, and were scrutinized by the two women who were asked to identify the men who had "had them." By late afternoon, a hostile crowd gathered around the county jail, and Sheriff Wann deputized 12 local citizens to aid him in protecting the boys from being abducted and lynched. At 8:30, Sheriff Wann decided to move the boys to Etowah for their protection, but found that the battery cables of the patrol cars had been cut. He then called Alabama Governor Benjamin Meeks Miller for help in keeping the peace. Governor Miller deployed the National Guard unit out of Guntersville to come to Wann's aid. By the time the 25 guardsmen arrived in Scottsboro around midnight, most of the crowd had dispersed.

April 6-7, 1931: Twelve days after their arrest, the trials began in Scottsboro. In the interim, Judge Alfred E. Hawkins and Circuit Solicitor received indictments from the grand jury that had been called into special session on March 30 for the sole purpose of reviewing the boys' cases. Hawkins assigned all seven members of the Scottsboro bar to the case. All but one withdrew. Only Milo Moody was left to

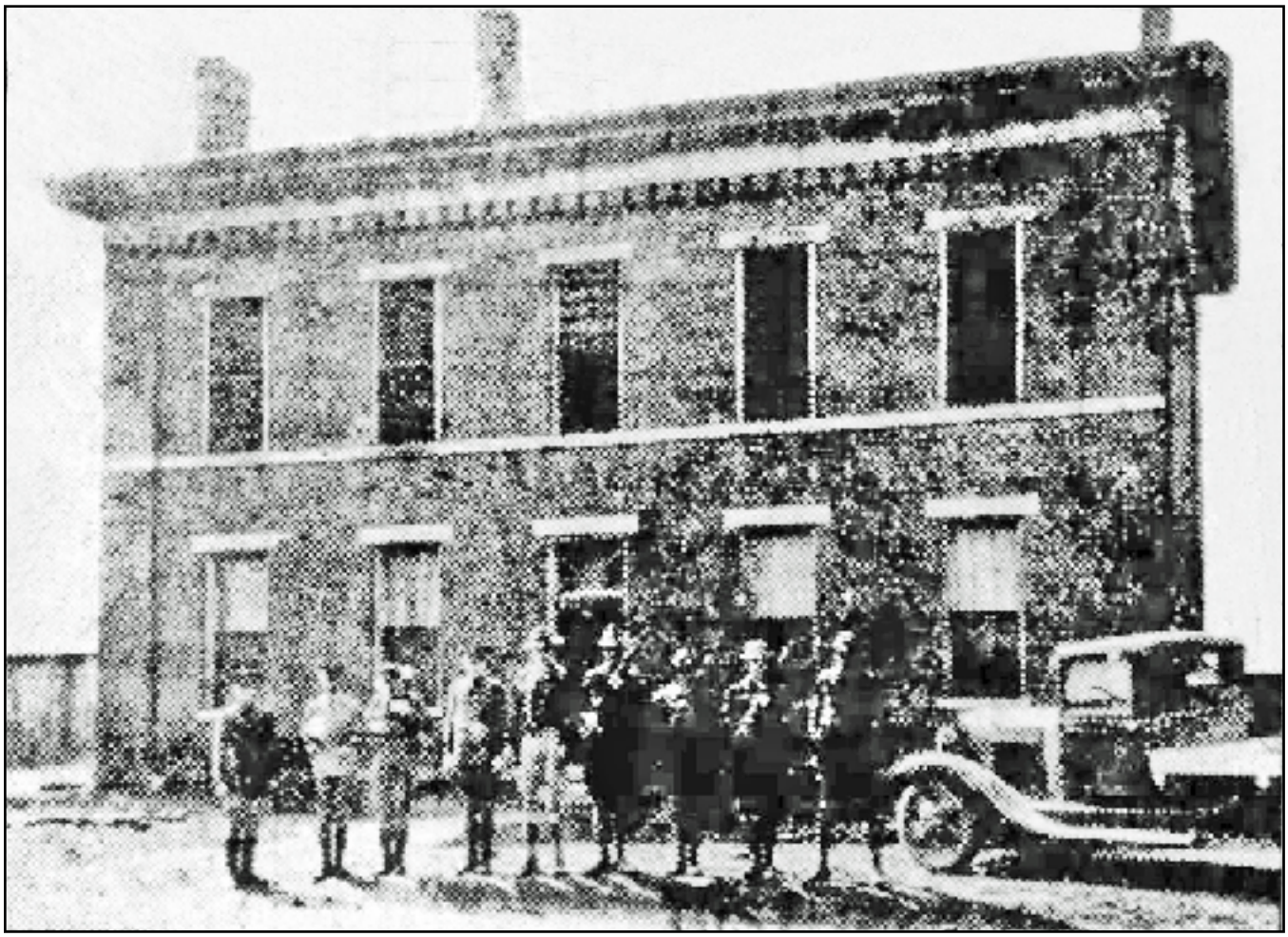
Photo taken from the second story of the Scottsboro Hardware building or First Nation Bank building looking south toward the courthouse square.

mount a defense. A Chattanooga contingent raised $50.08 to retain a lawyer and hired Stephen R. Roddy, a Chattanooga attorney, to aid in the defense. Although the state had hoped to try the nine boys at once, the prosecution finally decided to hold four separate trials. In front of Judge Hawkins, Roddy lost his resolve and declined to confirm that he was serving as counsel for the boys. The trial of Clarence Norris and Charlie Weems proceeded despite both defense attorneys admitting that they were not prepared. Surprisingly, Clarence Norris told the court that he had witnessed the rapes, saying "they all raped her, every one of them." One hour after Judge Hawkins charged the jury in the Norris/Weems case, the trial of Haywood Patterson began. Early in Patterson's trial, the Norris/Weems jury returned a verdict of guilty against both defendants and invoked the death penalty.

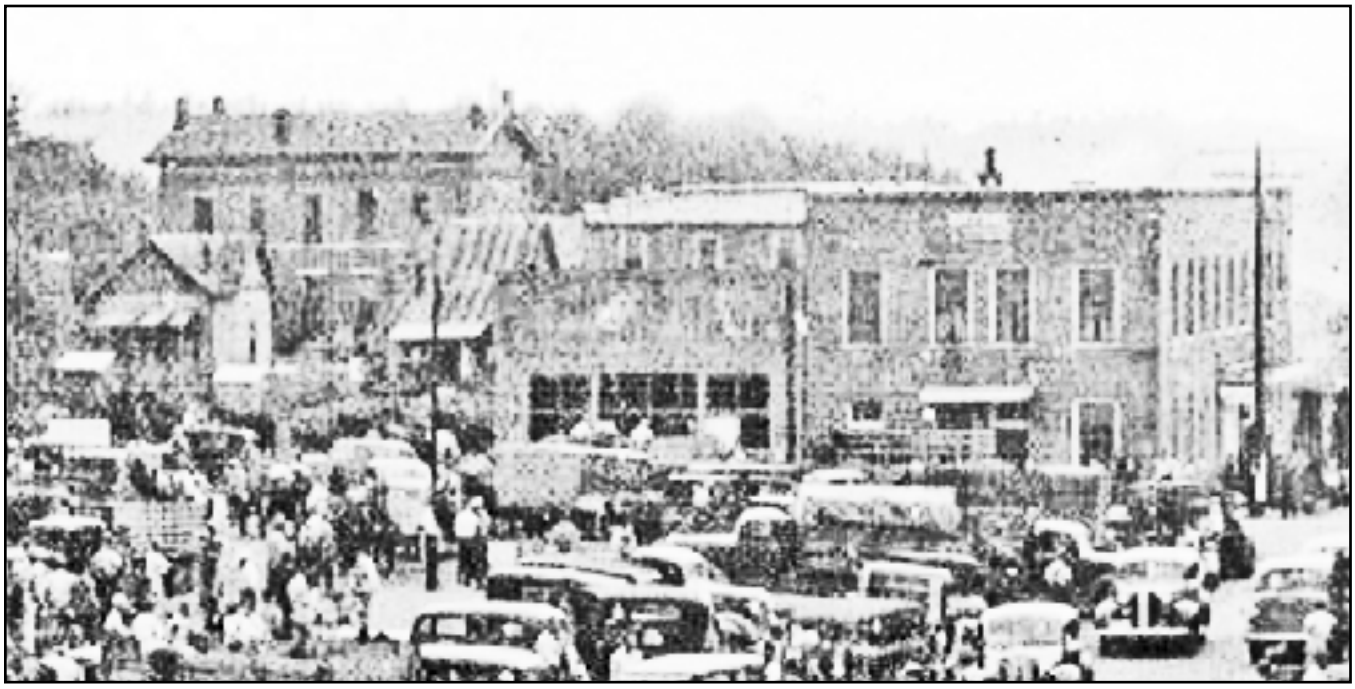
April 7-8, 1931: Haywood Patterson was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. The testimony offered by Victoria Price was more graphic and dramatic than at the first trial. The testimony of Ruby Bates remained tentative and uncertain. Dr. Marvin Lynch, who had testified at the first trial, was not called to the stand for Patterson's trial. The prosecution believed that Dr. Lynch's testimony did not convincingly support the charges of assault and rape. Patterson's case was marred by Roy Wright claiming he had witnessed the rapes, claiming that he alone had not participated. Later, Wright would say he was beaten by deputies in a courtroom anteroom and forced to lie. The jury deliberated for 20 minutes before returning Patterson's death penalty.

April 8-9, 1931: Within fifteen minutes of the jury being charged in Haywood Patterson's case, Olen Montgomery, Ozie Powell, Willie Roberson, Eugene Williams, and Andy Wright were tried together, found guilty, and sentenced to death. They were clustered together because they were thought to be the most difficult to convict: all five had remained steadfast in their stories and were unshaken under examination by the prosecution. The defense in previous cases had been undercut by three of the defendants—Norris, Patterson, and Roy Wright—who testified that they'd witness other of the boys commit the rapes. Faced with such an obstacle, the defense attorneys had declined to make any closing arguments in any of the trials.

Photo taken from the north side of the square looking southwest, perhaps from the Bocanita third-floor windows.



Only known photo of the old Jackson County jail that sat on the hill on Appletree Street, to the left of the Drug Court Garden. Photo from the Chattanooga Daily Times, March 21, 1931, page 8. Original caption read: "Jail at Scottsboro where the Negroes were imprisoned and which Jackson County officers feared would be stormed by a mob of 300 persons is shown above, with a squadron of guardsmen on duty." No ID were provided"



Mid 1930s photo taken by Thomas Shipp showing the front of the 1869 Jackson County jail. Guardsmen in photo above shows the back of this building.

April 9, 1931: The trial of 13-year-old Roy Wright ended in a mistrial when jurors could not agree on whether to levy the death penalty. The remaining eight defendants stood before Judge Hawkins to receive their sentences. This marked the first time Judge Hawkins had administered the death penalty in his five years on the bench. The date of executions was set for July 10. Stays of execution were issued only 72 hours from the designated date, pending the resolution of appeals.

June 5, 1931: Judge Hawkins heard motions for new trials in Fort Payne. Represented by lawyers from both the NAACP and the International Labor Defense (ILD). The lawyers contend that the vociferous mobs at the Scottsboro trials denied the defendants of their rights to a fair trial. The moral character of Ruby Bates and Victoria Price, never effectively addressed in Scottsboro, was called into question in affidavits presented to Judge Hawkins. The affidavits alleged prostitution and biracial relationships by the two accusers. Hawkins denied the motion for new trials.

June 27, 1932: The US Supreme Court agreed to hear an appeal of the Patterson convictions after the Alabama Supreme Court had confirmed the convictions of seven defendants and reversed the conviction of Eugene Williams on the basis of his being a juvenile at the time of his conviction. In the majority opinion rendered by the US Supreme Court, Justice George Sutherland stated that Judge Hawkins' naming all the Scottsboro bar as responsible for the boys' defense was too vague to ensure proper protection under the law. The cases were reversed and returned to a lower court.

March 7, 1933: Judge Hawkins agreed to a change of venue for new trials of the Scottsboro Boys. The first of the trials would open on March 27 in Decatur, presided over by Judge James Edwin Horton, Jr.

Photo taken from the south side of the square at approximately the position of old City Hall.

Only known photo taken inside the courtroom during one of the Scottsboro trials. The man in the foreground in Probate Judge James Money. Other participants unidentified. Photo from the Kennamer family.

Photo taken from the north west side of the square looking nearly due east.

Photo taken from the north side of the square looking southwest, The large bungalow house in the center of this photo belonged to Scottsboro Boys local lawyer Milo Moody.

Scottsboro Heroes

Here are a few men whose actions were particularly admirable during the Scottsboro Boys trials.

Creed Conyers (1879-1957): The first Black jury member in Alabama history, and the Black man added to the grand jury in Jackson County in 1935 as result of the Supreme Court decision. He was the son of Rand and Caldonia Conyers. He married Mary Ryan in Paint Rock in 1899. He and Mary had at least two children. He owned his farm in Paint Rock. In 1940, it was valued at $250. According to the November 13, 1935 *Huntsville Times,* Conyers was one of 18 members drawn from a pool of 35 for service on the grand jury organized in Scottsboro to re-investigate the Scottsboro case. One other Black juror, Bird Hill of Bridgeport, was excused because of his age. "Conyers is chairman of the board of trustees of the negro school at Paint Rock," the paper explained.

Dr. Marvin Lynch (1903-1975): Dr. Marvin Lynch had finished medical school in Charleston in 1928 and moved here to Scottsboro in 1929 to serve as assistant public health officer for the county. He was the junior doctor in town at that time, subordinate to Dr. Robert Bridges, the chief medical examiner. His tenure was fairly uneventful until March 25, 1931, when the sheriff brought Ruby Bates and Victoria Price to him to be examined, the two women who had been pulled from a train in Paint Rock and claimed they had been raped. Dr. Lynch was charged with examining them for forensic evidence. He found absolutely no physical evidence of any assault. The two women were in good spirits when he examined them. When he asked them for reassurance that they'd in fact been raped, they burst out laughing. Dr. Lynch testified at the first of Scottsboro trials. When the defendants were granted new trials in Decatur, the county's chief medical examiner, Dr. Robert Bridges, testified first. He told pretty much the same story he had told in Scottsboro, that the women showed no signs of being violated. When the prosecution understood that the doctors were not going to do much to incriminate the boys, they excused Lynch from testifying, saying his testimony would just be a repeat of Dr. Bridges'. Lynch asked for a private audience with the presiding judge, Judge Horton. They met in the men's room at the courthouse while a bailiff stood at the door, and Lynch 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?" Lynch 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." When the jury returned a guilty verdict once again, Judge Horton set the verdict aside and ordered new trials. Dan Carter called Lynch's decision to come forward to Judge Horton "courageous."

James Morgan Money (1881-1961) was probate judge in Jackson County between 1926 and 1937 during the Scottsboro Boys trials. When the mob threatened the Scottsboro Boys as they were being held in the Jackson County jail, Judge Money called the governor and had the National Guard deployed to Jackson County to protect the defendants and control potential mob violence.

He also sat with Sheriff Matt Wann and Deputy Dicus in the front office of the jail, stating that no one was going to be lynched on his watch. Judge Money was born November 22, 1881, the son of Joseph Lunsford Money and Lucy Ann Payne. He grew up in the Paint Rock Valley and was educated in the area's public schools. He married Mattie Robinson in 1903 and settled in Scottsboro. They were the parents of nine children. Though the Cumberland Road and Skyline Farms are the accomplishments he is most remembered for, Judge Money also built the Hotel Scottsboro and a rooming house for Scottsboro people who worked at the munitions plant in Childersburg during World War II.

Milo Moody (1861-1948): Milo Moody had a long history of service to Jackson County before, as a man of 70, he was asked to defend the Scottsboro Boys. In 1896-97, Moody served as constable, and in 1897 as tax commissioner, and in 1898 as the Jackson County delegate to the Alabama Legislature, the same year he was admitted to the bar in Scottsboro. In 1901, he was elected to the constitutional convention. While in the legislature, he and Calvin Rousseau introduced what is believed to be the first act to use bonds for the building of roads in the state, in fact, in any state. But he is best remembered as the elderly attorney assigned to defend the Scottsboro Boys in the first trial, held in Scottsboro. Seven members of the Scottsboro bar had been assigned to represent the Scottsboro boys, but one by one they found excuses to withdraw. Dan Carter in his book *Scottsboro* noted that "He [Moody] did have something of a reputation as a man who would defend unpopular ideas." Moody was aided in his defense by Chattanooga attorney Stephen R. Roddy, who was hired with money raised by the African American community.

Matt Wann (1876-1932): During a lonely overnight vigil the evening of March 25, 1931, Jackson County Sheriff Matt Wann faced down a lynch mob in front of the county jail, in order to protect the Scottsboro Boys. He had arrested the nine youths earlier in the day. His actions that night are commonly believed to have inspired the scene where Atticus Finch makes a similar stand in "To Kill A Mockingbird." One account states that the phone lines to the jail had been cut and the tires of cars in which the nine defendants were to be transported to another town had been slashed. The mob demanded that the prisoners be turned over and prepared to storm the jail. Wann put his deputies in charge of the jail, removed his pistol, and with only the badge on his chest to protect him, walked into and through the mob to the nearest phone, and no one touched him. Many speculate that Wann's jailhouse defense cost him his life. He was murdered one year later under extremely unusual circumstances. Current speculation is that his murder resulted from a conspiracy between his law enforcement colleagues and the KKK in retaliation for his single-minded determination to see justice served for his prisoners. The Scottsboro Boys thrust Wann, a former farmer and merchant, into a nightmarish situation. He pulled the nine young men from a train just yards from the edge of his jurisdiction. "A little further, and they'd have been known as 'The Huntsville Boys'," Wann is credited with saying.

The Woman Who Knew Too Much

Two months after the Scottsboro Boys were pulled from the train, the ACLU dispatched a free lance investigator to Scottsboro to examine the issues, presumably with an eye to aiding in the defense of the nine. The woman proved to be irascible and fearless in collecting information for her report, gaining audiences with Judge Alfred Hawkins, Doctor R.R. Bridges, Mayor John Snodgrass and Sheriff Matt Wann. She also interviewed Ruby Bates and Victoria Price. Unaffected by Southern biases, she uncovered the truth years before the public would acknowledge the factors that led to injustice in the proceedings. She was subsequently rebuffed by the ACLU, whose leadership found her observations too inflammatory.

Hollace Ransdall, 37, stepped off the train in Scottsboro one May morning two months after the arrest of the Scottsboro Boys and stirred things up with what was perceived as her audaciousness and impertinence. A meeting that she arranged with Judge Hawkins, Dr. Bridges, Mayor John Snodgrass, and Sheriff Wann ended with her being told "Well, you are a very foolish woman. We advise you to get out of town. We won't be responsible for your safety if you're not out of town in the next hour."

Hollace Vivian Ransdall, College Graduation 1916

"They offered to take me down to the train and put me on the train. I said no, I could take care of myself, thank you. So I strolled through the streets. The people were very nice. Scottsboro is a lovely little town. The people on the street would speak to me. Friendly little Southern town. They'd say 'howdy' when they'd pass me. I'd say 'howdy'." (1)

By evening of the same day, Ransdall was on the train to Huntsville where she would display equal boldness in approaching Ruby Bates and Victoria Price in their homes, the first interviewer other than the press or legal representatives to do so.

The Scottsboro interview was apparently organized on the strength of Ransdall's affiliation with the ACLU, an organization whose focus was not entirely clear to Scottsboro town leaders. "We're very surprised. We'd like to know what organization sent you down here. No respectable organization would send a white woman down to ask about a lot of [negroes]," she was told by one of the attendees. (2)

"That was their attitude, you see. That I wasn't respectable. There was something wrong. I must be straight from Moscow or something like that. And they were puzzled because I didn't look like somebody from Moscow. I didn't act like I had a bomb in my pocket. I looked like a harmless little school teacher." (3)

She stated that of all the attendees—the judge, the sheriff, the mayor, and the doctor—it was Doctor Bridges who was the most forthcoming in answering her questions. She attributed his favor to the fact that she'd been recommended to him by prominent social services personnel in Montgomery and Birmingham who were mutual acquaintances.

It was those contacts with social services that gained her entry into the homes of Ruby Bates and Victoria Price. She was referred to social services in Huntsville by Ruth Scandrew, a child welfare administrator in

Montgomery. On the strength of Scandrew's vouching for her, a social services representative led her to the women's houses, introduced her, and then left her to do the interviews on her own. Ransdall never disabused the women of the assumption that she was a social services representative. Ransdall said of Scandrew's involvement, "She was a good sport. She never blamed me for this. I could have gotten her in a lot of trouble, you know." (4)

She was touched by Ruby Bates's naiveté. "She was a scared little girl, Ruby was. She was only about 18 years old ..... I asked her questions, if the Negroes harmed her. And she said, 'no, no, we just had a fight.' The [law enforcement officials] told her what to say. She had been primed, what to say in court." (5)

"The only strong feeling that Ruby showed about the case was not directed at the Negroes. It was against Victoria Price that Ruby expressed deep and bitter resentment. For Victoria captured the show for herself and pushed Ruby into the background." (6)

Ransdall got no admission from Victoria Price that the charges against the boys were fabricated. Ransdall says of Price, "Her age was variously reported in Scottsboro as 19, 20, and 21. Her mother gave it as 24, and neighbors and social workers said she was 27." (7) She denied making money outside her mill job or having sexual relations with anyone other than her "husbands," but her reputation as a prostitute was well established in Huntsville and in Chattanooga. One social worker told Ransdall that county law enforcement said "He didn't bother Victoria, although he knew her trade, because she was a 'quiet prostitute, and didn't got rarin' around cuttin' up in the public and walkin' the streets...but just took men quiet-like'."(8)

Ransdall was impressed by Price's exuberance and energy. "The attention which has come to her from the case has clearly delighted her. She talks of it with zest, slipping in many vivid and earthy phrases. Details spoken of in the local press and 'unprintable' or 'unspeakable' she gives off-hand in her usual chatty manner, quite unabashed by their significance. Like Ruby, Victoria spits snuff with wonderful aim." (9)

A neighbor described Price as a "bad one," having caused "scrapes" between married couples, one of which necessitated Price leaving town under a death threat from a wronged woman. The same neighbor also charged that "Victoria's mother was as notorious for her promiscuity in her day as Victoria is now." (10)

Ransdall's revelation of the women's characters was especially significant because it emboldened an approach that had been denied the defense: making the women's characters a central issue in the case. As long as the women remained unquestioned examples of Southern womanhood, the issues involved were almost literally black and white.

In the Scottsboro trials and in a Fort Payne hearing for new trials, Judge Hawkins continued to disallow any inquiries into the reputations and alleged promiscuity of Bates and Price. Most notably, Hawkins refused to review affidavits from independent investigators that revealed the sexual indiscretions of the women, most damning of which would have been charges that the women were indiscriminate in what race they engaged in sex with. An affidavit from a Chattanooga resident said he'd seen Price "embracing negro men in dances in negro houses" and heard her speak 'in the most foul and vulgar language and ask colored men the size of [their] privates." (11)

Clearly impassioned by her findings and what they might mean to the case presented by the defense, Ransdall took her findings to an ACLU-retained lawyer in Birmingham. "He listened to me for about a half an hour and I told him the whole story. He didn't say a word.... And then he got up and went to the door and opened it and he said 'Get out. I order you out of my office. You're not respectable. No white woman with any respect would ever come down here and ask questions like that about [Negroes]'."(12)

Her reception from the ACLU leadership was no warmer. "They didn't quite believe me. This was such a spectacular story.... They didn't even want to publish [the report], you see." (13) Finally, a generous ACLU contributor, "this lovely Quaker lady," Anna Davis, insisted that the report be published. The ACLU

grudgingly mimeographed the report, filed it away, and refused to distribute it. The piece was subsequently acquired by *Graphic* magazine and given nationwide distribution.

Ransdall was fairly brutal in some of her conclusions. "Strolling around [Scottsboro], it is hard to conceive that anything but kindly feelings and gentle manner toward all mankind can stir the hearts of the citizens of Scottsboro. It comes as a shock, therefore, to see these pleasant faces stiffen, these laughing mouths grown narrow and sinister, those soft eyes become cold and [hard] because the question was mentioned of a fair trial for nine young Negroes terrified and quite alone.... To see these men and women transformed by the blind, unreasoning antipathy ... was a sight to make one untouched by the spell of violent prejudice shrink." (14)

"They were very nice people," she commented in an interview, "but they were just plain. Their minds were just poisoned on [race]. Well, I didn't know this when I went ... there. This was an education. More education than I ever got in all my eight years of college." (15)

Hollace Ransdall was fearless, impossible to intimidate, and perhaps impetuous in her dealings with representatives of both sides of the case: the Scottsboro officials and the two accusers. Her prose crackles with her energy, self-confidence, and indignation. Her work has received too little recognition for the role it eventually played in unravelling the painful, prolonged ordeal of the Scottsboro Boys.

David Bradford

Footnotes:

1) Ransdall, Hollace with Mary Frederickson, Interview with Hollace Ransdall, The Southern Oral History Program, The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, November 6, 1974. p. 15.
2) Interview, p.12.
3) Interview, p.12.
4) Interview, p. 17.
5) Interview, p. 18.
6) Ransdall, Hollace. Report on the Scottsboro, ALA Case. Submitted to the ACLU, May 27, 1931, p. 9.
7) ACLU Report, p. 10.
8) ACLU Report, p. 10.
9) ACLU Report, p. 10.
10) ACLU Report, pp. 10-11.
11) Carter, Dan T., Scottsboro: A Tragedy of the American South (revised edition), Louisiana State University Press, 1969, 1979, p. 78.
12) Interview, p. 19.
13) Interview, p. 19.
14) ACLU Report, p. 11.
15) Interview p. 16.

Biographical notes:

—Hollace Vivian "Holly" Ransdall was born in 1894 in Colorado Springs, CO. She completed a liberal arts degree at Colorado College before moving to Chicago to take classes at The University of Chicago and to work as a secretary. There, in 1917, she married Carl Ditmar whose acquaintance she'd made in Colorado Springs during their school years. He was killed the following year on a French battlefield. Following his death, she moved to Manhattan where she studied for one year at Columbia University's School of Journalism. She transferred out of journalism and earned a Master's Degree in Economics from Columbia. She died at the age of 89 in Solebury, PA. To the end, she was a restless activist and advocate for marginalized people, particularly those involved in the labor movement. She never remarried, and her constant movement resulted in her appearing in only one US census: in 1940, she is listed as a resident of Washington DC with an "inferred" address of Solebury, PA.

—The correct spelling of Hollace Ransdall's last name is ambiguous. She is identified as "Rensdell" in official documents such as the Social Security Death Index, the census of 1940, and her marriage license. I've opted to go with "Ransdall," however, given that in the documents over which she presumably had personal control—her ACLU report and the interview with the Southern Oral History Program—she identifies herself as "Ransdall."

Jackson County's Monolith in the National Peace and Justice Memorial

The National Memorial for Peace and Justice in Montgomery opened in doors in April 2018 to much fanfare and national attention.

The main part of the memorial consists of 805 hanging steel rectangles, the size and shape of coffins. These name and represent each of the counties (and their states) where documented lynchings took place in the United States. The names and dates of the victims are engraved on the panels.

The data on which the monument is based was compiled in the Equal Justice Initiative (EJI) study, *Lynching in America: Confronting the Legacy of Racial Terror* (2017, 3rd edition).(1)

Jackson County's monolith in the National Peace and Justice Memorial. Photo by John Graham.

More than 4075 documented lynchings of African Americans took place between 1877 and 1950, concentrated in 12 Southern states. The EJI has published supplementary information about lynchings in several states outside the South. The monument is the first major work in the nation to name and honor these victims.

The memorial is located on a six-acre site atop a rise overlooking Montgomery. Known informally as "the national lynching memorial," it is described as "a sacred space for truth-telling and reflection about racial terror in America and its legacy."(2)

When the memorial opened, the *Washington Post* called it "one of the most powerful and effective new memorials created in a generation. . . . [T]his ambitious project will force America to confront not only its wretched history of lynching and racial terror, but also an ongoing legacy of fear and trauma that stretches unbroken from the days of slavery to the Black Lives Matter movement of today."(3)

Following the arrest of the Scottsboro Boys, local law enforcement did their best to avoid mob justice, moving prisoners to more secure facilities and defending them against lynch mobs (see "Local Heroes"). The history of lynchings in the south and the impact the practice had on the Scottsboro Boys trial was reviewed effectively by Michael J. Karman in the 2009 *Marquette Law Review*.(4) His literature review at the opening of this article is reproduced below.

A decade or two earlier [before the 1931 Scottsboro Boys incident], black men charged with raping white women under similar circumstances might well have been executed without trial. Lynchings in the South peaked in the late 1880s and early 1890s, when well over a hundred were reported annually and in some years over two hundred. Most lynchings occurred in response to allegations of crime—usually murder or rape—though occasionally the alleged —offense was as minor as breach of racial etiquette or general uppityness. Prior to World War I, lynchings typically enjoyed the support of local communities; efforts to prosecute even known lynchers were rare, and convictions were virtually nonexistent.(5)

By 1930, however, the number of reported lynchings had declined dramatically—from an average of 187.5 per year in the 1890s to 16.8 in the later years of the 1920s.(6) This decline was attributable to many factors, including the possibility of federal anti-lynching legislation, the diminishing insularity of the South, more professional law enforcement, and better education. (7) But the decline in lynchings probably also depended on their replacement with speedy trials that reliably produced guilty verdicts, death sentences, and rapid executions.(8) Some jurisdictions actually enacted laws designed to prevent lynchings by providing for special terms of court to convene within days of alleged rapes and other incendiary crimes.(9) In many instances, law enforcement officers explicitly promised would-be lynch

mobs that black defendants would be quickly tried and executed if the mob desisted, and prosecutors appealed to juries to convict in order to reward mobs for good behavior and thus encourage similar restraint in the future.(10)

In such cases, guilt or innocence usually mattered little. As one white southerner candidly remarked in 1933, —If a white woman is prepared to swear that a Negro either raped or attempted to rape her, we see to it that the Negro is executed. (11) Prevailing racial norms did not permit white jurors to believe a black man's word over that of a white woman; prevailing gender norms did not allow defense counsel to closely interrogate a white woman about allegations involving sex. As one contemporary southern newspaper observed, the honor of a white woman was more important than the life of a black man.(12)

On June 17, 1909, just after the Andy Diggs lynching, *The Scottsboro Citizen* reprinted this statement from the *Birmingham Age-Herald,* "The national games are baseball, lynching, and bridge whist. It is nip and tuck between the two last named as after-dark amusements."

"Lynchings had been slowly, though not steadily, declining since the blood summer that followed the end of the First World War. There were ten recorded lynchings in 1929 and twenty-one in 1930 (out of thirty-seven and sixty-one attempts, respectively)," James Goodman wrote in his 1994 volume *Stories of Scottsboro*. (13) "In 1919 there had been eighty-three. In 1931, advocates and apologists had lost the support of most newspaper editors and many politicians. Since the decline of the Ku Klux Klan in the mid 1920s, they had not organized in any significant way. Yet those who still believed in lynching had more than history on their side. They also had numbers, in Alabama and all over the South." (14)

It is significant that no successful legislation was passed to discourage lynchings and define punishments for those involved. "Between 1882 and 1968, nearly 200 anti-lynching bills were introduced in Congress, and seven U.S. presidents between 1890 and 1952 asked Congress to pass a federal anti-lynching law....Anti-lynching bills came and went through the years, but none ever passed Congress and went to a president's desk. Even as we enter the second decade of the twenty-first century, Congress has still never passed an anti-lynching law." (15)

There have been three anti-lynching bills introduced in the U.S. Congress. The Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill was introduced by Missouri Republican Leonidas C. Dyer on April 8, 1918. His proposed legislation made lynching a federal felony and gave the U.S. government the power to prosecute those accused of lynching. It called for a maximum of five years in prison, a $5,000 fine, or both for any state or city official who had the power to protect someone from lynching but failed to do so or who had the power to prosecute accused lynchers but did not; a minimum of five years in prison for anyone who participated in a lynching; and a $10,000 fine on the county in which a lynching took place. Those funds would be turned over to the victim's family. The Dyer bill also permitted the prosecution of law enforcement officials who failed to equally protect all citizens. White southern Democrats opposed the bill, and it went nowhere.

