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The Jackson County Chronicles

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January meeting: The January 2022 JCHA meeting will be held on Sunday, January 30 at 2:00 pm at the Scottsboro Depot Museum. The speaker will be Heather Adkins, Manager of Special Collections and Archivist at the Huntsville/ Madison County Public Library. She will discuss resources related to Jackson County history in their collections.

Heather is a Certified Archivist who received her master's degree in Public History for Archives Management from Middle Tennessee State University. She has worked in the archives field for 13 years for various university and government entities, including the Tennessee State Library and Archives. She moved to Huntsville in 2018 to take on the role of Manager of the Special Collections for the Huntsville-Madison County Public Library (HMCPL) system. Since then, she has also participated in several local history groups, including Huntsville's historical society, for which she currently serves as president.

The HMCPL Special Collections is located on the 2nd Floor of the Downtown Huntsville Library. The collection houses unique records relating to Huntsville, Madison County, and Alabama history. It serves as the library system's multimedia resource center for genealogical and local history research. The department includes published books, archival records, microfilm records, maps, vertical files, (containing newspaper clippings and family research), photographs, and several digital databases. The collections added over 50 archival collections and over 700 books last year..

Welcome to Guest Contributors: The *Chronicles* is happy to welcome two guest contributors. First, John Tally wrote an article about Tobias Wilson's fictional account of Southern Unionists that fits hand-in-glove with the two articles in the previous two *Chronicles* by Dr. James Reed. For that reason, we reran the essay from eight years ago with improved art. Second, the article about the county almshouse could not have been written without the assistance of Robert Alley, whose family has been involved for four generations in the care of indigent people in the county. Thanks to both of you.

The History of "The Poorhouse" in Jackson County

A recent query on the JCHA Facebook page sent us off to explore the history of the poorhouse in Jackson County. Here, with the help of Robert Alley, whose mother, great aunt, and great grandmother looked after the county's neediest citizens for many years, is what we found.

The poorhouse in Jackson County was known by this name for many years, though later it was called by the more genteel designation "County Almshouse." The most enduring evidence of the existence and location of the county almshouses is found in the names of the two mountains where, at different times, this facility was housed, that is, Poorhouse Mountain. There are, in fact, two mountains labeled Poorhouse Mountain on the USGS maps: the older mountain in Hollywood where the county poorhouse was located when Bellefonte was the county seat, labeled Poorhouse, with a "Pauper Cemetery" at the base; and the knob end of July Mountain in Scottsboro, first designated Poorhouse Mountain on the 1947 USGS map, with the "Poorhouse/Wilhelm/Mordah Cemetery" at the base.

Jackson County had an almshouse for nearly as long as the county existed. For most of its existence, the poorhouse was financed by the county with state and federal assistance, administered by the County Commission, and overseen by the Commissioner's Court through a Grand Jury and the county health officer. The 1907 Code of Alabama described the Commissioners' Court (composed of a principal judge and four elected commissioners) who had jurisdiction "to make such rules and regulations for the support of the poor in the county," and "to examine and audit the accounts of all officers having the care, management, collection, or disbursement of money belonging to the county, or appropriated for its use and benefit." For this reason, you find this group monitoring and directing all activities related to the maintenance of the county alms house from 1907 onward.(1)

Three generations of Robert Alley's family have looked after unfortunate people in Jackson County who could not care for themselves. His great grandparents, Effie Lou Boggus and John Miller Kelly, maintained the county almshouse for 11 years between 1913 and 1924, their farm being contiguous with the county farm. Mr. Kelly was a public-spirited citizen who was "one of the pioneers in getting the Jackson County Fair started for its agricultural and farm benefit and furnished the acreage for the first Jackson County Fair Grounds from his farm." His obituary stated, "He and Mrs. Kelly for twelve years were keepers of the Jackson County Almshouse which was located adjoining their farm near Scottsboro. He was always known as a charitable and neighborly man and was held in the highest esteem by all with whom he had business dealings." This obituary identifies the location of the county poorhouse at the 1947 Poorhouse Mountain at the end of July Mountain.

The John Miller Kelly and Effie Lou Boggus Kelly Family in Late 1940s. Daughter Addie Kelly Thomas standing behind her mother.

The almshouse was maintained by the county until the Social Security Act of 1935 allowed the counties to dismantle this structure which had administered care of the poor. Ironically, an act that did so much long-term good produced a crisis in the short term that was alleviated by a boarding house opened by Robert's Aunt Adeline "Sally" Kelly Thomas. She opened a boarding house for the disadvantaged after the almshouse had been closed and converted into the TB hospital. At a second critical juncture, when mental

health management and drug regimens in the 1960s turned formerly hospitalized patients out of care, Robert's mother, Barbara Kelly Alley, filled a need and opened a home for these marginalized people who were unable to care for themselves. After her death, her son and daughter-in-law maintained the group home until it closed in 2007. The Kelly-Alley family helped county social services to protect this vulnerable population.

A Brief History of Caring for the Handicapped and Needy

It is safe to say that no one went to the poorhouse unless he or she had nowhere else to go. Poorhouse "inmates" had no family who would take them, or, in some cases, could afford to. Some had disabilities that families were ill-equipped to handle, like mental illness or blindness, or physical disabilities that impaired mobility. Some were rejected by their families because of the stigma of out-of-wedlock children. Many of the occupants were single white women with children. Sometimes the mother of a set of children was also listed as "idiotic." Some poorhouse inmates were epileptic or suffered from diseases that the family feared catching, like tuberculosis or even eczema. Some were lone young white men who worked as farm laborers on the county farm that fed the residents. Some were simply old, too old to tend to their own needs. Before old age pensions and the Roosevelt/Johnson social safety net, there was nothing to do but throw yourself on the mercy of the county and go to the poorhouse.

People who qualified for assistance had to meet certain criteria to determine if they were "worthy" of assistance. Homes to accommodate the needy were at some times limited to town residents. If you lived in a town and lost your means to care for yourself (your husband died or you lost your farm to hard times), then the community might be willing to look after you. But if you came to the town as a pauper, you were usually out of luck unless a church took you in.

"For an amazingly long three hundred years prior to the passage of the Social Security Act of 1935, the only aid available to people who were poor, elderly, disabled, widowed, orphaned or otherwise in need came from local authorities who administered the 'Poor Laws' which came to the United States with English settlers in the 1620s," Dr. David Wagner explained in his 2018 articled "The Poorhouse: America's Forgotten Institution."

"Between the 1820s and the late nineteenth century," Wagner continued, "there was a huge growing number of poorhouses in America. Some were small, even homey, and held ten or twelve people with a superintendent and a matron, usually his unpaid wife."(2)

One of the earliest organized programs for caring for the needy was caring for those who had fought and died in the Civil War. The Federal Government did not pay pensions to those who had fought for the Confederacy. The responsibility of caring for Confederate veterans and their dependents fell to the states in 1867. According to the National Archives, Alabama began granting pensions to Confederate veterans who had lost arms or legs. In 1886 the State began granting pensions to veterans' widows. In 1891 the law was amended to grant pensions to indigent veterans or their widows.(3) The Confederate Memorial Park museum in Chilton County, which documents care of Confederate veterans from 1902 to 1939, is well worth a visit.

Even in Alabama's earliest days as a state, Jackson County made provision for looking after paupers. A land patent can be found in 1840 in which the "Jackson County Judge and the Commissioners of Roads and Revenue" received a patent in 1840 for almost 40 acres on top of what later became known as Poorhouse Mountain in Hollywood. (4) The county built a home for the paupers on this site, near the original county seat of Bellefonte. In the 1860 census, the home was being operated by William R Ausbrooks and his wife Lucinda and their five small children. The census lists his occupation as "keeper of poorhouse." There are 15 residents in that census, 10 women and 5 men. Three of the women are listed as "idiotic" but the remainder are simply "without employment." This number includes a father and his two

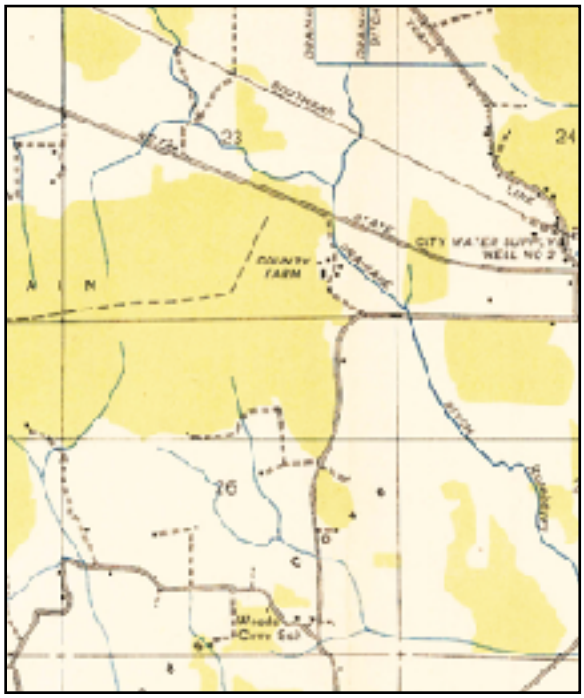
1840 Land Patent granting land on Poorhouse Mountain

daughters from Virginia, a mother and son, and a father and daughter. The oldest resident is 72; the youngest is 1. Seven are younger than 12. The Pauper cemetery is in Findagrave with only two memorials. The 1936 edition of the USGS quadrangle maps shows that the road up the mountain came from the Hollywood side, coming from County Road 33 and ascending the mountain near the cemetery.

The 1866 Special Alabama Census for Township 3 Range 6 East has an entry "Pauper in Poorhouse" which includes eight persons: one male under 10, two males over 20, one female between 10 and 20, and four females over 20. The William R. Ausbrooks family still maintained this facility.

The 1866 census record is for Township 3, Range 6, which is shown in the 1936 USGS map, meaning that the first poorhouse for the county was located close to the original county seat, Bellefonte. It is located in Hollywood behind the trailer park on the north side of Alabama Highway 33. The 1936 USGS map designates this landform as Poorhouse Mountain and plots a Pauper's Cemetery on the backside of the mountain.

In the 1870 census, the poorhouse was listed in Kyles and served by the Big Coon post office in 1870, meaning it was still in what is today Hollywood. The keepers of the poorhouse are the Womack family. Mother Isabel is listed with the poorhouse and her son, Charles W. Womack, a 32-year-old physician, and his 30-year old wife who identifies herself as a schoolteacher. Nine white people in her care: a 60-year-old widowed woman from Virginia; a 30-year-old woman who is a pauper and blind; a 36-year-old woman listed as a pauper and insane; a 28-year-old woman and a 30-year-old woman who are paupers and idiotic; and a 30-year-old woman who is a pauper and cripple. There are also three minor children ages 7 to 3 months who belong to the women, a 75-year-old black woman with no occupation, and two young men 19 and 26 who are listed as farm laborers but part of the same household.



1936 USGS map showing Hollywood Poorhouse Mountain.

The poorhouse was moved from the Hollywood Poorhouse Mountain to the Scottsboro Poorhouse Mountain location shortly after 1880. The November 9, 1880 *Scottsboro Citizen* carried a notice from Probate Judge Nelson Kyle: "TAKE NOTICE. There will be a special term of the Commissioners Court held on the 1st Monday in December, 1880 for the purpose of letting out the paupers of said county for the year 1881, and to receive bids for the building of a house at the poor house, to accommodate the paupers. The plan of said can be seen at the Probate Judge Office." Scottsboro had been named the county seat in 1868, and the new courthouse was rebuilt in 1879 after the original building was destroyed by fire. It is assumed that this poorhouse was built on the County Farm, which can be seen at the base of Poorhouse Mountain in Scottsboro in the 1942 USGS map.

The poorhouse was funded by the county at this time in history. Determining who would run the poorhouse was decided, as most other county expenditures were settled, by bid. The amount of money per diem that the county granted could not have been lavish, but at least one woman felt that she could support herself on this meager allowance. Lisebeth Russell published public notice that she intended to ask the next session of the Alabama Legislature to pass a bill authorizing the county to take the amount of money allotted to the keeper of the poorhouse and give it directly to her without requiring her to be an inmate of the poorhouse.

1942 US Geological Society Hollywood map.

During this period, the grand jury monitored the conditions at the poorhouse. The November 12, 1893 *Progressive Age* Grand Jury Report said, "we have made a careful investigation of the condition of the poorhouse, and find that the poor are reasonably well cared for by the keeper, Mr. Webb. The premises seem to be kept in good condition and the houses are fairly clean. We recommend that the authorities make a diligent effort to find suitable homes for the little boy and girl aged four and five, respectively." So clearly, the poorhouse was also caring for orphans.

The poorhouse was inspected twice in 1894. On March 15, 1894, the *Scottsboro Citizen* reported, "Although not required to do so, a committee from our number went to visit and inspect the poor-house. They reported that the poor-house premises were in reasonably good condition—nineteen inmates and all properly cared for by the keeper, Jefferson Wallace." The September 20, 1894 inspection of the county poor-house "found the inmates to be well cared for by the keeper."

Jeff Wallace is the man that Reuben Miller, writing for the *Chronicles* in July 2003, referred to as "my pappy Wallace." Miller reported that his grandfather was living "at the County Farm and Alms House at various times." He explained, "Several times, he served in the capacity of keeper of the county's poor or, as they were often referred to, paupers. Their home was located on the west face of Poorhouse Mountain. Years later, it housed the T. B. Hospital. From the front porch of the house, you could look over to Roseberry Creek just at the mountain base." This bit of geographical information clearly puts the poorhouse before 1900 at the location of the county farm on this map, at the northeast base of July Mountain that by the 1942 USGS map was labeled was Poorhouse Mountain.

"The poor are well fed and clothed by the keeper, Mr. Webb" on a report published in the September 23, 1897 *Scottsboro Citizen* stated. "The premises also seem to be kept in good condition and the house clean." The September 22, 1898 report in the *Citizen* gave the keeper's full name, Mr. Louis Webb, and gave details about the location and the number and condition of the inmates. "A committee of five of our body visited the county poor-house located some two miles west of this town, and our information is that the inmates, 17 in all, are well provided for by the keeper, Mr. Louis Webb; and there are no persons there at the date of this report that ought not be cared for by the county."

In the 1900 census, 36-year-old James T. Kirk and his wife Fannie are tending the poorhouse with their daughter, 10, and their son, 6. At this time, there were 24 people listed as "inmates of Jackson County Alms House or Poor House." Twenty-two are white; two are black. Twenty-one are female; three are male. There are three single women with children. There is a twenty-seven-year old single woman with her four children; a twenty-one year old with her young daughter; a thirty-nine-year-old with her daughter. There is a 69-year-old married woman from Ohio with her 41-year-old daughter, both reported as married, leading to speculation about whether the almshouse also accepted battered women. There are a number

of old people: five widowed women over 60, only one with living children, and one single woman 75, who is black. There are four single women (28, 40, 40, and 50), and two elderly men, a 57-year-old widower and a 68 year old single man. The saddest, perhaps, is a 39-year-old single woman with 4 of her 10 children living.

Regular inspections were still being conducted in 1905. The September 7, 1905 *Progressive Age* Grand Jury Report said: "We visited the poorhouse and find the inmates well fed and clothed and their conditions as favorable as can be had with the present conditions of buildings. We recommend that all stock be kept out of the yard that surrounds the buildings in which the inmates are kept." It is not reported whether this follow-up action was taken.

In March 1907, Governor B. B. Comer "signed the bill creating the office of Inspector of jails, almshouses and cotton factories at a salary of $2400 a year" and appointed Dr. Shirley Bragg to the post. (*Progressive Age*, March 7, 1907) The 1907 Code of Alabama that designated county monitoring of almshouses must have been part of the same bill. In the September 24, 1908 *Progressive Age*, this inspector issued a report on the "Jail and Poor House." The inspector had recommended a "change to a keeper on a salary basis" which the county found to be impractical and inadvisable. The county also voted down the proposal to keep "the inmates from all kind of work," noted that "we have no sympathy with that sentiment" since "no one in the world can be happy without a daily task to perform," finding this practice led to "pauperism." Doctor Charles F. Bush and William H. Oates also held this position over the next few years. In the next few years, women's clubs became involved, and the issue of almshouses became fodder for the child labor and prohibition movements.

Other spotty references to the poorhouse and its occupants can be found in the newspapers of the period. The November 25, 1910 *Progressive Age* noted that "John Sehorn, a negro pauper, diminutive in size and noted for his odd and peculiar ways, died at the county poor house last Monday, at the age of 75 years." There were periodic Grand Jury reports and reviews of the facilities, and reports of charitable activities directed to this population at Christmas. The March 27, 1925 *Progressive Age* stated that the Grand Jury reported that they were unable to visit the almshouse "on account of high water" but from reliable sources had learned "that general conditions were good."

The Grand Jury and Commissioners Court were not the only public agencies involved in maintenance of the county alms house. Dr. Marvin Lynch, the County Health Officer, reported on May 9, 1932, that he had performed medical examinations that month on the 30 inmates of the jail and almshouse. Lallie Dawson Leighton remembers that much later (in the 1950-60s), her father provided dental care to inmates of the poor house.

Periodic Grand Jury reports can be found into the 1930s. The March 26, 1936 *Progressive Age* reported that "through our committee we visited the County Alms House where we found 23 inmates living at the present time. All of these unfortunates appear to be comfortably housed and well provided for. We hear no complaints from them as to their surroundings or treatment. We desire to recommend that the road leading from the Lee Highway to the Alms House be placed in good condition, also that needed plumbing repairs to the water system be made. The condition of the buildings and general surroundings at the Alms House appear to us to be good."

How much did the County Commission allocate to care for poorhouse residents? In March 1935, Judge A. E. Hawkins reported on the extravagances of neighboring DeKalb County and said, the county "had spent, each year, an average of $600 per month on the almshouse that had only 22 inmates. He charged they could have been kept at the best hotel for this amount."

The most frequent and consistent references to the poorhouse came in the form of reports of expenditures—groceries provided for or lumber delivered to the poorhouse, for example. In the January 1935 county commission report for the previous year, there are line items associated with the poorhouse: The line "Part Claim Keeping Alms House Mrs. J. N. Garland 200.00" appeared twice in the month of

July. Presley's Drugs was paid twice for "Drugs for Jail and Alms House" ($50.00 and $47.75). The state survey of almshouses reported in May 1937 that the cost of maintaining a person in a county almshouse was $20 per capita per month. The figure quoted in January 1938 was $14.50 per capita per month.

This system of maintaining the county alms house was about to undergo radical change because of Franklin Roosevelt and the Social Security Act of 1935. Census records, county newspapers, and the journal kept by Robert Alley's family were used to reconstruct this timeline of people who took care of the county alms house:

1866: James T. Kirk Family

1870: Dr. Charles Womack family

1893: Louis Webb

1894: Jeff Wallace

1898: Louis Webb

Between 1898 and 1912: James Shelly (He was previously a jailer and later a lawman and his wife ran a boarding house in the 1920's.)

1913 to 1924: John and Mary Kelly

1925-1930: Jeff Wallace

1931: T. W. Swaim (During Mr. Wallace's time, T.W. Swaim was designated in 1931 as keeper. He also shows up in the ledgers at that time doing maintenance work.)

1932-1934: Unknown

1935 until Closing: Mrs J.N. Garland

After Closing in 1938: Mrs. Ben Thomas took in the last three "boarders".(5)

Social Security Act of 1935

The transition from county responsibility for the indigent and handicapped to coverage under the Social Security Act of 1935 happened over a period of three years. Almshouses as public institutions became largely obsolete under the social safety net programs implemented by Franklin Roosevelt.

August 1935: Social Security Act passed. The Social Security Act [H. R. 7260] became law on August 14, 1935 and changed everything about care of the poor, elderly, and handicapped. The purpose of this law was "to provide for the general welfare by establishing a system of Federal old-age benefits, and by enabling the several States to make more adequate provision for aged persons, blind persons, dependent and crippled children, maternal and child welfare, public health, and the administration of their unemployment compensation laws; to establish a Social Security Board; to raise revenue; and for other purposes."(6)

November 1935 State Surveys Almshouses: In November 1935, a state survey of county almshouses was made to determine the exact populations and problems to be met in changing plans of caring for these persons. It was found at that time that Alabama had 61 almshouses with a population of 1413 persons. A year later a similar survey showed that number had been decreased to 26 almshouses with a population of 827 persons.

July 1936: TB Hospital Off AL 35 Opens: In what might seem to be an unrelated thread, the new Tri-County TB hospital on Backbone Ridge across Highway 35 from the Scott Cemetery opened on July 1, 1936. It was meant to provide 10 beds to each of the three counties that had supported its construction: Jackson, Marshall, and DeKalb. The new hospital had been built with Public Works Administration funds

and sat empty three years for lack of local funding, but finally opened in July 1, 1936 with Dr. Kellie Joseph as the doctor and surgeon in charge.

December 1936: Jackson County Redistributes Funds: In Jackson County, the number of poorhouse residents decreased from 19 in November 1935 to 5 in December 1936, and plans were made to close the public almshouse. During January each of the five cases in this institution were investigated by the Department of Public Welfare. One of the residents was placed as a boarder in an unrelated home and the other four were classified according to eligibility for public assistance and allowed to remain as boarders with Mr. and Mrs. Ben Thomas, who are in charge of this piece of county property. At present there are three clients of the department living there.

What made this redistribution of county money attractive was matching funds. For ever person eligible for old age assistance, the county provides one-fourth of the money, the State Government, one-fourth, and the Federal Government, one-half. For those who are physically or mentally handicapped, every dollar furnished by the county for their assistance is matched by the states. Under the new plan of matching, money heretofore spent by the county for the upkeep of the almshouse residents could be multiplied many times over and extended over a much wider field of need in Jackson County.

February 1937: Jackson County Almshouse Closes: On February 25, 1937, the *Progressive Age* announced "County Almshouse Is Officially Closed—Only Three Clients of This Department Living on Property." The paper explained: "The final steps toward closing the Jackson County Almshouse were made last week and word of the approval of the State Department of Public Welfare has been received. This is the conclusion of a plan which has been under consideration for some time. According to the act that created the State's Department of Public Welfare in 1935, the county director of public welfare was charged with the responsibility of investigating admissions to and discharges from county institutions and with providing care and treatment of indigents. It also charged the State Department of Public Welfare with the responsibility of administering and supervising all forms of public assistance, including general home relief and outdoor and indoor care for persons in need of assistance.

April 1937: Other Counties Close Their Almshouses. In April 1937, the *Progressive Ag*e reviewed the impact of the 1935 Social Security Act and explained what incredible value the counties realized by closing the almshouses and having the state match already allocated funds:

Under the provisions of the Federal Social Security Act, the Federal Government returns to the State fifty per cent of the amount it has paid to needs persons over sixty-five years of age provided; however, that the amount paid any person shall not exceed $30.00 per month. Alabama during the month of March paid to the Confederate pensioners who could quality for old age assistance under the Federal law $42,915.00. Of this amount the State was reimbursed fifty percent or $21,457.50. The funds derived from this source have enabled the State to have without any additional cost whatsoever to the taxpayers more than $40,000.00 per month for old age pensions. The State used this fund in connection with funds that the counties had saved by closing their almshouses to match federal funds. In this way the State Department of Public Welfare took care of former inmates of the almshouses and many other in need of assistance. More than fifty of the counties have closed their almshouses and are using all or part of the money which was appropriated to the almshouses to match their State and Federal funds and are therefore, in many instances, not contributing an extra penny for the old age assistance they are getting in return. (*Progressive Age*, April 29, 1937)

May 1937: Stephens Explains the New Social Security Act. In a feature on county almshouses in the May 6, 1937 *Progressive Age*, Blount County politician and newspaper editor F. G. Stephens explained the benefits of closing the county almshouses and the benefits gained by placing the indigent in homes of friends and relatives:

The Regular Session of the 1935 Legislature passed a law which allowed the governing bodies with the permission and approval of the State Department of Public Welfare to close their almshouses. Forty-five counties have closed their almshouses and ten of the remaining twenty-two are in the process of closing—that is, have closed admission and are gradually placing their present inmates in homes outside of the almshouse.

A Survey of the almshouses made by the Department of Public Welfare in November, 1935 revealed that 63 percent of the almshouse population of the state was above 65 years of age and therefore was qualified for old age pensions if and when removed from the almshouse. It also revealed that the average per capita cost of upkeep of these almshouses was estimated to be more than $20.00 per month.

The counties could, by diverting the appropriations for the almshouses to the county departments of public welfare, receive for the aged group $3.00 for $1.00—one State dollar and two Federal dollars. This enabled the county departments to provide for the persons removed from the almshouses and also gave them funds to provide for an additional number of needy aged people. For example, one county which closed its almshouse and made the almshouse appropriation of $500.00 per month to the County Department of Public Welfare was enabled from the State and Federal funds received for matching the local fund to take care of 30 inmates of the almshouse placed in their own homes and in the homes of relatives and friends, in addition to granting financial assistance to 90 aged persons and 105 dependent children.

Sixty-five per cent of the removed former inmates of almshouses have been placed in their own homes or in the homes of relatives. The other thirty-five per cent have been placed in the homes of friends. The former inmates of closed almshouses are constantly visited by representatives of the county department of public welfare.

June 1937: Governor Graves Extols the State's Solvency: In June 1937, Governor Bibb Graves was touting the state's balanced budget and congratulating the state on finally emerging from indebtedness of the Depression. He said, "Alabama is paying debts at the rate of $4,000 per day and is living within its means. Very few states in this union can say this. This is done in the face of the fact that old soldiers' pensions have been increased, free text books furnished to 3 grades, county almshouses discontinued, old age pensions started, 7 month school terms and the fact that only two states in the union have completed more paved roads than Alabama this year and one of those had a bond issue." (*Progressive Age*, June 24, 1937)

November 1937: New TB Hospital Burns: Again, this seems, on the surface, to be an unrelated event, but it almost literally burned a bridge back to county care of the indigent. The new, long-awaited TB hospital on Highway 35 was completely destroyed just over a year after it opened, on November 20, 1937, in a fire that started from a defective chimney. Fighting the fire was hampered substantially because the new hospital was outside the city limits and Scottsboro water protection zone. Patients were moved to family homes and to Hodges Hospital. The $30,000 building and its contents were a total loss because there was no insurance in place to cover it.

January 1938: State Department of Public Welfare Created: The January 13, 1938 *Progressive Age* reported that "The Act creating the Department of Pubic Welfare made it the duty of County Directors to investigate applications for admission to and discharges from County Almshouses. It also made it the responsibility of the State Department to administer or supervise all forms of Public Assistance including General Home Relief, Outdoor and Indoor care of persons in need of assistance. This was interpreted to mean that almshouses could be closed and plans made for the care of residents in related or unrelated homes under the supervision of the County Department of Public Welfare.

The county newspapers continued to praise the benefits of closing the almshouses. In a progress report, in the January 13, 1938 *Progressive Age*, the rules for requirements for securing blind assistance through the welfare department were explained with this "progress" report on the closing of almshouses:

Under the direction of the State Department and through the County Department a survey of Almshouses was made in November after the state Department was created. This was done to determine the number of residents in almshouses and to determine the number who would be eligible for old age assistance when that law becomes effective. According to the annual report of the State Department of Public Welfare, at that time the almshouse population was 1,413 persons and the cost of maintenance per capita was $14.50. It was found that three percent of almshouse population was about sixty five years of age and eligible for Old Age Assistance if they could be cared for outside of institutions. Sixty four per cent of these residents stated that they had living relatives. Plans for closing Almshouses were made and the task was

begun at once. The advantages of closing these institutions were pointed out to the county governing bodies and by October 1937 only sixteen were left open in the State. At present Jefferson County is in the process of closing theirs.

The Jackson County Almshouse had a population of twenty-three persons when plans were begun for closing almshouses. After making careful investigations, with a view to closing, it was found that most of these residents could be placed in the homes of relatives. A few could be placed with non relatives who were willing to take them when the board was assured. So by January 1937 plans were complete and Jackson County was able to close its Almshouse. The persons all came under the supervision of the County Welfare Department after the institution closed. Each person above sixty five was placed in an Old Age Assistance payroll for as much as $10.00. A few cases requiring close attention were given more. All of the others were placed upon the mentally and physically handicapped payroll for the minimum amount necessary for their needs. Let us assume that a person had cost the county $12.00 per month under the old plan. This is a very low figure for in most cases it costs a great deal more. After the closing of the almshouses each person above sixty five, if given the same $12.00 would cost the county only $3.00. If he were sixty five he would cost the county $6.00. under the matching schemes used for both groups respectively. This placed most of the persons among people of their own blood, gave them a little feeling of security and brought them under the direct care of the County Director of Public Welfare. It is easy to see some of the social and economic advantages of this movement.

This is how it worked on paper. But if almshouse inmates had living family before they went to the poorhouse who would not look after them, would $10.00 a month ensure that this elderly or handicapped person would receive complete and humane care, now that the only other place that would accept them, the county almshouse, was no longer available? Could an indigent person really "buy" a place in a family that had already rejected him?

The short answer is No. The new situations were workable just long enough to justify the new system of dissolving the almshouse system and diverting the funds that the county had previously committed to their care to structures supported by state and federal matching funds. Because of this movement, a new kind of almshouse had to be created, a boarding house for the poor and elderly. Robert Alley remembers that his aunt operated a boarding house for the former almshouse residents on Russell Street. She opened this facility at the request of the county.

March 1938: Probate Judge Kirby Proposes Converting the Almshouse to a TB Hospital: It is telling that in the original article about the fire. Probate Judge Kirby was already proposing that the recently-emptied poorhouse building should be used as the new TB hospital. In March 1938, the *Progressive Age* published an official intent to turn the poorhouse into the new TB hospital, and in July of that year, Probate Judge Kirby talked about the action as a reason why the county is $1000 in debt.