In 1920, the Republican Party included a brief endorsement of anti-lynching legislation in the platform on which Warren G. Harding was elected. Dyer unsuccessfully re-introduced his bill in 1920, with President Harding's support. On January 26, 1922, the U.S. House of Representatives successfully passed the Dyer bill and sent it to the Senate. But it failed in the Senate as southerners filibustered it. Dyer introduced his bill before Congress in 1923 and again in 1924, but southerners continued to block it.

The second anti-lynching bill was the Costigan-Wagner Bill of 1934. It was co-sponsored by Senators Edward P. Costigan of Colorado and Robert F. Wagner of New York—both Democrats. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, also a Democrat, was hesitant to support this bill, primarily due to the provision it included that allowed for punishment of sheriffs who failed to protect prisoners from lynch mobs. FDR feared that support of this bill would cost him votes in the 1936 election. This turned out to be a moot point because southern Democrats in the Senate blocked the bill's passage.

The third attempt at passing anti-lynching legislation is still on the books. "The Victims of Lynching Act of 2018" was introduced in June 2018, nearly a year after the August 2017 racial violence in Charlottesville, Virginia, by three African American members of the United States Senate: Senators Kamala Harris (D-

Calif.), Cory Booker (D-N.J.), and Tim Scott (R-S.C.). The bill was largely symbolic, aimed at recognizing governmental failures to prevent lynchings in the United States. It unanimously passed the U.S. Senate on December 19, 2018 but died in the House of Representatives because it did not pass the House before the 115th Congress ended January 3, 2019. The text of this bill is found here: https://www.congress.gov/bill/115th-congress/senate-bill/3178/text/es?format=txt

Jackson County's monolith in Montgomery calls out three cases. Only one was an actual lynching; in one a prisoner was shot through the bars; in the third case, the disposition, even the name of the accused, are not clear. The results are always the same. The crime is investigated and members of the mob are charged. A grand jury is convened but no prosecutions ever took place. This is the tragedy of lynching. The mob that commits the act does not consider it a crime.

The three cases are summarized in the sections that follow. The articles that follow speak for themselves. They are the contemporary accounts of the three Jackson County cases called out on the Montgomery memorial.

John Smith: The March 13, 1897 Attempted Rape of Mrs. Holder of Fackler

On the evening of March 13, 1897, a large African-American man named John Smith was being held in the Jackson County Jail. He had been moved to this jail from out of town to await trial the next day. He was charged with the attempted rape of a Mrs. Holder in Fackler. Twenty years in the penitentiary would have been the highest penalty.

The mob entered the Jackson County Jail about 2 a.m. on March 13, 1897. Thomas as the sheriff also served as the jailer. He and his family were sleeping in their beds in the jailer's apartment when the attack occurred.

No further information beyond the facts of this case as reported in the newspaper can be determined. "Holder" is a very common name in Fackler. "John Smith" cannot be identified using census records. The facts of the case are thus. John Smith was a large black man who took a position at the back of his cell and could not be moved. He was shot six times by men who used a pry bar from Goodwin's blacksmith shop to knock the jail door off its hinges.

Sheriff David A. "Dea" Thomas of Woodville. Photo from Joann Thomas.

The mob was determined to kill Smith. They had failed at two previous attempts to take Smith from lawmen and lynch him: once when he was put on the train in Fackler and again in Huntsville where he was being held for his protection. Three indictments were returned by the grand jury in October 1897 (Alex Waymire, Charles Buff, and J. D. Wheeler), but Convict Records in Ancestry shows no record of any of these men serving time.

The lawman in charge was Sheriff David A. "Dea" Thomas (1845-1954). He was the son of William Carroll Thomas and Clara Sue Kennamer, all native to Woodville and, as J. R. Kennamer described him in *The Story of Woodvill*e, as a man of varied talents. "He was a merchant, farmer, commissioner (1884-1888), Sheriff 1896 till his death in May 1900, a few months before his term expired." (16) He married Edith Jane Maples, the youngest daughter of Moses Maples, and the couple reared 13 children in Woodville. Thomas' family was sleeping in the jail the night of this mob violence, including a number of his minor children. The incident took place when Thomas was 52 years old and in his second year as sheriff.

***Scottsboro Citizen*, November 26, 1896, "Jackson County Men Want to Lynch a Negro" Tuesday's *Huntsville Mercury*, 24.**

There was a rumor, afloat last night, to the effect that a mob of Jackson county men was on the way to this city with the intention of lynching John Smith, the Negro who assaulted a white woman near Scottsboro and who was brought to Huntsville for safe keeping.

The report caused some apprehension among the officials, and the Huntsville Rifles were ordered to be in readiness to report at the armory at a moment's notice.

At midnight, Officer Overton ran upon a crowd of fifty or sixty men beneath a shed in Dilworth's lumber yard on Washington Street. He passed on as if he did not see anything but came up and reported at police headquarters.

Sheriff Fulgham prepared for any emergency. He had his deputies and the Huntsville Rifles inside the jail, making in all a force of about thirty-five armed men.

Up to the time of going to press, 2 a.m., the mob had not emerged from Dilworth's shed. The leaders found out that the jail was protected and perceptibly weakened in their desire for a hanging bee.

***Scottsboro Citizen*, March 18, 1897 TRAGEDY AT THE JAIL: A Mob Kills the Negro, John Smith. He is Shot to death in the Jail This Morning.**

A mob of men went to the county jail this (Thursday) morning at 2:30 o'clock and demanded the key from Sheriff Thomas. A number of men surrounded the jail, and several others who were unknown to the sheriff, went into his room and told him that they did not want to hurt him, but that they intended to have the negro ravisher. Mr. Thomas very firmly refused to give up the keys and hid them. They then went to Goodwin's blacksmithshop, got a sledge hammer and proceeded to the cell. They broke the bolt, and several men went inside and attempted to [take] the negro. He, being a large, stout man, backed into his narrow cell and refused to be tied. They then began firing at him with their pistols and shot him to death, four or five balls entered his body, one passing through his heart. The mob then quietly dispersed, and Sheriff Thomas had the negro's body moved into the hall, where it was viewed by a number of people this morning.

Sheriff Thomas displayed considerable nerve and bravery in refusing to give up the keys, but of course he could not prevent the killing of the negro. He had the body dressed and prepared for burial.

The entrance of the jail was effected through the kitchen window.

Smith, it will be remembered, attempted to rape Mrs. Holder, near Fackler, last fall, and was taken to Huntsville for safe keeping. It is said that a mob assembled at Fackler as the negro was being taken by on train, when he was captured, but the mob weakened and did not attempt to get him. A number of people from near Fackler also went to Huntsville on a show day last fall, but again failed to execute their plans. It is thought that they felt a little chagrined over their other efforts and were determined at all hazards to kill him this time. Their plans were to hang him, and failing to get him out of the jail they killed him in his cell. The men, before entered the cell ordered two of the negro prisoners to put Smith out and they grabbed him. Smith, however, knocked them down, so they did not attempt it again.

Sheriff Thomas said that the leaders claimed that there were 125 men in the crowd. They made no unnecessary noise and dispersed at almost 4 o'clock this morning.

Mrs. Thomas and the children went through the ordeal calmly and without any undue excitement.

The case against John Smith was set for trial today. The charge against Smith was an assault with attempt to rape, and twenty years in the penitentiary would have been the highest penalty.

Mob law should not be encouraged and the law should be allowed to take its course.

***Progressive Age* March 18,1897 Lynched! At 2:30 O'Clock This Morning a Mob Entered the Jail and Riddled John Smith's Body with Bullets—Smith (A Negro) Was to Have been Tried To-Day for an Assault on Mrs. Holder. SHERIFF THOMAS POWERLESS**

When the peaceful citizens of our community awakened this morning, the story of a lynching that had taken place while they slept quietly in their beds was quickly flashed from house to house and soon became generally known. We publish below a statement made by the sheriff, which is the best authentic account that we can obtain of the affair. It contains all the facts in the case that can be learned at this time.

The following is the statement made to our stenographer this morning by Sheriff D. A. Thomas.

I never suspected anything of the sort. I don't reckon anybody in town did. If they did they never hinted it to me. I intended to get a number of good men to-day to guard him.

I reasoned with them and did everything I could. They came here after two o'clock. Someone knocked at the hall door. I got up and went to the door opening into the hall. Very often they come there with prisoners. I said, "Who is It?" They replied: "We want John Smith." I said: "You can't get him." They said: "We have got 125 men out here and we are going to have him." I said" "You can't get him." They said: "Sheriff, we are your friends and don't want any trouble with you. We don't want to excite your family. Open up." I said: "I will never open up nor give you a key. If you come in here you will break the door down." They said: "We don't want to alarm your family." They came around and commenced coming in at the windows and dining room. The prisoners said they came through the dining room and kitchen. They came in my room and demanded the keys. I said they could not get them. They said: "We want a light." They struck a match and found a lantern hanging up. I said I did not have the keys. I told them my wife put the keys away. They went out and got the coupling-pole of a wagon and broke the locks on the doors; the wood doors that went into the cells. They said they would shoot him through the irons. I told them not to do that; they would shoot some other men. I did not want them to do that. They said they would make the negroes take him out. Two or three negroes did try to take him out. He kicked them away; kicked one of them almost double. They went down to Goodwin's shop and got a sledge hammer and broke the doors down. The prisoners said four of them went in to take the negro. He back up in the corner and they could not get to him, and they shot him there. There were four shots that I saw in him. They started down the steps. I was still in the room.

During this time I unfastened the hall door. They said sheriff you just stay in there. They then went up. They could not get to shoot him through the bars. They went down to Goodwin's shop and got a sledge hammer, and went back and broke the steeples in the cage. Three or four of them tried to tie him but could not do it so shot him there. They came down and said: Sheriff we do not want anybody else to get away. After they came down he was struggling and two went back up and shot twice more. I went up stairs as soon as they came down. I went up to take charge of the prisoners. I went in the cage. He wasn't dead yet. I told the negroes to take him out. George Paul said he could not lift one foot up he was scared so Hames says let us in there we will get him out. The white men went there and got him, put a rope around his arms and with the help of the prisoners took him out.

When the mob came, I says boys let the law take its course the trial is set for to-morrow. They said. "No, we know that the law won't hang him; if we knew it would, we would let the law take its course." I could not tell how many men were around there.

I did not know the men who came into the house. One of them was a tall man 30 to 35 years old. One of them was a small man and didn't look like, he was more than 21 years old. I didn't know either of them. The men were not disguised.

I never dreamed of anything of the sort last night. If I had I would have had the negro away. If I had ten or fifteen men there I could have kept them out.

Polk Webb was there sleeping in the house. There was just he and my family there, and prisoners. He lives in Paint Rock. He was sleeping up stairs. The prisoners knew some of them I guess.

The prisoners said this morning that John Smith said Mr. Holder didn't shoot me, and I will work for you the rest of my life;

He yelled murder twice. You could have heard him for half a mile. He begged all the time till they got in there. He had got up and put his clothes on except for one shoe. He called to a negro to give him a bunk chain. They remarked as they went down that he knocked two or three of them down.

The colored prisoners in jail were George Paul, Rufus Gear, Joe Bivins, Will Campbell, and Bud Moore.

The white prisoners were Joel Dennis, Andrew Hames, Tom Hyatt, James Dunn, John Peake, Burt Allison and James Austin.

I expect Jim Dunn and that fellow Bivins knew a good many of them. Bivins used to work with Waymyers and said he knew him as one of them.

Scottsboro Citizen, March 25, 1897

Up to yesterday evening the special grand jury had examined about forty persons as to the lynching of John Smith. Several more persons have been summoned to appear today, and the jury will probably adjourn this afternoon.

The Investigation: A special grand jury has been organized and is investing the killing of the negro, John Smith, who was shot in his cell at the jail before day last Thursday morning. This will show to the country that our court officials and best citizens were for law and order and against mob law. The investigation will be an expense to the county, as well as to some of the people in the vicinity of Fackler, and may cause a number of indictments and arrests. The majesty of the law should should be upheld, but the conviction of the guilty parties is where the trouble lies. The grand jurors are sworn to discharge their duty and no doubt will do it.

Scottsboro Citizen, April 1, 1897 Report of the Special Grand Jury

To the Hon. W. L. Stephens, Judge presiding: Your special grand jury organized for the purpose of investigating the John Smith case, a prisoner who was murdered in the county jail on Thursday, 18th, inst; beg leave to report that they have been in session for five days and have examined sixty-five witnesses without being able to determine who the perpetrators of the crime were, and being of the opinion that a further investigation of the case would be fruitless at this time, we respectfully ask to be discharged. J. H. Young, Foreman Grand Jury

Scottsboro Citizen, October 7, 1897

Deputy Sheriff Barclay Tuesday brought Alex Waymire here under arrest, charged with the number of the negro John Smith who was lynched here last March. He is in jail pending a preliminary trial. This makes the third arrest resulting from the lynching, the two others, Charles Buff and J. D. Wheeler, who were arrested several weeks ago, having been released on the bonds of $5,000 each. It is understood that these three indictments were the only ones found by the grand jury for the crime.

Andy Diggs and the June 29, 1903 Attempted Assault on Alma Smith of Larkinsville

Andy Diggs was born in March 1885, one of 12 (8 surviving) children of Moses Diggs, a Black man (1853 until before 1930) and Callie Larkin, a mulatto woman (1855 to after 1930). His father and his older brother William were both railroad laborers in 1900, and Andy worked on the family farm. Moses and Callie married in 1876, and their farm was adjacent to the William R. Larkin family. The William Larkin family owned 24 slaves in the 1860 slave census, so it is likely that his mother took the Larkin name at emancipation from this family. His father Moses was born in Virginia. Callie Diggs was 24 and a black woman who worked as a servant in the William Larkin household. The Dr. B. B. Smith family was found on the following page of a 26-page census, as was the McCutchen family. All of the people involved with this case were neighbors.

Even though the men who stormed the jail wore masks, most of them were Sheriff Austin's neighbors and the newspaper account says that he recognized many of them.

Many newspapers across the state covered the incident, though the purpose of many of these articles was to praise Sheriff Austin and his daughters for their bravery in trying to repel the mob. The local paper estimated the size of the lynch mob at 40, though the Anniston paper estimated it 75.

The lawman in charge was Sheriff Dave O. Austin of Larkinsville. Austin had been coaxed into running for sheriff by his neighbors, and he served two non-contiguous terms, from 1900 to 1906 and from 1914 to 1919. The January 21, 1915 *Citizen* carries the account of Austin inauguration as sheriff of "High Jackson": "The large courtroom was filled to overflowing when 'the biggest hearted man in Alabama' took the solemn oath of office and made a short but thrilling speech." Rev. H. W. Rickey administered the oath of office, and Austin named W. B. Sumner as his chief deputy. The article ended with this tidbit: "Mr. Austin has moved into the jail as he will be jailer also."

Sheriff David O. Austin from Notable Men of Alabama.

Sheriff David O. Austin was shot twice while trying to protect his prison from a lynch mob. Austin's biography is found in Volume 2 of the 1904 edition of *Notable Men of Alabama,* when he was serving his first term as sheriff. Dave Austin "was a man of considerable force of character who served two terms as sheriff, several terms in the house of representatives and was doorkeeper of the house several years. He attended public school until he was 12, when he left to begin work in the brickyard near his home. He afterwards worked as flagman on the Southern railroad for two years, and later took up mercantile life, clerking for a number of years in different places In 1888 he started a hotel in Scottsboro and conducted it until 1900, when he was elected sheriff of the county, which he will hold until 1907."(17)

"Sheriff Austin is considered one of the most fearless officers in the State," his biographer stated. "On one occasion, while taking a black man who was under arrest for criminal assault to jail, He was set upon by a mob of lynchers but defended his prisoner until he had been repeatedly wounded, two of his wounds being of a serious nature, compelling him to give up the unequal struggle for the individual being lynched, Sheriff Austin's daughter, Cornelia, came to her father's assistance and would have shot some of his assailants had she not been overpowered by the mob. displaying some of the courage with which her father is endowed. Her part in the terrible struggle was taken up at the time by the magazines and papers of the country."

In a newspaper story in the *Birmingham News* regarding follow-up on this case on September 4, 1903, the headline stated the obvious: "Lynching is Murder, Said Judge Bilbro. In his charge to the grand jury of Jackson County, Judge Bilbro referred to the lynching of Andy Diggs, the negro in Larkinsville, in June.

He told the grand jury that lynching was murder and requested any member of the jury who was opposed to indicting the Larkinsville mob to stand up. It is not recorded that a member did so."

Warrants were sworn out for four men, but no indictments were returned, and there is no record in Ancestry Convict Records of jail time served by the four men.

Progressive Age, July 2, 1903 Thursday NEGRO LYNCHED Charged With an Attempt to Assault Young Lady—Is Taken From Jail After Fierce Fight and Hung to a Telegraph Pole

Tuesday morning about 12:30 o'clock the jail was attacked by a mob to secure an 18-year-old negro, Andy Diggs, who was placed in jail Sunday afternoon charged with an attempted assault on Miss Alma Smith, the 17-year-old daughter of Dr. Barton D. Smith, of Larkinsville.

The attempt was made Tuesday night of last week, but was kept quiet in order to gain further evidence of the attempted assault.

In the fore part of the night the negro entered the bedroom of the young lady and pulled back the cover from her bed and caught hold of her foot. She awakened and the negro ran out of the room.

The young lady's household consists of her father, who is quite old and feeble, and an older sister. They were, therefore, unable to follow in pursuit. While the young lady could not identify Diggs as the negro that was in her room, she thought it was him.

CONFESSED ON ARREST: When he was arrested Sunday, he confessed to Deputy Sheriff R. V. Smart, J. P. Barkley, and A. H. Smith that his intentions were criminal. There was talk of lynching him then, but no demonstration was made and he was brought here by the deputy sheriff and Albert Smith, a brother of the young lady, and placed in jail, the brother saying that he was willing for the law to take its course.

No fear of an attempt to take the negro from jail was entertained so that when the mob approached the jail just after midnight Sheriff D. A. Austin and his daughters were the only ones there beside the prisoners. The mob called on the sheriff to open the door.

SHERIFF REPULSES RIOT: The Sheriff replied that he would not and that if they entered he would kill them. They did not heed the warning but broke into and found the sheriff standing at the bottom of the stairway. The mob was masked. The sheriff continued to remonstrate with them, saying that he would certainly shoot to kill if they advanced upon him.

About that time two of the mob caught him in the back and attempted to hold him. Jerking away he proceeded up the stairs a few feet and began firing with a pistol in each hand. The mob evidently did not expect this and retreated a few steps. While the mob was retreating the sheriff proceeded to the head of the stairway, where his position was more secure, and where he had the chance to reload his revolvers. By this time the mob rallied and made their second attempt.

DAUGHTERS TAKE UP FIGHT: This attack was accompanied by fierce firing on both sides, which was heard throughout the town. The sheriff in the second attack was shot through the right leg and the right hand, disabling him so he could not continue firing.

About this time, his two oldest daughters, Misses Ola and Lula, secured their father's pistols and tried to continue the shooting, but they were overpowered by the mob and forced to give up the keys.

The negro was taken quietly by the mob to the railroad crossing, one mile toward Larkinsville, and hung to a telegraph pole. The mob was made up at Larkinsville and was forty strong.

OFFICER AND DAUGHTERS PRAISED: Sheriff Austin and his daughters acted with great bravery, and are being warmly congratulated on their conduct. The sheriff was born and raised in Larkinsville, and he knew members of the mob to be some of his best friends, and his conduct is especially commendable on that account. His wounds are not serious and he is now out and attending to business.

Miss Smith, the young girl whom the negro attempted to injure, is from one of the best families, and is one of the most beautiful and charming young ladies in the county. The affair is greatly deplored on her account.

Warrants were sworn out charging the following young men of Larkinsville with being members of the lynching party: Robt. Branum, Ed Harris, Albert Smith, Walker McCutchen and Roy Kelly. They will have a preliminary trial before Judge Cargile tomorrow. A press dispatch from Montgomery says that the Governor has telegraphed Judge Bilbro to call a special term of circuit court to try them, but as it is so near the time for the regular term this may not be done.

HER FATHER'S STATEMENT: The following letter from Dr. B. B, Smith appeared in yesterday's *Chattanooga News*:

Larkinsville, Ala., June 30, 1903, To the *Chattanooga News:*

My youngest daughters, Ora L. and Alma L. and myself constitute a family, living in a cedar grove in the southeast part of town.

On Sunday evening, June 28, Miss Ora Smith, in response to a summons from her sick sister, at Wartrace, Tenn. boarded the train for said town, leaving her young sister alone. They had been sleeping down stairs, but on Miss Ora's leaving she (Alma) moved up stairs in a room adjoining mine. There was a door in the partition leading from my room into hers. Both rooms have two large windows, each 12 lights, 12 x 18, giving light and ventilation. On the next morning after Miss Ora's departure, Miss Alma arose and went down stairs between 4 and 5 o'clock. On opening the door she saw a young negro boy or man (I don't know his age), standing in front of the door. She asked him what he wanted. He said he was hunting a chicken. She told him he had no chicken here and bid him to leave. She states that he sauntered back around the house to the foot or base of the cedar ridge, and back of the house and yard and partially hid from view. He remained there until it was quite light. As usual, I went to bed early. She came up, read a short while and retired to her room, leaving my lamp burning, which is customary, as I often have to get up, being a sufferer from rheumatism.

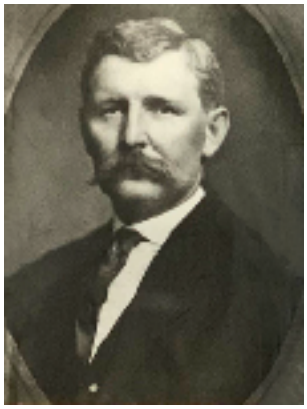
About 2 o'clock a.m., Alma came rushing into my room with a lighted match in her hand, exclaiming nervously that there was a negro man in the house. This struck me with consternation, as we had been here so long free from or event the suspicion of any trouble. She lit my lamp, which the negro had extinguished, and as soon as she recovered from her shock she stated that she was roused by someone pulling the cover off her feet. She saw from the light of the large, uncurtained window that was near her bed that it was a negro and in an instant she cried out and lit a match, and he retreated through my room and out through the dining room window, through which he had entered. No doubt was left as to his guilt. They swore out a warrant and in forty minutes he was safe in jail.

When your telegram reached me, intended, I suppose, for my son, Dr. B. B. Smith, Jr., who is in Birmingham, I had not heard of the hanging, and although he is not entitled to any clemency, I regret the summary affair. Dr. B. B. Smith

***Birmingham News*, September 4, 1903 "Lynching is Murder, Said Judge Bilbro" Special to the *Birmingham News,* SCOTTSBORO, Ala. Sept. 4.**

In his charge to the grand jury of Jackson county Judge Bilbro referred to the lynching of Andy Diggs, the negro, at Larkinsville, in June. He told the grand jury that lynching was murder, and requested any member of the jury who was opposed to indicting the Larkinsville mob to stand up. It is not recorded that a juror did so.

"Jim Davis" and the January 24, 1909 Attempted Assault on Mrs. Marvin Ridley of Stevenson



Sheriff John L. Steples. From the Sheriff's Office in the Courthouse

Jim Davis attempted to assault a Mrs. Marvin Ridley in Stevenson on January 24, 1909. He had worked for Mr. Ridley the previous fall, but had left town and had not been seen until the evening of the fire. Davis created a diversion at 6pm, setting fire to the barn belonging to Mr. Ridley's father, who lived nearby, "to attract the attention of the men away from the house so he could attack the woman, but the woman screamed and frightened him away by shooting at him."

Bloodhounds were brought in and a friend was "sweated" for information about Davis's whereabouts.

John L. Staples (1868-1936) was sheriff of Jackson County when this incident occurred. He was the son of David Staples and Laura Ann Moody. He married Ida Kelly in 1889. He was elected sheriff in 1907, and served one term, the only office he ever held. The couple had no children.

There are four accounts of this alleged attack on Mrs. Marvin Ridley. It appears as though Davis (also known as Arthur Goodman) survived to be tried and convicted, though no criminal court records can be found of this trial and conviction. However, in 1933, a Black man named Arthur Goodman was convicted of Grand Larceny in Tuscaloosa County, so Davis/Goodman could have served his sentence for the attack on Mrs. Ridley and been arrested again in 1933.

*Stevenson Chronicl*es, January 28, 1909 BARN BURNED "Mrs. Ridley assaulted but scares negro off"

On last Friday night a little after dark the barn of ex tax collector J. A. Ridley was burned to the ground, about four miles from here. All feed stuffs in the barn were lost together with a fine milk cow. The rest of the live stock were saved with great difficulty.

While Marvin, son of J. A. Ridley was at the burning barn, his wife who remained at home with her children, was brutally attacked on the front porch of her house, by a negro who had formerly worked on the Ridley farm and who had some time ago been discharged.

Mrs. Ridley was caught by the arm and throat and was also assaulted with a hammer but as luck would have it the fiendish brute lost his footing at the edge of the porch and as he fell to the ground, his would be victim wrenched herself from his grasp, and running into the room shot through the windows, with a shot gun in the direction of the fast falling negro. The gun is supposed to have kicked Mrs. Ridley to the floor where she was soon found by her husband and others, they having heard the report of the gun from the burning barn. The negro was recognized by Mrs. Ridley as being the one who had been discharged from the farm some time before, whose name is Arthur Goodman, alias Jim Davis.

It is supposed the negro fired the barn in order to get all the men folks from the house where he would nave no trouble accomplishing his desires. Blood hounds were brought from Chattanooga and South Pittsburg and tracked the negro brute to a near by switch on the N. C. & St L. Ry. where it is supposed he boarded a train as the dogs could not follow his trail any further. The Ridleys are well connected and have the sympathy of the entire county. Hopes for the capture of the negro have about been abandoned but should he be caught, The Lord have mercy on his soul.

Scottsboro Citizen, January 28, 1909 STEVENSON IS EXCITED "Wild Search for Negro Who Attacked Mrs. Ridley" Special to the *Chattanooga Times*, STEVENSON, Ala., Jan 24

A posse of white men tonight carried to the woods a negro, a tailor by trade, and tried to force from him some information concerning Jim Davis, the negro who attempted to assault Mrs. Ridley Friday night, of setting fire to the barn of Mr. Ridley's father who lives nearby. This action gave rise to a rumor that the negro had been lynched. Davis has not been captured, but every effort is being made to locate him, with the present prospect of a lynching if he is taken.

It seems that Davis set the barn on fire Friday about 6 p. m., to attract attention of the men away from the house so he could attack the woman, but the woman screamed and frightened him away by shooting at him.

Bloodhounds from Chattanooga and South Pittsburg, Tenn. were telegraphed for, and the dogs trailed the negro to the railroad station at Bolivar, Ala., and lost the trail at Stevenson, Ala., five miles west. There were two trains switching at Stevenson, and it is the supposition that Davis caught one of the trains and escaped.

Today the posse, who has been on the lookout for Davis, thought they found a place in the woods near here where some one had been camping, and some one stated the negro tailor referred to above, had been carrying food in the direction, hence the reason for taking the tailor to the woods in order to "sweat," him, but they got no information that would indicate that he knew anything about the crime of Davis.

Davis worked for Mr. Ridley last fall, and went away the first of the year and had not been seen until the night of the fire. Mrs. Ridley was badly choked, and is said to be in a serious condition from the attack.

Davis is black, weights about 165 pounds, and has a scar over his eye and wears a cap on the left side so as to hide the scar and has a slight growth of mustache.

If Davis is caught, he will be severely dealt with.

Franklin County Times, Russellville, Alabama, February 11, 1909. Alabama News

Jim Davis, the negro that burned the barn of ex-Tax Collector James Ridley, of Scottsboro, and attempted to assault young Mrs. Ridley, was arrested at Stevenson by John Hackworth and taken to Huntsville by Sheriff John Staples to avoid mob violence. Before he was arrested he robbed a store at Copenhagen, Tenn. where he fired the barn. The arrest and jail commitment were all so quick that no one knew of it except the officers for 24 hours.

Stevenson Chronicles, February 11, 1909 "Bolivar"

The negro who burned Mr. Jim Ridley's barn was caught January 29. The officers deserve no credit for speeding the negro away. If it has been their mother, wife or sister that he had assaulted, they would have acted quite differently. And the Bible says, do as you wish to be done by.

Scottsboro Citizen, March 18, 1909 "Grand Jury Report," "Attempted Lynching"

The Grand Jury endorses heartily your Honor's remarks relating to the alleged attempted lynching in our county a few weeks ago past and desire to extend our public commendation to the offices, Messrs., J. T. Parton and Jno. A Hackwork, and their guards, for the manner in which they handled the prisoner and evaded the mob. Their conduct on the occasion is worthy of emulation and praise. Our experience as citizens has taught us that there is nothing more demoralizing to any community and more productive of evil than mob law, for this reason we feel that the community of this alleged occurrence should feel congratulated that this blot was kept from its fair name. We deeply sympathize with Messrs. Ridley and

relatives in this trouble and heartily commend their conduct under such trying circumstances. We regret to learn that during this trying ordeal summary vengeance was being advocated by outside parties who were in no way connected to the case. We condemn such conduct and especially in that certain newspaper of the county which should, instead of advocating lawlessness, be for the right and upbuilding of the community. We regret that such a newspaper should so far forget its moral obligation to its readers and its community as to besmirch its columns in advocating mob violence, as one in our county has been proper to do.

Scottsboro Citizen, March 25, 1909

Arthur Goodman the negro who so narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of an infuriated mob in the upper end of Jackson county recently, has been indicted on three charges by the grand jury for attempt to murder, arson, and highway robbery.

Annette Bradford

Footnotes

Attributions for contemporary newspaper accounts are documented inline.

(1) Equal Justice Initiative, *Lynching in America: Confronting the Legacy of Racial Terror*, 3rd edition , found at https://lynchinginamerica.eji.org/report/.

(2) Introduction to the memorial web site: https://museumandmemorial.eji.org.

(3) Phillip Kennicott, "A powerful memorial in Montgomery remembers the victims of lynching," *Washington Post*, April 24, 2018. (found https://www.washingtonpost.com/entertainment/museums/a-powerful-memorial-in-montgomery-remembers-the-victims-of-lynching/2018/04/24/3620e78a-471a-11e8-827e-190efaf1f1ee_story.html)

(4) Michael J. Klarman, "Scottsboro," 93 *Marquette Law Review*, 379 (2009), pp. 379-431, found at http://nrs.harvard.edu/urn-3:HUL.InstRepos:11226081.

(5) Carter,*Scottsboro*,supranote6,at105;Klarman *From Jim Crow to Civil Rights,* supra note 1, at 118–19; see generally W. Fitzhugh Brundage. *Lynching in the New South: Georgia and Virginia, 1880–1930* (1993); Grace Elizabeth Hale, *Making Whiteness: The Culture of Segregation in the South,1890–1940*, at 199–227 (1998); Leon F. Litwick, *Trouble in Mind: Black Southerners in the Age of Jim Crow*, 280–325 (1998); Neil R. McMillen, *Dark Journey: Black Mississippians in the Age of Jim Crow*, 224–56 (1989); Arthur F. Rager, *The Tragedy of Lynching* (1933); *Under Sentence of Death: Lynching in the South*. (W. Fitzhugh Brundage ed., 1997) (discussing lynching in relation to racial violence, its regional and cultural contexts, and its legacy). (Klarman)

(6) Raper, *Tragedy of Lynching*, supranote9, at 25,46–47. (Klarman)

(7) See, e.g., Gunnar Myrdal, *An American Dilemma: The Negro Problem and Modern Democracy* 565 (1944); George Brown Tindall, T*he Emergence of the New South 1913–1945*, at 174, 554 (1967); Todd E. Lewis, "Mob Justice in the American Congoll: Judge Lynching in Arkansas During the Decade After World War I," 52 *Arkansas History Quarterly* 156, 179–84 (1993). (Klarman)

(8) On these —legal lynchings,l see McMillien, *Dark Journey*, supra note 9, at 206–17; George C. Wright, *By the Book: The Legal Executions of Kentucky Blacks*, in *Under Sentence of Death*, supra note 9, at 250–70. (Klarman)

(9) See, e.g., Bettis v. State, 261 S.W. 46, 47 (Ark. 1924); Charles S. Mangum, Jr. *The Legal Status of the Negro*, 298 (1940); Lawrence D. Rice, *The Negro in Texas 1874–1900,* at 253 (1971). (Klarman's note)

(10) See, e.g., Richard C. Cortner *A Scottsboro Case in Mississippi: The Supreme Court and Brown v. Mississippi,* 3–4, 8 (1986); Anne S. Emanuel, *Lynching and the Law in Georgia Circa 1931: A Chapter in the Legal Career of Judge Elbert Tuttle*, 5 Wm. & Mary Bill Rts. J., 215, 228 (1996). (Klarman's note)

(11)John Gould Fletcher, Letter to the Editor, Is This the Voice of the South?, 137 *Nation* 734, 734 (1933). (Klarman's note)

(12) Carter, *Scottsboro*, supranote6, at 134. (Klarman)

(13) James Goodman, *Stories of Scottsboro* (Pantheon Book: New York), 1999, p. 17.