July 1938: Judge Kirby Extols Low County Debt: By 1938, the county has closed the almshouse and is repurposing the building to replace the recently burned TB hospital. This report from A. D. Kirby, Judge of Probate, is a summary of the county's expenses at the end of a state audit. "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...." The county owes only $1000.00 more than the year before. (*Progressive Age*, July 17, 1938).

End of the 1930s: After 1938, the residents of what had been the poorhouse were scattered to the four winds. What looked like a lot of money and had initially enticed families to take in indigent members proved less incentive as time went on, and other arrangements needed to be made for taking care of former poorhouse residents. The county commission at this time approached Mary Kelly, who was 70 at the time, and asked her if she could again take care of the people who had been her charge when she operated the poorhouse. Her daughter opened a boarding house on Russell Street and took in the people whose families could not care for them. She cared for them until the end of their lives and in at least three instances, engaged funeral directors and conducted their funerals, burying them in her family cemetery. She died in 1950 after, her obituary said, "a long and useful life."

It seemed that all the original residents of the poorhouse had a government solution. The Alabama Insane Hospital (later Bryce Hospital) in Tuscaloosa opened in 1861 and after two decades of questionable

practices, improved its treatment of the mentally ill. The Alabama School for the Deaf and Blind was founded in 1870 and addressed the needs of this population. Old age pension and institutional care of the handicapped took most responsibility for the population that had been cared for in county almshouses. How did all of this come apart and involve the Kelly family once again in the care of the needy and indigent?

Movement Toward Deinstitutionalization

Deinstitutionalization was a government policy that moved mental health patients out of state-run institutions and into federally funded community mental health centers. It began in the 1960s as a way to improve the treatment of the mentally ill while also cutting government budgets. The reasoning behind this move was explained thus: in 1955, the number peaked at 559,000 patients or 0.3% of the population. If the same percentage of the population were institutionalized today, that would be 1,109,148 people. (7)

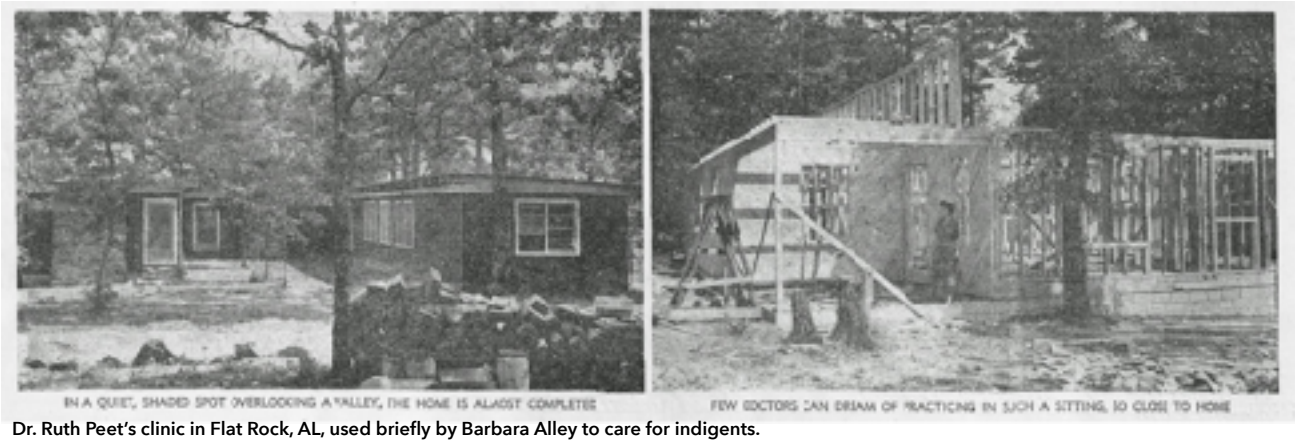
Broadly speaking, three societal and scientific changes occurred that caused deinstitutionalization. First, the development of psychiatric drugs that could treat many of the symptoms of mental illness. These included chlorpromazine and later clozapine. Second, society accepted that the mentally ill needed to be treated instead of locked away. This change of heart began in the 1960s. And finally, federal funding such as Medicaid and Medicare went toward community mental health centers instead of hospitals.

On the positive side, experts found that deinstitutionalization successfully gave more rights to the mentally challenged. Many of those in mental hospitals lived in the backwater for decades. They received varying levels of care. It also changed the culture of treatment from "send them away" to integrate them into society where possible. Deinstitutionalization especially benefited those with Downs syndrome and other high-functioning mental disorders.

On the negative side, many of those released from institutions were severely mentally ill. They were not good candidates for community centers due to the nature of their illnesses. Long-term, in-patient care provides better treatment for many with severe mental illnesses.

Again, this plan worked for *most* people who had previously been housed in dedicated mental hospitals. Again, some people fell through the cracks and needed more help than the law provided, and the county needed assistance from the Kelly-Alley family. Barbara Kelly Alley (1932-2001) set up and ran a boarding house similar to the one her grandmother Mary Kelly ran two generations before. Working with the Department of Human Resources (DHR) (and before that, the Department of Pensions and Security (DPS)), she looked after the poor and mentally challenged residents of the county.

As late as the 1970s, people unable to care for themselves in Jackson County were being sent to Bryce Hospital because the families did not have the skills or the space to accommodate the person in need.



Dr. Ruth Peet's clinic in Flat Rock, AL, used briefly by Barbara Alley to care for indigents.

Mrs. Alley worked with DPS/DHR and Dr. Ruth Peet to provide care for this population. At first, Mrs. Alley set up her boarding house in the clinic space that Dr. Peet had just vacated in Flat Rock. But the community was disturbed at having a mental and indigent care facility in the old clinic location and wanted to build high fencing around the facility to satisfy local residents.

Instead, Mrs. Alley took her care facility to Skyline. She ran her indigent care boarding facility at this location for 26 years. Robert Alley has his mother's journal and ledgers from her time providing this care. Even with the assistance DPS/DHR provided, her facility barely broke even. Sometimes, the families of people in her care would not take responsibility for their people in her care even when they died. The families of people in Mrs. Alley's care did not claim the bodies of these penniless paupers. Mrs. Alley buried three of them in her family cemetery, the Kelly-Kirby Cemetery in Mink Creek, standing at the graveside with the funeral director and conducting their funerals. When she died in 2001, Barbara Alley had taken care of 289 of the county's neediest citizens.

Barbara Kelly Alley's journals, where she tracked residents needs and budget

"Mother had the home from 1975 until her death on September 21, 2001,' son Robert Alley explained. "Through smart business strategies she eventually built Jackson County's first licensed assisted living facility as well as a mental health group home/ boarding home. The 16-bed assisted living operated from 1986 until 1997. Regulations and rising cost eventually made this model challenging. When she passed, my wife and I assumed control of the boarding home with 12 residents. The intention was to maintain the census until we just could not do it any longer. We closed the home in 2007 having just four residents left. These folks were placed in other group homes."

"I had been working in assisted living as a licensed administrator in the late 90's as that industry was growing to make way for the baby boomers," Alley concluded. "I helped my wife from time to time with our residents. grocery runs, mental health visits, and maintenance.All in all, my wife worked at the home from 1990 until 2007. She would be the last generation of caregivers that began with my great grandmother."


Barbara Kelly Alley

Conclusion

Sometimes even the best planned government programs fail those who really need them. The state saw the Social Security Act of 1935 as a chance to get rid of a burdensome and expensive charter—caring for the poor. They dissolved the poorhouse system, and in Jackson County, gave the space over to care of TB patients before enough time had passed to test and confirm that the new law was adequate.

And again in the 1960s, an act meant to give greater latitude to persons formerly confined to mental hospitals who could function outside of institutions required a good woman to take the minimal government assistance provided and set up private care facilities, and even see many of these unfortunate people to the ends of their lives and into the clay soil of the Kelly Cemetery.

In the last few years, I have seen my former home on Andrews Street converted into a shelter for the homeless, and I have been in the Scottsboro First United Methodist Church office when a desperate person came through the door asking for help, which the church generously provided. Seven food pantries operate in the county. A hospital physician told me recently that at any given time, fully ten

percent of the people occupying hospital beds across the county are "permanent" residents, people who have been abandoned at the hospital by families who do not have the skill or the means to care for them. Judith Culbertson described this problem in the *New York Times*. ""The families become desperate, bring them [their elderly or handicapped family members] to the emergency room and leave them for someone else to take care of....We're not supposed to admit people unless they have an acute medical problem....It presents a dilemma for the hospital because we're doing the humanitarian thing, but it's not always what we're supposed to be doing."'(8)

There are still people who fall through the holes in the social safety net. There is still a need for the kind of care that the Kelly-Alley family provided; some group homes exist and some churches step in to help. It was never more evident than in 2020 when the county coped with Covid. Those least able to absorb the demands of a year in isolation suffered the most. On the days in 2020 when First Methodist Church distributed food, the line flowed into Broad Street. Care of all who are needy is not a problem we have solved.

Annette Bradford and Robert Alley

Notes

(1) Thank you, Bill Tally for this explanation and use of his 1907 Code of Alabama.
(2) David Wagner, "The Poorhouse: American's Forgotten Institution." The Free Library. Retrieved from www.thefreelibrary.com David+Wagner%2c+The+Poorhouse%3a+America%27s+Forgotten+Institution.-a0151099650
(3) National Archives and Record Administration, "Pensions for Military Service in the Army of the Confederate States of America." Retrieved fromhttps://www.archives.gov/files/research/military/civil-war/confederate/confederate-pensions.pdf
(4) I am indebted to James Sentell for discovering this land patent.
(5) Robert Alley assembled this list of poorhouse keepers from his family's journals and from ancestry research.
(6) Social Security Administration > Legislative History > Social Security Act of 1935. Retrieved from www.ssa.gov/history/35act.html.
(7) Most of my references on deinstitutionalization came from www.thebalance.com. For excellent discussions of the movement toward deinstitutionalization, see https://www.pbs.org/wgbh/pages/frontline/shows/asylums/special/excerpt.html and https://www.thebalance.com/deinstitutionalization-3306067
(8) Judith Culbertson, "Some Elderly and Handicapped Abandoned in Hospitals," *New York Times*, November 1, 1981.

The Beginnings of the Jackson County Fair

I ride my bicycle maybe four times a week to stay in shape for longer weekend rides. We park at Veterans' Park and loop around the schools, the football fields, and the neighborhoods, trying to avoid the cycling-unfriendly roads. Last summer, we watched the ospreys raise their young on nests towering over the million-dollar snack bar. We delighted in the killdeer's "oh my wing is so broken, follow me away from my nest" routine by the football practice field. But I am always intrigued with the goings on in the fairground. I watched Boy Scouts decommissioning flags recently, and regularly stumble upon events I enjoy. But this fall was particularly entertaining as the 85th Jackson County Fair set up shop.

I circle the parking lot a couple of extra times and watch the roustabouts unload and set up the rides. Rusty. Old. Temporary. Scary to my cautious adult self. But did we ever love them as kids. I wonder if this is the same Zipper in which David's date threw up on him, the young lady he finally worked up the nerve to ask out, ruined by the unfortunate incident with the hotdogs. All this rust and reality is magically transformed in the darkness of a warm summer evening. The smells, the pony rides, the quilts and cakes, the 4H calves, the delighted children, the mechanical music, the hawkers encouraging me to waste my money trying to do the near impossible. It is a ritual I love and look forward to.

The first Jackson County Fair was a big deal, a really big deal, a year in the making. The community of Scottsboro was nearly 50 years old when the town fathers began to make noises in 1913 about bringing a county fair to Jackson County. "Jackson County will have a fair next Fall," the *Progressive Age* declared November 13, 1913. "It will be held at the county seat, Scottsboro, but it will not be a Scottsboro fair. Jackson county has long needed something of this kind to encourage the raising of better stock, better crops and to make an eager and industrious people."

This first article about the fair went on to emphasize that "this county, as everyone knows, depends upon the farmers, and to increase the wealth of the county we must depend on better and more scientific ways of making larger yields." So the original vision of the county fair was as a vehicle to recognize and encourage better farming techniques. The fair was to be a contest in which every farmer was a participant, seeking the honor of best farmer in the county,

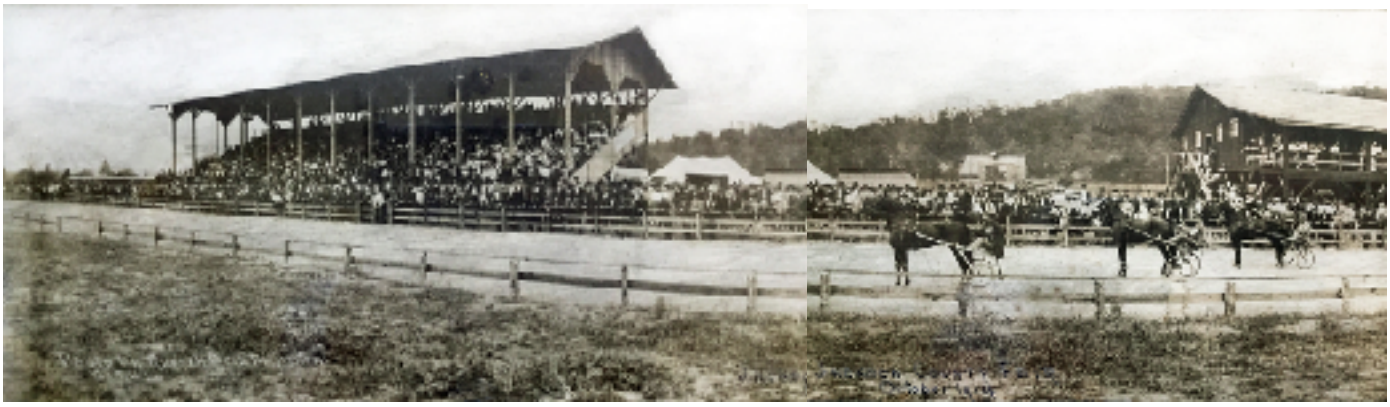
The stockholders of the Jackson County fair met at the courthouse on December 20, 1913 to organize. The notice in the December 18 *Progressive Age* was posted by Gideon Bouldin and J. W. Woodall. They requested that all parts of the county be represented, reiterating the desire that this be a Jackson County Fair, not a Scottsboro Fair.

The Christmas Day *Progressive Age* carried more concrete details about fair planning. The Stockholders had held a meeting to set up by-laws and a constitution, and to hear the progress on securing grounds. "The Southern Ideal Band played several selections which were heartily applauded by the assemblage. The band organization also subscribed for one share of the capital stock of the Jackson County Fair." Clearly, it was going to take a lot of money to get this effort off the ground. "The location of the fairgrounds will be on thirty acres just east of town off the State Highway, which has been leased for a term of five years with the option of keeping it for ten at an annual rent of $125. And the board of directors set off to "canvass the county for subscription to the capital stock."

No one in any of these newspaper articles has explained why the site on the Lee Highway {Willow Street] was chosen. This tidbit appeared in John Miller Kelly's obituary in March 4, 1944 *Progressive Age*: "In 1914 Mr. Kelly was one of the pioneers in getting the Jackson County Fair started for its agricultural and farm benefit and furnished the acreage for the first Jackson County Fair Grounds from his farm. He and Mrs. Kelly for twelve years were keepers of the Jackson County Almshouse which was located adjoining their farm near Scottsboro." The almshouse/TB Hospital property is across Willow Street from the fairgrounds.

The January 9, 1914 *Scottsboro Citizen* reported on the progress the organizers were making and emphasized again that the fair "was organized to encourage agriculture, livestock raising, poultry raising, and woman's work." Hmmmmm...says my militant feminist side. The *Citizen* reported that stock was being sold to support the fair building efforts and that "everything will be in readiness to begin constructing the race track and the buildings required. The track has already been laid out."

There are two excellent 1914 pictures of that track that together form the panoramic picture seen in the 1921 papers. They were taken by the Russell Brothers of Anniston, and the handwritten label says"Jackson County Fair, October 1914." (1) The photos show a very sophisticated covered bandstand that would have generated civic pride at Churchill Downs in 1914, and an enclosed clubhouse. The race shown is a harness race, but the Russell descendants were not able to identify any of the the drivers as Sports Hall of Fame harness racer, Sanders Russell. He would have been only 14 at the time. The men and women in the



1914 Russell Brothers of Anniston Photos of the First Jackson County Fair. Date written on the photo.

harness-racing picture are dressed in their Sunday best, and the women's elaborate hats fill me with millinery envy. As Flannery O'Connor's General Tennessee Flintrock Sash said of the premiere of Gone with the Wind, "it wasn't a thing local about it."

David and I took these photos to the entrance of the Old Larkinsville Road yesterday and tried to shoot the same photo, and we came pretty close at the old Amoco Diner building but even closer at the Mr. Rooter business, where the owner and his employees all came out and looked at them and tried to help us. The owner showed us where the old concession stand for the ball field had been and helped us focus on the small flat area on top of the mountain as a landmark. Bill Tally settled all doubts about the location of the racetrack with a photo from his 1950 set of aerial photos of the county. "The old fairground was on the north side of Willow Street where the Old Larkinsville Road turns off toward the railroad." Some of you might remember playing baseball at old Legion Field; the baseball diamond is clearly visible in Bill's 1950 photo. The horse track was just west of the fairgrounds, and can still be seen on the Huntsville side of the Old Larkinsville road, taking up the space that is today the veterinary office, Gentry Antiques, and the trailer park.

1950 Aerial Photo of the Fairground Area. From Bill Tally.

On January 22, the *Citizen* published a form so that subscribers could buy shares of stock in the fair at $25 a share. Praising the county's natural resources and challenging citizens to "have the nerve, the grit and determination" to develop these resources, the paper extolled its subscribers to join the fair movement, pointing out that "many of our sister counties have been operating fairs successfully for years...,.We want you to take some stock and work for the success of the fair." With the location secured, "we hope to receive sufficient stock subscriptions within the next ten days to...begin erecting grandstands and grading the track."

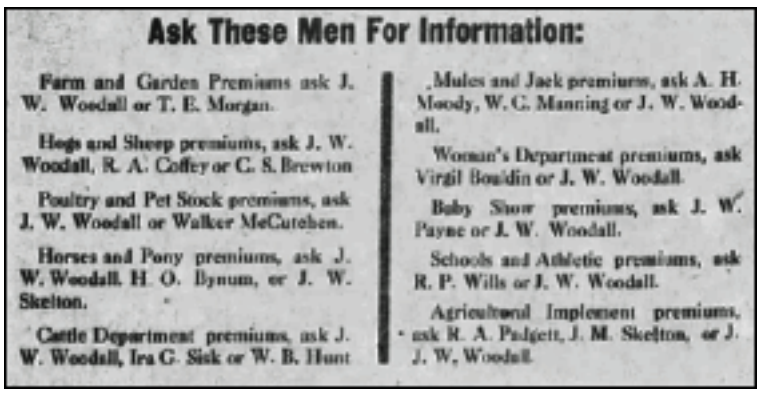
W. A. Sehorn, editor of the *Scottsboro Citizen*, continued to use his bully pulpit to drum up enthusiasm for the fair. On February 26, he penned an editorial entitled "The People and the Fair" which ended with a call to "Shuck your coat, roll up your sleeves, and wade in and let's have the biggest fair in the country." A news box on April 23 said, "If you are a true citizen of the County you will spare no efforts to boost the Jackson County Fair at every opportunity."

The directors' meeting on April 7, 1914 had the following agenda: 1) Organize department and appoint superintendents; 2) Fix date of holding fair; 3) Provide for constructing buildings and track; 4) Provide for publishing catalogues and offering premiums; 5) Such other business as may come before the Association. This article ended with a list of supporters across the county: I. P. Russell, Jr and E. K. Mann of Stevenson; G. P. Bouldin of Hollywood; R. A. Coffey, H. O. Bynum, W. B. Hunt, L. E. Brown, Virgil Bouldin, O. C. Hackworth, J. F. Proctor, J. W. Gay, J. W. Ashmore, J. W. Woodall, and J. C. Jacobs of Scottsboro; J. T. Hinshaw of Estill Fork; W. B. Campbell of Kyles; C. S. Brewton and Walker McCutchen of Larkinsville; J. F. Armstrong and Newton Moore of Pisgah; A. H. Moody of Mud Creek; J. P. Cunningham of Trenton; T. E. Morgan of Langston; and George R. Van Arsdall of Bridgeport.

The April 2, 1914 *Citizen* made it clear who had signed up to organize the building of the grandstands and other building: R. A. Coffey ran this ad: "WANTED—Bids for 30,000 ft. of 1 inch fencing boards, any width, delivered on Jackson County Fairgrounds. Lumber to be sound, free from sap—sound knots not objectionable."

The May 21 *Citizen* showed that R. A. Coffey and C. S. Brewton, superintendents of sheep and pigs, published the prizes that could be expected for superlative livestock, for example, "Ram any age or breed $1.50 and 2nd best $1.00, best boar and female of any stock $3.00. The full catalogue, 83-pages and printed by the *Citizen*, was out and available all over the county on August 13.

On June 4, harness racer and horse breeder I. P. Russell threw his influence behind the effort in a column for the *Citizen*. "In order to develop and build up our county," Russell wrote, "the Fair is almost necessary and its beneficial results will come in so many ways it is difficult to even mention them all." He argued that the fair was the way to showcase the county's exceptional farming and livestock, and that the women and children's department "where every kind of artistic and practical effort can be exhibited." The "mixing and mingling of the citizens of our big county will be enjoyable and will result in untold good toward uniting and building up our sections." He assured potential investors that like the fairs in South Pittsburg, Albertville, and Tuscumbia, the Jackson County fair would pay a handsome dividend on the money invested to buy stock. "It would be well for every citizen to take a share or two while it can be had" and called fair stock "a good investment from every standpoint."


Ask These Men For Information:

Farm and Garden Premiums ask J. W. Woodall or T. E. Morgan.

Hogs and Sheep premiums, ask J. W. Woodall, R. A. Coffey or C. S. Brewton

Poultry and Pet Stock premiums, ask J. W. Woodall or Walker McCutchen.

Horses and Pony premiums, ask J. W. Woodall, H. O. Bynum, or J. W. Skelton.

Cattle Department premiums, ask J. W. Woodall, Ira G. Sisk or W. B. Hunt

Mules and Jack premiums, ask A. H. Moody, W. C. Manning or J. W. Woodall.

Woman's Department premiums, ask Virgil Bouldin or J. W. Woodall.

Baby Show premiums, ask J. W. Payne or J. W. Woodall.

Schools and Athletic premiums, ask R. P. Wills or J. W. Woodall.

Agricultural Implement premiums, ask R. A. Padgett, J. M. Skelton, or J. J. W. Woodall.

Almost every week, both newspapers promoted the fair. Fair directors were appointed to answer questions on all categories of premiums. Here is the list that the *Citizen* published September 3.

On September 10, Mattie Benson wrote the *Citizen* from Wauchula, Florida to comment on receiving the county fair program and premium list. 'We feel that if we were there, we would place so many things on exhibition, we would be sure to get at least one of the numerous premiums. The coming Fair means much for Jackson county—it will be the greatest stimulus our people have ever had."

The fair was such an event that officials of Southern Railway had taken an active interest. Scoutmaster Harry W. Rickey reported on the number of important railway officials from Memphis and Tuscumbia who had been in town discussing the fair. Schools turned out for the full four days of the fair, and the railroad offered free fare to the stop nearest the fairgrounds.

September 30 finally arrived, and a skeleton fair program was published in the *Citizen*. The daily horse and mule races were a centerpiece event at 2:00 each day. And every day, The Bird Man, Johnny Green, "makes flight in his flying machine," an early biplane he built himself and named Betty. Remember that the Wright Brothers made their first flight at Kitty Hawk in 1903, and Charles Lindbergh would not make his famous flight to Paris until 1927 (2) This was very early aviation and Jackson County people deserved to be awed by this early barnstormer. It was dangerous business so early. In 1916, Chattanooga aviator Clifton Cook "sustained a broken hip and several minor injuries at the Sequachie Valley fair grounds in South Pittsburg, when his biplane, after landing, crashed through the fence around the race track." He was saved by the weakness of the fence. (*Progressive Age* September 8, 1916)

JACKSON COUNTY FAIR

SCOTTSBORO, ALA., Sept. 30, Oct. 1-2-3

PROGRAM

OCTOBER 1,—10 A. M. to 12 NOON—Horse and Pony Show.

JOHNNY GREEN, The Bird Man Makes Flight in His Flying Machine.

OCTOBER 2,—10 A. M. to Noon—Mule Show.

JOHNNY GREEN, The Bird Man Makes Flight in His Flying Machine.

OCTOBER 3,—10 A. M. to 12 NOON—Amusement by Amateur Athletes

JOHNNY GREEN, The Bird Man Makes Flight in His Flying Machine.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1916, has been recognized Sand Mountain and Jackson County Day

OCTOBER 1, 1916, designated as Huntsville, Madison County and upper east Day

OCTOBER 2, 1916, has been designated as Chattanooga and Paint Rock Valley Day

OCTOBER 3, 1916, has been designated as School Day

For Catalogue and all information please call on or write.

J. W. WOODALL, Secy.

The Bird Man, Johnny Green, and his airplane, Betty, in 1911.

I had wondered how visitors coped with the distance that was required from many parts of the county to reach the fairgrounds and the logistics of going to the fair after dark when electric lights in downtown Scottsboro only were still two years away. Then I discovered this ad in the paper, and it explained everything. J. W. Woodall had already anticipated the questions that potential fairgoers would have.

First how much was it going to cost you? Daily admission was 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children for the 8 am daytime admission, with night admissions costing 25 cents for adults and 15 cents for

children. You could buy a daytime ticket for the whole week for $1.50. Once you got into the fair, everything was free—the Women's department, agricultural, orchard, and garden exhibits were all free.


JACKSON COUNTY FAIR

ANNOUNCEMENTS

J. W. WOODALL, Secy.

What about the exotic foods that county fairs are famous for? No cotton candy or fried candy bars yet. "Lunches, hot coffey [sic], sandwiches, cold drinks and ice cream sold on the ground at reasonable prices." Just as it is today, food was probably prepared and served by churches as a fund-raiser.

If you planned to enter an animal into the fair, you paid per entry, Horses, mules, Jacks, and cattle entries were 50 cents; hogs, sheep, and goat entries were 25 cents. If you brought animals to compete at the fair, you were responsible for caring for your entry. You needed to bring food, but water was provided at the fairground.

What if I drove all the way from Bryant or Estill Fork to show my prize bull or if I wanted to compete in events that took place on different days? The fair committee provided "free hitching and camping grounds with shade and water." The committee expected visitors to be there multiple days. "Come prepared to spend the week," Woodall said. Most families who camped in the public campground had valuables that needed to be protected. The fair committee provided a check room in the Women's Building for a cost of 10 cents.

And what could you expect to do at the fair? What attractions did the carnival company offer? It is too early to see carnival rides. Stationary parks like Coney Island in New York had a ride called the Whip that was invented in 1914. Coney Island's Luna Park must have been a sight to behold its 250,000 light bulbs illuminating a "gaudy cluster of domed buildings and towers," but no such lighted attraction would have been found in Scottsboro in 1914. The first Ferris wheel debuted at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and G. A, Dentzel of Philadelphia was building elaborate carousels in the early 20th century, and isolated examples like the carousel built in 1902 in Riverside Park, Logansport, IN and the Highland Park carousel built in 1904 in Meridian, MS, are still running today. But there were no traveling merry-go-rounds in 1914. The first roller coaster was introduced in 1912. The Tilt-a-Whirl made its debut in 1926, but the popular Scrambler was not introduced until 1959.(3)

So what kinds of amusements could a 1914 carnival goer expect? Live music was a big draw. Certainly the highlight was the daily races. There was a "flying machine exhibition each day," and the Carnival Company "will furnish continuous shows." Exhibitors, out of their own pockets, paid freight charges to have their exhibits delivered to the fairgrounds, and the charges had to be prepaid since "the fair will not pay any charges."

What kinds of shows did the Carnival Company provide? Games are easy to stage. A popular early game involved knocking a coconut off a pole with a baseball. All this game required was a counter to stand behind and canvas backdrop to stop flying baseballs. And a clever hawker ready to impugn the masculinity of men strolling with their wives and girlfriends.

Another easily staged game involved throwing a coin into a carnival glass bowl without having the coin slide out the other side onto the ground. You can still find carnival glass in antique stores. It is molded or pressed glass with a iridescent surface, an imitation of much finer glass like Tiffany and Loetz. It was first manufactured in 1908.

Lake County, IL Fair in 1910

There might also have been "freak shows." Bearded ladies. Tattooed men. Sword swallowers. Very small or very large people. The first recorded exhibition of human oddities was in 1630. P. T. Barnum popularized human oddities as a circus sideshow in 1870. Barnum specialized in exotic freaks such as cannibals and Zulu warriors. It seems unlikely that there was a Hoochie Coochie show so early in such a conservative area in the Bible Belt, in a fair meant to showcase agriculture. The earliest Hoochie Coochie shows appeared in the mid to late 1800s, and my husband remembers them in the early 1960s. These offerings could certainly be found in this timeframe, though there is no written evidence that the Carnival Company provided such forms of entertainment. There are no photos of the first fair, but this photo is the Lake County, IL Fair in 1910. The arrangement of tents and exhibits in Jackson County was probably similar. (4)

What did the first fair accomplish? It was a milestone in Jackson County's development as a municipality. It put Jackson County on the map in the state. It recognized "women's work" by rewarding jams and cakes and biscuits and quilts and roses with money and recognition. And as predicted, the fair encouraged good livestock practices. The fair gave young farmers a way to have their quality livestock practices recognized and rewarded. Not just young people benefitted—breeders who won prizes at the fair had "bragging rights" that gave them leverage in their sales of laying and breeding stock. The Neher family who brought their operation for making drainage tiles to Hollywood early in the 20th century also raised and bred prize horses. The November 11, 1915 *Progressive Age* carried an ad for Willis Brubaker Neher's "Forrest Denmark, Prize Winner Jackson County Fair, a Kentucky Bred Saddle and Harness Horse." Having won at the fair gave the horse an objective vote of confidence that allowed him or his services to sell for a higher price. Likewise, a farmer who raised laying hens could tout his "Prize Winning Chickens" and said in his ad that his hens had "24 winning out of 25 entries at Jackson County Fair 1914."