(14) Goodman, p. 17.

(15)The history of anti-lynching legislation is found here: http://werehistory.org/the-history-of-american-anti-lynching-legislation/. The summaries of anti-lynching legislation that follow are from this site.

(16) *Notable Men of Alabama,* edited by Joel Campbell DuBose *(Southern Historical Association: University of Virginia, 1904), pp. 458-459.

(17)John Robert Kennamer, *The Story of Woodville and Community Album* (East Alabama Publishing Company: Lanett, Alabama and West Point, Georgia, 1950) pp. 103-104.

Saying Goodbye to Shelia Washington

As the Chronicles was preparing this special issue on the Scottsboro Boys, Shelia Washington, founder of the Scottsboro Boys Museum, died unexpectedly. Shelia Edwonna Branford Washington was born January 27, 1960 to the late Eugene Branford and Reverend Betty Nicholson. She died on Friday January 29, 2021 at Huntsville Hospital, at age 61. Obituary from https://birminghamwatch.org/remembering-sheila-washington-who-brought-honor-to-the-scottsboro-boys/

Remembering Sheila Washington, Who Brought Honor To The Scottsboro Boys

Janae PIerre, WBHM, February 5, 2021

Sheila Washington, founder of the Scottsboro Boys Museum & Cultural Center. Source: Scottsboro Boys

Washington, the founder of the Scottsboro Boys Museum and Cultural Center. Washington fought to bring honor and dignity to the nine young Black males falsely accused of rape during the Jim Crow era.

As a child, Washington was fascinated with the story of the Scottsboro boys who ranged in age from 12-19. They were traveling by train through Jackson County when they were accused of raping two women. The 1931 trial drew national attention. An all-white jury in Scottsboro sentenced eight of the nine to death.

Later, the U.S. Supreme Court heard arguments in the case leading to two landmark civil rights precedents regarding the right to counsel and non-discrimination in jury selection.

Washington learned about the case through an old book hidden in her father's pillow case. She'd share that childhood story often, saying "One day when I get older, I'm going to find a place and honor the Scottsboro boys. I'm gonna put this book on the table and burn a candle in their memory."

Washington did just that in 2010 when she opened the Scottsboro Boys Museum and Cultural Center. Morgan County Archivist John Allison said Washington faced a lot of opposition when she opened the museum. He said as generations passed, people in the majority white town wanted to move on and forget about it. "Sheila knew that this was a story worth telling," he said. "It was a story that we needed to tell, a story we needed to address about the injustices that had happened to these young men."

It took Washington nearly two decades to open the museum. Allison helped her gather materials from the trials.Washington also received help from the Black Heritage Council of the Alabama Historical Commission. Louretta Wimberly, a founding member of the council, said Washington often faced resistance but she was determined. "Sometimes you have to be persistent," she said. "You have to be patient, but you have to be courageous. She was a courageous, persistent person and she believed in what she was doing."

Washington also became the driving force to clear the names of the Scottsboro boys for good. With help from a legal team at the University of Alabama, she worked with state lawmakers to issue posthumous pardons when convictions involved racial discrimination.

In 2013, then Governor Robert Bentley signed the bill and the Scottsboro boys were exonerated. Allison, the archivist, said Washington's efforts helped the city overcome a big racial stumbling block. "And I think that also maybe helped us to set a precedent that these things could be done, that it's never too late to do the right thing," he said. "It's never too late to right the wrongs of the past."

Washington died unexpectedly on Friday, January 29. She was 61. She'll be remembered for her courageous fight to bring honor to the Scottsboro boys even though they didn't live to see it.

How Scottsboro Took Ownership of the Scottsboro Boys Legacy

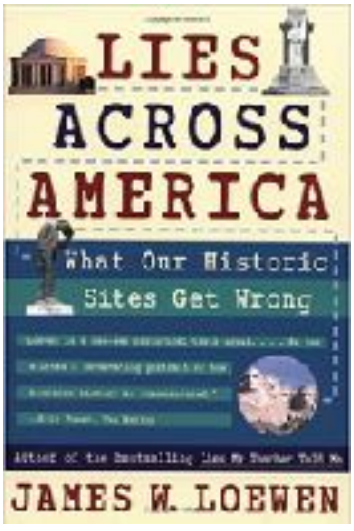
Scottsboro. If you say this place name to anyone in the country, the immediate association made is with the Scottsboro Boys. Scottsboro, the home of racial injustice. The place remembered for citizens who crowded the square for a chance to spit on the nine young African-American youth between 13 and 19 as they crossed the street to the courthouse.. The place where angry lynch mobs stormed the rickety old jail, causing the national guard to be deployed and the prisoners to be moved to Etowah County. In the contemporary photos, crowds gathered on all sides of the square, the carnival-like atmosphere that outsiders never failed to comment on largely due to the trial coinciding with First Monday.

The people of Scottsboro had long felt that they had been unfairly branded as the epicenter of racial injustice. "If they had gone five miles further down the track, they would have been arrested in Madison County and called the Huntsville Boys" is a familiar complaint raised every time the case was mentioned. The nine young black men were not from Scottsboro; neither were the two prostitutes plying their trade on the Huntsville-bound train, leading to the local complaint "Not our [Negroes], not our [Prostitutes]." Polite white people hoped that if you did not talk about the Scottsboro Boys, eventually people would forget the infamous civil rights case. Maybe Scottsboro could become the home of Unclaimed Baggage instead. But the number of years that it took for the nine men to be fully exonerated, the PBS specials, the Broadway musical, the books and lectures, and the shattered lives of the nine young men involved made it clear: the world would not just forget.

2003: The Scottsboro Boys Historical Marker

The Jackson County Historical Association (JCHA) was formed in 1975, and began to chronicle the county's rich history. In the early years of this organization. there were projects to undertake and buildings to save and historical markers to erect to make the county's history more accessible. Yet no one suggested that any markers were needed to recognize the role of the Scottsboro Boys in the county's history. So in 1996 when the officers of the historical association suggested at the annual banquet that the JCHA should do something to acknowledge the Scottsboro Boys, the single most important thing for which the town was are known nationally, the idea was not warmly received. Not a nod yes, not a smile. No "good idea" or "something to think about," no anything—not even anything negative, for that matter. Just polite, stoic rejection.

The issue surfaced again three years later when historian James Loewen wrote *Lies Across America: What Our Historical Sites Get Wrong*. That book took Scottsboro (and other places) to task for how they covered their own history or, in Scottsboro's case, did not cover it. A local attorney flagged the pertinent passages and brought the book to the attention of the historical association. "You history types have to get this fixed," he told them. "If you don't, someone will come in and 'fix' it for you."



So once again, the JCHA Board considered commemorating the Scottsboro Boys and their legacy. "That's past." "That's negative." "That is not in our best interest." "Local people will not appreciate that." "Five more miles and they'd be the Huntsville Boys." "That's not something that needs to be brought up." "If enough time passes no one will remember that anymore." All the usual complaints. But the board appreciated the passage from James Loewen's book and understood that the town was already been "exposed" nationally, that this was not just a local story, and that if local people did not respond, outsiders were liable to take up the cry.

One board member argued, “Like it or not, this is our history. We can define it for ourselves the way that it ought to be, or we can let some outside group come in and define it for us. We can be the masters of our own destiny, the tellers of our own tale, or we can let outsiders do it for us. It is that simple, and it is our choice.” If local people failed to “own” this issue, then an outside person or group might erect a monument that did not reflect the most accurate and balanced and reasonable presentation possible of the story, or the most extreme and outlandish, depending on who was writing the marker (or billboard or statue or whatever form it might take) and paying for it. Now was the time to get ahead of the issue.

About the same time, a syndicated article by Marvin Olasky was published on townhall.com titled “Examining Scottsboro’s baggage,” ostensibly about the Unclaimed Baggage business but actually about the town failing to acknowledge the Scottsboro Boys. That article took Scottsboro to task for hiding from its heritage, writing, “…the biggest piece of unclaimed baggage is the Scottsboro trial, and ignoring it leads to shrunken history and ignorance about how far we’ve come.”


Examining Scottsboro's baggage

RACISM Ignoring the past doesn't change it – it keeps us from acknowledging the obvious and moving past it.

SCOTTSBORO, Ala. — Is there a plaque or memorial anywhere in this city to commemorate the event that led to a major U.S. Supreme Court decision 70 years ago on Nov. 7?

"I would not think so," Scottsboro librarian Marie Garrett laughed. "That's not the thing we would want to remember."

Marvin Olasky

How does a city live down a reputation. I asked Dot Bean, the kind, white-haired person in charge at the Scottsboro-Jackson Heritage Center.

"It's hard," she said. "When people think of Scottsboro, that's all they know. We don't like to dwell on it."

That's an understatement. There's apparently no indication at the courthouse or on the Scottsboro library shelves that the "Scottsboro Boys" case — nine young black men condemned to death for rape by an all-white jury oozing with racism — ever happened.

After accepting that the time had come to move forward on a historical marker commemorating the Scottsboro Boys, money became the primary concern. How would the JCHA pay the $1700 for a marker? It was not a popular move and the usual history buffs could not be counted on to contribute. Where would they put it? What would it say? Who would write it? Would the county accept such a marker? Would someone shoot it down—figuratively and perhaps even literally? All of these were legitimate questions.

As luck and fate would have it, at about that same time the JCHA was looking for money, the Alabama State Bar began promoting a historic marker program called recognized legal milestones. The association committed to paying fifty percent of the funding to erect markers at legally significant sites around the state. The organization was immediately enthusiastic about a Scottsboro Boys marker. The outside money helped grease the skids locally, and the JCHA Board became more open to the idea.

The JCHA engaged the various constituencies and got them to agree to the idea. Those included the Chamber of Commerce, local Black leaders, the Huntsville chapter of the NAACP, the mayor, the county commission, local law enforcement, the Alabama State Bar, and the local Bar Association.

The wording was drafted and approved by everyone locally and submitted to the Alabama Bar and to the Alabama Historical Commission, the final arbiter of the wording for state historical markers. The Bar was good with what the JCHA submitted, but the historical commission added additional details about the architecture of the courthouse and the “Seth Thomas clock” in the cupola (which has now been replaced with a more dependable and easier to maintain electronic clock). The commission refused to approve the marker as a “Scottsboro Boys” marker, but felt that it had to include a courthouse history. The final wording was approved in 2003, and a dedication ceremony was planned for January 25, 2004 in the Main Courtroom of the Jackson County Courthouse.

A choir from Alabama A&M University sang spirituals as the dedication service began. Almost all of our local Bar attended and all of our judges. General William N. Clark, the president of the Alabama State Bar attended and spoke. Rev. R. I. Shankin, the president of the Alabama State Conference of the NAACP also spoke, as did the Honorable Ronald P. Bailey, mayor of Scottsboro, and Judge W. W. Haralson, the presiding circuit judge. Donna Haislip [Frederick] and Ann Chambless represented the JCHA. The local legislators and almost all elected officials were present. Dr. Gary Speers, pastor of St. Elizabeth's Missionary Baptist Church, delivered the invocation, and Rev. Steve Bates, the priest at St. Luke's Episcopal Church, delivered the benediction. A large number of African Americans from Scottsboro and beyond were also present. Don Moody, grandson of Milo Moody who had defended the Scottsboro Boys at their first Scottsboro trial, handed out programs. Ann Chambless and the JCHA served lemonade and tea cakes after the ceremony.

There was widespread coverage of the event in the news media. Dr. Dan Carter, who wrote a seminal article about the trial in the 1968 *American Heritage* magazine, followed by the 1969 publication of his dissertation, *Scottsboro: A Tragedy of the American South*, attended the event and was pleased to see this landmark finally recognized. The new marker was mentioned on national news broadcasts. CNN interviewed some of the organizers. Television stations from all over the region covered the event. A reporter from the *Atlanta Journal Constitution* was in town a day or two beforehand and asked the JCHA officers, "Why do this now?" The organization felt that enough time had passed to make it palatable locally, that very few people were left who actually witnessed the trials and commotion surrounding them. And recognition of the town's past was overdue.

Two small codas to this time period. One Huntsville attorney had nothing but ridicule for the new marker, calling it a "feeble effort" that was not even placed by the front door of the courthouse beside the marker recognizing the town's founder, Robert Thomas Scott. The JCHA had considered the placement carefully and chose the south door because the Scottsboro Boys would mostly likely have entered the courthouse using the south door as they made their way from the old jail on Appletree Street. They also felt that the singularity of the marker at the south door drew attention to it.

In 2015, James Loewen, whose 1996 book *Lies Across America* had first called attention to Scottsboro's failure to acknowledge its past, ate breakfast at the Liberty Restaurant with some of the JCHA officers. He and his wife were researching another book and had arrived the night before. They visited the marker at the courthouse and drove by the Scottsboro Boys Museum and Cultural Center. Loewen said that Scottsboro was one of the few places that he called out in his 1996 book that had ever made amends and tried to correct the record of the past, and he was very complimentary about the initiative that the town and historical association had shown. When he updated his book, he used Scottsboro and the historical marker erected in 2003 as a good example.

2010: The Scottsboro Boys Museum and Cultural Center

Six years after the marker dedication in 2004, the Scottsboro Boys Museum and Cultural Center opened at 428 West Willow Street in the building that formerly housed the historically African-American Joyce's Chapel United Methodist Church. The museum showcases a collection of memorabilia from the Scottsboro Boys and celebrates the lives of the nine young black men who were arrested in Paint Rock in 1931. The museum's director, Shelia Washington, died unexpectedly in January (see "Saying Goodbye to Shelia Washington" in this *Chronicles*).

The museum is one of eight stops in Alabama on the national Civil Rights Trail and is supported by the Jackson County

April 19, 2013, Governor Robert Bentley hands his pen to Clarence Norris Jr. as he signs into law the posthumous pardons of the Scottsboro Boys.

Legislative Delegation, the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce, the Scottsboro Multicultural Foundation, the Ford Foundation, and the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

The museum has been the site of history-making events. On November 21, 2013 the Alabama Board of Pardons and Paroles granted posthumous pardons to the final Scottsboro Boys and overturned their convictions. Governor Bentley came to the museum to sign that proclamation into law, with Clarence Norris Jr., son of one of the Scottsboro Boys, at his side. The Alabama Legislature unanimously exonerated the nine men and passed The Scottsboro Boys Act allowing posthumous pardons. The Alabama Board of Pardons and Paroles granted full and unconditional pardons to Charlie Weems, Andy Wright and Haywood Patterson.

The museum has welcomed visitors from all 50 states and many international locations, groups as diverse as pilgrims on the Civil Rights Trail, law students reenacting the famous trial, an HBO documentary team, senior citizens on bus trips, and school children hearing the story for the first time. A group of educators visited the museum as part of the Alabama Bicentennial Institute in June 2019. In February 2020, the museum welcomed students from Carmel College, Milford, Auckland, New Zealand. That same day, the museum hosted a dinner and awards ceremony at the Goosepond Civic Center, celebrating the museum's 10th anniversary.

The museum also hosts discussions of racism and Black history topics. A virtual seminar was held in November 2020 titled "Confronting Racism's Legacy, One Community at a Time." The panel consisted of Shelia Washington, Joseph McGill (founder of the Slave Dwelling project), and Gabriele Hannah (author, storyteller, and Obermayer Award winner). The panel discussed local history initiatives and the legacy of racism. The recording of this seminar is found at https://widenthecircle.org/events/confronting-racisms-legacy

William A. Hampton lighting a candle in memory of the Scottsboro Boys - April 19, 2013 - Scottsboro Boys Museum And Cultural Center. Photo by William H. Hampton.

The museum also hosts book signings featuring significant new works on civil rights. In August 2018, for example, Civil Rights Attorney Julian L. McPhillips, Jr. was at the museum signing copies of his books and discussing the Scottsboro case.

The museum's Facebook page advertises the programs offered by the museum, and highlights significant figures in Black history. The museum commemorates anniversaries of the arrest of the Scottsboro Boys and of the museum's founding, and significant events like Martin Luther King Day, Juneteenth, and Black History Month annually, often sponsoring speakers, storytellers, or community work days.

On June 5, 2019, the museum honored Matt Wann, sheriff of Jackson County, whose heroic behavior kept a mob from storming the jail and lynching the Scottsboro Boys before the miscarriage of justice could be

identified and corrected. Wann was ambushed and killed a year later, and his heroic behavior is believed to be the reason that he was targeted. (See "Scottsboro Heroes.")

A display that will be part of the renovated museum. Photo from Thomas Reidy.

The museum is currently closed as it completes an ambitious $100,000 renovation. It is slated to reopen in a few months.

Making alternations to such a historic location requires a lot of thought and preparation. The decommissioned church that the museum occupies has roots reaching back 150 years. It has strong ties to Jackson County's black population as a place of worship built by formerly enslaved people for their own use. As such, beyond updating the veneer of the museum, huge structural issues had to be addressed including disability access and modern bathrooms.

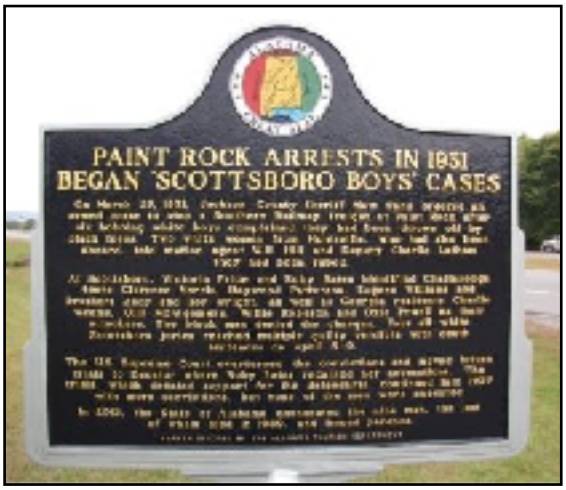
The renovation is now completely funded. The effort was funded by the City of Scottsboro, Alabama A&M University, the State of Alabama through State Senator Steve Livingston, and donations from individuals made to a GoFundMe page.

The museum remains a place of pilgrimage. It celebrates the positive actions of those of all colors, creeds and origins who have taken a stand against the tyranny of racial oppression. Its founders and board members are committed to advancing reconciliation and healing, and promoting civil rights and an appreciation of cultural diversity worldwide.

Photos from the Scottsboro Boys Museum and Cultural Center Facebook Page and from Dr. Thomas Reidy.

2013: The Paint Rock Scottsboro Boys Historical Marker

In 1992, Lee Sentell, the Huntsville Tourism Director, was traveling the state writing a guidebook about Alabama. He went to Montgomery expecting to see a historical marker on the spot in front of the Empire Theater where Rosa Parks boarded the bus, and was surprised to see there was no marker. When asked what he planned to do with the money his Alabama tourism book would generate, he said, "I'm going to erect a historical marker for Rosa Parks."



But Troy State erected the marker first. Troy had just bought the entire Empire Theater Block and was about to build a parking garage. Instead, the university realized that they "owned sacred ground" and made the decision to preserve and enhance the historic site. Today, a Rosa Parks museum and library are found on that site.

In 2021, Lee Sentell is Director of the Alabama Tourism, and his mission of documenting and developing historical tourism sites continues. In 2013, he worked with the Town of Paint Rock to erect a historical marker near the site where the Scottsboro Boys were taken from the train. After Governor Bentley came to Scottsboro to sign the posthumous pardon for the Scottsboro Boys, the Alabama Department of Tourism decided that since the Scottsboro Boys were pulled from the train in Paint Rock, this spot needed to be remembered. The historical marker is in front of the community city on Highway 72 in Paint Rock in the western part of the county.

2021: The Scottsboro Boys Mural on Peachtree Street

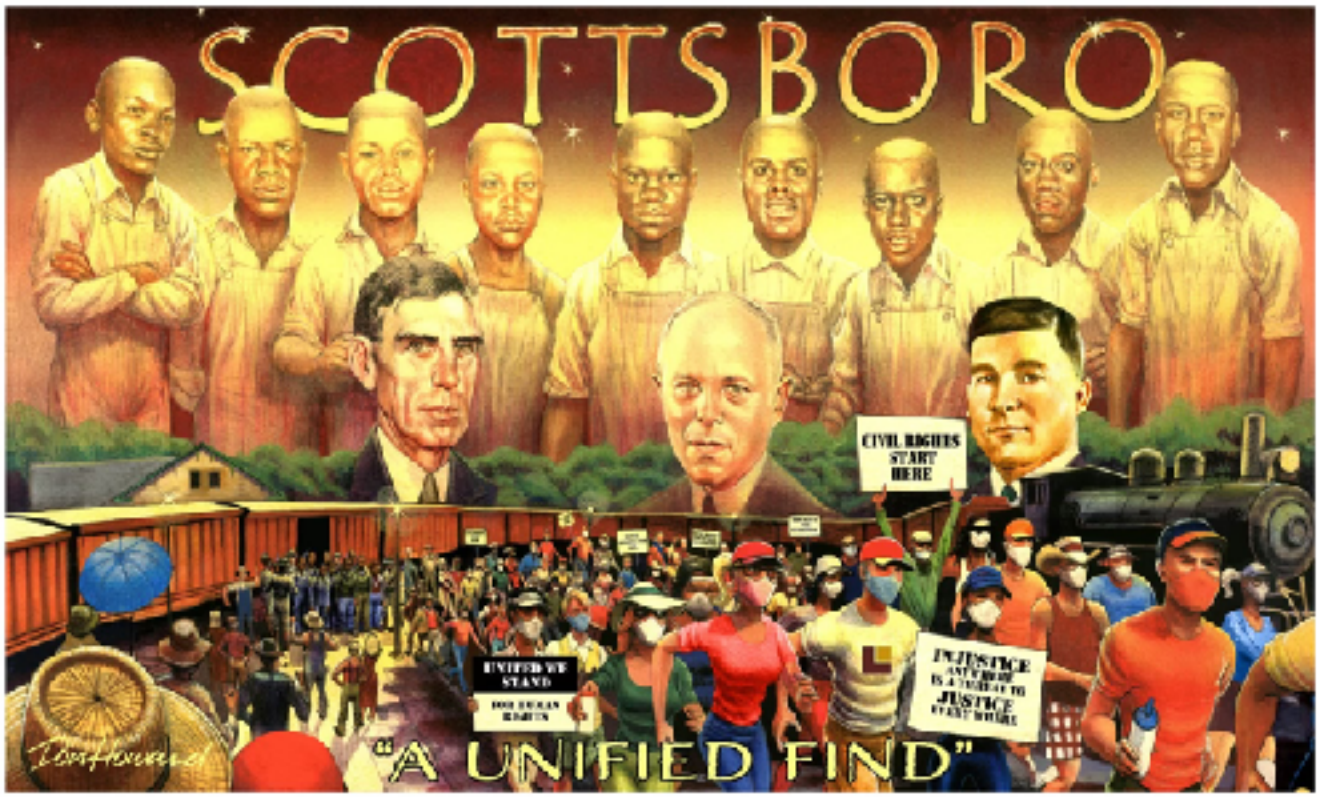
The most recent addition to the town's recognition of the Scottsboro Boys history was announced in February 2021. Scottsboro was one of three towns selected by Main Street Alabama in 2017 to be part of the state's Main Street Program. The program has created several examples of mural art in downtown Scottsboro. The most recent addition is a Scottsboro Boys mural by Huntsville African-American artist Don Howard.

A native of Ozark, Alabama, Howard spent the first 15 years of his artistic career at Disney Studios in Burbank, CA, where he worked on projects for Robin Hood and Winnie the Pooh. When he left Disney, he relocated to Huntsville to establish his studio and decided to concentrate on the art of digital caricature. His caricatures are tastefully done without exaggerated features and the likeness to the person is easily identifiable.

Howard says of his Scottsboro project, "I knew the story about the Scottsboro Boys when I was growing up, and it just kind of hurt me. I first heard it when I was 14, and that was the age of some of the boys. I think that because of the circumstances, because of where it happened, because this is a small town, if they said nothing, things would still go on the same way as they always have. For this small city to say, 'hey look we're going to try to right a historical wrong or at least talk about,' it's an amazing thing. It's not only going to have an effect on North Alabama, but on the whole state."

The mural began as part of a revitalization effort of Downtown Scottsboro, spearheaded by Main Street Scottsboro. The mural is located on Peachtree Street on the courthouse square, directly across from the 2003 historical marker that was the start of the town's *mea culpa*.

Annette Bradford



Protesting Peacefully

*The violent protests of the summer of 2020 sparked by the death of George Floyd were not without their impact in Jackson County. Merchants who had watched the fires and looting in big cities feared the worst and boarded up their windows. But the resulting protest was peaceful, a call for unity, prayer, and change. The threat of violence was contained by the good sense of Black teenager Anthony McCamy, the walk's organizer, who was alerted to "outside agitators" who threatened violence and took his fears to Mayor Robin Shelton. Together, the young man and the older man defused the situation. The march began with prayers at the Scottsboro Boys Museum and Cultural center, with over a hundred community leaders and members participating. "In my lifetime I've never seen anything like this," Shelia Washington, director of the Scottsboro Boys Museum said, "Hopefully we can come away with a better understanding." **DeWayne Patterson** wrote this piece for the Jackson County Sentinel on June 20, 2020.*

As the sun beamed down Saturday afternoon, the Jackson County Courthouse Square filled up with mostly young people and a few older ones, both black and white and others, too.

With many businesses along the square boarded up and law enforcement vehicles from the Jackson County Sheriff's Office and Scottsboro Police Department blocking traffic from entering, 100 or more people gathered in a peaceful protest.

They walked around the square, holding signs and chanting "Black Lives Matter," and "No racism, no hate, stop before it's too late." They also chanted, "I can't breathe," in honor of a Minnesota man, George Floyd, a 46-year-old black man who died handcuffed and prone on a street while a white police officer knelt on his neck for almost nine minutes. Floyd, who had been arrested on suspicion of using a counterfeit bill, begged for his life and repeatedly said, "I can't breathe."

Earlier last week, Alektra Holt, of Scottsboro, knelt in her driveway with a piece of tape over her mouth in remembrance of Floyd. Her picture virtually went viral on social media. Holt was one of the leaders of Saturday's protest. "One person can make a difference," she said. "We need to love everybody."

Khael Sanford said no one is better than anyone else. "We need to love one another," said Sanford. "If you break down the wall, you might find out you have a lot in common. Love is love, and love has no color."

Several protesters credited local law enforcement in protecting the protest, amidst rumors all week of possible violence. "The police are doing a wonderful job protecting us," said John Ellison.One man said he was proud of the protest, but to bring about change, people needed to register to vote and then vote."

In a joint statement, Scottsboro Mayor Robin Shelton and Interim Police Chief Ron Latimer said Saturday evening showed the spirit of Scottsboro with the peaceful protest.

"The city of Scottsboro, Scottsboro Police Department and Jackson County Sheriff's Office would like to thank the demonstrators for their peaceful protest and respect for community and private property," said Shelton and Latimer. "We will always strive for a strong community relationship with our law enforcement professionals, and we want to keep an open dialogue as issues arise."

Shelton and Latimer said the city will always promote a safe environment for community members. "We hear the message of the protesters and support the right to free speech and the right to assemble," Shelton and Latimer said. "We thank them for sharing their voices in a peaceful way."

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The Jackson County Chronicles

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In this issue:

Editor: Annette Norris Bradford
Associate Editor: David Bradford

July Meeting: Was your family moved to accommodate the building of Lake Guntersville? Here is your chance to talk with an expert about this time in history.

The Jackson County Historical Association will meet **Sunday July 25, 2021 at 2:00 p.m. at the Scottsboro Depot**. Three cheers for being able to meet inside again, especially in July! Our guest speaker, **Dr. Laura Beth Daws** will examine the role of press coverage in promoting acceptance of the TVA during the New Deal era.

With Dr. Susan Lorene Brinson, she authored the 2019 University of Alabama Press book *The Greater Good: Media, Family Removal, and TVA Dam Construction in North Alabama*. Her research examines the region's preexisting conditions, analyzes the effects of relocation, and argues that local newspapers had a significant impact in promoting the TVA's agenda. Through newspapers, local residents learned about the TVA and the process and reasons for relocation.

A native of Athens, AL, Dr. Daws teaches in the Department of Communication at Kennesaw State University. She began her university teaching career in 2004 and has taught at Auburn University, the University of Kentucky, Georgia Highlands College, and Southern Polytechnic Institute. She received her BA in Communications Arts from the University of North Alabama, her MA in Communication from Auburn University, and her PhD in Communication from the University of Kentucky. Northeast Alabama Community College library has a copy of this book.

Join us for our first in-person meeting since Covid chased us all into our homes.

Guest Authors: Welcome to first-time guest author Dr. James Reed and to returning guest authors Ed Carter and David Carroll.

New Historical Marker at Cedar Hill Bought with Cemetery Stroll Donations

The Jackson County Historical Association (JCHA) announces that a new historical marker has been placed in Cedar Hill Cemetery in the "angel island" at the end of the main Cedar Hill Drive entrance to the cemetery. The marker was purchased with donations made by visitors to the 2019 Cedar Hill Cemetery Stroll.

The cemetery stroll, held in October 2019, was the second such event in Cedar Hill Cemetery. It featured 17 costumed actors who portrayed persons instrumental in the history of Scottsboro. Through the generous donations made by citizens who attended the event, nearly $1000 was raised. Previous cemetery stroll donations purchased a headstone for Deputy U.S. Marshal Ed Moody whose grave was unmarked. Both strolls were joint projects of the JCHA and Northeast Alabama Community College (NACC).

The JCHA and NACC appreciate Cemetery Manager Benny Bell and his staff for their efforts installing the new marker.

Blake Wilhelm, JCHA Vice President and NACC archivist, drafted the text for the sign and began the process of getting the text of the sign approved through the Alabama Historical Association (AHA). The AHA is responsible for creating historical markers and is ultimately responsible for their wording. The marker discusses the historic municipal cemetery in the context of Jackson County history. The text reads:

In November 1868, after the official records of Jackson County were relocated from Bellefonte to the new seat of government in Scottsboro, a campaign was begun for a new municipal cemetery here. Around 1876, Charlotte Scott Skelton, daughter of Scottsboro's founder Robert T. Scott, donated the land for this cemetery. Owing to the reinterment of other cemeteries on this site because of land development projects, many markers in Cedar Hill predate its establishment. Some of Scottsboro's prominent African American residents are buried in the north section of this cemetery.

On February 21, 1878, James Armstrong, editor of the Scottsboro Citizen newspaper, wrote, "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 town authorities as sacred to the burial of our dead, the site is nameless yet."

In a letter to the Scottsboro Citizen in 1908, Evie Brown Robinson suggested calling the unnamed cemetery Cedar Hill. The site is the final resting place for soldiers, politicians, novelists, celebrities, teachers, and others who have contributed greatly to their community and the broader world.

The new marker is an asset to the cemetery and the town of Scottsboro, and a celebration of the rich history of our county. A picture of the marker showing its position in Cedar Hill is on page 29 of the *Chronicles*.

Struggles of a Civil War Divided Family in Northeast Alabama: A Story of Discovery and Insight

The First Tennessee and Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry became the embodiment of Unionist sympathy in Northeast Alabama. Discovery of its existence let me uncover my Unionist forefathers and their fascinating odyssey, while providing insight about the division, stresses, and miserable conditions the Civil War imposed on my ancestors in the area of my birth. Their lives have become my yardstick of Civil War history.

As I grow progressively interested in the American Civil War, I'm uncomfortably aware that I lack the qualities of the excellent historians who write with infinite detail about the subject. As I read, I spend part of the time fascinated by the general dynamics of the war, and the rest is spent awed and overwhelmed by the specifics presented. I'm often left to regard the writers as superhuman by the amount of data they can gather and compile. I confess I sometimes scan several paragraphs or even pages, just to get through them, promising I'll return when I have more time or more interest....or a rested mind. Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't. Be that as it may, I find I skip over less text when it's written about geographical locations where I've actually lived and visited. Perhaps that has much to do with why I find the Civil War fascinating in the first place...more interesting than say, World War I or even World War II, despite the fact that last one chronologically touches my lifetime. So for me it's real estate, not proximity in time that makes all the difference. Whether it's land trod in my youth, or battlefield turf I've visited, it sparks my keenest interest when my feet have touched its soil.