Building on the success of the first fair, J. W. Woodall was already building excitement for the 1915 fair early in the year. On June 10 in the *Citizen*, Woodall reported that he was "working daily on the catalogue and premium list for the next fair which will be held October 6, 7, 8, and 9 this year." He encouraged those who won the previous year to defend their titles, and those who did not take prizes not to "try just once and then quit....Even wide-wide citizen in Jackson County should enter an exhibit of some kind at the next fair." He noted that "the Fair Association is sparing no efforts to make the second year of the Jackson County Fair twice as big and twice as good as the initial year" and he encouraged people to plan ahead and get busy, even though it was only June. "Do something for Jackson county and yourself."

The second fair was bigger and better. This fair, instead of a single barnstormer, three men with parachutes jumped from a hot air balloon every day and the show was referred to this as as "Aeronautics—Drop from the Clouds." Every night featured fireworks. Every day featured a different part of the county. Wednesday was Upper End Day. Thursday was Sand Mountain and Marshall County Day. Friday was Chattanooga and Paint Rock Valley Day, with a high school football game played just down the road in Hunt Field (across from Unclaimed Baggage today). Saturday was Children's Day, with a baby show taking center stage. Each day featured fine music and regular races "by standard bred horses from the best stables in the South."

On September 23, the *Citizen* ran a list of improvements over the 1914 fair to make the experience bigger and better:

- Twenty new stables, a hog barn with 24 new pens, a new driveway for vehicles. new corn tower, vegetables and fruit inclines, additional shelving and equipment in the agricultural department.
- New crops in the poultry department, batting on outside of the women's building, flower beds already in full bloom about the women's building and grandstand, thanks to the ladies decorating in woman's building already begun, the race track maintained in excellent condition.
- Fine racing assured by connection with a large fair circuit.
- An increase in number and quality of exhibits expected along the line, especially in farm, garden, and orchard products and livestock.
- Exhibiters remember that the same exhibit is entitled to compete the second year.
- Special arrangement are being made for experienced, well qualified judges in several departments.
- A convenient platform landing is being installed by Southern Railroad adjoining the grounds, and a special entrance gate will be erected to accommodate the visitors by rail.

It sounds like the fair organizers learned some lessons from the 1914 fair and grew as needed before the 1915 fair.


Partial Premium List
—OF—
Jackson County Fair
October 4. 5. 6. and 7. 1916

In January of 1916, the Fair stockholders met and decided their enthusiasm had gotten out of hand the previous year. "There was a pronounced sentiment against the expenditure of so large a sum as was spent last year on the horse racing," a fault to be corrected the next year. The stockholders also wanted to see premiums on local farm goods and livestock increased. The fair wanted to "encourage the Boys' Corn Club of this county by offering a substantial cash premium of perhaps not less than $25 for the best individual display of corn grown by the boys of the Corn Club."

Not to ignore the girls, the stockholders also discussed the Girls' Canning Club and "it was the sense of the meeting to also ofer large premiums and to make the Girls' Canning Club one of the leading features of the Fair." (*Progressive Age*, January 16, 1916)

Remember that the tenor of public discourse was changing because America was about to enter World War I, which the country did on April 17, 1917. But the war had raged in Europe since 1914; fighting went on from July 14, 1914 until November 11, 1918. One of the "folks back home" efforts around the war was the canning clubs. Fearing that an extended war effort could result in interruptions in the food supply, local women were encouraged to can. "County home demonstration agents had blazed the trail by establishing rural girls' canning clubs," Martin Olliff explained in his essay about the Montgomery Canning Club cooperative.(5) I remember finding several pages of handwritten lyrics to "The Canning Girls' Song" in my Great Aunt Etta's handwriting and thinking that I would not be able to muster such enthusiasm for canning tomatoes. But canning clubs grew up in rural communities to support the war effort. In fact, a front page story in the June 7, 1918 *Progressive Age* said, "Canned Goods Not Wanted by Navy: You are advised Navy Department does not approve Navy League Campaign for donations of canned goods for the Navy. Instruct all agents to stop all activity in that direction," signed by Mary Fenninear, the State Home Demonstration Agent. Apparently not just loose lips sink ships; too many canning jars will also do the trick.

Perhaps the best measure of how the fair grew in its first three years is to look

at the closest thing we have to the full catalogue of premiums for the 1916 fair, this ad in the May 11, 1916 *Progressive Age*.

- Rewarding Cotton Farming: There were prizes of 5, 3, and 2 dollars for the best looking three stalks of cotton. And a premium was also paid for the best bale of cotton grown on Sand Mountain or Cumberland Mountain. It cost 50 cents to enter a bale. The cotton was graded and judged at the fair by a Department of Agriculture expert.
- Alabama Polytechnic Institute (aka Auburn) was so behind the Boys' Corn Club that they offered scholarships to the college's School of Practical Agriculture.The libraries in towns where Corn Clubs excelled were judged and awarded $10.00 prizes.
- Prizes were awarded for the most prolific corn stalks, the best bale of timothy hay, clover hay, pea hay, and alfalfa and the best measures of oats, wheat, white peas, and peanuts.
- The best displays of fruits as a group and then individually, apples, peaches, pears, and quince.
- Best display of garden produce and individual awards for onions, potatoes, sweet potatoes, turnips, cabbage, tomatoes, beets, and peppers.
- Best display of broom corn, home-grown tobacco, pumpkin, sorghum cane, sorghum molasses, small and large gourds, honey comb, butter, watermelon, cantaloupes, home-cured hams, back, homemade lard, and dried peaches and apples.


Don't Miss It The Big Crowd's Comin
SEE THE BIG
COLORED FAIR
Beginning Wednesday OCTOBER 18.
AND CONTINUING FOR FOUR DAYS
Program And Some Of The Attractions
A & M College vs. Burrell Normal
WHITE PEOPLE CORDIALLY INVITED
TODD & SONS. Great Carnival

One of the most culturally significant aspects of this 1916 Jackson County Fair was extending the fair four more days to allow African-Americans to attend. This was known as the Colored Fair. People of color were allowed to attend all the exhibits that were part of the white fair the previous week, but could not enter the Women's Building. When the October 13 *Progressive Age* summarized the event, they called it "another indication of progress in High Jackson." M. L. Cheshire, J. K. Thompson, and G. W. Carter arranged this event. The *Age* said, "Our information is that the colored people are very enthusiastic over the undertaking and are cooperating splendidly. The Fair can and should mean as much for Jackson County in the way of stimulating the negroes to better and more productive methods of farming. It appears from the Program that some very capable negroes are to address the Fair along Agricultural and Educational lines."

The tone is condescending, but the article reflects an underlying truth: everyone benefits from better farming practices. And the phrase "very capable negroes" is an understatement. Black farmers sat in the fairground bandstands that had held fans of horse, harness, and mule races the week before to hear Booker T. Washington Jr. in his role as an agent of the Rosenwald Schools, and Walter S. Buchanan, president of State Agricultural and Mechanical College for Negroes (Alabama A & M) and son-in-law of the college's first president, William H. Councill.

The *Progressive Age* concluded that the Colored Fair was a success. "Saturday was the best day of the fair. The exhibits were commendable, and every prize was paid in cash at the close of the day. The State Agricultural and Mechanical College at Normal, had a large and varied exhibit of sewing, carpentry, blacksmithing, wagon making, and academic work calculated to represent the many activities of the school. The A & M college band flourished during the entire session." More information on this important landmark event will follow.

The county fair went on to become a standard part of everyone's fall. There is today a board and a commissioner who organize each fall's fair.

Certainly the Hoochie Coochie show was part of the mix by 1952 when Bobby Hodges wrote about the experience in his essay published in the Chronicles in 2016, "Coming Home:"

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

It was a part of the mystique of the fair for adolescent boys in 1963 when a friend of my husband's, a tall lad able to pass for much older than 12, sneaked into the Hoochie Coochie show. He watched for a while and then approached the barker running the show. "Your presentation would be much more effective with music." An early master of reel-to-reel tapes, this friend went home and recorded a sampling of appropriately salacious music onto a tape that he gave the barker the next day and was rewarded with unlimited admission to the show.

The fair is changing. Jackson County is not so broadly agricultural as it once was, and small family farms are disappearing. As an older farmer from the Paint Rock Valley told when me, "There used to be 100 cotton farmers in the valley, and now there are two." Better seeds, improved yields and more mechanization. Fewer young people are tied to the land, and fewer young people participate in farm-oriented clubs like 4-H. Add to this the availability of permanent amusement parks with permanent staff and carefully maintained rides like Six Flags over Georgia, Busch Gardens, and DisneyWorld in Florida and you have waning enthusiasm for the county fair than in the past when a fair was a four-day event where families camped and attended every day. It is not the fair that has changed; it is the world. But we are happy to revisit this time every fall when roustabouts assemble the Zipper again and a new generation of children enjoy the magic of the lights, exhibits, farm competitions, and the food at the Jackson County Fair.

Annette Norris Bradford

Notes

All contemporary newspaper references are made inline with full attribution.

(1) Three Russell brothers came to Anniston in the 1883: Robert, William and Samuel. Robert and Samuel were the original Russel Brothers. They started out making their own sensitized plates with nitrate of silver or gelatin. They made their own sensitized paper. They coated it with egg-white, and made up a solution of nitrate of silver, and floated the paper on it. When the plates were exposed to create a negative, they were then placed in contact with the sensitized paper and developed by sunlight. The prints had to be toned with a solution of gold, obtained by dissolving gold coins in hydrochloric acid. The image was then fixed in a hypo bath. Russell Brothers had one of the first Eastman franchises in the South, and Mr. Eastman called on them personally for their orders. The Anniston-Calhoun Public Library is the repository for their work. More history of the brothers and the full set of photos produced by the known glass plate negatives (those not destroyed in an accident) are found on their FaceBook page (https://www.facebook.com/russellbrotherscollection/) See also https://southernmusic.net/russelbros.htm,

(2) Information about and the picture of The Bird Man, Johnny Green, from this web site: www.earlyaviators.com/egreen1.htm

(3) Facts about the dates of rides and attractions courtesy of Wikipedia. See also Mental Floss, www.mentalfloss.com/article/54079/origins-15-delightful-carnival-rides

(4) Photo from Cook County, IL Memorial Library Site, https://shelflife.cooklib.org/2014/08/06/the-lake-county-fair-in-1914/

(5) Martin Oliff, "Can All We Can, and Can the Kaiser, Too: The Montgomery Canning Club Cooperative." The Great War in the Heart of Dixie: Alabama During World War I (Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press), 2008.

Tobias Wilson in Jackson County, Alabama

Who knew there was a Civil War novel set in Jackson County, Alabama? Tobias Wilson: A Tale of the Great Rebellion was published by Jeremiah Clemens (1814-1865), a native of Huntsville, Alabama, in the year of his death, 1865. The novel is set not in Madison County, Clemens' home, but almost entirely in Jackson County, especially in the upper reaches of Paint Rock Valley.

The opening sentence of Tobias Wilson (hereafter, TW) begins: "In the wild and mountainous region of North Alabama, near the sources of the Paint Rock River . . ." As people in Jackson County are well aware, there are several sources of the Paint Rock River, and the reader may have to guess about exact locations described in the book, but many place-names will be familiar to present day Jackson County folk —Hurricane Creek, Bellefonte, Mud Creek, Stevenson, and Bridgeport--- as the action moves eastward from Paint Rock Valley during the build-up to the battles of Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain and the many skirmishes fought over control of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad running alongside the Tennessee River of north Alabama.

As the subtitle –A Tale of the Great Rebellion—suggests, Clemens was not sympathetic with the Confederate cause. The main concern of the novel is the conflict in Jackson County between those who were loyal to the Union and those who fought against it. Clemens surely knew what he was writing about, because he himself had been on both sides. Having been a vocal secessionist at one time in his life and a staunch Union man at another, Clemens may be better qualified than most to tell us how the opposing sides dealt with their neighbors during the Civil War.

Jeremiah Clemens was an ambitious politician, a lawyer, a soldier, and a capable novelist. He was a cousin of Samuel Clemens, known to the world as Mark Twain, and they had some things in common. Both men wrote novels about a character named Wilson: Tobias Wilson by Jeremiah Clemens and Puddn'head Wilson by Mark Twain. Both were involved in the Civil War, both started out on the side of the Confederacy, and both wrote about the great conflict, about an economic system based on slavery, and about the moral and social issues confronting Americans in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Despite these similarities, looking for Mark Twain (1835-1910) in the writing of Jeremiah Clemens is not likely to succeed. Jeremiah's writing style seems closer to that of his slightly older contemporary, William Gilmore Simms (1806-1870) of South Carolina than to Mark Twain, but Twain was after all a genius. To be compared with a novelist like Simms instead of Twain is about as much as any American writer of that day could hope to expect.

As a novel, Tobias Wilson leaves the reader searching for an ending. The reader is disappointed when the story ends abruptly before the war's end with all the main characters left about where they started, still involved in the same struggle described at the beginning of the book. But since we know that Clemens died the same year the war ended, it may be that Clemens was simply unable to take the book any further than he did.

Long before he became a writer, Clemens was involved in Alabama politics. As a politician, Jeremiah Clemens seems to have let his ambition determine his politics. He went to the Alabama Senate in 1849 and became "one of the most extreme southern spokesmen," but before long he was on the Unionist slate. He went to the Secession Convention as a cooperationist, but "when he discovered that immediate secession held a majority, he voted for the Ordinance of Secession." In 1862 he joined the Federal forces. As one might expect of a politician known for changing positions, Clemens was said to be extremely ambitious and a little unsteady. A contemporary said: "Intellect and education sufficient to fit him for any station Mr. Clemens has—but he must sedulously cultivate a spirit of patience and curb his ardent—yea! fiery temperament."

Before setting out on a career in politics, Clemens served in the U.S. Army in the Mexican War and held the rank of lieutenant colonel. When the Civil War started, Clemens became a general in the Confederate Army, in keeping with his reputation as "one of the most extreme southern spokesmen," but he resigned in 1862. Scholars disagree about whether Clemens actually served in the Union Army, but after 1862 Clemens remained loyal to the Union cause.

Throughout the book, Clemens tells us how much he detests General "Fighting Joe" Wheeler. He refers, for example, to "the lawless bands under Wheeler's command," (TW 130) or to the "popinjay general, Joe Wheeler," (TW 175) or to the scourge of "strolling bands of Wheeler's cavalry, to rob and murder all the known Unionists . . ." As to Wheeler's meteoric rise to high rank in the Confederate Army, Clemens says Wheeler achieved rank "[w]ithout exhibiting any military capacity, or giving evidence even of that personal courage so common in this country . . ." (TW 303) For a man as ambitious as Clemens, it must have seemed wrong for such a young person to achieve such high but, as he saw it, undeserved, rank. After all, Wheeler's promotion to the rank of Major General at the age of 26 has never been matched in America; he was not only the youngest, but, at about 5'5" probably the shortest general in U.S. history.

As Wheeler outlived Clemens by many years, Clemens could not have known that Wheeler (1836-1906) would live to be the only man to command a corps in both the Confederate and United States armies or that Wheeler led the first large overseas military engagement in the history of the U.S. Army at Las Guásimas in Cuba in 1898, leading up to the battle of San Juan Hill. There are a number of conflicting accounts of the words chosen by Wheeler in exhorting his men during the battle, but it was widely reported that Wheeler shouted something about the "Yankees" being on the run when he should have said "Spaniards." Wheeler again served in the U.S. Army in the Philippine Insurrection in 1900, and the record of history does not support Clemens' assessment that Wheeler was lacking in "military capacity."

What would have bothered a man as ambitious as Clemens even more about "Fighting Joe," if Clemens had lived to see it, was that Wheeler served seven terms and part of another in the U. S. Congress. He is one of the few Confederate officers buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

Wheeler's service in Congress points to another Jackson County connection. In 1900, after General Wheeler announced that he would not seek another term in Congress, Scottsboro lawyer and Jackson County native Jesse Brown entered the race. Brown had served in the Confederate Army after enlisting at age 16, serving first in the 1st Arkansas Infantry with his older brother and later in the 4th Alabama Cavalry, Company C, commanded by Col. Frank B Gurley. He lost a leg at Kennesaw Mountain near Atlanta. Jesse Brown's sister Mary married Col. John Snodgrass, another Confederate veteran and Jackson County native.

After the war, Brown studied literature at Georgetown, Kentucky and later studied law at Lebanon University (later Cumberland School of Law in Lebanon, Tennessee.) In 1872 he was elected to the Alabama legislature and in 1875 was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention that wrote the Constitution of 1875, the so-called "Redeemer" Constitution. In an open letter to the people of Jackson County supporting his 1900 congressional race, Brown emphasized that he had been "born and reared in good old Jackson County" and had "never resided anywhere else." He mentioned his war record and his wound received on June 22, 1864 "at the battle of Noonday Creek, to the right of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga, by a Minnie-ball through the joint of the right knee."

Brown has yet another connection to Clemens—his service in the 4th Alabama Cavalry. This was Russell's regiment (there was another regiment called the 4th Alabama, Roddy's) that operated in the Tennessee Valley after Hood moved into Tennessee. Although Clemens does not identify particular cavalry units operating in Jackson County—he tends to group them all under the expression "Wheeler's cavalry"—historians tell us that the 4th Alabama was involved for long periods in the Tennessee Valley. Wheeler himself was not significantly involved in cavalry operations in the Tennessee Valley, but Clemens can be excused for referring to any cavalry outfit as "Wheeler's cavalry," such was Wheeler's fame as a cavalry

commander by the end of the war. It is likely that when Clemens refers to "Wheeler's cavalry," he means the 4th Alabama and Jesse Brown; not "Fighting Joe."

Even though Tobias Wilson has rightly been assigned to the back shelves of our library of 19th century American novels, the book gives us a valuable picture of how it was for people in Jackson County during the war, and it brings home a grim truth--it was a disaster for all concerned. Subsistence farmers in Paint Rock Valley and elsewhere had no slaves, no plantations and very little stake in the outcome of the dispute over slavery. Many were opposed to secession, quite a few remained loyal to the Union, and yet they all suffered, just like those loyal to the Confederacy. Clemens tells us that there were long periods in Jackson County when Union cavalry would pass through one day and Confederate cavalry would pass through the same place shortly thereafter; thus, no matter where one's loyalty lay, danger was never far away.

Clemens also gives us a convincing account of how North Alabama small farmers, who had little stake in the slavery issue, came to be involved in large numbers in the Confederate Army. Of course one reason was that there was conscription in the Confederate Army, and young men were carried away to the army by force. But Clemens goes further, pointing out how it was that these men came to be loyal Confederate soldiers:

Jeremiah Clemens ca.1839 (photograph by McDonald, Robin, Alabama Department of Archives and History)

"Originally they may have had some faint notions of obtaining an honorable fame by fighting for their country. They may have been deceived by ambitious leaders, and taught to believe that they were called upon by wrong and oppression to take up arms for the protection of themselves and the security of the liberty of their children. They may have believed, for no pains had been spared to make them believe, that the South had been invaded without cause, and unless they resisted manfully, they would become the serfs and bondsmen of the North . . . " TW 206-07

After giving us this somewhat sympathetic account of the motives of the Confederates, he gives us his idea of what it was like for those who supported the Union: "To the loyal men of Jackson County, ["loyal" meaning loyal to the Union] theirs was a terrible visitation, and they soon became familiar with horrors to which they had heretofore been comparative strangers." TW 207

We get a few glimpses in the book of what Clemens knew that we might not know today. He provides a recipe for cooking chicken in a skillet, not fried chicken either, but nonetheless chicken "as delicious as any that was ever served up on the table of the Queen of England." (TW 160) He quotes a stanza from "The Spirit of the Snow" by the long-forgotten Irishman Denis Florence MacCarthy, (TW 102) he includes one line of Byron (TW 132) and several lines of obscure poetry that are no loss to the world's treasure of great literature. He describes a grey horse as a "scuball,"(TW 61) apparently meaning "skewbald," a horse with brown and white patches. Today we don't talk about skewbald horses, but sometimes we may hear "piebald," usually meaning a horse with black and white patches.

Despite its faults, the book convincingly describes the difficulties and dangers that the people of the Tennessee Valley, both Unionists and Confederates, faced during the Civil War. When Clemens says in the Introduction to the book, "the characters of this story are real," there's little reason to doubt him. It's easy to say that this Clemens was no Twain, but Jeremiah Clemens gives us an admiring description of black people in America, one that might fit Jim in Huckleberry Finn:

"In all the trials and temptations to which they have been subjected, in all the daily and hourly opportunities which have been presented to them of imbruing their hands in the blood of their masters, with comparatively little risk of detection, they have gone on in the performance of their allotted tasks, from generation to generation, with a meekness and docility, a degree of kindly regard for their owners, an absolute horror of violence, and a patient submission to treatment, which was, in many cases, the reverse of humane, that has never been approached by any other tribe or variety of the human species. Revenge and destructiveness are foreign to the head and the heart of the black man, at least as he exhibits himself on the North American continent." (TW 185)

John Tally

Biographical Note:

Lawyer, author and United States senator, Jeremiah Clemens was born December 28, 1814 in Huntsville, Alabama, and died at the same place on May 21, 1865. His father was James Clemens who migrated from Kentucky to Madison County, then in the Mississippi Territory, in 1812, and his mother was the sister of Archie and John Mills of Limestone and Madison counties. Clemens attended LaGrange College and the University of Alabama, and was graduated from the latter in 1833. He studied law at Transylvania College and was admitted to the bar in 1834. In 1838 President Van Buren appointed him district attorney for the Northern District of Alabama; and he represented Madison County in the state legislature 1839, 1841, 1843 and 1844.

Clemens was a private in the United States Army during the period the Cherokee Indians gave trouble; he raised a company of riflemen and joined the Texas revolutionists with the rank of lieutenant colonel in 1842; and served as a major, lieutenant colonel and colonel in the United States Army during the Mexican War. At the end of that war Clemens remained in Mexico as chief of the depot of purchases. An unsuccessful candidate for Congress in 1849 he was elected to fill the unexpired term of Dixon Hall Lewis in the United States Senate on December 3 of the same year. Moving to Memphis in 1858, he assumed the editorship of the Eagle and Engineer but the enterprise was short lived. Governor Moore appointed Clemens major general of the state militia in 1861 but he did not engage in active service.

During the Federal occupation of Huntsville, he again became a Unionist, visited the North, and advocated the reelection of Lincoln in 1864. With his other activities Clemens found time to write several novels and left an incomplete history of the war. Some of the novels were Bernard Lyle, Mustang Gray, The Rivals and Tobias Wilson. He was married to Mary L. Read at Huntsville on December 4, 1834. The only child born to them was a daughter, Mary.

Tobias Wilson's book is available free online at http://books.google.com/books/about/Tobias_Wilson.html?id=xZQgAAAAMAAJ.

Easter Egg

The history published in *The Jackson County Chronicles* is usually born of hours of research, reading, and interviewing. We strive to verify the information we publish so that future generations of historians can absolutely rely on our facts and claims. Often, the most trivial of details can eat up hours where we cross-reference and double-check, resulting in our finally validating the most reputable source among often competing sources and crafting it for our readership with considerable confidence that we've got it right.

I abandoned the most challenging piece I've ever written for the *Chronicles*, an article about the Brown family of Brownwood, on three occasions. Each of those resignations lasted for weeks on end before I finally finally discovered--frequently in the most unlikely ways--living sources who could resolve each of the three conflicting issues. Two of the three resolutions came through the first-hand experiences of people who had witnessed the events in question.

So yes, history is usually hard and tedious work, but sometimes the story is just handed to us without diligent and focused effort on our behalf.

In computer coding gaming, there's a feature known as an "easter egg." It's a hidden function that is revealed to the user in the most roundabout and unexpected of ways. It's found down an obscure pathway that the casual user is unlikely ever to venture (or blunder) into.

This piece is about an easter egg: a resolution that simply appeared in the most unexpected of places ten years after I'd given up on believing the answer could ever be forthcoming.

The focus of the *Chronicles* and the methods of obtaining that information have changed in the 40 something years of its publication. At the outset, the *Chronicles* focused on lists: lists of early post offices, Civil War veterans, Memphis & Charleston Railroad depots, census figures, the succession of political leaders. Drawn from obscure and often unpublished documents, these lists offer future researchers quick access to information that whose sources are not likely to be intuited and are constantly in danger of being lost.

Second, the *Chronicles* focused on accounts drawn from historical documents: the political maneuvering that resulted in the establishment of our county and state: the politics of a county seat being chosen and courthouses being constructed; the story of significant county events such as the triple hanging, the Scottsboro Boys, and the history of nitre mining in Sauta's Salt Peter Cave.

Jackson County is fortunate to have had diligent historians like Jerry Gist, J. R. Kennamer, Wendell Page, Eliza Woodall, and Ann Chambless who have ably captured that information. The web resource newspapers.com and the bound newspaper volumes in the Heritage Center and the Sentinel Offices offer contemporary historians the raw materials for this kind of narrative.

It would be foolish to claim that all the available lists have been published and all the major historical events have been retold, but after over 40 years of publication, the *Chronicles* has amassed a body of information pretty much unrivaled in the county annals for the state of Alabama.

So that brings us to the third kind of history, and the one largely left to the current editors of the *Chronicles*. It's what might be called living history. It's history that was witnessed or can be validated by those still with us: the deployment of the National Guard's Company B, the passing over Jackson County

by the Third Reich's Graf Zeppelin, the history of the county's poor houses, and the stories of prominent Jackson County figures that have been narrated in the Cedar Hill Cemetery Strolls.

We are always on the cusp of losing our resources for gathering those stories garnered from first hand sources. We found someone who'd actually seen the Graf Zeppelin with the swastika emblazoned on the tail fin pass over the courthouse from his front yard on Market Street in 1933. We found someone who could verify our assumption that the Dreamland Theater was located on the corner of Laurel and Market Streets in 1930: she even remembered the opera that played on the phonograph while the silent Tarzan movie flickered on the screen. We interviewed a survivor of the Fackler school bus crash, an accident that claimed the lives of five elementary school children. When we set out to tell the story of Scottsboro's soul music pioneer, Nolan Strong, we found a woman who lived in an apartment across the hall from his family in 1950's Detroit. We spoke with Nolan Strong's cousin, Barrett Strong, who recorded Motown record's first number one hit, "Money." When we set out to write the story of one of three unknown burials in Cedar Hill Cemetery, Baby Jane Doe, we talked to the investigator who, decades after her unsolved murder, still showed grief at his inability to solve the mystery of her death. He, like our source of the Graf Zeppelin siting, died shortly after our interview.

Our time is always running out.

I believed time had run out on discovering the solution to one mystery I want to discuss here, when an answer appeared in a most unexpected manner. It's not a historical fact of any significance: it's simply an example of how research focussed on other issues can unearth such "gems."

In 1979, my wife and I made the difficult decision to leave Scottsboro and our teaching jobs at NACC to pursue PhD degrees in New York. On a trip back to Scottsboro, a decade or so later, we found in the middle of the family room table a century old, leather-bound edition of John Milton's *Paradise Lost*. I asked my mother where the book had come from. She replied that the book had come from a former teacher of mine who dropped it off as a gift for me, saying that she remembered me fondly. Who? I asked. My mother, who was already suffering from dementia, said she could not recall.

In the ensuing years, I would ask my mother again on her "good days" who had left the book. She could never recall. For years, I questioned the few of my former teachers who were still living. None had given me the book. Several of them smiled agreeably when I told them the unidentified teacher had told my mother she remembered me fondly. Some of them rolled their eyes as if to say they could not imagine who that could have been.

One by one, the teachers died. My mother died. There was no-one left to help me resolve my dilemma.

Then, two months ago while searching through the JCHA archives, we discovered a piece that had been published in the January 2010 issue of the *Chronicles*. It is a tribute by Judge Robert (Bobby) Hodges, Jackson County's best writer of personal, reflective narratives.

Judge Hodges' piece was a tribute to Erin Davis. Erin Davis was without question the sternest, most formidable, and demanding teacher at Jackson County (later Scottsboro) high school. She taught English, and her methods were old school: she believed in recitation (Shakespeare and Chaucer), sentence diagramming, and memorization (she required her students to memorize every British monarch from William I to Elizabeth II). Years later, when I myself taught English at NACC, I'd ask my students who had studied under Erin Davis. When the hands went up, I asked who could still recite the first 12 lines of Chaucer's The Canterbury Tales. Every single one of them could struggle through a great deal of it, albeit in tortured Middle English delivered in a North Alabama accent.

As her student, I was intimidated by her. I sought to please her, or at least was careful to avoid her wrath. But I never felt she had any particular fondness for me. I recall at the end of senior year telling her that I appreciated her as a teacher. She fixed me with what I recall being penetrating gray eyes and merely nodded. Some years later, I told her I'd received my Bachelor's and Master's degrees in English and

acknowledged her role in setting me on that path. Again, she merely nodded in response. Maybe her response was noncommittal. Maybe, I flattered myself by thinking, it could have been an "I told you so."