So the Civil War first captured my interest when I realized home ground produced much of its history. I was born and raised in the Tennessee Valley of North Alabama, more specifically Jackson and Madison Counties. The Civil War was fought on land where I actually played and visited relatives. As a child, I found a round of canister grape shot in my aunt's barnyard (see photo), and I've kept it to this day. Then came the real spark that kindled my interest. My mother indicated I had Unionist ties on my father's side. This set off a deep fascination with the concept of "Homemade Yankees," and their existence in my home county, and even my family line.

The size of a grape shot, shown in centimeters.

This offering (along with a second part to be published in the next quarter's *Chronicles*) attempts to share the insights I gleaned when I investigated my Unionist family ties. I uncovered several stories that let me vicariously live in the conflict. One story spotlights the odyssey through enlistment, Unionist ties, desertion, and capture, as it played out in my relatives' lives. I hope from this offering one can grasp how complicated and harsh life was at that time in the North Alabama hills and valleys, especially for the Unionist. Intertwined in the rhetoric is a certain Unionist regiment. I hope you can share my fascination with its unusual ad hoc nature, and the huge role it played for the area, not only at the time, but also for its later place in history.

Variegated Sympathies: Family Reunions Could Not Have Been Much Fun

"You want to hear something shameful about your daddy's family? They fought for the Yankees!" This was the response from my mother to a question I'd put off too long. Daddy had died, and I couldn't ask him

now. The multifaceted question was: why was Daddy always such a staunch Republican, and why did he always say Abraham Lincoln was the greatest man who ever lived, and why did he talk about how wrong slavery was? Needless to say this was not what I'd identified as mainstream politics for most Alabamians at the time. In fact, it was quite contrary to Mama's rather strong views on the subject. I could remember how she'd entertain me as a small child with the usual stories about Goldilocks and the Three Bears, and Jack and the Bean Stalk, and Uncle Remus, and how the poor old Confederate soldiers had to eat the corn out of manure to keep from starving. As I was later to discern, she'd had a great grandfather, Nathan Rendric Hill, who was captured by Grant's directives at Vicksburg after being injured at Champion Hill and went on to be paroled and exchanged to fight in the Dalton-to-Atlanta Campaign, only to be injured again at the Battle of Peachtree Creek. This time he was discharged, and led a destitute and disabled life, barely funded by an Alabama pension. I can only imagine the horrible accounts my mother heard in the course of her childhood. No, Mama was not very sympathetic to Daddy's views.

Now before you start to reason that my father's family must have come from Boston, Massachusetts or the Bronx, New York, I must explain that one didn't have to come from that far away to have Unionist sympathies in the area of my Alabama birth and raising. I was born and raised in the Tennessee Valley of North Alabama, an area well known for strong Union loyalty. One whole county, the Free State of Winston, voted not to secede, and in fact mustered the First Alabama Union Cavalry Regiment that operated significantly against the Confederacy. What is not as well known, however, was that there existed another area in the northeastern hill country of Alabama that also had its Tories, as the Unionists were called (among other things) by their Confederate neighbors. This area in Jackson County, Alabama, corresponded closely to the lovely Paint Rock Valley region and was home to many with similar sympathies and life style to those of Appalachian East Tennessee, which was strongly anti-secessionist. Those anti-secessionist dynamics largely influenced Tennessee, having been the last state to secede, a fact Abraham Lincoln knew well and tried to honor with some deference in East Tennessee campaigns.

Slave ownership by Unionists was not totally absent, but certainly in the minority in those hills. Those rocky heights simply offered no substrate for plantations, and the inhabitants worked what meager land they had with the only resource affordable, their own backs and hands...or those of their many children. It was not unusual for them to have ten or more children with their ages spanning some 20 years. Their hardscrabble existence made it hard to identify with a cause motivated by the wealthy's need to have slaves in order to stay wealthy. Moreover, many of the hill country families were comprised of American Veterans, patriots who served in wars from the Revolutionary War to the so called Indian Wars. Such military service, of course, strengthens allegiance. Further, as the Civil War progressed, there was added the insult that persons owning more than 20 slaves were exempt from conscription. The idea was that those so exempted would stay home to produce food for those in active service and for the families they left without provision. Only problem was, the plantations continued to produce the lucrative money crop, cotton, and not food. This, of course, didn't go unnoticed, and further underscored the concept of a rich man's war left to poor men to fight. Furthermore, those with money could actually buy their way out of conscription. All this was no small catalyst for the act of desertion if one found himself victim to this unfair conscription.

The demeaning dictate of conscription strongly intensified Unionist sympathy. Suddenly by the Conscription Act of April 1862, males ages 18 to 35 living in the South could be forced into Confederate service, regardless of feelings about the cause. By the following September the maximum age was increased to 45. Noncompliance carried strong penalty; taken to the extreme, it could include death. Those with strong *a priori* Unionist views had to either go into exile in the caves and hills, as many did (so called "lying out"), or go into Confederate service, looking for the first chance to desert. One has to realize that, under the circumstances, desertion did not carry the disgrace and stigma it normally does. For the Unionist in opposition to the Confederacy, desertion was an act of patriotism and a point of pride.

So with all this persecution, one would think (excepting perhaps large slave holders in Limestone, Morgan, and Madison Counties) practically every family and individual in the Tennessee Valley of North Alabama would turn Unionist and stand against secession. But as the title of this section suggests, there did exist variegation in the blue and the gray, not only among families, but also within close families. Personal feelings of allegiance could even be strained. This was certainly the case in my own family's example, as we will later see. To try to understand this complex dynamic, one is drawn to consider the miserable existence that the Civil War imposed on all the residents of the Tennessee Valley of Alabama.

True, there were no Antietams or Gettysburgs in North Alabama. The closest major battles were in Tennessee, i.e., Shiloh, Murfreesboro, and Chattanooga. However, there existed two entities in the region immensely important to the Union cause. These traversed the state all the way across the North Alabama area. One obviously was the Tennessee River, which allowed penetration into the Deep South after Fort Henry fell. The other was the Memphis & Charleston railroad that connected the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Coast and had been so important as to be called the "Vertebrae" of the South. General Don Carlos Buell, General William Tecumseh Sherman, and Colonel Abel D. Streight, among other Union commanders, exerted a strong presence in the Tennessee Valley. Important Union Garrisons were established in the Tri Cities, Decatur, Athens, and especially Huntsville, Stevenson, and Bridgeport. (Grant, himself, actually held tenure in Bridgeport.) To secure this degree of occupation required no small exchange of hostility. Moreover, Confederate opposition to all this via General Phillip Roddey was under formidable leadership from such firebrands as General Nathan Bedford Forrest and General Joseph Wheeler. True to their reputations, they kept the level of conflict rather high. The little town of Paint Rock had four skirmishes involving the Memphis & Charleston railroad bridge over the Paint Rock River. The area was constantly beset by attacks from Confederate guerrilla fighters and snipers they called Bushwhackers. Safe to say, life was not quietly serene anywhere along the valley. This constant local Confederate resistance naturally tempted retribution, notably from a General Ormsby M. Mitchel.

It all came to a head at Athens in May 1862 after a First Louisiana Cavalry incursion on the Union camp there. Counting this to be the last straw, Mitchel went into a rage and ignited a rampage, allowing arson, vandalism, looting, and personal atrocity by a disaffected Russian Colonel with the anglicized name of John Basil Turchin. The city of Athens had thus been branded for revenge and went on to bear that Union-inflicted suffering in infamous proportion. Yet somehow through it all, Athens remained mostly standing. Maybe its past Unionist identity afforded some degree of mercy. Neighboring Huntsville, although not entirely spared, was also left standing to remain a Union base of operation. From there, the wave of violence spread unabated, eastward to Paint Rock and Woodville (burnt to the ground) with Larkinsville, Scottsboro, and Bellefonte all receiving severe destruction, vandalism, and individual persecution.

General Sherman, bless his heart, always encouraged such activity, "The government of the United States has in north Alabama any and all rights which they choose to enforce in war, to take their lives, their horses, their lands, their everything." Isn't that charming? All this undoubtedly tested Unionist sympathy severely, as evidenced in my own family. Of course, it also reinforced the predominant resident Confederate sympathy. It might even bring out some of the "Good Old Rebel" in me. We often hear of the Civil War being the war of brother against brother. We will see this was in fact the case in my father's family, not only between brothers, but also between first cousins. In-laws also got into the act, but that's only to be expected, right? One can easily surmise that all this Union persecution served to make the resistant loyalist's status even lower. Life for the loyalist had to be awful, and holding that loyalty carried a huge price.

It was not until mostly retired from a busy medical practice that I found time to investigate the question that haunted me from the time of my conversation with Mama about Daddy's "shameful" family that fought for the Yankees. My sister and my son had delved exhaustively into the past re our Scots-Irish ancestry in a most impressive way, but the identity of anyone who "fought for the Yankees" never

emerged. Certainly no Reed effectives could be directly linked with that activity. Only Confederate ties came up there...same as Mama's family. I had long suspected my paternal grandmother's family held the answer. I'd never gotten to know them, or even my grandmother, with her having died before I was old enough to remember. An older cousin had once described her family as "peculiar", and this label plagued me as possible reference to their being Unionists. I know now it probably did. I profess my attachment to them is now a source of great pride, and much of what follows is submitted in their honor...my Skelton line.

"It's got to be the Skeltons," I kept telling myself after dead-end followed dead-end in my Unionist search. Then surely enough, I found two Skelton men in the First Tennessee and Alabama Independent Vidette (Union) Cavalry. "Could these possibly be the relatives Mama had wanted kept in obscurity?" You know, relations you just don't talk about. That forbiddance naturally spurred my curiosity, and I was determined to navigate past false trails until...lo and behold...there he was: William C. Skelton, Vidette Cavalry veteran, squarely in my family line! In fact so close in my line as to be my paternal grandmother's brother! Several sources confirmed the Union service of this man from Larkinsville, Alabama, and matched his identity squarely with that of my grand uncle. Many years of haunting speculation evoked by Mama's provocative statement had finally come to closure. Moreover, I found that the other Skelton in the same Company A of the Vidette Cavalry was in fact the cousin to this granduncle. The cousin's name was Samuel G. Skelton. Yep, my Daddy's family (well, part of it at least) did indeed "fight for the Yankees." But here's where it really starts to get interesting. Only problem was, both William and Samuel were also listed as members of Company C, 50th Alabama Confederate Infantry. "Uh oh, how can this be? Now I'm totally confused. Is the Vidette thing all wrong after all? Nope, there it is!" Their grave sites were marked with Union Vidette Cavalry head stones or listed with Union vets buried in Jackson County, Alabama. No doubt about it, these guys were "Homemade Yankees," to use the popular parlance of the day.

Okay, how do we explain what I'd stumbled across? I mean the dual allegiance thing. Perhaps it's best to start with some descriptive history of the Confederate regiment of concern. I promise not to make it too long. The 50th Alabama Confederate Infantry, formerly the 26-50th was earliest identifiable in September 1861 at Paint Rock, Alabama in the vicinity of my relative's homes, under Captain Lemuel Green Mead and called the Paint Rock Rifles, Company C. Interestingly, my great, great grandfather, William Benton Reed was also enlisted later in this regiment, but in Company D, and served out the war as a Confederate soldier and died of disease contracted in the war some 10 years later. He was 44 when he mustered in, so I'd surmise he was likely caught up in the changing conscription laws and forced away from home and family to fight at a time of life one normally would not volunteer to do so. So then, were the Unionist Skelton boys, both about 20, also caught up in this conscription against their wills? Nope—surprisingly as it turns out—they were among the flood of Confederate volunteers at the start of the war. It turns out they and Samuel's brother, Thomas B., all mustered into Mead's "Paint Rock Rifles" (26th, later 50th Alabama) at Paint Rock, Alabama at the regiment's inception on the same day in September 1861, for the guaranteed term of 12 months.

Oh well, boys will be boys—not the first time guys at that age went against their raising. Yes, it appears William, Samuel, and Thomas mustered in and fought for the Confederacy in a unit that put them in harm's way in such intriguing outings as Shiloh, and Stone's River at Murfreesboro, then perhaps Tullahoma...all this significantly under General Braxton Bragg's leadership or lack thereof. What's worse their enlistment was automatically extended to 3 years by the Conscription Act of April 1862. They would have been unpaid, pathetically underfed, underclad, and undershod. Considering all this and their incipient Union loyalty, it's safe to say that they were not "happy campers." Any frivolous Confederate fervor had to be seriously shaken.

So where does the Tennessee and Alabama Union Vidette Cavalry come into all this? Major insight comes from the name of one Lt. Ephraim Latham of Company C of the 50th Alabama Confederate Infantry and a native of the Larkinsville, Alabama area. He skedaddled in the summer of 1863 that followed the January

Murfreesboro retreat and the winter garrison in Tullahoma. History notes that the situation was ripe for multiple desertions, secondary to discontent and demoralization, surrounding Bragg's poor leadership and the disregard his officers and men had for him. Desertion ran rampant and included Lt. Latham along with 76 "partisans" (which is to say, neighbors) that accompanied him. William C., Samuel G., and Thomas B. Skelton were three of his Larkinsville neighbors. The 1850 District 21 Jackson County census lists them all together. Samuel and Thomas were literally Ephraim's next door neighbors. William and Samuel (but not Thomas) mustered into the Union Vidette Cavalry on August 28, 1863, the same month the now-promoted Captain Ephraim Latham formed his Company A. Were William and Samuel among the 76 that followed Ephraim Latham?

It stands to reason they probably were, having banded together in a tight-knit group that may have even included Thomas up to a point. So they all lived happily ever after, right? Well, not totally. William got promptly captured in less than a month at the skirmish at Hunt's Mill near Larkinsville when his company was overrun by Confederates, and he was likely sent to a Richmond prison along with his other unfortunate comrades. He did, however, survive the war and lived to advanced age. Samuel fared better, having been relegated to orderly duty for General Griary (the post-war governor of Pennsylvania). Captain Latham also survived the war, and on his eventual death was honored with burial in Arlington National Cemetery, having the Vidette Cavalry marker at his grave.

So what happened to Thomas B. Skelton through all this? He was never listed in our Union Vidette Cavalry. Interestingly, on August 28, 1863 he is listed as a prisoner of war after Union capture at Larkinsville. This happened on the exact same date his brother and cousin signed into the Vidette Cavalry there. Does this mean he arrived as a less enthusiastic Latham follower, and was plagued by second thoughts? One can speculate that at the moment of decision he declined Union enlistment and had to be dealt with accordingly. Since he was among fellows he'd literally grown up beside (especially his next door neighbor, Capt. Latham), he was paroled, and allowed home. The Dix-Hill Cartel that allowed for prisoner exchange had been suspended about a month earlier, so he'd be excused to sit out the remainder of the War at home. Such relief was likely well deserved. Some infirmity caused him to be in the Fair Grounds Hospital in Atlanta on May 11, 1863. When he later turned up at Larkinsville, someone very shrewdly made him immune from desertion prosecution by making him a paroled prisoner of war and favored him further by cleverly assigning him to home. I'm betting that shrewd person was none other than Captain Ephraim Latham. Details of all this are sketchy, but the above scenario seems to fit. It is clear, however, for Thomas in contrast to his cousins: Homemade Yankeeism was never consummated.

This may be a good point at which to delve more deeply into the First Tennessee & Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry, as it was most formally called. It could be roughly characterized as two organizations: first was the one relevant to my family and formed at Stevenson and Bridgeport, Alabama and composed of Companies A, B, C, G, and H. The second was organized in Tracy City, and Nashville, Tennessee, composed of Companies D,E, and F, and not so directly relevant to my family history. Here we shall focus on Company A, which was formed substantially of Unionists intent on Confederate desertion.

The more one reflects on the nature of the Vidette Cavalry, particularly Company A, the more unique it appears. At least for me, it takes on a character of a local "good old boy" fraternity. Certainly this appears the case as it existed around Larkinsville. As we have noted, many of the guys shared the desertion experience, which had to engender some degree of bonding. Moreover one has to surmise that they were raised together in an atmosphere of nonconformist unionist distinction. They were "birds of a feather." A further uniqueness comes from the fact their unit was located practically in their own neighborhood, indeed where they were born and raised. (Compare this to what WWII soldiers experienced). It's tempting to characterize Company A as similar to a local ball team or perhaps more appropriately, a National Guard Unit. A revelation comes when one compares the Vidette Cavalry roster to the cemetery grave listings in the Larkinsville and Paint Rock Valley area. Some of the cemeteries are within five miles of each other and are the resting place of such names as Skelton, Pace, Hall, Carden, and Disheroon,

having markers repeatedly denoting the Vidette cavalry. All this further underlines the closeness of relationships among the soldiers, often by bloodline or by marriage.

All the earlier mentioned names have connection within my own family. The Cardens link to my family in an interesting way. My paternal grandmother's mother was Jane E. Carden, whose brother Leonard W. Carden fought with the Vidette Cavalry and is buried in the Latham Cemetery in Paint Rock Valley. This means that my grandmother had both a brother and an uncle in that Unionist regiment, which further broadens my Unionist heritage. This also underscores the large family size and age span of the time. My grandmother, Martha Ellen Skelton Reed was the youngest of 11 siblings with ages spanning 20 years, which allows for the brother and uncle phenomena. On another note the only bridge between my Reed line per se and Union sympathy comes through the marriage connection. My grand aunt Mary Reed Disheroon, was the daughter-in-law to David J. Disheroon of Company D, First Tennessee and Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry. Note how the Vidette Cavalry comes up often and diffusely, representing the Unionist common denominator for so many.

Completeness dictates I describe the perceived mission of our Company A, First Tennessee and Alabama Independent Cavalry. Roughly, it was to protect against Confederate guerrilla raids and to try to stifle bushwhacker activity. Hunt's Mill was their first real test, and candid reports say they failed miserably. Company A seemed to have worked out best for most involved, fully recognizing our closest family operative wound up as a prisoner of war, along with several others, and there were Vidette Cavalry deaths. All this has to be tempered in light of what Chattanooga, Chickamauga, the 100 Days in Georgia, and the Battle of Franklin would have held for them as Confederate cannon fodder.

One might poetically characterize my Skelton family as a vulnerable but obstinate Unionist island struggling to exist in a stormy sea of Confederate opposition. On the other hand, this loyalty was not always homogeneous within the family. My research indicated, to my surprise, that the Skeltons by no means always agreed about which side to be on. It leads one to ponder about how many levels that war could be fought on. Talk about total war. It seems that at times this conflict got down to the level of the kitchen table, or maybe even worse. Considering that there could be ten or more kids in the family, maybe not so much. I guess they had to draw the line somewhere.

The Skelton story is really a story of three brothers whose lives spanned years from the late 1700's to the early 1800's. I will start with the brother in my most direct family line, my great grandfather, James Washington Skelton. His line seems at least inchoately Unionist and contains William C. Skelton about whom I elaborated above. The next brother is John Odis Skelton, whose line is further interesting, apropos our heterogeneity focus. To start with, John Odis was a U.S. Army veteran, having served in the Indian Wars with the expected allegiance that would likely incur. We have already considered his son, Samuel G., who left the 50th Alabama Confederate Infantry to join the First Tennessee and Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry and serve out his time in that unit. However, Samuel's brother, Thomas B. Skelton, apparently drew on a differing sentiment to stay in the 50th Alabama and to serve out his time in the Confederacy. He didn't change loyalty with his brother and cousin. As we recall, both brothers and their cousin, William joined the Confederate Paint Rock Rifles on the same day in September 1861. One can only imagine the discussion and debate when the subject of desertion inevitably arose.

But there's yet another story, perhaps the most provocative and certainly the most disturbing, that stems from the third brother's line. William S. Skelton was this third brother, who had two Civil War veteran sons. Both sons, Privates Edward V. Skelton and James W. Skelton, served in the 19th Alabama Confederate Infantry. Unlike two of their cousins, they did not change sides all the way to the end. Sadly the end came about as it did for so many. Neither brother survived the war. Edward V. died in 1864, which would be consistent historically with the Battle of Franklin. James W. Skelton is listed as buried on July 5, 1862 with numerous others in the Confederate section of the Enterprise, Mississippi Cemetery. The Mobile and Ohio Railroad transported wounded to the area after the April battle at Shiloh. One could surmise James suffered wounds at Shiloh, resulting in death and burial at Enterprise.

So there we have it: my "shameful family." Actually, this is a family of which I find myself immensely proud, especially around the Fourth of July each year. My friends know how long and how strongly I have wanted to confirm my Unionist ancestry. At last I have been able to answer the burning question of who my Unionist relatives were. Moreover, the research yielded a benefit I hadn't expected to glean. That would be the vivid insight derived about how complicated life in the area of my birth had to be during that horrible war. True the War was not fought there in aggregated famous battles, but I maintain that the manner in which it was fought was in many ways far worse. I mean, conflict never let up, especially for the Unionists. Day to day life was a fight, whether against the Rebels, or, yes, against the Yankees, or against one's neighbors. Even worse, as shown above, it could be against one's own relatives. I cannot fathom what they must have gone through. Indeed, family reunions couldn't have been much fun.

On a personal note, when I get into an "Oh poor me" mode from current challenges, I have only to reflect on what those brave people of my blood line overcame. I only hope I have a few cc's of their courage pumping around in my veins. Who knows? Considering ten or more kids to a family, if you're from North Alabama or Tennessee, maybe some is pumping around in yours.

James Robert Reed M.D., Ph.D.

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Born in Scottsboro at Hodges Hospital, Dr. Reed started life as an infant in Woodville. His early years were then spent in Huntsville with return to Scottsboro during his high school years. He was a Scottsboro Wildcat until his family, much to his chagrin, moved back to Huntsville in the middle of his senior year. He received his Pharmacy degree at Samford University and his Ph.D. in Pharmacology at the UAB School of Medicine, where he also received his M.D. He completed his residency in Internal Medicine and went on to further specialize in Nephrology, which he practiced in Birmingham for some 45 years. His writing interests and publications have been those of his profession, and those evoked by his passion for the sport of fly fishing. This is his first Civil War history venture.

History of Schools in the Bryant Community

The first school on the northern end of Sand Mountain was started about 35 years before Bryant became a dot on Jackson County's map, when a post office by that name was established in the area in 1891. The earliest school was housed in a log church house built in the mid-1850s by Rev. Zachariah Gordon, soon after his family moved to the vicinity to mine coal. According to a church history written by Mrs. Dorothy Marona, Gordon Chapel Church and School was located near the current intersection of Alabama Highway 73 and County Road 90.

The church and school's name changed to Ebenezer at some point after the Civil War. In 1908-09, when Ebenezer Baptist Church built a new wood-framed building, the school's classes moved there as well. An article printed in the February 19, 1920 edition of the *Bridgeport News* states that Ebenezer School was still in operation. The school closed sometime later in the 1920s or early 1930s. However, Ebenezer Baptist Church still thrives today as the oldest active church on the northern end of Sand Mountain.

Standish House, site of 1888 school. Photo from Ed Carter.

Two other schools which were started during the second half of the 1800s were the Guilford School and a school for girls opened by Miss Susan Z. Standish. Both were located near the brow of Porter's Bluff on the western brow of Sand Mountain. The Guilford School was in existence for an unknown period after the Civil War, until the family moved to Atlanta in the 1880s. An 1888 newspaper item in *The Stevenson Chronicles* called the second school "Miss Standish's Young Ladies Seminary". It remained in operation on Porter's Bluff at least through the first portion of the 1900s and possibly as late as Miss Standish's death in 1915.

Interviews conducted by Mrs. Beverly Gilmer with several retired teachers in the Bryant community in 1970s document the existence of several other schools. One of them was the Dean School, which was also referred to by some as Crescent Hill School. It was also located near the western brow of Sand Mountain, south of Porter's Bluff, on current Jackson County Road 131. This subscription school was originally named for the family that donated the land. It operated for only a few weeks or months each year, depending upon the weather and the need for the students to do farm labor for their families. It existed until the 1940s.

According to the research of Ed Carter, the first public school in Bryant was opened about 1912. A two-acre site on current Jackson County Road 267, east of Bryant Cemetery, was purchased on November 3, 1911 for a new school in School District No. 2. The school was called Center Point School because its location was very near the middle of land section 24. Its first teacher was Vaux Owen. It was destroyed in the 1920s when a forest fire burned out of control.

The process for starting Bryant School at the present-day school's location on Highway 73 was set in motion on October 22, 1930 when E. C. and Dorothy Marona sold three acres of land to the state of Alabama for a school site. The land deal was actually a gift, since the state paid the couple only $1.00. A one-room schoolhouse was erected on the site in time for school to open in 1931. Mr. Henry Evans of Sheffield, Alabama, was Bryant School's first principal. He was also the sole teacher during its first year of operation. A second room was added to the building in time for the next school term. Mr. Carlus Page of Woodville and Miss Elberta Clark of Bridgeport were the school's faculty that year. Miss Clark taught grades 1-3 in one room and Mr. Page taught grades 4-6 in the other. It is not known how long they taught at Bryant. The two later married and became well-known Scottsboro citizens.

The next documented principal of Bryant School was Rev. John B. Armstrong, a native of Blount County. The October 15, 1936 issue of the *Bridgeport News-Herald* newspaper reported that "Rev. J. B. Armstrong and family arrived from Langston and are located near the Bryant School in the teacherage. He, with his well-recommended assistants, Misses Mable and Mildred Hackworth, of Stevenson are the teachers here this year."

Soon after Mr. Armstrong's arrival, Sam Rigsby, of Boaz, Alabama, who owned property adjoining the new school grounds, heard of Mr. Armstrong's innovative approach to education and donated seven additional acres of land to the school for agricultural experimentation.

The first reference to Bryant School being a junior high school appeared in a "news" column in the December 3, 1936 issue of the *Bridgeport News-Herald*. The blurb stated, "The young people of this place are going to organize a young people's club Friday night December 11 at the Junior High School at 7 p.m."

According to another story published in the September 30, 1937 issue of the same paper, Mr. Armstrong and the school trustees worked diligently to get four more rooms built onto the school. The county board of education furnished $650 for the project, with the rest of the money coming from donations and volunteer labor from the community. The school's enrollment increased from a mere handful to 130 pupils. The school's faculty was Mr. Armstrong, Miss Mildred Hackworth, Miss Mabel Hackworth, and Miss Lou Velma Clark of Bridgeport, a newcomer from Florence State Teachers College. Classes were taught through the ninth-grade level. This school was also called the Bryant Mountain View School in some newspaper articles.

Over time, home economics and agriculture classes were added to the curriculum, as well as upper level classes for a few students. The emphasis was on practical farming and household knowledge. In 1941, three students were awarded a 12th Grade high school diploma. The three were Richard Norris, Elmer Winters, and Louise Reese (Winters). This information was verified by Owen Norris, the brother of Richard Norris.

The Jackson County Sentinel published an article about Bryant School in its January 24, 1950, edition. The principal, Mr. A. T. Bottoms, reported that the student enrollment that year was 289. The school's faculty that year consisted of seven teachers. The names of the teachers were listed by grade, along with the number of students they were responsible for teaching. They were: Mrs. Lois Hicks, 47 first graders; Mrs. Thelma Winkler, 32 second graders; Mrs. Mary Ellen Rochester, 38 third graders; Miss Callie Burk, 31 fourth graders; Mr. Weldon Norwood, 37 fifth graders; and Mrs. Burma Clark, with 23 sixth graders. Mrs. Ada Keith Bottoms was responsible for the junior high and tenth grade students. The school had 24 enrolled in the seventh grade, 21 in the eighth grade, 18 in the ninth grade, and 18 in the tenth grade. Principal Bottoms also taught some of the upper level classes.

At one time, the Bryant students who desired to finish high school had to travel to Bridgeport High School. They rode a bus off the western side of Sand Mountain into Hogjaw Valley and then crossed the Tennessee River on Reece's Ferry at the southern tip of Long Island. In extreme weather, if crossing the river on the ferry was deemed too dangerous, the students could not go to school.

In 1952, the Bryant School building burned. Community opinions today vary as to who was responsible for the suspected arson case. The general consensus is that the fire was associated with a school discipline case. No one was ever arrested for the crime.

After the fire, classes were held at various locations in the Bryant community while a new concrete block school building was constructed. The younger students finished the year in a temporary classroom building on the campus that did not burn. Others attended classes in the American Legion Hall, located on the road between Weldon's Store and Porter's Bluff (now County Road 262). Several students from the Bryant community were also permitted to exercise a different option; they transferred to Mount Olive Junior High School in Higdon for that school year.

When Bryant Junior High School reopened in 1953, it had only nine grades. In the interim, the Board of Education decided to eliminate the tenth grade. Tenth graders who wanted to continue their education had to travel with the juniors and seniors who were already being bussed to an area high school.

At some unknown point in the 1950s, the County Board of Education decided that Bryant Junior High School graduates would attend Pisgah High School, located about 30 miles south of Bryant, rather than Bridgeport High School. Pisgah was a very large school, at the time, drawing students from as far south as Section and as far north as Bryant. This arrangement continued until Section High School was opened for the 1955-56 school term and North Sand Mountain High added senior classes for the 1964-65 term.

Herbert Pace recalled, when interviewed, that he made the journey from Bryant to Pisgah High School from the fall of 1954 until he graduated from PHS in the spring of 1957. He stated that the bus driver was always one of the senior boys. The bus made stops at Mount Olive Junior High in Higdon, Flat Rock Jr. High, and Rosalie Jr. High, as well as any place along Highway 71 where Pisgah students were standing beside the road. This practice continued until the early 1970s, even after North Sand Mountain High School was opened.

In 1977, the ninth grade was eliminated at Bryant Junior High School. This action was mandated by the Jackson County Board of Education for all junior high schools in the school system. The reasoning behind this change was that students could be better prepared for college by attending grades 9-12 at a senior high school, rather than just the latter three grades.

Over the years, several men served as the principal of Bryant Junior High School. Since the 1952 fire, the list includes the following: Mr. Sam Peek, Mr. Curly Arnold, Mr. Truman Maples, Mr. James Pratt (1969-72), Mr. Cecil Bearden (1973-79), Mr. Larry Holt (1980-85), Mr. Dana Moore (1986-1990), Mr. Marland Mountain (1991-1995), Mr. Darrell Kirk (1995-2002), Mr. Mark Guffey (2003-2005), and the one with the longest tenure, Mr. Lloyd Ellison (2006-2019). In February 2019, Beverly Evans Ashmore became the school's first woman principal. In May 2019, the enrollment of Bryant School was 157 students in grades K-8.

Ed Carter

Bryant School in the Early 1930s. Photo from Ed Carter.

The Sulphur Well on the Courthouse Square

"Did you know that a fountain of youth and a cure for all infirmities and old age is buried on the northeast corner of the Jackson County Square?" Stanley Jones asked rhetorically in the 1987 *Chronicles*. "Yes, according to many wiseacres and the resurrected memories of several old codgers, a sulphur well is covered with asphalt and cement at that exact spot." (*Chronicles*, April 1987)

Few people are alive today who remember when Scottsboro had two wells on the square: a "freestone well" on the northwest corner, providing drinking and cooking water and a sulphur well on the northeast corner. The freestone well "served as the drinking water supply for both man and beast for many, many years....while the one on the other end of the square gave up sulphur water, and how!" The "freestone well" was a step along the road to a public waterworks. The more interesting cultural phenomenon was the white sulphur well and the promise that city fathers thought it held for turning Scottsboro into a spa town.

The white sulphur well on the northeast corner of the square seems to have been dug in 1897, shortly before the cover of *Harper's Weekly* featured a gentleman at Saratoga Springs, NY "taking the waters" (aka, drinking sulphur water).

Harper's Weekly, September 5, 1887.