But despite the fact that I felt no particular warmth from her, she turns out to be the near certain source of my leather-bound, well-worn copy of *Paradise Lost*. Hodges identifies the work as her favorite piece of literature and alludes to her having a treasured copy of it in her personal library. Hodges recounts, "It was [her mentor] Cyrus Ulrich who gave her her first book, a copy of John Milton's *Paradise Lost*. She cherished it, and, in those tender years, it was her constant companion. Her insistence many years later that Milton's epic be read by her students is perhaps owing to her fondness for her very first book as a child." I can imagine my copy of *Paradise Lost* being loved and handled over a lifetime: its leather binding is as soft as chamois and its pages as supple. It is a book well cared for and often read. There is not a mark in it, unfortunately, not even a name on the flyleaf.

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

Bobby Hodges remembers Erin Davis admonishing certain of her students "Whatever you do, write. Don't ever you let that go. I want you to write!" That, I have done through years as a journalist, teacher of composition, technical writer, and a writer of local history. Erin Davis set me on that path by giving me a confidence in my writing that I never developed in the sciences or in math.

Erin Davis, from the 1969 Scottsboro High School Yearbook.

The incident of Erin Davis's gift is hardly representative of the way that great historical research gets done, but it gives me hope that the answers to so many other unresolved issues might some day crop up where they're least expected and long after we have given up hope of a solution: Who is Cedar Hill's "Unknown White Male?" After all, Cedar Hill's previous unknown white male was eventually identified, exhumed, and moved by his family to Texas—our current unknown white male lies in the grave he vacated. Or the cemetery's "Baby Jane Doe?" And who or what is buried beneath the marker of one of Scottsboro's most renowned women, when we know for certain she was cremated and her ashes scattered in her garden (and there was a burial at the site, according to cemetery superintendent Benny Bell).

The meter is running on the time remaining to solve some of our mysteries, but as long as we're observant and continue to pursue even the most unlikely of documents or interview the least promising of sources, our county's unfinished stories wait for us to stumble upon their conclusions.

David Bradford

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The Jackson County Chronicles

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In this issue:

Second Quarter Meeting: The next meeting of the Jackson County Historical Association will be held on Sunday, May 1 at 2:00 pm at the Scottsboro Depot Museum. Come early and view the Lucille Benson temporary exhibit at the depot.

Lucille was David Bradford's great aunt, and his mother, Bettye, was Lucille's executor. David and Annette Bradford put together the exhibit and will be the speakers for the meeting in May. We will look at scripts, publicity shots, reviews, and memorabilia, and will walk through a timeline for Lucille's life and career.

When she was 23 in 1938, Lucille essentially "ran away" to New York, when she was supposed to return to Alabama to fill a spot in the Speech Department at Huntington College in Montgomery. She and Mary Jane Hodges Thomas left "for the summer," her uncle Jim Benson wrote in the *Progressive Age*. Mary Jane came back, but Lucille did not.

What happened for the next 10 years has always been a mystery to the family because they were estranged for about that time. Nationwide, online newspapers, new books, and the internet have made it possible to fill in some of these gaps. It is a great story of how a homely, bookish girl from Jackson County made a living performing on Broadway, television, and in the movies, before she returned to Scottsboro with a trunk full of memories and died of liver cancer in 1984. Come share some of those memories and hear her distinctive voice again with clips of her movies and programs.

The Lucille Benson exhibit will be available at the depot Friday mornings 10 to 2 until after the May 1 meeting. Refreshments will be served, and both members and non-members are welcome.

Guest Contributors: We are pleased to welcome back Mary Ben Robertson Heflin who has previously written about the Hunt family and now about her father Shorty Robertson, who will be depicted on the November cemetery stroll. We also welcome Dr. James Reed who has written so well in the past about his Civil War Union roots.

Jan Boyd Robertson and her Death Notices Database

One of the most important jobs of a county historical association is to document people who lived and died in the county. To that end, I have photographed a number of entire cemeteries and created over 3000 findagrave records. But other FindaGrave volunteers share this enthusiasm for field work, and lately I have begun enhancing existing records with pictures and obituaries.

No outsider has the information about a family that a descendant has, and most of us have never met *all* the descendants of our great great grandparents. My great grandfather was the youngest of 13 children, and at his father's side when he died. But others of the family were long gone by then, moved on to Texas and Arkansas, and their itchy feet took them all the way to the West Coast. I put my great grandfather's pictures on FindaGrave, because the facility is free and accessible to everyone, and I am constantly surprised how many ancestry records include these images.

Nothing does anyone any good in a drawer or filing cabinet. You might be the last living soul who owns and can identify a family picture or knows the location of an unmarked grave, Share what you have and what you know in FindaGrave.

One of the best sources of family information, especially in older papers, is a good obituary. I have added probably 18,000 old obituaries to FindaGrave. I find obituaries, especially old ones written by Parker Campbell or Jim Benson, to be excellent sources of family information.

In the beginning of this effort to put clipped county obituaries on FindaGrave, I would throw out an obituary that did not have a headstone record. But I quickly came to realize that this documentation of unmarked graves is even more important than those whose family could afford to purchase headstones for them. The obituary, and the computer record you create in FindaGrave, might be the only evidence that this person existed. We FindaGrave volunteers strive to read weathered markers, but documenting an unmarked grave is just as important, if not more so. Old Baptist was an active cemetery in the 1830s, but few could afford to buy a headstone in the early years, and tombstone agents were not easy to find until much later. When I use an obituary as the vehicle to add a grave to Old Baptist (or any cemetery), I refer to it as "naming a rock."

We have had a number of dedicated obituary clippers in this county. But there are none to compare to Jan Boyd Roberts, who clipped, copied, and organized more than 55,000 obituaries over the years and created a database to catalog them. She established this database, and the good folks at the Heritage Center keep it up to date. It is called the Jan Boyd Roberts Obituary Database and it is found here: https://www.sjhc.us/pages/jbrdd/.

This database tells you where every known county obituary is located. Jan was so good at what she did that if there is no obituary in this database, I feel secure in saying that none was created. Who was this woman who made genealogy research easier for so many?

Beautiful young Jan Boyd about 1950

Katharine Jan Boyd was born at her grandparents' home in Cleveland, TN on July 21, 1931, the only child of automobile dealership owner Lindsay Boyd and his wife Louisa Taylor. Lindsay Boyd and his partner H. A. Meredith owned and operated a Dodge and Plymouth dealership at the current

location of Brickley Plumbing and Electric, at 203 East Willow Street. Jan was the granddaughter of telegraph operator Robert Lee Boyd and Eleanor Lindsay, and the great granddaughter of Larkinsville physician Dr. James Harvey Boyd.

As a child, she lived on Market Street. She appeared frequently in local theater productions and was a piano student of Mrs. Lyles Hembree. In 1945, when she was 14, she attended the Girls Preparatory School in Chattanooga and was involved with Children of the American Revolution. She graduated from Girls Preparatory in June 1949 and entered Sophie Newcomb College (now part of Tulane) in New Orleans in the fall of 1949. She was a competitive golfer, the child of an avid golfer, and in July 1951, won the nine-hole handicap and long drive competitions at the Ben Hogan Exhibition Match in Chattanooga.


Boyd Dodge, Willow Street in the late 1950s

Jan was busy with social activities in college. In August 1951, hosted a lunch at the Patten Hotel in Chattanooga, honoring some of the girls who were to be presented at the Cotton Ball of August 31. She was herself a "Cotton Belle." She transferred to the University of Tennessee in fall of 1951 and graduated from UT with a B.A. in March 1953. She began teaching at Pisgah High School for the 1953-1954 school year. In December 1954, she married Air Force pilot Edwin Lee Roberts, Jr. of Albertville, and the family moved to San Antonio, TX where Ed was stationed. When Ed was transferred to Charleston, SC, Jan, who was pregnant with Lindsay, the first of two daughters, returned to Alabama and lived with her parents so that her husband's grandfather, Dr. Arthur Levi Isbell, could deliver their baby at his clinic in Albertville. After she recovered, Jan and baby Lindsay joined Ed in Charleston. After Charleston, Ed left the Air Force and the family moved to Auburn in the fall of 1956. In early 1958, Jan, Ed and Lindsay moved to Albertville where Ed was briefly in business with his brother, Jim Roberts. Daughter Claire was born in Albertville. Ed missed flying later that year and became a pilot for Southern Airways, flying out of Memphis, where the family lived.

Jan and Ed separated in 1960, and Jan and the girls returned to Scottsboro in September. Jan taught at Skyline the 1960-1961 school year. The following year she began teaching in the Scottsboro school system, teaching Latin, French and Spanish at the Junior High School and the High School from 1961 to 1966. Jan returned to the University of Tennessee to attend the National Defense Language Education Institute at the University of Tennessee in the summer of 1962. In the summer of 1963, she lived in Guatemala for a summer program, one of only 50 teachers selected across the country.

In 1966, Jan and her girls moved to Tuscaloosa so that Jan could attend graduate school at the University of Alabama. She got a Master's in Romance Languages in 1968, and her Ph.D. in 1974. She began teaching at Northeast State Junior College (as it was called then) in fall 1970 and retired in 1989. She taught French and Spanish and, from time to time, taught English if Northeast needed to offer more English classes.

After her retirement, Jan's deep love for genealogy could be given free rein. The little courthouse was moved to the grounds of the heritage center, and some of the records formerly housed in the Courthouse were placed there. She worked with Wendell Page and others to make these documents accessible to researchers by indexing them. Her name as the primary indexer appears on the cover pages of these eight volumes But the "death index," as she called it, was her big retirement project. After she retired she started, as many of us do, researching her family.


Jan with her dog Maggie

While doing her research in the Scottsboro Public Library, she realized that people who had traveled to Scottsboro from far away to do research on their own families didn't have the time to go through every newspaper looking for obituaries. So she had the idea to start her death index to make it easier for people coming from out of town. She spent many hours in the courthouse basement going through early, crumbling newspapers and in the library squinting over microfilm.

Because of her work on the death index, she found she needed a computer. "She was a Luddite," her daughter Lindsay remembers, "so this was a big, big step for her." She got an enormous IBM desktop with a dot-matrix printer some time in the 1990s and put all her information into that computer. "She didn't know about backing up your work and we all worried about what would happen if her information was lost," Lindsay recalls. "I think it may have been lost at one point but we were able to help her recover it."

When she needed a new computer in the mid 2000s, she got an IBM laptop. The laptop was much more convenient for her because she could take it to the library, the Heritage Center, etc. Daughter Lindsay and her husband bought it for her in Chicago and asked a computer expert to help transfer her files from her old desktop to the new laptop. When he found out what she was using the computer for, the computer expert designed a specific program for her to use for the death index that would make it much easier to search for particular names, dates, etc. This is the program she used for the rest of her life and the one that is on the website of the heritage center. Lindsey explained, "Our mother marveled at how much easier it was to use this program. My husband and I were going to pay the computer expert for designing the program and he refused any payment. He told us that our mother was doing a great civic service and he donated his time making the program."

People in Scottsboro remember Jan fondly. Retired librarian Marie Garrett remembers her dashing into the library to drop off books, carrying her little white dog. "She came to the library so often," Marie remembers, "spent hours reading newspapers on microfilm. Her work was a tremendous help to people searching for their ancestors. It was also one of the first sources we would recommend to patrons doing genealogy."

Micky Boles remembers her as "an excellent instructor." He writes, "I had her for two years of Latin and two of Spanish during 1963 through 1965, like many of my classmates....Enjoyable classes. I found myself very well prepared for Spanish requirements at the U of A." "She always said you weren't really educated unless you learned a foreign language," Wanda Bramlett remembers, when she had Dr. Roberts for Spanish at Northeast. "I loved her direct and matter of fact personality!" "Jan had a witty sense of humor and always a smile," Jane Moody Bergman remembers. Her mother, Jeanne Jacobs Moody, and Jan were dear friends. "She also was an excellent Bridge player."

Her daughters Lindsey and Claire sent these memories: "Sometimes an obituary for a woman who had died would list her only as, for example, "Mrs. John M. Smith". It bothered our mother that women listed in this way didn't have their first names given--it seemed very cold and impersonal. So in these cases our mother would do a lot of extra research in order to find out the first name of the deceased woman and it gave her a great sense of satisfaction to be able to put in the first names of these women when she found them." She cared passionately about old cemeteries, preserving them and recording their occupants.

She was a proud member of an old family who devoted a great deal of time to making it easier to research families and connections in Jackson County. There are not enough like her.

Annette Bradford

Obituaries from the 1907 *Scottsboro Citizen*

Jan Boyd Roberts had her work cut out for her, especially when the only access she had to newspapers was microfilm. She spent hours in the library discovering obituaries. Finding and documenting obituaries was no simple matter in early newspapers. Notes of local deaths were often buried (no pun intended) in news columns from stringers about activities in local communities. Jan found and documented these deaths. Her work has been invaluable to people researching their families' time in Jackson County. I consult it maybe ten times a day on a busy history day.

What brings me to discuss Jan's work is a dot matrix-printed document that came to me called "Some Death Notices in the Scottsboro Citizen of 1907." What is particularly significant about the 1907 *Scottsboro Citizen* is that it no longer exists. The archives does not have a copy. It is not in newspapers.com. The Heritage Center does not have a copy either. What this probably means is that it was a particularly crumbly paper, so crumbly that the Latter Day Saints team that created microfilm from our old newspapers could not feel good about putting the newspaper through the rough process of photographing its pages for microfilm. There are other papers with this problem, but it is unusual that both local copies (the library and the probate office) and the copy at the archives in Montgomery would have this problem. It must have been a bad year for newsprint.

Here are the people whose deaths would never have been recorded in Scottsboro if Jan Boyd Roberts had not sifted through the crumbs of the 1907 *Scottsboro Citize*n and made these obituaries available. Photos in this article are from Ancestry or FindaGrave.

Armstrong, Mary Lee Henderson. The 44-year-old wife of *Scottsboro Citizen* publisher and state representative James Armstrong, Mary died "sudden and unexpected. She remarked the day before that she never felt better but was taken suddenly ill during the night—she had been in ill health for several years." Her husband "was absent tending to his official duties in Montgomery" and her two sons were in Washington where they worked for the government printing office. She and James married in 1880; the couple had five children, including a son Jimmie who died young, only three weeks old, and a daughter Marie who died later in 1907. She lies beside her husband in Cedar Hill, but while his grave is marked with a handsome oblique, hers and Marie's graves are both unmarked. Cedar Hill, January 29.

Armstrong, Marie. The 16-year-old daughter of publisher James Armstrong and Mary Lee Henderson, Marie died in Washington D. C. of appendicitis "after undergoing five different operations." The paper called her "one of the most accomplished young women in this state and a brilliant musician." Her grave in Cedar Hill is also unmarked. December 5.

Arnold, Elvina. "Died at her home in Hollywood," her obituary said, "Saturday morning Feb. 2, 1907, age 72 years." I cannot find her in any county record.

Butler, Francis Taylor. Died at his home in New Hope in Madison County. He was the father of County Superintendent S. R. Butler and five daughters, The cause of his death is not known, but it was expected for several days. His obituary, reprinted from the *Huntsville Banner,* referred to him as "a model husband and father and a man of sterling character and integrity." Bethel Cemetery, New Hope, April 16.