Spa visits were undertaken by those who could afford it in Jackson County as a cure of whatever ailed them, and the most popular destination for hydrotherapy (soaking in hot water) was Hot Springs, Arkansas. "A town of 35,000 about halfway between Memphis and Dallas," Henry Graber of Bloomberg explained in 2015, "Hot Springs was once a major destination for high rollers from Chicago and St. Louis." Part of the town's appeal was its historic architecture, Cole McCaskill, the downtown development director explained. "But, he added, "Visitors would have supplemented their health vacation with a little gambling, or a visit to an ostrich or alligator farm." (1)

Such indulgences were not beyond the scope of Jackson County citizens. When John Washington of Jackson County returned home from the Civil War with a painful war injury, he journeyed to Hot Springs for treatment. The *Stevenson Chronicle* noted in May 1887 that his brother Frank Washington "is spending sometime at Hot Springs, Ark., for his health." John Reid Coffey's grandson Charles Rice and his wife Lena Darwin Coffey moved to Hot Springs to treat the condition that Rice acquired while encamped in the Everglades waiting to be called into the Spanish American War, a condition that required regular morphine injections after his return to Jackson County. Rice's diaries tell us that local people came to talk to his wife, Lena, and him about where to go and what doctors to seek out on their own spa trips to Hot Springs. There are family photographs of Matilda Bradford on her yearly trips to Hot Springs.


Matilda Bradford with friends in Hot Springs, About 1920.

I imagine the city fathers found the sulphur well by mistake while digging for a good freshwater well to serve the growing community of merchants around the square. The August 1897 *Progressive Age* noted that, "Ben Matthews has invented a fine arrangement for drawing water from the sulphur well," indicating the logistics were still being worked out in 1897.

James Armstrong, editor of the *Scottsboro Citizen*, wrote in September 1897 that "Our sulphur well ought to induce some summer boarders to come here," and he must have been right since later he wrote, "The sulphur well is our town's most popular resort." In September 1897, the *Progressive Age* reported, "Our sulphur well continues to hold its popularity. Capt. Sam Glover of Bridgeport says it is "the finest sulphur water he ever drank." Another short in the same paper noted, "The sulphur well continues to draw crowds." One September 23, the *Progressive Age* noted, "A pump has been placed in the sulphur well making it much more convenient to get water than formerly." At the end of October, the paper noted, with some relief, that "Scottsboro's sulphur well continues to hold out, and the water is good and cool. Drink it and grow fat." Another such affirmation is found in the January 1898 paper.

All this enthusiasm for water that must have tasted foul indicates that the town was aware of the burgeoning wellness trend that *Harper's Weekly* was covering. The trend had started just after the Civil War with train trips to spa towns like Hot Springs and is still very much alive in today's wellness movement. The discovery of the white sulphur well on the square was Jackson County's bid to attract some of those wellness dollars to Scottsboro. And the editors of both the *Scottsboro Citizen* (James Armstrong) and *The Progressive Age* (Lawrence Brown) in the 1890s were both beating the wellness drum.

They did not have to look far to see the prosperity that a health spa encouraged. The spa trend produced Monte Sano in Huntsville, the "mountain of health." Built in 1887, the 233-room hotel opened on June 1, 1887 and served as a health resort and haven for famous visitors, including Helen Keller, the Vanderbilts, and the Astors. Guests arrived," the historical marker explains, "via the 'Tally Ho' stagecoach or the Monte Sano Railway, which served the mountain community." The hotel closed in 1900, and the W.W. Garth family later purchased it for their summer retreat. It was demolished for salvage in 1944. All that remains of the hotel is the brick chimney. That and a hiking trail that follows the old railroad bed and a name embedded in local lore. (2)

Hotel Monte Sano, built in 1887 and burned in 1900. Auburn University.

But the real vision of Scottsboro as a spa town comes from Lawrence Brown, writing for the *Progressive Age* June 23, 1898 in an article titled "Grasp the Chance:"

Since the widespread prevalence of the fever scourge last year, and in view of its probable outbreak this year again, the people of the far South are disquieted and are looking for localities of immunity from the dreads pestilence. Their eyes are turning to the mountains of North Alabama as the place of refuge and hundreds of families will soon be on the way to this favored clime. They will want homes for their sojourn and will bring money to pay their way liberally.

Here in our little Scottsboro, the highest point on the Southern Railway between Lookout Mountain and the Mississippi River—but not on a mountain—they will find all they are seeking for. Our locality never had an epidemic of maladies of any sort; no extremes of heat and cold, drought or humus. The feeble, debilitated man is soon put all right in this healthful clime. An old sea captain, Capt. Garrett, of Florida, who was in poor health, spent the two months just passed here, and the day before he left he was walking the streets with a quick step that showed how good he was feeling. He will have a good word for Scottsboro as a free sanitarium, and his report will spread to others. Hon. Wm. Martin, known and honored throughout Alabama, will bring Mrs. Martin and the children up from Montgomery for the summer. He knows the joy of the vigor of blood and muscle and brain that springs from a touch of the air of his native hills.

Then, what place can surpass this region for its mineral waters? Fern Cliff on the brow of Old Sandy, six miles away, is known of old and its waters still paint the old sandstones and give health and appetites to the invalid. Just over to the

west, reached to the summit from the court house door, toward the sugar-loaf peak of July Mountain, where another Chalybeate fountain furnishes nature's elixir for the ills that beset us. In the heart of the village, the wellman's drill discovered a priceless treasure and brought it to the surface. A sulphur well seventy-six feet deep cannot be matched from Dan to Beersheba, and that settles it as a rarity and a wonder and nearly a miracle. That this white sulphur water is wholesome and uninjurions as drink has been too clearly proved to admit any denial. Even the doctors admit that and the habitual users have a ruddy face and a buoyant step to prove it, and some of those had thought they never could be rid of their chronic troubles.

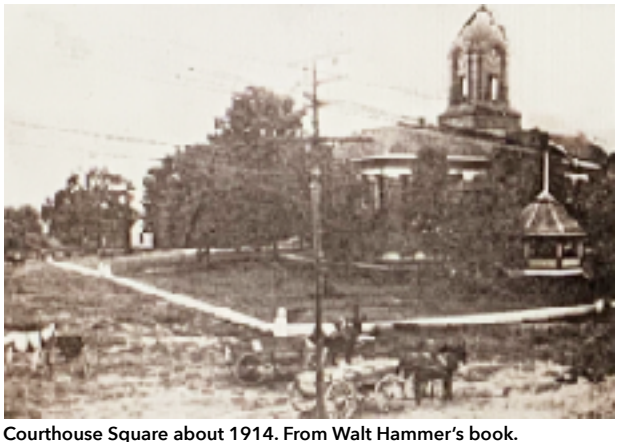
Now, the application of all this is, that Scottsboro can become a health resort by preparing for it and publishing it to the world. We do not lack ample hotel requirements, Park's House, the Hotel Harris, the Austin House, the Kirk House, are all large, handsome buildings well furnished, and there are residences who take boarders. Some people may come who prefer to take a cottage and lives themselves, and thus stimulate the building of houses on now vacant lots. There are locations in the east and south limits of the town that would capture the fancy of any observer, not covered with corn and peas.

Let's have a public meeting, talk it over, and organize the whole town in a 'Good Effort League,' and take hope for the future of our place. We might strike prosperity, and a full expanded boom later.

Some of the florid rhetoric in this account and some of the historical references require explanation. "Dan to Beersheba" is a phrase from the Bible that appears seven times, according to Wikipedia. It means from one end of Israel to the other, or more broadly stated from one end of anything to the other. I think it is a polite way of saying "all over hell's half acre." I don't think I have ever heard Sand Mountain called "Old Sandy." And I had to look up "Chalybeate fountain" which literally means a mineral spring impregnated with salts of iron. I have drunk iron water and it ain't the same as sulphur water. But then, Lawrence Brown did not have the internet to fine-tune his definitions.

There is no truth at all to the generalization that "our locality never had an epidemic of maladies of any sort." Abner Rosson when he was mayor in the 1880s closed Scottsboro because of smallpox. And malaria ravaged the county's citizens every year until TVA built Guntersville Dam. Never mind the outright lie that our sulphur water restored the "quick step" to an aging sea captain or gave the drinker "a ruddy face and a buoyant step."

Enthusiasm for the sulphur well continued to run high. In June 1899, James Armstrong in the *Scottsboro Citizen* exhorted citizens to "Talk up the sulphur well and bring two or three hundred visitors here this summer." In 1902, the Citizen suggested that the well needed to be cleaned out." In May 1902, the *Progressive Age* reported that "Otey Boggess with his drill machine removed a piece of metal that obstructed the pipe at the sulphur well and we look forward to a consistent flow of water this summer."



Courthouse Square about 1914. From Walt Hammer's book.

Caring for this local treasure must have been the impetus behind building the elaborate well housing that we see in the 1917 snow picture on the next page.

A slightly earlier picture of the square from around 1914 (left) shows the new bandstand and nothing but a pump to define the location of the well, with a mule and a wagon tied up beside it. This photo was dated 1912 in Walt Hammer's book but clearly is at least 1914 because the bandstand was built in 1914.

But the 1917 picture shows an elaborate well house with the words "Sulphur Water" at the top.

The well house was still there in 1936 when Alfred Eisenstaedt visited Scottsboro with *Raleigh News and Observer* editor Jonathan Daniel. The photo below shows a less elaborate building maintained with advertising dollars. Though sign above the well proudly says "Scottsboro, Alabama—Jackson County—Population 3000—653 feet above sea level—"In the fertile valley of the mighty Tennessee," it also tells you that Temp's Service Station can be reached at Phone 42 and offers standard gasoline and new and used tires, fixing punctures by "coming to you."

Sulphur Well well house about 1916.

Sulphur Well well house, 1937. By Alfred Eisenstaedt.

Stanley Jones, born in 1922, could attest to the popularity of the foul-smelling drink. Jones got his first job because of the sulphur well. When he was 10 years old, he "pumped and carried a gallon of that health-restoring, 'sweet' smelling water to Miss Lizzie and Mr. Ernest Parks (brother and sister) each day, being paid 50¢ a week!" Jones noted that "Both lived to a ripe old age!"

"Some even preferred the sulphur 'medicine' to a prescription from Presley's (later Hodges) Drug Store," he continued. "Instead of stopping at the drug store, elderly locals, frail and bent of body, would hobble across the street, take several drinks of that powerful water, then run and dance away, straight as an arrow. And what a sight to behold on 'First Monday.' Traders had to 'queue up' to get a long slurp of that salubrious water, getting fortified to make their cleverest bargains on that big day."

So how did this treasure, this fountain of health, get away from us?

Stanley Jones continued in his 1987 *Chronicles* essay to extol the sulphur well as a gathering place well into the 1940s. "The well-site was the favorite gathering place each night after ball practice for Coach Mickey O'Brien's stalwarts. Mickey would spin yarns about past exploits and challenge each player to drink a quart of that fragrant potion. For you see, that strong mixture would induce a good night's sleep, as well as prime the athletes for great victories the next day."

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

The sulphur well was being kept up in 1935. An over-zealous reveler set off dynamite in the bandstand to welcome in 1935. While repairs were

Stanley Jones, Coach O'Brien, and Claude Baker in front of the Quality Store, 1939.

being made, *Progressive Age* Editor Jim Benson suggested, "The city or the county certainly ought to see that the sulphur well on the Square is cleaned out and the pump repaired before the summer rolls around. This is a valuable asset to the the town and if properly cared for would be used by many of our town people as well as these tourists. These are things that cost very little but pay big dividends."

Courthouse, bandstand, and well house about 1945.

There was still interest in the sulphur well as a tourist resource in the 1940s. In the October 24, 1940 *Progressive Age*, Parker Campbell wrote a story titled "Let's Have Sulphur Water for Added Attraction."

A move is on foot to recondition the deep sulphur well on the public square in Scottsboro and install an automatic electric pump and drinking fountain. The sign on the old well house stating "Sulphur Water" draws a constant stream of tourists to the spot, but they find no water.

Let's get this fine sulphur well in action—for years it was considered a great attraction and people actually came here and stayed for weeks, to get the benefits of drinking it.

However, our folks never did take to the taste and odor so strongly and especially after the city wells began filling the water mains with black sulphur water, we lost all desire for it. But we can fix it up for the visitors and such local people as crave that type liquid. Anyway, you can always blame the halitosis on it!

The well was bored and opened when this editor was a very small boy and it was a sort of medical wonder it was claimed at the time. I remember how it would rust out all the tin dippers and buckets around the square in quick time and my youthful questioning mind wondered if it did not do the same for the stomaches.

Throughout the 1940s, the well was still a local landmark. It was a place where people met to consolidate cars before going on a trip, and a place where young people could be found parking late in the evening (according to the 1944 *Progressive Age*).

The well had clearly fallen into disuse by April 14, 1949 when the Progressive Age Editor Parker Campbell suggested that the current beautification of square effort underway was considering installation of a drinking fountain in place of the pump at the sulphur well. Campbell wrote, "A move is now under way by civic organizations to plant flowers and

further beautify the place, adding drinking fountains, etc. as well as attempt to rejuvenate the old sulphur well. The latter may be a little slow as the last time the sulphur well was put into use it did not seem too popular as folks appeared to like Coca-Cola better than good old free sulphur water. The editor was very small child when this well was first drilled and it was highly popular, folks coming from other states to stay a while and drink the sulphur water for their health. Later on when we got waterworks and drilled some wells and some of them showed up as heavy black sulphur water, which went into the mains and pipes the sulphur water craze sorter got cooled off. A few baths in warm sulphur water will just about overcome any desire for mystic health benefits.

I cannot find an exact date when the decision was made to cover over the sulphur well, but it seems to have been part of the 1954-55 renovation of the courthouse in which the two wings were added to the east and west ends of the building. Charles H. McCauley of Birmingham was the architect, a firm that frequently bid on jobs in Jackson County. In January 1954, the *Jackson County Sentinel* ran an artist rendering of the remodeled courthouse which showed neither the "walls and balls" that had outlined the courthouse courtyard nor the sulphur well. In all fairness, however, it did not show the bandstand either, which clearly survived this renovation.

Charles H. McCauley drawing. *Jackson County Sentinel*, January 5, 1954.

The sulphur well was still visible in 1950. The high school band met and played there in June 1950 to support "the national bond drive," probably the selling of bonds to raise money for the Korean War. And the well was clearly gone in May 1954 because the *Jackson County Sentinel* ran a short article explaining that "James Grider, who is blind and has been operating a soft drink concession stand in the courthouse for several years, has built a stand on the square at the old sulphur well site to use while the courthouse is being rebuilt," a temporary location that he named Snack Corner.

"Surely someone will volunteer to lead a crusade in restoring that landmark!" Reuben Smith intoned in his 1987 essay for the *Chronicles*. "After all, it is the heritage of all Jackson Countians. Many who read this are here today for having drunk of that longevity-producing water!" But in 1987, it was already long gone. Unless white sulphur water is found to cure Covid, it is likely to remain beneath the pavement at the northeast corner of the square.

Annette Bradford

Footnotes

(1) *Bloomberg CityLab*: https://www.bloomberg.com/news/articles/2015-11-16/the-legacy-of-america-s-water-cure-towns

(2) *Encyclopedia of Alabama* "Hotel Monte Sano" http://encyclopediaofalabama.org/article/m-7063

A Letter About Ed Carter's NSM School Story

In January 2021, the Chronicles included Ed Carter's story abut the history of North Sand Mountain High School, part of a history of the county schools that the JCHA is compiling. We received immediate feedback from Chattanooga news anchor and sometimes Chronicles author David Carroll.

My main purpose for contacting you is about what I believe is a serious omission in Ed Carter's NSM High School story. I don't blame anyone, for a couple of reasons. Ed is a very modest man, and I'm sure you all are covered up just trying to compile and publish the content.

However . . . Ed, in his modesty, left HIMSELF out of the NSM story, and that is understandable, but unfortunate. I fear he will leave himself out of the book too, but he is a vital, important part of the NSM story. In a nutshell, this man was the heart and soul of that school for 45 years, and influenced at least 4,000 people in his classroom....and that's assuming he "touched" 100 kids each year for 45 years.

He changed the climate and culture of a school, and a community that needed it. He made a huge impression on my life, and my career. By modestly keeping himself out of the story, he has unintentionally left out (in my opinion) the most important person in the school's history.

I am certainly not requesting a "correction," but an addition, written by someone who doesn't mind bragging about him.

Quite simply, he was one of the longest-running, most influential, most successful teachers in the history of that school, and of Jackson County. Had I known of the publication of his excerpt in advance, I would have strongly recommended a "sidebar" piece, like mine, to let it be known that the author of NSM's history wasn't just an informed observer. Instead, he was an integral part of the school's history and growth. He is as responsible as anyone for the school's improved academic performance, accreditation, and more importantly, for changing the culture of a rural area that was sorely lacking in role models who practiced tolerance and kindness. I know, because I was there.

Thanks for considering my request.

David Carroll
News Anchor
WRCB-TV
dcarroll@wrcbtv.com

So here is David's true story of Ed Carter and his contribution to North Sand Mountain High School, which Ed so modestly omitted, written May 31, 2014.

Blessed To Have Learned from the Best: Ed Carter Retires

On the last day of school, Ed Carter called me with some big news: after 45 years at North Sand Mountain High School, he had just retired. The longest-running teacher in that school's history (a record I'm betting will never be broken) stepped down quietly, with no fanfare. Classy as always. He knew this year's graduation, the school's 50th, would be his last. "But it was the seniors' night," he told me. "I didn't want to be a distraction." He's ready to do more volunteering and traveling, and spend more time with his wonderful wife Barbara. Why now? "No particular reason," he said. "I just think it's the right time."

That says a lot about Ed Carter. He's the very definition of the term "old school." It might be hard for the class of 2014 to imagine this 66-year-old veteran as a rookie teacher, but it's easy for me. I was there.

In the fall of 1969, North Sand Mountain was in its fifth year as a high school, and was considered Pisgah's inferior little brother. Those of us who lived in Bryant had a choice of high schools: we could ride a bus just five miles away to NSM. The School Board simultaneously ran a bus 30 miles farther to Pisgah, giving in to popular demand. Many Bryant residents had graduated from Pisgah, and wanted their children to do so.

My sister Elaine had started her great teaching career at NSM a little earlier, and encouraged me to enroll in 8th grade, to get a head start on high school. Compared to Bryant, it was a tough crowd. Some of the other 8th graders had been held back a year or two, and could cause some trouble. On my first day, I got my first-ever paddling. An elderly science teacher split up the students: girls on the left side of the room, boys on the right. One of the boys was making noises, and when no one would admit to it, the teacher just lined up all the boys, and paddled us all. Welcome to NSM!

Meanwhile, a few classrooms down the hall, young Edward H. Carter was making his teaching debut at the age of 22. Just four years removed from Section High School, and fresh out of Jacksonville State, he was off to a rough start. Some of the veteran teachers were rather relaxed, permitting a casual atmosphere. Discipline was spotty at best. Tardiness was not uncommon, and there were plenty of class clowns to go around. So after a few hours of "Welcome Back Kotter" style behavior, we entered Room 16 and had to deal with Carter instead of Kotter.

No nonsense. No excuses. No fun. This guy was serious about teaching and learning. This did not go over well. Some of the older students tried to intimidate the rookie teacher. Maybe with enough complaints, they could run him off. I'd seen it happen before in our end of the county. Some new guy comes in, starts enforcing the rules, and boom! He was gone. (If you had told me in the fall of '69 that Mr. Carter would still be at NSM in the spring of '70, I would've bet against that. And if you'd told me he would be there for 45 years, I wouldn't let you drive.)

Most courageously, Mr. Carter took on some of the disgusting behaviors of that era It was not uncommon to hear certain racial slurs thrown around in public, and in the classroom. Yes, it was inexcusable. You can say we didn't know any better, or our parents didn't know any better, and in some cases you would be right. But Mr. Carter wouldn't hear of it. He had zero tolerance for bigotry, profanity or bullying. Some of the older students, who were close to Mr. Carter's age, tried to bully the teacher. He stood his ground. Sadly, few students stood up for him, because that was not a "cool" thing to do.

The heat would reach a boiling point each May. As graduation time neared, some of the slackers would express shock when they were informed they wouldn't get a diploma. They had failed Mr. Carter's class, having missed numerous assignments despite his frequent warnings. Mr. Carter wouldn't yield. The outcry was predictable: students squealed, parents squealed louder. "Just let him make up the work!" But this teacher went by the rules. He had standards, and the students of NSM had better start living up to them.

Some demanded change, and thankfully it soon came. The tough young teacher stayed, and helped change the school culture. During his 45 years, Ed Carter has taught thousands of students, including recent grads who are grandchildren of that 1970 senior class. He has worked for every principal in the school's

history. NSM is a far better place, a nationally recognized school thanks to his influence. Other teachers had to step up their game to keep pace. After all, who wants to be known as "the easy teacher?" No one will ever say that about Ed Carter. He taught us our presidents (yes, I can still recite them, as can most other former Carter students). He taught us how to behave, and taught us how to succeed in college.

I've long given him much of the credit for my career. He was the teacher who got me excited about government, politics, history and current events. Every day I work in journalism, I'm drawing upon those lessons learned in Ed Carter's classroom in Higdon, Alabama.

He is the common bond among NSM graduates. Whenever I meet one, I always ask, "Did you have Mr. Carter?" "Oh, yes," they'll say. I'll respond, "Washington, Adams, Jefferson." They'll say, "Madison, Monroe, Adams." It's like our secret password. And with a knowing smile, we agree we were blessed to have learned from the best.

David Carroll

Aerial view of North Sand Mountain High School in 1986. From the yearbooks.

The History of the Jackson County Jail

As long as lawyers, lawbreakers, and terms of court have existed in nascent Jackson County, there had to be pa lace for the persons who passed through this process to reside, and that place was the Jackson County Jail. This county has had at least six locations used as county jails.

According to the 1974 TVA report on Old Bellefonte prior to disturbing the area to build the nuclear power plant, the **first** county jail was in Bellefonte. When Bellefonte was established as the county seat in 1823, George G. Higgins and Stephen Carter paid James Riley for his 640 acres. They sold lots in Bellefonte and retained enough land to build a courthouse and jail in the southwest corner of section 17, T4S R5E where land was set aside on August 25, 1828. The jail is referenced in 1839 and 1844 reports. The 1850 census shows that Bellefonte had two sheriffs and one jailor. The census confirmed that the practice was already established of having the jailor and his family living in the jail. When the TVA conducted its survey in 1974, the rubble of the old jail could still be found, a jumble of bricks under an old cabin about twenty feet north of the Bellefonte Road. With the logging operation now on that site, all traces of this original jail are obliterated.(1)

After the town of Bellefonte was destroyed during the Civil War and a new county seat was established by hook and crook in Scottsboro, the seat of justice was moved and a **second** county jail was built along the tracks in Scottsboro. This jail was a temporary location that Judge David Tate held bids to have built and opened in Scottsboro in February 1870. According to *Kennamer's History of Jackson County, Alabama,* the specifications were as follows" "The dimensions of the prison room to be 12 x 16 feet, built of hewn timber 12 inches square, to be 8 logs high, floored on the bottom and top with the same material, and the corners to be confined together securely by means of an iron rod running through each from top to bottom." Indications that an identical cell was built on top of this cell, and also by the side of the prison room "of like material." This enabled prisoners to be moved from Bellefonte to Scottsboro.(2)

The **third** jail is the two-story brick jail in which the Scottsboro Boys were held in 1931. It was built in 1872-1873. Kennamer lists the contractor for this sophisticated two-story brick structure as General Hiram Harrison Higgins. "Colonel John Snodgrass made the brick, and W. R. Larkin furnished the lumber. The construction was begun in the summer of 1872; it was finished in the fall of 1873." Kennamer indicates that the prisoners who were confined in the Bellefonte jail were removed at this point to this new jail in Scottsboro, on Monday, September 29, 1873, indicating that the temporary second jail might have been used only for short-term, recent lawbreakers.(3)

General Higgins was also the architect of our first courthouse, as he was of the courthouse in his hometown of Athens. It was Higgins' plan to rebuild our courthouse "upon the old walls" as he had done in Athens after Union soldiers burned the Athens courthouse during the Civil War. *The Alabama Herald* noted in March 1879, "As the courthouse at Scottsboro was constructed on the identical plan of that at Athens, we see no reason why the walls, which are but slightly injured, if at all, may not be used, thus greatly lessening the expense of replacing the structure." That plan was carried out in Scottsboro, and burned wood can still be found in the basement of the courthouse from that original construction.

Photo from the Chattanooga Daily Times, March 21, 1931. Group shown are lawmen guarding the Scottsboro Boys.

Jackson County was probably overdue in the building of its next jail. The condition of the 1873 jail was a matter of some humor to larger towns with more secure jail facilities. *The Huntsville Times* noted on October 13, 1932 that three prisoners escaped jail and were gone for three days before a long-distance call from Stevenson informed Sheriff T. W. McBride that his prisoners had been seen in town. The three men simply walked out of the jail and down the back stairs while dinner was being served. Six men escaped in March 1933, *The Huntsville Times* reported, sawing their way out of prison but leaving the sheriff with a note that said they "planned to be better men in the future."

The **fourth** jail was a two-story low building next door to the 1873 jail on Appletree Street. Scottsboro must have been embarrassed by the condition of their jail during the Scottsboro trials and in spite of the hard times of the 1930s, they resolved to build a new one. The newspapers reflect a lot of opposition to it. In an article in the March 26, 1936 *Progressive Age* "Grand Jury Report," the county reported on the number of upcoming indictments for the term of court, the condition of the County Alms House and its inmates, and condition of the county jail.

"We find that the County Jail is kept in as good a condition as the building will permit. It is clean and sanitary and the prisoners are well and humanely treated. However, our jail is in a very dangerous condition and is clearly unsafe for the keeping and care of prisoners....The cellar has two or three inches of water standing in it, and we are informed that cave-in occurred a short time ago. The outside walls are cracked in several places. We recommend that the project for a new jail has been approved...We beg to call attention to a jail worthy of our county."

Sheriff Clare Dean and his deputies with a large moonshine haul. Photo from Deborah Burgess.

On March 25, 1936, *The Progressive Age* reported on the availability of money from the New Deal program, the Public Works Administration, headed by Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes. The agency was created by the June 1933 National Industrial Recovery Act and built large-scale public works projects like bridges, dams, hospitals, and schools. The agency was shut down in 1944. The March 25 newspaper announced that the $72,727 needed to update the courthouse and build a new jail were "on the governor's list."

By December 2, 1937, a "Notice to Contractors" in *The Progressive Age* indicated that contractors had until 2:00 pm December 16, 1937 to submit a bid to build the new jail. R. L. Kenan and Associates of Montgomery served as the consulting engineers who received and evaluated the bids, and the rules for submitting the bids were detailed.

By December 9, 1937, with the vision of a new jail secured, *The Progressive Age* minced no words about the need for this construction: "Last week this paper carried a notice to Contractors for the building of a new jail in Scottsboro. Through the efforts of the county Commissioners and Judge, a loan has been obtained from the government for the construction of a new jail and this construction is almost in sight. Anyone who has ever visited the jail knows the need for one. It has long since been condemned by the state and a watchman is necessary at all times. It is dangerous to the lives of inmates and the state and county is not justified in placing the lives of prisoners in jeopardy."

So construction on this fourth county jail started early in 1938. On July 8, 1938, Probate Judge A. D. Kirby published his report of the financial condition of the Jackson County Commissioner's Court for the first half of 1938. In this report, he detailed public works projects for which the county had borrowed money and noted that "after building a new jail, contributing largely to the T. B. Hospital, repairing the old Alms

House so that it could be used as a hospital…" and other public works repair projects, the county owed more than $1000.

Photos by Alfred Eisenstaedt, 1937.

It is not surprising that when Alfred Eisenstaedt and Daniel King made their pilgrimage south for *Life* magazine in 1937, stopping in Scottsboro to photograph the jail where the Scottsboro Boys had been held, that he was confused and photographed both buildings. The new jail (on the right) had a raw, just-finished look about it. The old "Scottsboro Boys" jail is on the left. The 1873 building was demolished some time in the early 1950s (Charles Heath remembers catching pigeons there as a boy), and the current juvenile court building was built on this site for use by the Department of Human Resources in the early 1960s. This building on the right served as the Jackson County Jail between 1937 and 1968.

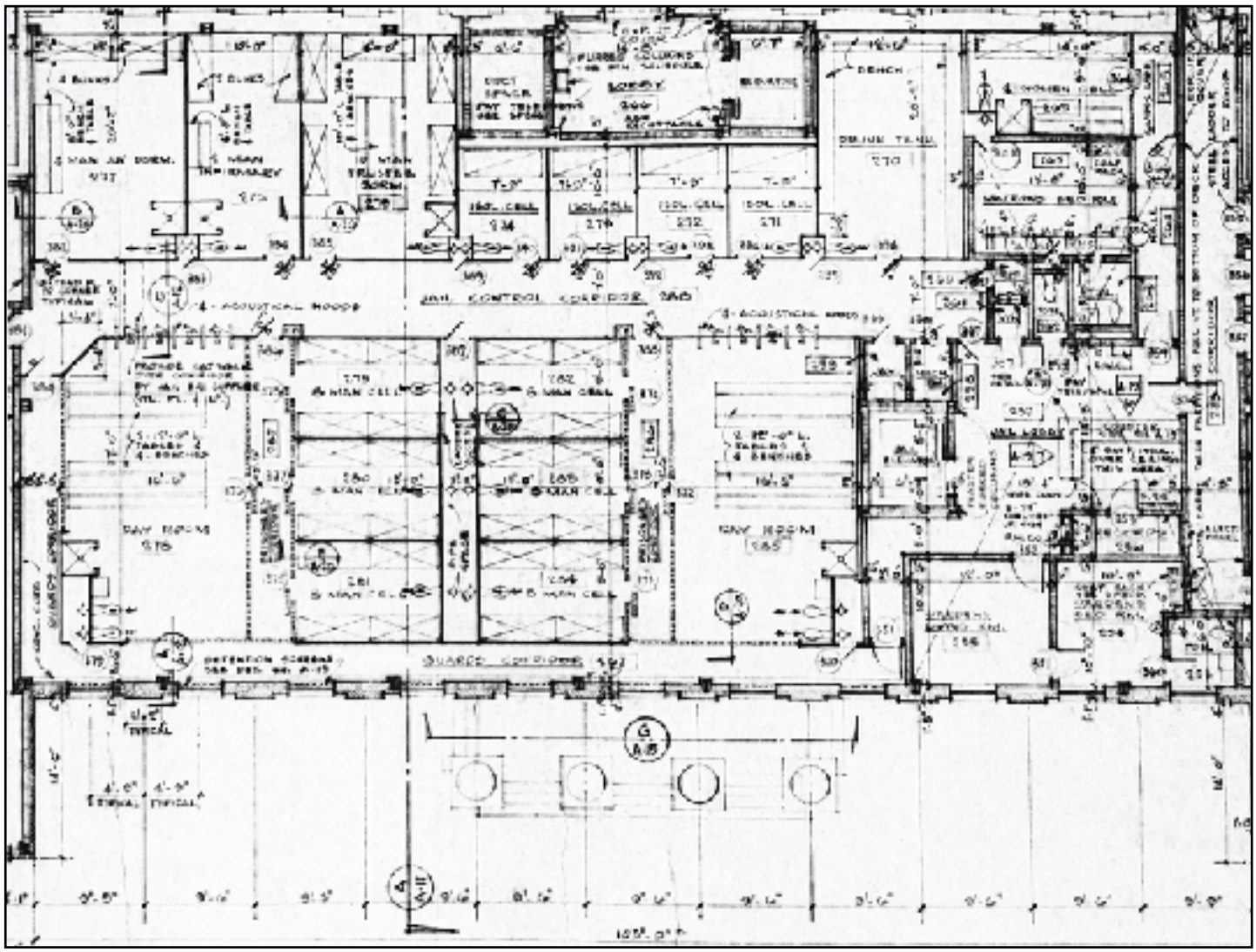
This squat two-story 1938 building did not age particularly well. Just as with jails in the past, the sheriff was also the jailor, and the sheriff's family had living quarters downstairs in the jail. The individual bedrooms had jail-cell doors and the bedrooms were small, perhaps 8 x 8. Sheriffs Mack Thomas, C. F. Simmons, Henry Jones, Lawrence Sebring, Anderson J. Knight, Fred Holder, C. T. Dean, and for a short time Bob Collins served as sheriff in this building. Deborah Burgess posted this photo on the JCHA site showing a bootlegger arrest and haul taken around 1965 when Deborah's grandfather Clare Dean was sheriff.

Photo from the Sentinel-Age, December 31, 1967.

Plans were made in 1967 to move the jail to the second story of the Jackson County Courthouse, the **fifth** location of the Jackson County Jail. The jail was part of a larger construction project that also included facilities for Civil Defense in the basement and the two elevators still in the center of the building. The 1967 Sentinel-Age shows that progress was slow. On January 9, a disagreement over price caused the County Commission to change architects. By January 24, new architects from Huntsville—Jones, Crow, and Mann—were in place. By April, the drawings were complete and the cost of the project was projected to be $850,000, which would require a year to complete. The November paper announced that bids were taken, and that the cost had risen to $980,000. The low bid was submitted to Commercial Engineers of Guntersville. A photo in the last *Sentinel-Age* of the year shows the south side of the courthouse excavated with construction in process. The addition was not completed until the end of 1968.

The **fourth** jail on Appletree Street was not torn down in 1968; it was given to the Department of Human Resources (DHR) and used as office space. Some DHR personnel remained in the courthouse, while others were headquartered in the old jail. The building that is currently at the location of the 1878 jail was built to house DHR, and the group moved there in 1981. The building was torn down some time between 1994 and 2004. There was some discussion at the time of preserving the building and using it as a Scottsboro Boys museum. When DHR left the 1937 jail building, the building was used as a clothing donation distribution center for a time and subsequently torn down. Its footprint can still be seen beside the Drug Court garden.

The blueprint below shows the layout of the jail when it was on the second floor of the courthouse.



Blueprints for the 1967-68 renovation of the courthouse. From the Jackson County Commission Office.

This remodel put the jail in close proximity to the original location of the Jackson County courtroom, the location in use during the Scottsboro Boys trial. The large, old courtroom, along with jury and witness rooms, and judge's chambers, was located on the second story in the northeast corner. This configuration is shown on the 1967 blueprints. When the courthouse was remodeled between 1968 and 1985, the large

courtroom was turned into office space, and the courtroom moved from the northeast corner on the second story, to the southwest corner on the second floor. Three smaller courtrooms were built with shared common rooms to accommodate juries, judges, and witnesses. The historic judge's bench from the original Scottsboro Boys-era courtroom is preserved as the judge's bench in Courtroom 3.

The jail inside the courthouse occupied the south set of offices, the area currently in use by the district attorney's office. This placement of the jail was never very satisfactory and produced a steady stream of families standing at the south door of the courthouse involved in shouted conversation with their imprisoned family members. And this was not the jail's only problem. The newspapers reported that prisoners would stop up the toilets, forcing them to overflow onto courthouse workers below.

A lawsuit in 1992 brought by the Jackson County Jail inmates prompted the building of the **sixth** and current jail, located on Parks Street. This jail was started in1993 but not occupied until 1998. In 1992 inmates filed a lawsuit alleging that living conditions in the courthouse jail were unsuitable. The Jackson County Commission was under a court order to replace the jail facilities on the top floor of the courthouse. The county commission levied a one-cent sales tax to cover the costs of the new facility.

This building was born in controversy that kept the new facility from being occupied until March 1998. The Jackson County Commission refused to put the new $7 million county jail into use, citing "technical difficulties" with the structure. On January 29, 1994, just before the building was occupied, *The Daily Sentinel* summarized the controversy in this way: "The Jackson County Jail has been under strict federal regulation by the 1995 injunction in the case of Loyd vs. Herring, a lawsuit filed by inmates. 'The Jackson County Sheriff's department has been forced to adhere to unreasonable micro-management of its daily operation by the federal government,' Attorney General Bull Pryor said. 'Yet again this week, for the eighth time, a federal court has agreed that it no longer has the legal authority to continue excessive

interference in the daily operations of Alabama's mail and prisons.' "

Motions were made to terminate the injunctions, and the county began relocating prisoners to the new jail in February 1998, six months after the completion of the facility. Originally estimated to cost between $3 and $4 million dollars, the final price tag ended up at nearly $7 million.

Annette Bradford

Footnotes

References to contemporary newspaper accounts are made inline.

(1) Dr. C. Roger Nance, "Report on Old Bellefonte: An Historical Site in Northern Alabama"(https://www.nrc.gov/docs/ML1111/ML111160144.pdf). This report draws heavily from John R. Kennamer's History of Jackson County, Alabama.

(2) John Robert Kennamer, The History of Jackson County (1935,1993: Jackson County Historical Association), p. 70.

(3) Kennamer, p. 70.

Alabama Entries in *The Negro Motorist Green Book*

Three years ago when the movie "The Green Book" was released, many of us were unfamiliar with this travel guide for African-Americans that first began publication in the 1936 and ended in 1966. There was one facsimile copy on Amazon. We folks in the historical association ordered it because we wanted to see what, if any, locations were called out in Scottsboro and North Alabama. There were none closer than Gadsden and Birmingham, so we put the small book aside, disappointed.

The Alabama Historical Association held its 2021 meeting as a virtual meeting in April, and the organization's president, Frazine Taylor, made her closing presidential address about similarities between the Green Book and the Underground Railroad. She pointed out that the New York City Library had many editions of the Green Book online, giving us the chance to look at this small book over time. That collection of Green Books is found at https://digitalcollections.nypl.org/collections/the-green-book#/. With an opportunity to look at Green Book entries across a range of years, we returned to the topic.

The Negro Motorist Green Book was an annual publication that began in New York City in 1936, the brainchild of a mailman named Victor Hugo Green to serve the needs of an emerging African-American middle class that often preferred to drive to their destinations to avoid the segregation issues on public transportation.

According to Wikipedia, travel essentials such as gasoline were difficult to purchase because of discrimination at gas stations. To avoid such problems on long trips, African-Americans often packed meals and carried containers of gasoline in their cars. Black travelers often had to carry buckets or portable toilets in the trunks of their cars because they were usually barred from bathrooms and rest areas in service stations and roadside stops.

The Green Book was not the only travel guide for African-Americans, but it was published the longest. Its first year, 1936, the Green Book covered only Metropolitan New York because Victor Green was a postal carrier from New Jersey and he was familiar with New York City.. Recalling the history of the publication, the 1952 guide stated, "It has been our idea to give the Negro traveler information that will keep him from running into difficulties, embarrassments and to make his trips more enjoyable. The Jewish press has long published information about places that are restricted and there are numerous publications that give the gentile whites all kinds of information. But during these long years of discrimination" demand for a book like the Green Book was so great that...."it was turned into a national issue in 1937 to cover the United States."

What can we learn about African Americans traveling in Alabama between 1936 and 1960 from looking at this collection of small books?

First, only ten locations are consistently documented in these books: Andalusia, Birmingham, Decatur, Gadsden, Geneva, Mobile, Montgomery, Sheffield, Troy, and Tuscaloosa (which was spelled "Tuscalooso" for several years). In small towns, the Green Book included not just hotels but also a "tourist homes, rooming houses usually identified by a woman's name: Mrs. B. Neal or Mrs. J. Shepard with an address. Small-town locations usually had only tourist homes. More sophisticated locations that catered to

African-American travelers had more sophisticated listings. Vacation sites featured African-American only resorts.

Certainly Birmingham had the best traveling offerings in Alabama and featured four locations from year to year: the Dunbar Hotel, the Fraternal Hotel, the Palm Leaf Hotel, and the Rush Hotel, later replaced by the A. G. Gaston Hotel.

The Dunbar was located on the top of a two-story brick building at the southeast corner of 17th Street North. It was open in the 1920s and early 1930s, but closed during the Depression. The Fraternal hotel was built in 1925 and is today marked with a historical marker because Dr. Martin Luther King, Rev. Jesse Jackson, Jackie Robinson, Monroe Kennedy, and many other famous African Americans stayed here. The building was destroyed in a fire in 1994.

The A. G. Gaston Hotel was a later addition. It is a mid century modern building on Fifth Avenue North built in 1954 by Arthur George Gaston. The hotel provided first-class lodging and dining to African-American travelers and is today part of a National Park Service site that includes the Birmingham Civil Rights Monument.

In Decatur, the only tourist home listed was Mrs. F. Hayes on Church Street. Gadsden had a Blacks-only hotel, the Smith Hotel, on Garden Avenue, and three tourist homes.

In 1936 when the Green Book began publication, driving was new enough for African-Americans with cars that the Green Book taught safe driving practices. “Watch the car coming down the steep hill towards you,” the book cautions. “Maybe the driver doesn’t know enough to go into second.” And in another instance, “Don’t assume that the other fellow has good brakes.” Early telephone books taught consumers how to use the telephone. In the days of early car ownership, such statements of basic driving principles were common and necessary.

The guides cost only between 25 centers and dollar over the life of the book; much of the cost of publication was covered by selling ads. The books were sold at Esso service stations.

The guides also included basic information for African-American families. The 1947 guide, for example, included a list of “Negro Schools and Colleges in the United States”; Alabama had seven in 1947: Miles Memorial College in Birmingham; Oakwood College in Huntsville; Selma University in Selma; State Teachers College in Montgomery; Stillman Institute in Tuscaloosa; Talladega College in Talladega; and Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Tuskegee.

In 1948, Andalusia, Decatur, and Geneva dropped off the list, but Anniston was added. The 1951 guide was known as the Railroad Edition and included a section on the advantages of rail travel. This guide also provided access to a travel agent who could book train travel for African-American passengers.

In the beginning, the Green Book published hotels and tourist houses only, but soon began to include other businesses that would be friendly to African-American travelers: beauty parlors and barber shops, taverns, restaurants, garages, and night clubs.

The Cothron boarding house at 212A Elm Street.

If Jackson County had participated the in Green Book, that entry would certainly have been the boarding house operated by Mrs. Pink Cothron at 212A Elm Street. Mrs. Pink’s grandsons Allen and Joe Cothron, explained that their grandmother “was the first black woman in Scottsboro to become an entrepreneur...She built a very large house which had eleven rooms and indoor plumbing” in the 1930s which served as a boarding house and a local grocery store. In her kitchen, she prepared food for veterans who attended Carver

High School in the GED program taught by Principal Tom Weatherly. She also built a barn, smokehouse and utility building to support her businesses. "On several plots of land, she grew gardens, raising fruits and vegetables that she canned for the family and gave much to the community." Mrs. Pink also loaned money to "young couples that were trying to get a start in life. Because there were no medical facilities in the area, Mrs. Pink served as a midwife, delivering babies for both black and white families through the community." (See *Chronicles*, April 2019)

Over time, travel became easier for African-Americans and special guides were no longer needed. But in 1948, the Green Book ended its introduction with this prediction that looked forward to the visionary speeches of Martin Luther King: "There will be a day sometime in the near future when this guide will not have to be published. That is when we as a race will have equal opportunities and privileges in the United States. It will be a great day for us to suspend this publication for then we can go wherever we please, and without embarrassment."

Annette Bradford

The new historical marker in Cedar Hill Cemetery, purchased with donations made at the 2019 cemetery stroll.

Books Available from the Scottsboro Jackson Heritage Center

These books about Jackson County history are available at the Scottsboro Jackson Heritage Center.

One Family's Journey Through Time by Tidwell	$29.95
Lay Down With Dogs by Byron Woodfin	$35.92
Scottsboro Boys by Dr. Dan Carter	$23.93
A Pictorial Walk Through Ol' High Jackson by Walt Hammer	$21.75
Children's Books by Crabtree	$ 8.67
Legends of Hiawatha by Phillips	$15.21
The Story of College Hill by Wendell Page	$25.00
Belmont Coal Mines of Jackson County, Alabama by Wendell Page	$30.00
SWAG (Single Women Aging Gracefully) by Thompson	$16.30
The SWAG Life by Thompson	$16.30
History of Jackson County Alabama by John R.Kennamer	$10.00
With Blood & Fire by Bradley.	$19.57
Tennessee Hometown Cookbook	$20.66
Alabama Backroads Restaurant Recipes	$20.66
Best of the Best From Alabama Cookbook	$18.48
A Taste of Scottsboro	$20.00
Building Bridges and Roads in the Korean Conflict by Dr. Ronald Dykes	$22.95
Raised on Pinto Beans and Cornbread by Rayburn Hall	$20.00
History of Union Cemetery by Butler	$50.00
The Family of James Allen Kennamer and Matilda Maples Kennamer	$20.00
The Coca-Cola Trail and Return to the Coca-Coal Trail by Jorgensen	$22.00
When Good Men Do Nothing by Grady	$19.98

Available for Download on the JCHA Web Site

An ever-growing number of out-of-print and otherwise unavailable county history books is available free for download on the JCHA web site, with the permission of the copyright holders. These books were scanned using optical character recognition (OCR) technology and may be searched. See www.jchaweb.org/downloads.html for the full list of downloadable books.

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The Jackson County Chronicles

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In this issue:

October Meeting: The Jackson County Historical Association will meet **Sunday October 24, 2021 at 2:00 p.m. at the Graham Farm and Nature Center** in Estill Fork. Our guest speaker will be the director of the facility, Themika L. Sims.

The GFNC is on the 481-acre family property of Nita Graham Head. The Head family has had possession of the property since the 1850s."Nita was born and raised in the house and attended the Princeton school as a little girl," Sims said. "After graduating high school, she obtained a teaching degree at the University of North Alabama." She was the youngest of four children and was the only survivor in the family. The Heads donated the farm to Alabama Extension via the Auburn Real Estate Foundation.

Nita Graham Head "intended for the farm to be used to teach youth and adults about natural resources conservation, animal science education, ecology, historical preservation, youth development, oral history, wildlife management, ornithology, aquatics and fruit and vegetable production," Sims said.

The GFNC is located in the Paint Rock Valley of Jackson County; its borders include Larkin Fork Creek and Paint Rock River. The GFNC property rises to more than 1700 feet in elevation along the eastern face of Maxwell Mountain.It serves as a conservation hub for the southeastern United States. The James D. Martin Skyline Wildlife Management Area and the Walls of Jericho are near GFNC. Enter the address "420 County Road 27" into your GPS.

Themika Sims, director of the educational farm, was previously the county Extension coordinator for Jackson County. He has been involved in the development of the facility and oversees Extension programs, demonstration plots, researching project, marketing, capital improvements and maintenance, as well as fundraising.

Welcome to Our Guest Contributors: This issue welcomes one new and one returning contributor. Those of you who enjoyed the first part of Dr. James Reed's story of discovering Unionists in his family will enjoy the second part of this story. Mary Ben Robertson Heflin has given us fascinating insight into the Hunt and Robertson families, and promises an upcoming story about her father, Shorty Robertson. We appreciate their contributions.

Martha Hunt Robertson Huie

When I received my January 2020 copy of *The Jackson County Chronicles*, I was drawn to the notice about Jackson County High School yearbooks being available on the Jackson County Historical Association's website. I immediately looked for the 1949 yearbook from my mother's senior year at JCHS. With just a few keystrokes, there it was!

"Original, clever, and artistic. Very popular. You can always depend on her to help you any time and anywhere. No two ways about it – she's the kind of girl we all like to have for a friend." That's how my mother was described, with activities including head cheerleader and "Our most sought-after girl" in Who's Who.

When I read those descriptions of 18 year-old Martha Hunt, I was struck by how well they described my mother even six and a half decades later when she died May 6, 2014 at 83.

Martha Hunt. 1950

She continued to be a cheerleader her entire life as she championed the work of friends, former students, and interesting characters who came into her life. Her artistic and creative talents, which included drawing, painting, sculpting, sewing, and costume and set design continued and grew through her college and graduate school education, professional career as an art instructor, and extensive volunteer work.

Martha had a lot of friends and was a loyal friend. She was always truthful, and others often sought her advice and counsel. She became a trusted mentor not only to her students, but also to people of a wide range of ages and backgrounds. She encouraged and nurtured many fledgling artists, writers, and musicians.

She was considered "original" by others not just because of her many artistic talents, but also because of her unique way of looking at things, daring to do things her own way, or to be different.

A heartfelt letter my mother received while in hospice from a Scottsboro childhood friend said, "One of the greatest attributes of yours...in my mind...is that you are and were always the same person I had known as a child...even right up to today."

Another letter from a friend who was middle-aged when they met in college read, "When we met, I thought of myself as being too old to become an archeologist, too old to have adventures, and too old to change my course. Your friendship changed my perspective about what life could be for me...through the years I have thought of your friendship with gratitude. You are the most memorable person I have met in my lifetime."

Dozens of letters similar to these were sent to my mother while she was in hospice, and to my sister, Jamie, and me after our mother died. At one point in the days before she died, my mother had received so many letters telling her what a difference she had made in the person's life, that I asked her if it made her feel good to hear what a difference maker she had been. My mother's response was, "I really did not do anything. I just let them know they had it in themselves all along."

Although my mother stayed the same in many ways throughout her life, there were many adventures, interests, and friendships, new and old, - and ups and downs along the way - that contributed to her full and well-lived life. So I will start at the beginning and fill-in some of the blanks.

Martha Hunt (1931-2014)

Martha Hunt's Jackson County roots were already deep when she was born March 5, 1931 to Ben and Grace Pulley Hunt.

Her father was also born in Scottsboro and grew up in the same farmhouse as Martha on what was then known as the Hunt Dairy Farm. Today that farmhouse is the headquarters of Unclaimed Baggage. When the house was built in 1894 by Ben's parents, it was surrounded by pasture that included property that is now a large part of Cedar Hill Cemetery. It also included acreage across Willow Street and westward along what was then called the Huntsville Highway.

Martha was reared in a multigenerational household, so family played a big role in her life. I will return to Martha, but first will highlight the family members she grew up with who influenced her most.

Ben Hunt (1900-1981)


Ben Hunt

Martha's father, Ben Hunt, grew up as the only child of Eva Thompson Hunt and William Blackburn "Bud" Hunt. Sadly, Eva and Bud's first two children, also sons, died before they were two years old. Their first son died after being kicked in the head by a horse and the second son died of dysentery, which was untreatable in those days. Both sons are buried in Cedar Hill Cemetery. So when Ben was born in 1900, he was literally and figuratively their golden-haired child. Ben was handsome, smart, and a gifted athlete. He graduated from Jackson County High School in 1917 where he was a member of the first football team in Scottsboro. He then attended the University of Alabama where he played football four years and lettered in 1920, 1921, and 1922.

It is my understanding that Ben was the first person from Scottsboro to play football for the University of Alabama. The 1918 football season was cancelled at The University due to WWI, and freshmen could not play varsity at that time, so Ben was a graduate student by the time he completed his third year of varsity football at Alabama. He played multiple positions including center, guard and tackle. The 1921 Corolla yearbook described him as, "A clean-cut, strapping athlete, who helped to make the Thin Red Line so famous this year. Ben has a nice smile, and everybody here knows him and likes him." A description of him the following year in the 1922 Corolla read, "Beginning the 1921 Crusade at center, he later assumed the role of defender of the guard position on the right hand flank of the line. Ben had the distinction of having figured throughout the entirety of almost every important struggle of the season, and whatever his position was, he filled it with that capability and consistency which is characteristic of his playing."

In 1922, Ben was starting center and traveled with the Crimson Tide football team by train to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania to play a top rated team coached by John Heisman. Yes, that's the same person whose name is on today's most coveted individual award in football, the Heisman Trophy. The famous coach was quoted as saying he didn't wish to embarrass the visitors from Alabama and planned to pull his regulars once he had gained a 25 to 30 point lead. When Alabama beat Heisman's team 9-7, it was the first time a Southern football team beat an Eastern powerhouse. It was called "the shot heard around the world" (at least in Alabama).

Following college, Ben worked in real estate in Atlanta and Florida. Then in 1925, Ben's love of football took him to a high school coaching position in Huntsville. He later played some Pro football in Nashville. In a Huntsville Times article, Ben recalled that "standouts received $15 a game."

While coaching in Huntsville, Ben met his future wife, Grace Pulley, a school teacher from a prominent local family. Her large Irish family of Pulleys, Nolens, Strongs and Taylors were "old Huntsville." Her father owned farmlands and periodically held county offices.

Ben and Grace married in 1930 and moved to Scottsboro, where he helped his father operate the Hunt Jersey Dairy Farm. Ben was also active in civic affairs. He served as a City Councilman, a member of the Water, Sewer and Gas Board, a Director of the First National Bank of Scottsboro for 41 years, and was a charter member of Scottsboro Golf and Country Club. Ben was a Lt. Commander in the Navy during WWII. University of Alabama President, George Denny, wrote a letter of recommendation for Ben when he volunteered for military service. President Denny's letter reads in part, "Mr. Hunt is a man of the highest character. He is intelligent, industrious, and conscientious...He is absolutely loyal to the United States and is faithful in every duty. I commend him to you without reserve."

Grace Pulley Hunt (1903-1985)

Grace Pulley Hunt

Grace graduated from State Teachers College in Florence and also received a B.A. and Master of Arts in Teaching from Athens College. She taught school and was a long-time math teacher and guidance counselor in Jackson County.

Grace was an active member and respected officer of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her interest in genealogy and the patriotic service of family members also led her to membership in the Daughters of American Colonists and Daughters of 1812. She was known for her outstanding cooking and was an avid bridge player.

William Blackburn "Bud" Hunt (1860-1951)

Martha Hunt's paternal grandfather, William Blackburn "Bud" Hunt was born in Scottsboro in 1860. A life-long resident of Jackson County, he was well known and well liked. Bud was a very successful businessman. He was the President of the First National Bank of Scottsboro, owned Scottsboro's general store, and raised livestock. He also started and owned the Hunt Jersey Dairy Farm.

Bud Hunt's parents, David Larkin Hunt (1816-1868) and Marticia Shelton (1827-1900) were both long-time Jackson County residents. They married in 1854. David Larkin Hunt descended from the namesakes of both Huntsville and Larkinsville, Alabama. Huntsville was named for his paternal grandfather, John Hunt in 1811, and Larkinsville was named for his uncle, David Larkin, Jr. in 1828.

Martha Hunt was named for her great-grandmother, Marticia Shelton Hunt. The land around Shelton Cave in the Old Larkinsville Road vicinity was the one-time homeplace of Marticia Shelton.

Eva Thompson Hunt (1869-1938)

Eva Thompson and William Blackburn "Bud" Hunt met when she moved to Scottsboro from Georgia to teach school and live with her aunt, Nannie T. Bailey. Eva and Bud married in 1892. The farmhouse on the Hunt Dairy Farm previously described was built after they married. It was the family home for three generations of Hunts until 1987 when it was sold following Grace Hunt's death. According to the handwritten building agreement, dated September 24, 1894, A.L. Hodge & J.F. Shelley agreed to complete the two-story dwelling on or before December 1, 1894 for a price of $375.00 or forfeit $5.00 a day for every day past schedule. Needless to say, the house was completed in record time!

Eva was a talented seamstress and doted on her only granddaughter, Martha. When my mother spoke of her grandmother, she often recalled the beautiful and fashionable clothes Eva handmade for her. Eva Hunt was a devout Baptist and involved in the community in capacities such as Chairman of the Jackson County Chapter of The American Red Cross.

My mother talked fondly of growing up on the Hunt farm with lots of animals and an assortment of interesting people who worked and lived on the farm. She loved to ride her beautiful red pony in a pasture that is now part of Cedar Hill Cemetery and to explore the hills and wooded areas nearby.

Martha's curiosity and independence combined with her fun-loving adventurous spirit, resulted in frequent searches for her whereabouts by her parents and farmhands. Martha caused her parents much anguish when she would disappear for hours at a time and ignore instructions she was given. Her three-year younger brother, William Blackburn "Bud" Hunt (1934-1996), who was named for their grandfather, was studious and obedient. In contrast to Martha, Bud followed the rules and according to my mother, never got in trouble. Bud played football at Sewanee for four years, starting at center his junior and senior years. After college, he attended Tulane Medical School and was a respected emergency room doctor and ER chief in Birmingham during his 30-year career in medicine. Bud's wife, Myra, a retired teacher and grandmother of seven, continues to live in Birmingham near her son, David, an attorney. David and his wife, Ann, have three children. David's older brother, Ben, and his wife, Jennifer, live in Reading, Connecticut. They have four daughters. Ben is co-founder and chief investment officer of Second Foundation Partners.

When my sister Jamie and I were young, we would beg our mother to tell us stories about "when she got in trouble" as a little girl. We never tired of hearing stories of her childhood adventures. Two of my favorites include the time a group of gypsies in Scottsboro camped near the Hunt farm. When one of the gypsy children went missing, a frantic search eventually found the child in Martha's care. She had brought the toddler home with her (without permission of course) to give him a bath. When questioned why she had done such a thing, she innocently replied because he was dirty and needed one. As a teenager, she wanted to take her father's fishing boat out with friends on the river at Mud Creek where it was docked. She was not permitted to do that, so the boat key was safely hidden from her. Martha found the key and secretly had a copy of it made for her use before returning the original key to its hidden location. Needless to say, Martha's several unsupervised and unapproved boat outings resulted in some fascinating stories before her exploits were discovered.

Martha had lots of childhood girlfriends, many of whom remained her lifelong friends. Martha Alice "Ish" Powell (Foster), Augusta Snodgrass (Ford), Joyce Money (Kennamer), Jeanne Jacobs (Moody), and Babs Hodges (Deal), to name a few.

John Proctor, who was born just two months after Martha and whose family home is now the Scottsboro Jackson Heritage Center, was also a lifelong friend. When Martha died, John recalled the early days of their friendship. "We spent days together playing at my house and at the Hunt's Dairy. I will bet we read every tombstone in the cemetery...she was a great part of my life."

Martha's love of nature and the outdoors was enhanced through her years as a Girl Scout under the tutelage of iconic Girl Scout leader Miss Will Maples. Martha was in the second Girl Scout troop in the area. She passed her enjoyment of scouting to both Jamie and me and to two of her grandsons who became Eagle Scouts.

Following her high school graduation, Martha obliged her parents and custom by starting college, lasting only one semester before revolting. Although higher education became of great importance to her later in life, at that time she was more interested in having fun, learning things through her own exploration, and being with her hometown sweetheart, Shorty Robertson.

Martha Hunt Robertson

Martha Hunt Robertson and James R. "Shorty" Robertson, 1950

In 1950, nineteen-year-old Martha became Mrs. James R. Robertson. Most people called him "Shorty," a nickname he earned in high school by being the shortest member of the JCHS basketball team. He was a star athlete in both high school and college and had the distinction of being a three-sport letterman at the University of Alabama in football, basketball, and baseball.

Martha and Shorty moved to Montgomery after they married, where Shorty worked for GMAC and refereed for local teams. Martha, a certified Water Safety Instructor, made extra money teaching swimming lessons.

In 1953, Jamie, the first of two daughters, was born. I was born two years later, and the Robertson family moved to Scottsboro soon thereafter.

Shorty managed the Pioneer Finance Company office in Scottsboro before joining Jacobs Bank (now Regions Bank) in 1965 where he remained employed until his death at the age of 60 in 1984.

Martha was a very hands-on mother and introduced her daughters and many of their friends to the arts, sports, and the outdoors. Jamie recalls knowing early in her life that our mother was different from other mothers. Most mothers did not camp, canoe, or fish. They also did not teach swimming, painting, crafts, or tennis. Our mother did all that and more. Naturally she was a very good and popular Girl Scout leader. She also continued to try new things, such as getting her pilots license, and encouraged others – young and old – to dream big and then follow their dreams.

Over the years, Martha had an assortment of odd jobs, ranging from working the snack bar at the Scottsboro Bowling Alley to taking pictures for Hembree Insurance. In the early 1960's, she started teaching fulltime at Temperance Hill School. Temperance Hill was a 3-room county school that included first through sixth grades. Bettye Webb (Mann) taught 1st and 2nd grade in one room, Joyce Money Kennamer taught 3rd and 4th grade in one room, and Martha Hunt Robertson taught 5th and 6th grade in one room. The school closed in 1966, but the unique and rewarding experience hooked my mother on formal classroom teaching and gave her the delayed desire – and need - to earn her college degree.

Despite being married with two children, she applied to Florence State University (now the University of North Alabama). In 1970, she earned her Bachelor of Science graduating with Honors and a major in Art.

Later that year she was hired by Snead State Junior College in Boaz, Alabama as an Art Instructor. She became Head of the Art Department while continuing to teach art history, design, drawing, and painting courses.

Martha initially commuted to Boaz from Scottsboro, but moved to Guntersville, which was closer to her job, when she and Shorty separated and divorced in the early 1970's. Martha embraced her work at Snead and her new community with passion and devotion. She believed that the key to solving many educational problems lay in unlocking the creative forces within a student, and she worked tirelessly to do just that.

She not only inspired and educated college students, but also worked diligently to introduce "the Arts" to elementary and high school students. She held every leadership position including President in the Mountain-Valley Council on the Arts. She developed and implemented art education programs for teachers, helped direct theatre productions, festivals, and exhibitions, and created and supervised a successful Arts-in-Schools program.

While teaching at Snead and spearheading multiple arts programs in the community, Martha also earned her Master of Arts degree at the University of Alabama in 1975.

When Martha retired from Snead, she was recognized for her "unselfish devotion to your students, excellent performance of services to the Snead community beyond obligation, and rare personal and professional integrity – hallmarks of your presence here."

Martha Hunt Robertson Huie

Martha met her second husband, author William Bradford "Bill" Huie, through her work with the Mountain-Valley Council on the Arts. In 1974, Martha initiated a program to have Alabama authors visit high school classrooms to expose students to the art of writing and to possibly inspire some young people to become writers themselves. Martha started the program by recruiting writers she knew including Babs Deal and Bill Heath, both of whom were from Scottsboro. Martha did not know Bill Huie at the time, but he was suggested by a colleague as an author to try to involve in their Alabama Authors project since he was a famous writer and lived nearby in Hartselle, Alabama. Martha wrote Huie in 1975 hoping he would agree to participate. He not only agreed to join the project, but two years later joined her in matrimony.

Martha continued to work at Snead after they married until 1983, when she retired to help care for Bill's and her elderly mothers and to assist Bill with his correspondence, engagement calendar, and historical research while Bill continued to write and lecture.

In 1984 Martha and Bill made the difficult decision to move his 94-year-old mother into a nursing home. They moved to Scottsboro where they lived in the Hunt house on Willow Street with Martha's widowed mother. When Grace Hunt died the following year, Martha and Bill made the hillside cottage in Guntersville, where Martha lived when she met Bill, their new home. It was a perfect abode for a writer and artist and close enough to Scottsboro for Martha to travel back-and-forth while preparing the longtime Hunt family home for sale.

Martha and Bill Huie, 1977

Bill died unexpectedly in 1986, leaving Martha as the sole heir to his literary rights and properties. The volume and historical significance of William Bradford Huie's work placed a heavy responsibility on Martha following her husband's death.

Bill was a prolific writer, investigative reporter, editor, national lecturer, television host, war correspondent, and masterful storyteller during his 65+ year career. His credits include 21 books that sold over 30 million copies. In addition to writing 14 bestsellers, he wrote hundreds of articles that appeared in all of the major magazines and newspapers of the day. Six movies were made based on his books including "The Americanization of Emily" starring Julie Andrews and James Garner, 'The Klansman' starring Richard Burton and Lee Marvin, and 'The Execution of Private Slovik' starring Martin Sheen. His investigative reporting during the Civil Rights Movement continues to be cited today, and his documentation of the U.S. Navy's Construction Battalion, the Seabees, during WWII remains among the most accurate and descriptive reporting of its kind.

In the years following Bill Huie's death, Martha insured that his life's work would be preserved and made available to future generations and researchers by establishing "William Bradford Huie Collections" at The Ohio State University and at The University of Alabama Special Collection Libraries. She had five of Huie's books reissued with new material, a musical production created based on one of his books, and an

A 1934 photo of the Hunt family. L to R: William Blackburn "Bud" Hunt (Martha's paternal grandfather), Martha Hunt (3 years old), Grace Hunt (Martha's mother), Ben Hunt (Martha's father), Eva Thompson Hunt (Martha's paternal grandmother). Martha is wearing a white rabbit fur coat made by her grandmother Eva Hunt. Eva Hunt trapped the rabbits, skinned them, tanned the hides, and sewed the coat and muff.

audio drama based on one of his books that aired on National Public Radio. She contributed to multiple documentaries and articles on William Bradford Huie's life and works, and helped establish a permanent collection of Huie memorabilia in his hometown when the city library was renamed the William Bradford Huie Library of Hartselle in 2006. Much of William Bradford Huie's work remains relevant today and has been utilized and quoted in hundreds of books and articles.

Martha moved to Memphis in 1987 to be near her first grandchild and me, and she remained in Memphis until her death in 2014. In addition to her important work promoting her late husband's literary properties, she was a grandmother extraordinaire to my sons Rob and Jack Heflin and my sister, Jamie Robertson Lendrum's son, Alex. Huie literary rights are now handled by me with the assistance of my lawyer husband, John Heflin. Jamie owns a successful interior design firm and lives in Phoenix, AZ, where she and her late husband, architect Peter Lendrum made their home.

I recently found a copy of the "speech" my mother gave at her 50th high school reunion. She spoke about the path she chose and talked about some of the thorns among the many roses in her life. She closed with the statement, "family and friendships matter most." That sums up in five short words what was always most important to my mother.

When my mom's dear friend, Martha "Ish" Foster, recently asked me for suggestions of wording for a brick paver she wanted to donate in my mother's memory at the Heritage Center, it was both an easy and difficult task. Easy, as there are so many ways my mother can be described. Yet difficult, as there are so many ways my mother can be described. With love and friendship, my mother's brick from Ish will appropriately read:

MARTHA HUNT
ROBERTSON HUIE
1931 – 2014
JCHS CLASS OF 1949
EDUCATOR, ARTIST
MENTOR & FRIEND

Mary Ben Robertson Heflin

Struggles of a Civil War Divided Family in North Alabama: A Story of Discovery and Insight

Part 2: Vidette Cavalry Reflections

It won't leave me alone: I mean the divided loyalties of my ancestors between their Confederate roots and their eventual muster into the Unionist Company A, 1st Tennessee and Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry. It keeps coming back to haunt me and capture my thoughts. I've come to identify unexpectedly with its soldiers, especially my newly introduced kin. I've likened the Union regiment to a National Guard Unit, and therein, I think, lies a partial explanation for my intrigue. I enlisted into a medical unit of the Alabama Army National Guard in the middle of the Viet Nam War. The draft board was hot on my heels at the time, and all I really wanted to know was: where in the heck is Viet Nam? Basic Combat Training at Ft. Polk was no fun, but six years in the National Guard at least spared me the rice paddies and jungles of a country of which I had zero interest.

I of course, have no regrets about how I served; only wishing all my contemporaries could have been left out of that miserable war. So on that basis, I'm right there with my Unionist kinfolks in how they ultimately responded to their beliefs. I'm sure they wasted no remorse at not being Good Old Rebels at Chickamauga or Kennesaw Mountain any more than I would have in their place. Good for them. I think we have kinship in more ways than one.

On another, less visceral, level, the Vidette Cavalry, by its enigmatic nature, had "carrot on a stick" properties for me that I couldn't resist. One will never master everything there is to know about the Civil War, and one will never master full definition of this 1st Tennessee and Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry. Questions abound that may forevermore escape answer, at least within the limits of my mind's ability. For instance, why was it formed in the first place? I guess you could invoke an anti-guerrilla explanation, but Union regulars could have as easily provided that service. One source proposes their origin was for river-patrol duty in small boats. That sounds more like something marines or sailors would do, not cavalry. There was, however, an alternative potential role. Company A seemed to have been a "safe harbor" for Unionists trying to get away from Rebel domination they deplored and now feared. Could it be that it was formed for that express purpose?

Precedent for this existed vis-a-vis companies formed in such ad hoc manner in Winston County. Whether or not that was the case here, one could argue it was about the most Company A contributed at the time. Accounts repeatedly describe non-distinguished service by its ill-coordinated troops. Hunt's Mill is extended as a prime example, when most of the Company was either driven away or captured by Confederate aggressors. Then again, what could one expect in such short order? These were Confederate-trained infantry troops adapting to life in the opposite army and suddenly given cavalry roles. Records indicate slow procurement of kit for this new call of duty. They had to stand and wait for even their horses and for that matter, decent weapons. No Spencers, or prime-issue sabers likely ever made it to their hands.

Another question, equally evasive, is why did the Vidette Cavalry dissolve so soon? Its life time, including our Company A, was less than a year. Companies A, B, C, G, and H were listed officially formed beginning September 10, 1863. Dyer's Compendium has the entire regiment mustered out on June 16, 1864. Apparently, no official records of the regiment were kept after March 3, 1864. The Vidette Cavalry behaved like MacArthur's Old Soldier that never dies: it just faded away. Wonder why? There was plenty more war to be fought. Plus, all of a sudden, the Regiment's soldiers were without their safe harbor at a

time the Confederacy was more desperate than ever for warm bodies. How did the Unionists avoid a second round of Confederate impressment? Oh well, the full story seems to have buried itself away in time. Again, wonder why? Lack of interest may be the short answer.

Okay, so our Vidette Cavalry was no Army of the Potomac, or Army of the Mississippi. Its regimental flag carried few streamers. In comparison, looking across the state, the First Alabama Union Cavalry of Winston County has received far more notoriety and Unionist fame. But I submit that the Vidette Cavalry was every bit as important and has done as much to characterize an important Unionist community in Paint Rock Valley, as did the First Alabama Cavalry for the Free State of Winston. So we should equally recognize two definitive Unionist regiments in North Alabama. The First Alabama Cavalry is often mentioned in the same breath with the Free State of Winston. I believe this should also be the case for our Vidette Cavalry, when one speaks of the Paint Rock Valley.

The Vidette Cavalry, specifically Company A, has served me well in my efforts to define my Unionist heritage in the Paint Rock Valley area. It has been the starting point for me to discover and untangle the complicated web of Unionist family ties that so long defied definition though extensive family efforts. Moreover, the exercise has made me realize what a strong matrix of Unionist sympathy existed in Paint Rock Valley. As we visited in the earlier segment, there were times it fragmented under pressure. But when the shooting and burning was over, Paint Rock Valley solidly kept its admittedly spotty Unionist heritage. To my mind the 1st Tennessee and Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry, especially Company A, stands out as a symbol and embodiment of that heritage.

In support of these impressions one is to consider the large number of 1st Tennessee and Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry veteran gravesites in Paint Rock Valley and its immediate area. There are 21 Vidette Cavalry marked graves with over half, 13, being Company A. Some seem to cluster in family name cemeteries e.g. Hall, Pace, Webb, and interestingly, Latham. Blue Spring Cemetery is the final resting place of my closest Unionist relative, William C. Skelton. I was fascinated to find how often these family names were linked through marriage. My paternal grandmother Skelton's maternal line came from the Cardens of whom 3 were Vidette Cavalry Veterans and buried in the Latham Cemetery. Ephraim would be proud, although he himself rests in honor at Arlington National Cemetery.

So I hope I've been able to support my impression that the 1st Tennessee and Alabama Independent Cavalry, particularly Company A, deserves more notoriety than allowed in the past. I'm particularly impressed by how many of its members have chosen to identify in death with the unit, declaring themselves and their family cemeteries as Unionist for evermore.

Paint Rock Valley's Unionist heritage is thereby embodied, distanced from obscurity, and monumentalized for generations to come: no small accomplishment for what started out to be so humble a unit.

Captain Ephraim Latham

As I traveled the path of my Skelton kin, an influential figure kept popping up along the way. That person was Ephraim Latham, who ushered and directed three of our related Skeltons through military service at several critical turns. These Skelton boys were at a very vulnerable stage of their lives at a most unstable time. One could argue that their very survival of the war resulted from significant guidance by Ephraim Latham. He seemed to function as an older, perhaps wiser, brother, and it appears his advice helped William, Samuel, and Thomas to navigate through or avoid conflicts of enormous casualty risk. I found myself wishing their cousins, Edward and James Skelton, who died in the 19th Confederate Infantry, could have had similar advantage.

Lacking any Latham family affiliation myself, I have no verbal history to illuminate Ephraim's character. I could only formulate a mental picture from reading between the lines about how he conducted himself

and others through that horrible war. It didn't take long for me to admire the man I envisioned. The following is an explanation of how I came to have that regard. It will be a summary of the vignettes about Captain Latham's life that made me feel the way I do.

Go with me for a moment on a crisp fall day in 1850 to a valley between the brightly colored rolling hills around Larkinsville, Alabama. There you'd see weathered dark gray houses of unpainted wood. Some might even have a dog-trot to help cool it in summer, but for now smoke would be rising from their rustic limestone chimneys. Each would have an outhouse in back at a spot carefully chosen away from the well. The date would be Nov. 8th, the day the census taker came around. He found, as you would have, large families living quiet lives that didn't require much book knowledge. Illiteracy was common and even prevalent, but they knew how to work the land, and how to grow or raise most of what they needed to live. Yes, subsistence farming was the norm, but they got along. Being fiercely independent and isolated, their perspectives were narrow, and they couldn't foresee that war would be at their doorsteps in only eleven years. Ephraim was 12 years old at the time. William was 6, Samuel 10, and Thomas 8. Ephraim lived at house 202, Samuel and Thomas at 203, and William at 206 of District 21 of that Nov. 1850 census. This is where Ephraim Latham first appears in my Skelton family story. He shows up as early as childhood, and as near as next door.

It's a grown-up Sergeant Ephraim Latham that next appears to us at Paint Rock, Alabama (a place rich with memories from my own childhood). This was the town where Capt. Lemuel Mead formed the Paint Rock Rifles. The unit was the nucleus for Company C, 26th-50th Confederate infantry, and apparently, had alluring properties (upbringing notwithstanding) for the youth of the area. Pvts. William C., Samuel G., and Thomas B. Skelton all showed up on its rolls two days after Sgt. Ephraim Latham enlisted. Why was Ephraim inducted as a sergeant, and my relatives as privates? Literacy factors may have played a part here. Ephraim could sign his name; the others made their mark with an X.

Okay, so now we have the Larkinsville crew all together in the same Company C 26th-50th Confederate Infantry, and probably in the same platoon under Sgt. Latham. We lose sight of many details from that point, but these guys had to have been in some of the most nightmarish encounters of the War, not the least of which were Shiloh and Stone's River. At some point along the way Ephraim got commissioned as a lieutenant. My people stayed privates...oh well; at least they seemed to be good boys and stayed out of trouble. Ephraim, on the other hand, seemed to have a mischievous side, having been arrested in Chattanooga in August, 1862, and having gone through a court martial in Dec., 1862. It's not at all clear what the offenses were, but he seemed to have come through it fully forgiven and allowed the "privilege" of getting back into the fighting. I attribute his negative incidents to appropriately growing discontent. Nothing of condemning nature occurs to me at all.

After Murfreesboro, as detailed earlier, Confederate loyalty hit the skids. That's when we get a strong hint of Lt. Ephraim Latham's leadership abilities. He obtained a following of at least 72 confederate troops that deserted with him and joined the 1st Tennessee & Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry at hometown Larkinsville. He became the Captain over Company A of that unit, which was composed of his followers, including two of my three Skelton relatives. I'm convinced I got another glimpse of Latham's cleverness as it relates to the third of these, Thomas B. Skelton. It appears Capt. Latham sorted through the prisoner parole and exchange laws of the day and got for Thomas safe-at-home status by paroling him as a prisoner of war. This made him immune from prosecution as a deserter and let him sit out the war securely at home. All this came about when for some reason, Thomas apparently refrained from signing up with the Vidette Cavalry. Looks like Ephraim looked after his childhood buddy, undeterred by any resentment toward Thomas' actions. At least, that's how it presents and comes together for me to interpret. I take it as evidence that Ephraim Latham possessed a supportive, caring nature, a quality decidedly rare for the time.

Leadership opportunity for Capt. Latham was notably brief after he took charge of Company A, 1st Tennessee & Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry. This was because the regiment only functioned from

Sept. 1863 to June 1864. During that brief period, Capt. Latham led his company A mostly in the area around Larkinsville. We've already entertained the account of the Hunt's Mill skirmish and how it went so poorly a month after Company A was mustered. Then Capt. Latham and his unit appear on record again on Feb. 14, 1864 when they met with some success near Larkinsville. They captured a host of two Eleventh Texas Cavalry privates and one bushwhacker. At another time they even ventured out from Larkinsville on an expedition in support of Union infantry regulars against a small Rebel force at Guntersville. And guess what...the expedition was reported, "not successful". It left the resident 300-strong Rebels undeterred to hold on to Guntersville. This was in early March 1864 and appears to be the last mention of Capt. Latham's company. Okay, so we're not talking about Medal of Honor, or Silver Star merited accomplishment here. Then why am I left so impressed with what Ephraim Latham did? If one steps back and looks at a larger, more enduring picture, Ephraim Latham's contribution becomes clearer. He led his life-long friends (among others) away from a course that could have easily cost them their lives or left them permanently disabled and disfigured. Some deadly, not to mention futile, battles lay ahead of them, had they not followed him. Did Ephraim consciously set out to steer his friends away from harm? I don't know...maybe so, but conceivably not. Nonetheless, that's what ultimately happened. My closely related three got to see the next century. William died in 1924, Samuel died in 1919, and Thomas died in 1911. Compare that to the fate of their 19th Alabama Confederate Infantry cousins, who tragically died in battle: James in 1862 and Edward in 1864.

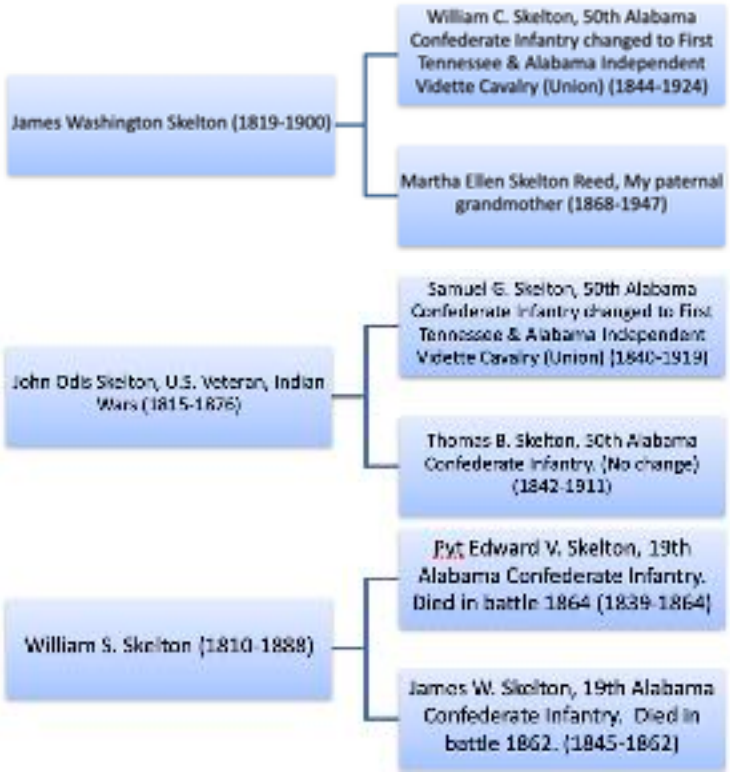
I never expected to get a feel for Ephraim Latham's personality by reviewing dimensionless, coldly objective military records, but that's exactly what I did. I was surprised to find that when I reviewed his individual records in the context of concurrent historical events, a clear picture evolved about who Ephraim Latham was. I liked what I saw...the more I learned about him, the more I admired him and what he did. Have I conjured up someone's image that exists only in my mind? I don't think so. I doubt I'm alone in my views about this very interesting person. Likely he gets remembered when his Company A, Vidette Cavalry Veterans are honored at grave site ceremonies in Jackson County, and I keep coming back to the fact that his memory is honored with burial at Arlington National Cemetery .

I'm still trying to complete my understanding of why Captain Latham commanded such spotlight in my Unionist Civil War ramblings. Why did I pick him out from all the others to try to know him better? The explanation seems as complicated as the Civil War itself. I think we've been on a soul-searching mission lately about the American Civil War. Each of us, admit it or not, has some emotional link to that War. All this seems to have come to a head in recent times, despite a century and a half to let us put it behind us. Yes, "House divided against itself" has come back to haunt us with déjà vu available nightly on the 5 o'clock news. Maybe each of us, regarding our Civil War history, is trying to figure out who we are, and where we fit. I know that's certainly the case for me.

I love the South. I'm proud of my accent. I cherish my Deep South childhood memories. Yet I was elated to find I had Unionist ancestry, and was driven to find out more, so I could boast about it and share it with my friends. So do I have two minds about what that horrible war represents? Yeah, maybe so, I haven't sorted it out yet...probably never will. I suspect there may be others that grapple with similar feelings. That complexity may help to drive the recent upsurge in Civil War interest and feed the conflict about memorializing its fallen. Yes, I think, depending on one's perspective, there exists an ongoing identity struggle concerning that war. Perhaps that's where Captain Latham comes into the picture for me. He provides an image I can hang my hat on, and the War becomes less an abstraction for me. I found myself identifying with him, taking on his shifting loyalty, his limited successes, the friends he cared for. And yes, even his black eyes. Maybe I want to think I'd have conducted myself much like him, had I lived in his time—a Homemade Yankee, not a Good Old Rebel. Uh-huh, that about says it all right...maybe.

The Three Brothers

This is the condensed pedigree of the three Skelton brothers who fathered the family's soldiers that fought in the Civil war. The diagrams flow left to right. The first diagram represents the sibling relationship of a Unionist soldier to my paternal grandmother. As the text elaborates, this information came from many years of speculation about who my Unionist relative might be, incentivized by a poignant conversation with my mother. Indeed, William C. Skelton, my granduncle, turns out to be my close Unionist ancestor whose identity I had sought so long. Samuel G. Skelton, his cousin, in the subsequent diagram is my next closest. Both appear to have deserted from the 50th Alabama Confederate Infantry to join the First Tennessee & Alabama Independent (union) Cavalry. Please note the mix of loyalty represented among brothers and cousins in the two last flow diagrams. The diagrams, taken together, tell a fascinating story. But let it be said that the diagram immediately following is the most precious to me.



Afterword

A certain amount of mystery still exists, at least for me, concerning the absolute details of William C. and Samuel G. Skelton's "crossing the lines". Overwhelming evidence posed in the prior text certainly points to their having deserted under Lt. Ephraim Latham's lead. Again, we're talking about childhood buddies here. All three were in the same Company C of the 50th Alabama Confederate Infantry, having joined the same week at Paint Rock, and the timing of entry for each into Company A, 1st Tennessee and Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry strongly coincides. Moreover, Ephraim Latham signed both the Skelton cousins' Vidette Cavalry enlistment papers on the pertinent August 28, 1863 date at Larkinsville. Apparently some 70 other of their comrades (more or less neighbors) deserted with them. All of this is consistent with the mood existing in Bragg's army following Murfreesboro. The winter garrison in Tullahoma would have allowed time for all this to fester, and by the start of summer, Tullahoma would offer a good jumping off place for contemplated desertion. It is only about 40 miles as the crow flies from

Larkinsville. Ephraim Latham is described elsewhere as having deserted after Murfreesboro. I wonder if that could have meant more specifically Tullahoma. He is recorded as having deserted in June of 1863, and the Battle of Tullahoma started June 23, 1863. The time, place, and atmosphere just seemed to be right. Much talk of a Union favored "turning point "was in the air, while the Battles of Vicksburg and Gettysburg were going poorly for the Confederacy. Decisive Union victories at both these famous battles soon followed in the first week of July, 1863. Bragg lost the Battle of Tullahoma that same week, and retreated toward Chattanooga. Many of his able-bodied troops chose not to accompany him. Anyway, it all seems to add up, and it's hard to invoke anything other than desertion to explain the documented August 1863 profound shift in service my relatives pursued. It should be said, however, that any specific Confederate desertion records for the Skelton cousins have at least for me at this point escaped detection. As mentioned earlier, it appears Thomas B. Skelton chose capture with rather gracious parole in lieu of Union service when presented the choice, even after he somehow turned up with Unionist friends and relatives at Larkinsville. Again, details have been evasive, but he maintained his Confederate identity throughout the War.

The word, desertion, commonly denotes dishonor, but in this instance it simply doesn't apply. Heading the list of reasons for Unionists to desert was a need to save their families from starvation, privation, and violent death. In Northeast Alabama this was especially the case. The unprotected Unionist families were subject to depredation from many sources and all sides, e.g. Rebels, Yankees, and even their own kind. Sadly a number of criminally inclined Tory deserters indiscriminately took advantage of the opportunity for depredation in the area. It must be said, however, considering Unionists as a group, the low-life predators were the exception rather than the rule.

Back on the battle lines, letters finally reaching a dejected Unionist soldier only spoke of the horror and desperation his extended family or his wife and hungry children had to endure. The letters ended with a heart-rending appeal for the soldier to come home. More would be the dishonor, had he not chosen to desert. Surely, desertion in that time and place carried no disgrace. So the same should apply for my relatives or for any of the other Vidette Cavalry Unionists whose move was not to escape combat, but to fight on the side appropriate to their beliefs...and closer to their beleaguered families. Captain Ephraim Latham's burial at Arlington National Cemetery strongly attests to the unblemished honor and valor attributable to their acts. In contrast, very few Confederates were allowed burial at Arlington. As such, a Confederate had to be of the likes of a General Joe Wheeler with later distinguished U.S. service in the Spanish-American war to obtain the National Honor given Captain Latham and his family.

A veil of uncertainty still exists over this fascinating story. I suspect that's always the case for events so remote in time. It seems that every time I found the answer to a burning question, a whole new battery of questions popped up that begged to be answered. Perhaps the reader already has answers to questions that left me stumped...or maybe even has better answers to questions I thought I'd adequately treated. While acknowledging that, I submit that the picture I've presented describes closely the fascinating odyssey my ancestors pursued, and if it stimulates further interest and illumination (particularly re the 1st Tennessee and Alabama Independent Cavalry), I've accomplished at least in part what I set out to do.

Dr. James Robert Reed M.D., Ph.D.

Born in Scottsboro at Hodges Hospital, Dr. Reed started life as an infant in Woodville. His early years were then spent at Huntsville with return to Scottsboro during his high school years. He was a Scottsboro Wildcat until his family, much to his chagrin, moved back to Huntsville in the middle of his senior year. He received his Pharmacy degree at Samford University and his Ph.D. in Pharmacology at the UAB School of Medicine. He stayed on to further attend that institution and received his M.D. He completed his residency in Internal Medicine and went on to further specialize in Nephrology, which he practiced in Birmingham for some 45 years. His writing interests and publications have been those of his profession, and those evoked by his passion for the sport of fly fishing. This, along with part 1 of this piece published in last quarter's Chronicles, is his first Civil War history venture.

Genealogy Sources

Family Search, www.familysearch.org
Find A Grave, www.findagrave.com
Extensive data from exhaustive research by my sister, Judy Reed Defiori
Extensive data from similarly exhaustive research by my son, Mark B. Reed
Ancestry with Fold3, www.ancestry.com

Above all, I could not have pursued this project to success without the help and urging of Judy and Mark. I also would like to thank Dr. Ed Rutsky for his interest and his gift of Dr. Margaret Storey's fine book, Loyalty and Loss, which unlocked much insight about the journey of my Unionist soldier relatives. In addition I want to thank Dr. David Campbell for his expertise and for agreeing to review this piece. Even more, I'd like to thank him for our trip down memory lane regarding our time together on the Scottsboro Wildcat football team, and for not reminding me about how much better player he was than me.

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Notes on the Skelton Soldiers

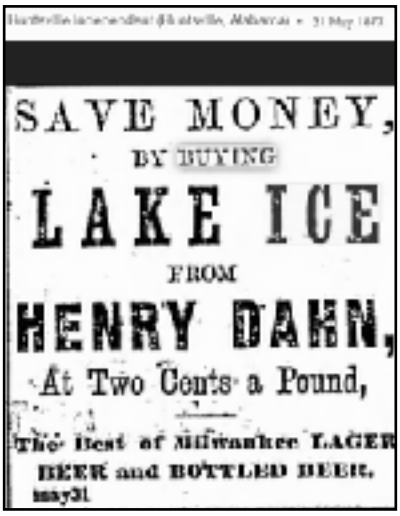
At every twist and turn that I visited in my Skelton family Civil War history, the same question confronted me. Were William C. and Samuel G. Skelton of the 26-50th Alabama Infantry the same William C. and Samuel G. Skelton of the 1st Tennessee and Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry? When I tried to match them up by signatures, their marks made with an X confounded that attempt. As mentioned earlier, desertion documentation seems nonexistent. Several factors, however, strongly support that the Confederate Skeltons and the Unionist Skeltons were the same soldiers:

-Their birth years matched.
-The enlistment sites for both Confederate and Union enlistment (Paint Rock and Larkinsville) were in the confines of their home territory.
-The course of their progress from Sept., 1861 to Aug., 1863 corresponds exactly to that of Ephraim Latham, who definitely deserted from the relevant Company C, 50th Alabama Infantry to form Company A, 1st Tennessee and Alabama Independent Cavalry.
-When Lt. Latham deserted he took some 70 "partisans" with him. He'd be expected to favor and confide in people he had closely known before.
-William C., Samuel G., and Thomas B. Skelton grew up with Ephraim Latham in the same 1850 census area. Samuel and Thomas were actually Ephraim's next door neighbors.
-For there to be two William C. Skeltons and two Samuel G. Skeltons in the Paint Rock/Larkinsville close-knit vicinity would be most unlikely.
-Dual affiliation by each is reported in conjunction with several identifying family trees.

Having an Iced Drink in Old High Jackson

It seems that we have been craving a cool refreshing drink to help us survive the heat since at least the times of the pyramids, though it is not hard to envision the delight of a caveman on drinking from his favorite stream. But if you were King Tut, for example, and lived in the desert environment of Egypt, you wished long and hard for something cool and refreshing. "Oldest written documents in the shape of cuneiform tablet that date from 1780 BC record the construction of an ice house in the northern Mesopotamian town of Terqa," the history of refrigeration web site proclaims (www.historyofrefrigeration.com). "Archaeologists have found in China remains of ice pits from the 7th century BC" and Alexander the Great is known to have used them in 300 BC. One of the most memorable parts of my visit to Monticello included a visit to Thomas Jefferson's ice house.

So it is not surprising that North Alabama longed for cool beverages and a way to preserve the ice of winter to combat the heat of summer. Certainly a long, cold drink of fizzy water was one of the main attractions of Payne's Drug Store when it was located along the tracks. *The Southern Industrial Herald* wrote on June 24, 1869, "Our enterprising young friends Payne and Price at the Drug Store, have a Soda Fountain and everything necessary to furnish all who call on them with soda water,"


SAVE MONEY,
BY BUYING
LAKE ICE
FROM
HENRY DAHN,
At Two Cents a Pound,
The Best of Milwaukee LAGER
BEER and BOTTLED BEER.
may31

So where did these enterprising young men get the ice to create the cool drinks that filled their customers with such delight? They probably imported ice from Huntsville, packed in sawdust and loaded into a boxcar. An 1877 ad in the *Huntsville Independent* indicated that Henry Dahn was selling lake ice in Huntsville, and there were similar businesses in Chattanooga. There might have been ice harvesting operations in Jackson County, though a description of how the enterprise worked is fairly daunting. It involved a lot of men first cleaning a channel for floating blocks to where they could be lifted and loaded in a clean location, usually a spring-fed lake or the deep part of the river. Then strong men sawed and chipped blocks of ice out, fed them into the loading channel, and delivered them to a holding place, where they were either delivered locally by wagon or shipped on insulated boxcars to a distribution point.

Larger towns had ice plants surprisingly early. The 1897 *Geneva Tribune* was praising a Mr. Kelling who had just started making "home made ice" and proclaimed, "It will be a great savings to our town. Our druggist and saloon men have been buying ice in Pensacola. By the time freight was paid and the amount melting was taken into consideration the ice was so high that it became a luxury for the rich. Now we have it so cheap that almost all can afford it.

A 1901 article in the *Chattanooga Daily Times* touted the investment of $150,000 to get Crystal Ice Company off the ground. Working with Atlanta Coal and Ice, the new company planned to produce 150 tons of ice a day, and had already secured contracts from Fruit Growers Express and Swift and Company. Built near the railroad track, the company also planned to produce icing refrigerator cars for hauling fresh products safely to market. Scottsboro might have gotten ice from Chattanooga, but the description of the new plant makes it seem that they had bigger things in mind than supplying small towns with ice for their sweet tea.

Financiers who owned a brewery in Illinois financed a $25,000 ice plant in Huntsville which also planned to "operate a soda pop department," The *Montgomery Weekly Advertiser* wrote in November 1899. Decatur had two ice plants in 1900, resulting in "an ice war" where "consumers are now buying ice at the rate of 25 and 30 cents per hundred pounds. (*The Leighton News*, May 18, 1900)

Yet there is evidence that citizens of Jackson County had access to block ice early in the 20th century. An ad in the *Progressive Age* in July 1901 proclaimed that A. P. Jones had "Ice for sale all the time in quantities, delivered free to any part of the city. Orders from out of town receive prompt attention." An ad in the *Scottsboro Citizen* of May 21, 1908 reported that "The ice business of Bunn Hackworth has been bought by Tom Parks and Tom Wright. And they will supply you with all the ice you want at 60 cents per hundred pounds." That was a lot of money in 1908 when a loaf of bread cost 7 cents, a quart of milk cost 9 cents, and a pound of steak cost 24 cents. A. B. Brandon reported in the *Age* in 1913 that he was closing "my grocery and ice business" and there are references to being able to buy ice from Carter Ice in the back of Skelton Hardware.

The town of Stevenson did not make ice, but received shipments of it from Chattanooga. "Stevenson had two ice storage plants, both located near the railroad because the ice was shipped in from Chattanooga before the Stevenson Ice Company was formed" in the 1920s. Horton McMahan built an ice plant on Main Street in the 1920s. The plant was operated by Frank Allison and George Foshee, Sr. and was in operation twenty-four hours a day. (*Stevenson Story,* by Eliza Woodall, p. 215) William Charles Lindsay bought the plant from McMahan in 1947 and operated it for 12 years. (p.448)

There were occasional gee-whiz ads and newspaper stories about ways to make your own ice. The 1913 *Scottsboro Citizen* carried a science story about a Kansas Agricultural College professor named D.J.D. Walter who had designed an ice plant that every farmer could build for $13 to $20. "The ice plant is made of galvanized iron and consists of a double tank with an inner tank about 10 feet long, 2 feet wide, and 12 inches deep. The top of the tank should be slightly higher than the bottom, The inner tank should be divided into six compartments by means of galvanized iron strips." Hot water is poured into the outer tank to loosen the ice blocks. The machine is apparently for use only in the winter, and is a method for creating ice blocks, not for freezing ice on a summer day.

If you needed any more evidence that Jackson County residents could not produce their own ice, bear in mind that the Locker Plant business on the south side of the square opened in August 1, 1944. This business model was introduced across the country in the early years of World World II," David Bradford, grandson of the founder explained in the 2016 *Chronicles*, "and called for community centers to offer rental lockers to those who wanted to preserve their meats by freezing rather than salting. A locker rented for $12 a year."

Town people had access to refrigeration long before it reached the outlying parts of the county. Charles Rice Coffey, who lived on Nagooches Point in Mud Creek, wrote in his diary on April 10, 1935 when his sister Mary Coffey Graham who lived in the town of Stevenson bought an electric refrigerator. "Sister sent us her refrigerator [ice box] today (She has a new [electric] Frigidaire)—We have the promise of an ice truck and 2 trips per week hope he don't fail us." According to Rice's diary, rural residents typically began receiving ice in late June and required two shipments a week to meet the needs of a couple. In 1935, Rice wrote, "Our ice man missed us for two days and we sure did miss our ice." Access to ice and an ice cream freezer made Rice a popular man. He wrote these lines in June, 1937, not long before he died: "A crowd here to meet the ice truck—all wanted to borrow our little 1/2 gal freezer. I had to (or did) pay for several of their ice. Well the poor ignorant souls get a lot of pleasure out of a freezer of cream and if I can add a little pleasure to their hard lot I hope they will pay me, but if they don't I can't lose much when I see their children faces brighten up over a dish of cream I am repaid with compound interest." (June 13, 1937).

While extolling the virtues of cold drinks, remember that not all cooling requires ice. I remember visiting my great grandmother and going to her hand-dug, rock-lined enclosure in the local spring-free stream to fetch buttermilk. You can still see the "refrigerator" for the House of


House of Happiness "refrigerator" in Birdsong Creek

Happiness along Happiness Road, in the end of Birdsong Creek.

Even though Scottsboro got electric power in 1916, it was probably not plentiful enough to support a power-hog operation like a refrigeration unit. There is strong evidence that Scottsboro had no capacity to freeze ice until the mid 1920s.

How Scottsboro Made Its Own Ice

Before the county was electrified, or at least before electrification was widespread, there was insufficient current to freeze ice, and ice houses stored ice that had been cut from a lake or river during the winter and delivered by train. This is why the ice house was located so close to the freight depot in Scottsboro.

In the mid 1920s, Scottsboro got not one ice plant but two. The first was established around 1924 by John Wade Woodall. The second was called the New Ice Company and was located "on the old Caldwell Mill lot."

A town with two ice plants was an embarrassment of riches. The *Birmingham News* profiled Scottsboro on February 15, 1925. In a section of the story titled "No Danger of Ice Famine," the paper explained, "Some towns are without any ice plants and have to have what is shipped in, but Scottsboro has two ice plants. The Woodall Brothers Ice Company, owned by J. W. and Henry Woodall, is a 10-ton plant, electrically equipped. The New Ice Company, owned by J. C. Spivey, Earnest Morris and Jesse Morris, is just finished and ready for business. It is a 10-ton plant using pure distilled water obtained from springs for distillation." (page 16)

Scottsboro Ice and Coal

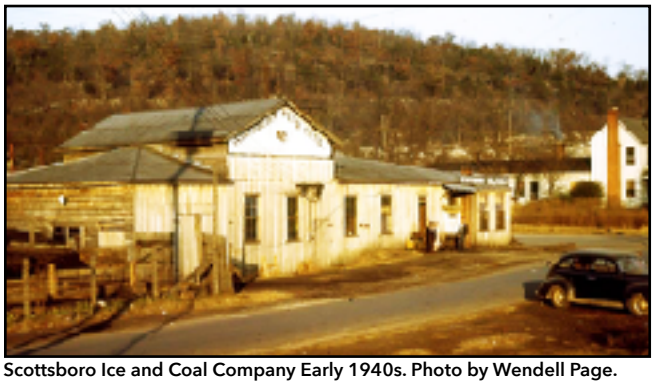
Scottsboro Ice and Coal began operation in the early 1920s and had the capacity to freeze ice. Its owner was John Wade Woodall. "Keeping cool in Summer and hot in winter is the unusual privilege and slogan of our good friend, J. W. Woodall, who owns and manages the Scottsboro Ice and Coal Company.....Realizing in 1920 that he would be compelled to seek larger quarters on account of his growing trade moved to his present location. The move was made a county wide event. A reception was held at his new plant and people came from neighboring states to enjoy the festivities. Bands played and delicious ice cream was served to further impress the memories of his future customers. Mr. Woodall is a native of Woodville, Alabama. He employs seven men in the business. Manufacture Ice and Red Ash Jellico and Blue Ben Coal are the commodities offered the public by this firm. Mr. Woodall recently purchased the plant formerly known as the New Ice Company and it is known as Plant No. 2. The water used in the manufacture of ice is filtered twice, thus insuring absolutely clean ice." This is an apparent slam on natural ice cut from a pond, which was bound to have been contaminated with leaves and pine straw.


John Wade Woodall, from City Hall.

Cartoon showing Wade Woodall sitting on a back of ice and holding a lump of cola.

Wade Woodall would run his company for the next 20 years. His ads appeared regularly in the local newspapers. His plant was located in the building with the stair step top on Maple Street, north of the railroad track. The business was profiled in the 1938 *Progressive Age*. "We told you that last time we were here that the Scottsboro Ice and Coal Company was engaged in a a cold, black business, yet and not withstanding this fact they seem to be able to continue in this business....The good people of Scottsboro have very wisely chosen Hon. J. W. Woodall, head of the Scottsboro Ice & Coal Company as their executive, and it is said he is filling this important office with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of his constituency."

After running his company for twenty years while serving as Scottsboro's mayor, John Wade Woodall died in 1948 and his pioneer business needed new leadership. The January 20, 1949 *Progressive Age* announced that Scottsboro Ice and Coal Company had been sold to Leroy Airheart and his brother-in-law, Virgil Rose. It was expected that "these two hustling young men" would expand and improve the business. But instead, it closed. It was dissolved as a corporate entity on December 20, 1949. (https://opencorporates.com/companies/us_al/791-824)



Scottsboro Ice and Coal Company Early 1940s. Photo by Wendell Page.

Scottsboro Ice and Coal delivery wagon. Photo by Alfred Eisenstaedt, 1937.

On September 15, 1949, the *Progressive Age* published a legal notice that C. D. Smith and C W. Wikle, trustees for the stockholder of the Scottsboro Ice and Coal Company, will sell for cash to the highest bidder therefore, in front of the Court house door: "about 100 pounds of insulating cork: accounts and notes due the Scottsboro Ice and Coal Company" totaling $301.51.

The business was reborn shortly thereafter as City Ice and Coal. "The plant and business is owned by Rankin Airheart, his son, Leroy Airheart, and son-in-law Virgil Rose. The plant and business was originally the Scottsboro Ice and Coal Company, operated by the late Wade Woodall for many years. This is the second ice plant to be destroyed by fire in Scottsboro's history. A number of years ago an ice plant owned by Clyde Spivey and located on South Broad Street burned to the ground." (*Progressive Age*, Jan 14, 1954)

In the years after the sale, City Ice and Coal regularly received contracts from the county. City Ice and Coal Company burned in 1954 (*Progressive Age*, January 24, 1954)

The *Sentinel-Age* reported on October 25, 1962 that Leroy Airheart had graduated from Jackson County High School in 1935 and operated City Ice and Coal Company and Airheart Feed and Seed Company before entering Howard in June 1939. The two businesses merged in 1955. Leroy Airheart later returned to Scottsboro as a pharmacist at Payne's.

The New Ice Company

The second short-lived ice-making operating in Scottsboro is merely a blip on the business radar in Jackson County. The New Ice Company started up a few years after the Woodall business. It was the brainchild of brothers Ernest and Jesse Morris and Clyde Spivey, brother of Claude Spivey. The *Progressive*

Age noted on January 1, 1925 that "Mr. Gaddis is superintending the installation of the machinery at the New Ice Co., plant located on the old Caldwell mill lot of Broad Street." The paper noted on February 12, 1925 that the New Ice Company announced that it had begun operation on January 29th and "has established one of the latest and best types of distilled water plants from which will be made the purest ice, absolutely free from any disease germs."

The New Ice Company also devised a system of "ice signal cards" that eliminated the need for personal contact with the deliveryman. They sold ice at prices "established by the Alabama Ice Association, 50 cents per hundred at the plant and 60 cents per hundred delivered."

As the upstart challenger to the Woodall business, the New Ice Company looked for ways to distinguish itself, and one was with improved delivery. The February 12, 1925 *Progressive Age* reported that, "The wagons will soon begin to make regular runs and will come to your home and place of business seven days in the week, if desired. Scales will be on the wagon and all ice will be cut and weighed from the wagon which eliminates loss in hauling and assures you that you are getting the amount you paid for. You can watch the weighing if you desire." A few scant weeks later, the company advertised in the paper asking the person who had stolen their ice scale to return it.

The building and equipment of this new business burned August 7, 1925, just seven months after the business opened. "Even though there had been plenty of water," the building was too far gone to be saved and the origin of the fire was unknown," the initial report in the *Progressive Age* said. The business moved temporarily into "the old Carter Ice House in the rear of the Scottsboro Hardware Co., and continued to supply its customers until the factory could be rebuilt." The August 6 *Chattanooga Daily Times* reported that the factory "burned to the ground this morning between 12 and 1 o'clock. The loss was estimated at about $17,000, hardly covered by insurance." The factory was a total loss. "The fire started on top of the freezing tank," the paper said, and the Alabama Overall Factory across the street barely escaped.

It seems that Clyde Spivey was the controlling partner because he always spoke for the company in newspaper interviews. It was later determined that the fire had been deliberately set.

After the fire, Ernest and Jesse Morris bought out Clyde Spivey's interest.The September 17, 1925 *Progressive Age* reported: "Ernest Morris informs us that he and his brother, Jesse, have purchased the interest of Clyde Spivey in the New Ice Company and will rebuild the burned plant at an early date and install electrical equipment in the new plant." On April 7, 1927, the *Progressive Age* reported that "the New Ice Plant is ready for operating and Mr. Ernest Morris, the manager, stated that it will be prepared to take care of the trade....During the latter part of the summer last year, his ice plant closed down on account of lack of power." Clyde Spivey remained in Jackson County and died in Hodges Hospital of a ruptured appendix in 1934.

The plant reopened in 1927 and operated briefly. On October 3, 1929, an ad from Scottsboro Ice and Coal announced, "Mr. Woodall recently purchased the plant formerly known as The New Ice Company and it is known as Plant No. 2."

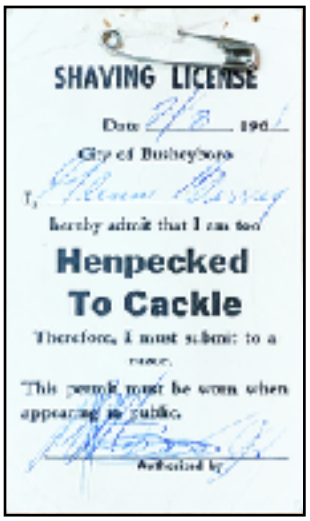
It would seem that running an ice plant was a business model that was passing out of favor. In 1938, cheap TVA power was implemented across the Tennessee valley, and competition was heating up among the ice companies. The November 24, 1938 *Progressive Age* noted that "Electric Refrigerators threatened to put the ice business on the rocks. The ice men organized, forgot their petty differences, conducted educational campaigns and today have a thriving business."

With consumer refrigerators became more widely available, the selling of ice for home use was no longer necessary. Fishermen still needed to ice their catches. Campers still needed to keep their drinks cooled, Folks giving parties still needed extra ice for thirsty guests. But the era of needing several deliveries a week, and dealing with the mess of melting ice in an icebox, is long gone.

Annette Bradford

The Civil War Centennial in 1961

The Civil War started on April 12, 1861 when Confederate troops fired on Fort Sumter. This anniversary was recognized and commemorated in 1961 in Scottsboro when the Jaycees sponsored a Civil War Centennial that ran from February to April. If you open your family album and find photos of family members wearing hoop skirts or sporting uncharacteristic beards, this was probably the reason.


SHAVING LICENSE

Date ____ 196_

City of Bushyboro

I, _____ hereby admit that I am too

Henpecked To Cackle

Therefore, I must submit to a razor.

This permit must be worn when appearing in public.

Authorized by _____

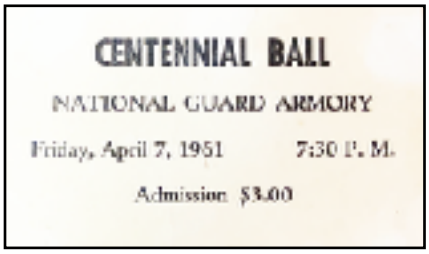
Doug Thomas was chairman of the Scottsboro Jaycees' Centennial Committee, and a slate of activities was planned. "All proceeds from the permits, fines, etc. are to be used by the Jaycees for the Jackson County Association of Retarded Children." Mill workers who could not safely wear centennial garments were exempt from participation. For these commemoration events, women wore long dresses with hoop skirts and men grew beards. In fact, men without beards were fined and taken to the Bushyboro Jailhouse. If your boss required you to shave, you could avoid jail time and fines if you purchased and wore a Shaving License. Notice that the Shaving License pictured includes a safety pin and the declaration that the wearer "hereby admits that I am too Henpecked to Cackle," the only excuse for not growing a beard being the objections of one's wife.

Wednesday of every week during the anniversary celebration was Ladies' Day when ladies were instructed to wear their centennial costumes. Mrs. Johnny Shook was jailed for failure to wear centennial costume on Ladies' Day. Kangaroo Court was held weekly in the courthouse, conducted by Jailin' Judge Hugh Stewart. There was a centennial parade in which women in their hoop skirts and men with fine beards circled the courthouse. A ceremonial funeral was held for the safety razor, which was carried away in a Word-Bolton hearse.

Gene Fitzgerald visited Scottsboro, unaware that the centennial activities were in full swing, but quickly found himself arrested, thrown into the Bushyboro jail, tried before the Kangaroo Court, and fined. Everyone got into the spirit. Below are a group of antebellum telephone operators; Dorothy Mose, Judy Michaels, and Mary Carter at Word Lumber; and the staff of the Piggly Wiggly.

If you think for a moment that it was just Scottsboro or Jackson County that engaged in this beard-growing, hoop-skirt-wearing extravaganza, think again. Dr. A. B. Moore was the executive director of the

Alabama Civil War Centennial Commission. He spoke in Bridgeport on February 6, 1961 and stressed that Alabama was part of a "national observance authorized by the United States Congress in the fall of 1957." The problem facing the state commission was "to develop the entire story of Alabama's contribution to the war." Some have asked, 'why a Commemoration or celebration of a war that we didn't win.'" Dr. Moore replied that "we are commemorating the deeds of forebears, not celebrating" and that "some defeats are more worthy of commemoration and study than some victories."


CENTENNIAL BALL
NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY
Friday, April 7, 1961 7:30 P. M.
Admission $3.00

The celebration broke the monotony of the winter and early spring of 1961, and it raised money for a good cause. At the end of the festival, between 400 and 500 people attended the Centennial Ball at the National Guard Armory. The theme was "Stairway to the Stars," and music was provided by the Johnny Shook orchestra and the Allen String Band. Mary King was selected Miss Southern Belle from a field of 12 entrants. Little Emma Dean Dawson was selected Little Miss Rebel. W. H. Brandon won the prize for "Most Luxurious Beard."

Thank you for Marilyn Morris Dean's Aunt Pearl Berry for keeping such a complete Centennial scrapbook, allowing us to revisit this 1961 activity.

Annette Bradford

Employees of Jacobs Bank in front of the Harris House (Fernwood) during the Centennial Celebration.
L to R, Annie Pearl Berry Moody,Virginia McBridge, Annie Potter, Rachel Gold, and Bunzie Smith.

The Story of Jackson County's Last Hanging

Few legal proceedings generate the drama and excite morbid curiosities more than a public execution, but it's a spectacle that has been largely denied the people of Jackson County.

John R. Kennamer in his History of Jackson County states that a hanging occurred in old Woodville, the county seat of Decatur County before its territory was divided between Jackson and Marshall Counties to form the boundaries of those two counties as we know them today. The records kept at Sauta and Bellefonte, the early county seats of Jackson County, were destroyed in the Civil War, making it impossible to reconstruct the findings of courts before the 1860's.

Many children raised in the county were shown, in their youth, the reputed "hanging tree" at the boundary of the Old Bellefonte Cemetery, but memories of which tree served that gruesome purpose are often in conflict. Some place it at the boundary of the courthouse square; others place it across County Road 33 on the old approach to the town.

It's unlikely, however, that any legal executions were accomplished using a tree. The traditional method was to build a gallows for the express purpose of putting the convicted prisoner to death. The gallows were disassembled shortly after the execution had been carried out. If a prisoner was ever hanged from a tree in Bellefonte, it was likely a man rumored to have been forcibly removed from his cell and lynched, a story often told but never substantiated.

The first public hanging in Jackson County for which records still exist occurred in 1884 when Jackson County executed three men convicted of arson. They were hanged behind a 16-foot fenced enclosure built adjoining the county jail on Appletree Street in Scottsboro. Those in attendance attempted to tear the structure down in order to witness the executions, but were denied access.

Jefferson L. Gentry

The hanged men were charged and convicted of burning the Henry Porter home near Bryant after the family refused their extortion demands. The "triple hangings" were given considerable press both locally and regionally. They are remarkable because of the number of simultaneous executions and the fact that the crime did not involve the loss of human life or sexual molestation, the usual crimes punishable by execution.

The second, and apparently the last, legal hanging in Jackson County is more obscure. It involved a man whose given name was Bob Ruckett, but was common known (and tried) under the alias of Bob McCord.

McCord, a black man, was accused of murdering his wife, Nancy, at a farm near Goose Pond. He pled guilty to the charges and was sentenced to death by Judge John B. Tally. On March 28, 1892, he was hanged in a "rudely constructed" 10-by-12-foot building built expressly to house the gallows and situated near the Scottsboro railroad depot. The *Chattanooga Daily Times* described the scene surrounding the event as "alive with a motley concourse of morbidly curious people, all of whom were anxious to obtain admission to the building." The structure "was of stout pine posts and boards bolted together with a platform about ten feet from the ground."

Sheriff Jefferson L. Gentry was successful in repelling the crowd, and in the end, the execution was witnessed by only the sheriff, three of the sheriff's staff, two clergymen, and an undisclosed number of press representatives. The sheriff and his deputies delivered the condemned man to the site of his execution in a wagon that also transported his coffin.

Asked if he wanted to address the gathering of 200 to 300 people surrounding the gallows structure, Bob McCord spoke loudly and "without tremor": He told the crowd "Thank you. You all know what I am here

for. You all know I was brought here to die, and what is the reason I am here—It is all on account of Sallie Davis. She is the cause of my death. I am not afraid to die. I will go to heaven and be with my good wife. I wish to be buried by her side. I denounce Sallie, for she went back on me. If I am guilty, she is guilty." He continued his monolog for another 20 minutes, but nothing else of his "ramblings" was recorded. A collection taken at the door of the gallows structure netted $7 to be used for the welfare of his children.

Sallie (also cited as "Sally") Davis, who did not figure in the original trial, became a central figure in McCord's alibi only as his execution date drew near. Sallie Davis was a girlfriend whom McCord insisted had encouraged him in the act of murder and even participated in the bludgeoning death and subsequent disposal of the body. McCord's execution was delayed while authorities investigated the allegations against Sallie Davis, but in the end, she was not charged as an accessory. "At her trial, she proved an alibi and was acquitted, but the majority of citizens here believe her to have been guilty."

McCord's case was weakened by the fact that only one month before his wife's murder, he had tried to poison her by putting "Rough on Rats" poison in her coffee. Also complicating matters was the fact that McCord and his wife fought frequently and he publicly threatened to harm her. *The Chattanooga Daily Times* reported: "She and her husband quarreled repeatedly and often fought, but she being the larger and stronger, always whipped him, and he had threatened several times publicly that he would stop it if he had to put her out of the way."

McCord evaded law enforcement for three months after his wife's nude body was discovered in a sinkhole near their home, where she had been covered with leaf debris and tree branches. The back of her skull had been crushed.

McCord's behavior in the 24 hours leading up the execution puzzled the numerous reporters who interviewed him or who witnessed his final stand on the gallows. "The condemned man passed the night quietly, sleeping soundly till after daybreak when he ate a hearty breakfast." An hour before he was removed from the jail, he "partook of the viands with evident relish, seemed cheerful and talked freely of his crime." When he reached the gallows, "he clambered out as nimble as a boy and ascended as unconcernedly as if going to church."

On the gallows, when a deputy placed a black hood over his head, McCord requested calmly, "Let me know when you are ready so I can say goodbye." Sheriff Gentry replied "Say it now," before using a hatchet to sever a rope releasing the trap door below McCord. Eight minutes after Sheriff Gentry cut the restraining cable, McCord was pronounced dead of a broken neck.

The Progressive Age said of McCord's death sentence, "Although there has been more than twenty-five or thirty episodes in Jackson County in which human life was destroyed, [McCord] is the first to pay the penalty of the crime on the gallows since the triple execution of the Porter's Bluff house burners."

Informal discussions with local attorneys indicate that Jackson County has seen a relatively low number of executions compared to other Alabama counties. In fact, no Jackson County defendant has ever died in the electric chair, according to the Alabama Department of Corrections database. It's notable, for instance, that when Judge Hawkins sentenced eight of nine Scottsboro Boys to die in 1931, it was the first time he had passed the death sentence in his time on the bench. In recent decades, only two death sentences have been passed in the county: Johnnie Beecher in the early 1960s and Ben Brownfield in the early 2000s. Johnnie Beecher died in prison on September 11, 2009. His sentence had been previously commuted. Brownfield remains in prison today.

Public executions by hanging ended in 1927 when Alabama's electric chair, dubbed "Yellow Momma," was put into service at Kilby Prison. The chair was painted yellow with the same paint used on highways to mark "no passing" zones. The chair was taken out of service after the state's final execution by electrocution of a Lee County woman in 2002. Yellow Momma is said to be available for service today if an inmate requests death by electrocution rather than by lethal injection.

David Bradford

Why Scottsboro Has a Martin Street

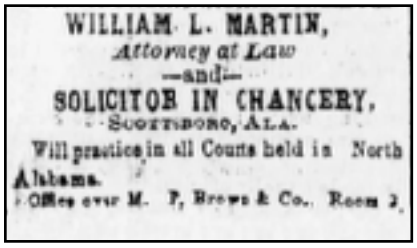
When in Scottsboro, you drive some streets that were clearly named for people. Kyle Street is clearly named for Nelson Kyle, our early probate judge, Dayton Street is named for Dayton Benham who built a mill that provided jobs for many in a time of great need. Clinton Street which turns off of Benham reflects the fact that the Jacobses (John Clinton Jacobs) helped Benham develop this subdivision. But no such immediate name popped into my head when I drove down Martin Street. I am from South Alabama and spent much of my early life enjoying Lake Martin, so I knew about the Logan Martin for whom the dam that created this lake was named. I did not suspect these Martin families were one in the same.

William Logan Martin Sr., from the AL Archives.

When young attorney William Logan Martin Sr. left his parents behind in Madison County and came to practice law in the town of Scottsboro, the town was only 10 years old and a great place for young man looking to make his mark on the world. He stayed here for 17 years where met and married a Jackson County girl. She gave birth to five of their six children while living here.

William Logan Martin was born in Madison County ,November 3, 1850, at Union Chapel in Madison County. He was the son of Thomas Wesley and Elizabeth Jane (Horton) Martin. His father was a school teacher and a merchant. He was the grandson of Jesse Martin, a soldier of the War of 1812, and the great-grandson of Frank Martin, a Revolutionary soldier, who moved from Virginia to Madison County in 1808.

Martin attended public schools in Madison County. and had just graduated from Cumberland Law School in Lebanon, Tennessee in 1873. *The History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography* says that he began the practice of law in Scottsboro in 1873, a fact born out by this announcement in the October *Era and Star.*


WILLIAM L. MARTIN,
Attorney at Law
—and—
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
SCOTTSBORO, ALA.
Will practice in all Courts held in North Alabama.
Office over M. P. Brown & Co., Room 2.


Brown Building, Built 1871, from a 1910 Postcard

According to October 24, 1873 *Era and Star* (owned and edited by James Beeson), Martin's office was in the two-year-old brick building on the public square, built and owned by Milton Perry Brown, at the corner of Laurel and Market Streets. Brown operated a dry goods business downstairs. At the end of the building was a stairway that led upstairs to a suite of offices that housed many memorable Jackson County institutions, including the *Scottsboro Citizen* publishing office and the first hospital. It was favorite abode of county lawyers including Lawrence Brown. Martin's name appeared frequently over the next few years as, for example, administrator of estates in legal notices, while he built up his practices and courted the lovely Miss Maggie Ledbetter of Woodville, who was 11 years his junior.

Margaret "Maggie" Ledbetter was the fifth of six children of Joel Pryor Ledbetter (1818-1870) and Jane Catherine Dillard (1828-1895) of Woodville. Maggie and Logan married in Scottsboro on December 18, 1878, and their first daughter, Fanilee, was born November 9, 1879. She would marry Harry Abell, called by C. M. Stanley, editor of the *Alabama Journal*, one of the nation's great utility executives, who was Vice President of the Electric Board and Share Company in New York at the time of his death.

The couple had six children in all—two sons who were both influential attorneys and daughters who married the "movers and shakers" of Alabama and beyond. Their children included Thomas Wesley, born August 13, 1881; William Logan Jr., born February 20, 1883; Kathleen, born July 3, 1885; Susie Martina, born January 23, 1888; and Helen Loelle, born February 2, 1892, the only one of their six children not born in Jackson County. When Thomas Wesley was born, the *Citizen* reported of August 18, 1881, " W. L. Martin, Esq., our popular Register in Chancery, is the embodiment of happiness—a boy this time." William Logan Sr. was an influential lawyer and smart politician who positioned his sons—Thomas Wesley Martin and William Logan Martin, Jr.—to be the real stars of Alabama politics. What follows are two sketches of these men from the *Encyclopedia of Alabama* and the Alabama Archives.

Thomas Wesley Martin, from the Birmingham Public Library Archives

Thomas Wesley Martin studied law at the University of Alabama and was admitted to the Alabama bar in December 1901. In 1911, he was retained by James Mitchell, a Massachusetts engineer who was planning to build a large dam on the Coosa River. The dam became operational in 1914, the first step in building an electrical system--generation, transmission, and distribution--in Alabama. Martin served as general counsel to Alabama Power from 1912 until Mitchell's death in 1920. He succeeded Mitchell as company president and began a rural electrification program that same year.

Over the next decade, the company would construct four more dams, one more on the Coosa and three on the Tallapoosa River. In the late 1950s, Martin initiated a second dam construction program, this one on the upper Coosa River and on the Warrior River, which provided electricity for the state's post-World War II boom. For more than four decades, Martin was recognized as a national leader in the electric industry, honored by the Edison Electric Institute, Forbes Magazine, and others. He died of a heart attack in Birmingham on December 8, 1964, at age 83. Martin Dam and Lake on the Tallapoosa River bear his name. Logan Martin Dam and Lake on the Coosa River is named in honor of his brother, a former state attorney general who was appointed as Alabama Power's general attorney in 1921. He died in 1964. (Photograph courtesy of Birmingham Public Library Archives, biography from the *Encyclopedia of Alabama*. Look here to read the entire *Encyclopedia of Alabama* article: http://encyclopediaofalabama.org/article/h-2403)

William Logan Martin, Jr., from Findagrave

William Logan Martin Jr., like his father, was an Attorney General of Alabama. According to his profile in the Alabama Archives, William Logan Martin, Jr. attended Starke's School in Montgomery, and a preparatory school at Radford, VA, going from the latter to the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York. Upon his graduation at the Military Academy in 1907, he was commissioned an officer in the Army, but resigned to study law at the University of Alabama.

He served as Assistant Solicitor of the City Court of Montgomery for the years 1909 and 1910. On January 16, 1911, he was appointed Assistant Attorney General of Alabama; November 3, 1914, was elected Attorney General, defeating Wm. L. Chenault, Republican, Duncan D. Trimble, Progressive, and Clement R. Wood, Socialist; Jan 10, 1915, he was appointed Attorney General to fill the unexpired term of Robert C. Brickell, who resigned to accept an appointment as judge of the eighth judicial circuit; and Jan. 18, 1915 he entered upon the four-year term to which he had been elected. He died in 1959. (Biography from the Alabama Archives, photo from Findagrave).

As the Martin family in Scottsboro grew and Martin's law practice flourished, the family built a home on Laurel Street. The September 18, 1879 *Citizen* noted, " W. L. martin, Esq., is having lumber hauled to build a residence in the eastern portion of town, the 'Edgefield of Scottsboro.'" In February 1880, the *Citizen* reported, the family moved into the "pretty residence" that he had built on Laurel Street. "John Hill deserves credit for doing some excellent work on it," the paper continued. The area around the house, indeed, perhaps, most of Laurel Street, must have been heavily wooded at that time since the October 27, 1882 *Citizen* reported, " W. L. Martin is having some of the trees taken out of the beautiful grove in the lot adjoining his yard." The house suffered a fire "between the ceiling and roof of the cook room" in July 1889 which had "gotten under good headway when discovered." A hundred men from town came to fight the fire. Most of the article was about the skillful men who fought the fire and saved the home without "a water system or an engine for fighting fire."


Knights of Honor Certificate, from wikipedia

Like many politicians, William Logan Martin joined fraternal organizations that helped him keep company with the county's influential men. The December 26, 1878 *Citizen* refers to Martin being elected Dictator of Berith Lodge No. 1659 of the Knights of Honor. Other officers included, Milton Perry Brown (his landlord), J. H. Gregor, S. B. Donaldson, druggist W. H. Payne, fellow-lawyer J. P. Rorex, P. G. McClure, merchant David Nathan Snodgrass, merchant C. S. Freeman, and medical examiner J. P. Rorex. The Knights of Honor was a fraternal organization that was founded in 1873 and was open to all acceptable white men of good moral character who believed in God, were of good bodily health and able to support themselves and their family," (wikipedia) The organization included a women's auxiliary known as Degree of Protection.

From 1878 to 1885, Martin served as Register in Chancery. We no longer have this role. Under the English legal system that we inherited, there were two kinds of courts: church (chancery) courts and the king's court, identified as "law" courts with "legal" jurisdiction. That same system was duplicated inAmerica, and most states continued to have two courts: one for matters traditionally handled by the church courts involving matters of "equity" and another for matters that were governed by either the common law (not statutory) and statutory law. The jurisdictions did not overlap, but one person seeking relief could have both equity claims and legal claims. In Alabama, the same judges handled both types of cases, although there were separate judges for each jurisdiction in some states, such as Tennessee. Each court, chancery and law, had clerks to accept pleadings and keep records of cases. The clerk in charge of the chancery court was called the "Register in Chancery". On the law side, the clerk was called simply, "Clerk of Court". Lois Stewart was the last Jackson County Register in Chancery.

Martin was very active in Democratic politics and was chairman of the party in 1882. In June 1882, Martin was an alternate to the State Democratic Convention. By the time the meeting took place and the delegation left for Montgomery, Martin had moved from alternate to attendee and went with Col Alexander Snodgrass, Judge J. B. Tally, Col. John Snodgrass, Capt. W. H. Robinson, C. W. Brown, R. S. Skelton, and S. F. Robinson to the state meeting.

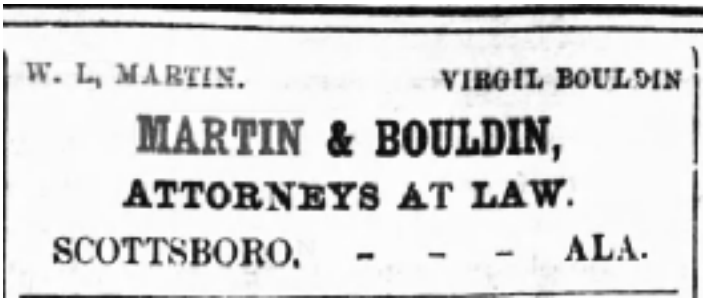
A November 30, 1882 notice in the *Citizen* said, "A Mass Meeting of the Democratic voters of Jackson county is called to meet in the Court House in Scottsboro, on Monday, December 4th 1882, at 1 o'clock p. m., to appoint delegates to represent said Jackson county, in the Congressional District Convention, to be held in Decatur on the 7th of December, 1882. W. L. Martin, Chairman."

In November 1888, Civil War General Joseph "Fighting Joe" Wheeler visited Scottsboro, and it was quite an event. The Jackson Rifles under the command of Sept. W. H. Payne, served as his escort into the Jackson County Courthouse court room. "Upon his arrival at the court house, W. L. Martin, Chairman of

the Democratic County Executive Committee," introduced General Wheeler to the large and enthusiastic audience."

As his children grew up, Martin took an active role in education in Scottsboro. He was President of the Board of Trustees of Scottsboro College and Normal School in 1888 and 1889.

In 1889, Martin and later Alabama Supreme Court Justice Virgil Bouldin opened a law practice together in Scottsboro. The first time their ad appeared in the *Progressive Age* was March 14, 1889. Even after Martin moved to Montgomery, the firm continued to exist until 1901.


W. L. MARTIN. VIRGIL BOULDIN
MARTIN & BOULDIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
SCOTTSBORO, - - - ALA.

A politically active man like William Logan Martin did not stay long in the backwaters of Jackson County. The March 1889 *Progressive Age* reported that "Mr. W. L. Martin, of Scottsboro, has received the appointment of attorney general to succeed Attorney General McClellan, recently appointed to the supreme bench."

The family left for Montgomery in November 1890. Scottsboro spoke fondly of them and regretted the family's leaving. "Mr. Martin married in our town," the *Progressive Age* said, "and his wife and children have many friends here who regretted to see them leave. He, being the Attorney-General of the State, has to be in Montgomery most of the time and he thought it best to move his family there. Mr. Martin still considers Scottsboro his home, and will come back to vote. We learn that the law firm of Martin & Bouldin will remain as it is." And, as noted earlier, the firm endured until 1901.

In Montgomery, Martin continued to distinguish himself. He served as Attorney General of Alabama from 1889 to 1894, and as code commissioner, 1896. In 1907, he was elected to represent Montgomery County in the State legislature, and was elected Speaker of that body, serving as speaker until his death, shortly before the close of the session. He died at age 56 of pneumonia.

"Mr. Martin has been very successful as an attorney, and has made quite an impression on the members of the supreme bench in consequence of the great legal ability displayed before that tribunal. He enjoys the honor of holding the first state office ever given to a citizen of Jackson County." (*Progressive Age*, March 21, 1889)

Seems like a good reason to name a street after him.

Annette Bradford