Bynum, Frank. "Died suddenly in Maynard's Cove a few days ago," the paper states. "He was a citizen of our town about twenty years ago and was a clever, kind-hearted gentleman. A wife survives him." I cannot find him in any cemetery.

Campbell, Fleetwood. Only 9 years old, Fleet Campbell was the son of James Andrew Campbell and Sydney Mordah. He had been sick only a few days when he died. The cause of death is not stated. He is buried in the Staples-Frazier Cemetery. September 25.

Cross, Major Clark. You have seen this grave many times because it is inside a wrought-iron enclosure easily seen from 72 on the right as you approach Stevenson. The brother of John Reid Coffey's wife Mary Ann, Clark did not serve in the Civil War (Major seems to be an honorary title owning to his vast land holdings and wealth). A note attached to his FindaGrave record (I cannot confirm this in census or marriage records) says that on May 7, 1882 he married Mary J Ball of Bedford County, TN, but the marriage did not work out and she returned to her family a year later and was granted a divorce in Jackson County Chancery Court. Clark then married Clarissa "Clara" Bass, daughter of Giles Washington Bass and Susannah Keith, in 1896 and adopted her three minor sons (Charles Macklin Bass, William C Bass, and John Benson Bass) to make them capable of inheriting his estate. Clara married a Ward after Clark's death in 1907. His obituary notes that "he was one of the wealthiest and best known men in the upper end of the county" and that he "contributed liberally to the preacher." Cross Cemetery #3, April 5.

Dudley, Nancy Jane Tubbs. Referred to only as "Mrs. Dudley, mother of Pat Dudley," Nancy married Albert Baxter Dudley and lived in Pikeville. Albert enlisted in the 55th Alabama Infantry in 1863. The couple married late and had two sons. They are buried in Old Baptist. January 18.

Dulaney, Henry Lowe. Only 26 years old when he was shot by George Thompson "on the Jacobs place in Sauta bottom." Lowe was with a niece of Thompson's. They passed through his yard, going for a bucket of water. Thompson said that if she passed through his yard again, he would whip her. Dulaney replied, jokingly, that he would have to whip him first. Thompson brought a shotgun out of his house and shot Dulaney in the hip, and he died. Buried in Mt Zion, November 17.

Duncan, Lucy Garland. The wife of railroad man John Duncan, whom she married in 1892, her death was unexpected. John and Lucy were living in Gulfport, and her body was shipped home to Scottsboro, where she is buried at Center Point Cemetery. November 17.

Gamble, Gussie. "Daughter of Mr. D. R. Gamble, died at Stevenson Monday," the paper said. She was named Augusta Tate and lived only eight days. She is buried in Price Cemetery with many other Gambles, but none that seem to be her parents. She did not live long enough to be on a census record. No date.

Gray, Fannie. A partial obituary indicates she was associated with Jeff Worthington and called her "an excellent woman." I cannot find her in county records. July 4.

Gunter, Rufus Caldine. Sixty years old when he died after a long battle with cancer, Captain Gunter was "a well known and wealthy citizen" of Bridgeport He was "well known in steamboat circles on the Tennessee river he having built the steamer 'Gunter' and several other boats which have plied the river." As a young man, Rufus served in Company H of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry. He married Fannie Mae Johnson in 1878, when she was 15 and he was 32, more than twice her age, and he was a merchant in South Pittsburg. The couple had no children. "Capt. Gunter was a whole-sounded, generous hearted man and Bridgeport has lost one of her best and most enterprising citizens," his obit said. He is buried at Mt. Carmel. April 4.

Hackworth, Johnson. Buried at the Hackworth Cemetery, which he established for his heirs and descendants in Stevenson, Johnson lived to the ripe old age of 84. His Claims Commission documents claim that he opposed succession and was a well-known Union sympathizer. However, one army or another relieved him of almost $2000 worth of hogs, cord wood, horses, and cattle. He married Sarah Gonce before the start of the Civil War, and the couple had eight children. "He was one of the pioneers of Northern Alabama and known far and wide as the best shot and greatest deer hunter in this section." Hackworth Cemetery, March 31.

Harris, Hal. Young Hal Harris was the son of John Richard Harris and Maria Walker Kinkle, who operated the Harris Hotel just south of the railroad tracks in Scottsboro. Hal was only 17 when he and Cap Looney, a black man who worked at the hotel, were both found dead by the railroad track, struck by the westbound freight train. "The negro was sent time time before midnight to find Hal Harris and bring him home," his obituary said, and although Cap found Hal, they did not return home. They were struck by a freight train. "Hal's body was found on the railroad track between the passenger and freight depots, and was badly mangled. Loon's body was found beyond the freight depot some distance west....the negro must have been entangled in the cow-catcher and dragged that distance" but was "mangled but little. The supposition is that they were drinking, and wandered onto the railroad track, where they fell asleep." Young Hal has one of the most distinctive headstones in Cedar Hill: a woman on an elaborate pedestal which looks like marble but is metal, in the center of the oldest section. October 22.

Harper, Andrew Jackson. The husband of Mary Tindall Fowler, Andrew died of pneumonia. He lived in Larkinsville and was buried at Boxes Cove in a Masonic service. He was 60 years old and "a prominent and well known citizen." His son Robert died later that year of typhoid fever. May 2.

Harper, Robert Terrell. The 30-year-old son of Andrew Jackson Harper, he lived in Boxes Cove and was married to Lula Lee Proctor. This couple had three children. Lula married Charles Spear after Robert's death and had two more children. Robert died of typhoid fever. He was "just in his early manhood and had many friends who will regret to learn of his death." Buried in Boxes Cove with his father. November 15.

Hess, Lt. James Anderson. Born in 1835, James served in Company B of the 1st Regiment of the Alabama Cavalry. He married Rebecca McCurdy in 1956. The couple had at least six children. His obituary states, "He was one of the largest plantation owners in the county and owned one of the finest Tennessee river farms in North Alabama." He was 71 and his death was not unexpected. "He had been confined to his bed for several months." Section United Methodist Church Cemetery. May 19.

Hunt, Mattie Lou. Age 32 years old, both of her parents—Silas Hunt and Sarah Elizabeth Kirby, the daughter of Richard Lawrence Kirby and Elizabeth Jane Gross—had died and are buried in the Kelly Cemetery. Mattie was visiting her sister in Jacksonville when their horse became frightened and ran away and Mattie died in a runaway buggy accident. She is buried in Corinth, MS where her two sisters were living. May 2

Jenkins, Andrew Jackson. Born in 1838, Andrew served in Company K of the 6th Alabama Infantry during the Civil War. He was married to Paulina Ellen Texas Russell and they had a number of children. He lived in Doran's Cove and "was one of the best citizens in the upper end of Jackson County." Buried in Rocky Springs. His parents, Milton and Sarah Russell Jenkins, are in the same cemetery. January 29.

Johnson, John Charles. The son of Berry Johnson and Lucy Blalock, John married Sarah Morrow in 1854 in Bridgeport. He was a sergeant in Company C of the Alabama Volunteers. He

and Sarah had nine children, and the census said that he was a farmer. He was born Christmas day and died at age 84 and is buried with several of his children in Rocky Springs, identified only as "the father of Mrs. W. A. Gold" who was a "respected citizen." November 28.

Jordan, Edward Leland. "Former mayor of Stevenson and son-in-law of J. T. Walker of Bass," the *Citizen's* obituary said. "Died in Murfreesboro, Tenn. this week." His grave is unmarked but recorded in Evergreen Cemetery in Murfreesboro, TN. He was only 32 years old. His father was one of the founders of the bank of Murfreesboro. He was married to Claudia Russell Walker of Bass. Young Edward was on the Board of Directors of the Bank of Stevenson in 1901, and mayor in 1902. April 22.

Larkin, Francis Elizabeth. I cannot discover Elizabeth's maiden name. She married William Rutledge Larkin. At the time of her death, two of her children, a son and a daughter, were living. She was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church and "one of the best known women in the county" who "died with the love and respect of all who knew her." Buried in Blue Spring, May 22.

Martin, William Logan. The young Huntsville lawyer got his start in Scottsboro and married a Jackson County girl. Martin died from pneumonia and is buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Montgomery. Recently profiled in the *Chronicles*. March 3.

McGriff, Walker H. This man is not buried in a marked grave. Most McGriffs in the county are buried in Dutton. There is one McGriff infant buried in the Cawlfield Cemetery in 2011. Walker's obituary states that he broke his hip about a week before his death and "suffered intensely." The obituary states, "physically, Mr. M was the largest man in the county his weight being 348 pounds." "He was the popular and known proprietor of the hotel in Stevenson, and we are pained to hear of the death of a good old friend." Eliza Woodall in *The Stevenson Story* said that McGriff became the proprietor of the Union Hotel in 1890 and that he operated the hotel until he died. "A windstorm in August of 1909 damaged the building so badly it had to be razed" and the First National Bank was built on the lot. (p. 303) Buried in Cawlfield Cemetery, July 4.

Miller, Kinzey C. A boot and shoe maker from North Carolina with five children, Miller died "after several weeks' illness" with an "abscess to the lungs," the Chattanooga paper tells us. "He was probably the oldest resident of the town, being one of the pioneer citizens." Buried in Cedar Hill. January 20.

Moody, Hattie Alley. Only 38 years old, Hattie was the youngest daughter of John Walter and Louisa Jones Alley. Married to William Littleton "Lit" Moody and the mother of two sons, Clifford and Clyde. Lit was the brother of Probate Judge A. H. Moody and raised in the Moody Brick. A Sunday school teacher, Hattie was "much loved because of her modest nature and gentle disposition." She "had been in bad health for several months." After her death, her husband, a local merchant, moved to New Mexico hoping that the health of his delicate son Clifford would improve in the dry climate, but the boy died at age 22. After Hattie's death, Lit married Louise Shelly but had no additional children. In New Mexico, Lit was "very successful in business and built the large-size town of Columbus, which was razed and destroyed by the Mexican General Villa's men in 1917," after which he moved to California, where he was living when he died. Buried in Cedar Hill. February 2.

Morgan, Annie Belle Fennell. Only 30 years old and called "Mrs. Charley Morgan" in her obituary, Annie was home with the younger children while her husband and the older children were at church when her dress caught on fire and "she was so badly burned that the died in great agony that night." She was the

daughter of Arthur Fennell of Bellefonte. She is buried in Langston Cemetery. Her husband married again, to Emma Lou Brooks, and is buried in Dutton with his second wife. April 18.

Owen, Sarah A. The newspaper used to be good about reporting out-of-state deaths of the close family of local citizens or former citizens of the county. "Died in Kentucky," the headline stated. "Mrs. Sarah A. Owen died in Princeton, Ky.," the paper said, "after an illness of nearly four months, at the age of eighty seven." Her death is reported here because she "was a sister of the late Capt. Jas H. and John W. Young of Scottsboro. Her grave cannot be found, but she is the sister of the Civil War soldier associated with the Sauta Cave Nitre Brigade. August 8.

Parks, Ida J. Dodd. The headline on Ida's obituary, which refers to her as Mrs. R. Scott Parks, proclaimed that she "died in the insane asylum at Tuskaloosa" [sic] unexpectedly during her second stay there. She was the daughter of Daniel Dodd, who had moved to Jackson County from Iowa 20 years before. She married Robert Scott Parks, the son of James Monroe Parks and grandson of Scottsboro founder Robert Scott. The couple had five children. After Ida's death, Robert and the children moved first to Texas and then to San Francisco, CA where Robert was living when he died in 1921. Ida is buried in Cedar Hill. September 28.

Payne, Rose Lou Frazier. The 34-year-old daughter of Wiley Frazier, Rose suffered from tuberculosis and was at the home of her brother in Ft. Worth, TX, but came home to die. She was "one of the handsomest girls we ever knew." She left one daughter and is buried in Staples-Frazier Cemetery. May 6.

Pegues, Martha Young. The *Citizen* obituary said, "She died at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Young. She was 74 years old, and a consistent member of the M. E. Church." However, the Matthews sisters found this woman's obituary in something called the *Union News* and did a wonderful, complete job of tracking all of her siblings, including Ann H. Pegues Browder who was living in the Indian Territory. This obituary said that her grave is in Burgess Cemetery. April 15.

Pender, Lavenia M. Born March 28, 1828, Lavenia married T. C. Pender who outlived her by 4 years. They had at least one child, William. She was 79 years old. "Her death was due to senile debility," the paper stated. "She leaves a large family connection." Unmarked grave, Goosepond Cemetery, February 21.

Rogers, Sarah Alma. The five-year-old daughter of Stephen Moloy Rogers and Melina Lee Davis, Alma was "horribly burned" when her mother was out of the room and her "clothing caught fire." The child ran out on the porch and "people ran quickly to the rescue." But grimly the *Citizen* noted, "The child will die." She is buried in Rocky Springs. February 7.

Rounsavill, William Leroy "Lee." Lee lived a long life. He was 79 and died at his home in Woods Cove after a lingering illness and is buried in the Freeman/Woods Cove Cemetery. He was the son of John and Sarah Simmons Rounsavill. He married Eliza Gideon and the couple had at least eight children. "He was one of the oldest citizens of the community and was a man who had the respect of his friends and neighbors." June 9.

Rucker, Thomas Gideon. The "best known conductor on the road" for 35 years for the N. C. & St. L. railroad, Thomas lived many years in Stevenson but died in Nashville. Buried at Mt. Olivet in Nashville. January 29.

Ryan, Amos Lafayette. Though two of his children are also buried in Blue Spring in marked graves, Amos and his wife Mary Emma's gravesites were not documented until this obituary was found. His obituary called him "a one legged Confederate veteran" who "had the respect and esteem of his neighbors." Amos was born in October 1832 in Tennessee. He married Mary Emma Word in DeKalb

County on May 27, 1852, the son of William and Hannah Ryan who moved to DeKalb County between 1835 and 1840. Amos was a farmer early in his life and a shoemaker after he moved to Larkinsville. He entered the Civil War as part of Company B of the 49th Confederate Infantry on January 15, 1862 and later fought with the 7th Alabama Cavalry, where he lost a leg. The couple had six children: Mary J. born in 1855, May Burns, born in 1859, Frances Alena born 1863, William Dervin born in 1868, Johnnie B. born in 1871, and James S. born in 1874. Two of their daughters married men from Larkinsville, so Amos and Emma moved to Larkinsville. Son William was a teamster who married and moved to Arkansas. Mary Emma died in 1904 and Amos in 1907. Blue Spring, November 28.

Scruggs, Sarah Hart. The wife of George, Sarah lived in Scottsboro for 25 years but died in Greensboro, AL, after several years as an invalid. Buried Greensboro Cemetery. November 19.

Sharp, Porter. The headline on the obituary read simply "SHOT." The obituary stated that Porter's parents were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sharp of Roanoke but Porter falls through the documentation hole created by the missing 1890 census. A FindaGrave record for him created in 2013 cannot assign the grave to a particular cemetery, and the grave is apparently unmarked. He was shot by Will Dicus, the son of Mrs. Kate Dicus, "while handling a gun....Mr Sharp left here with his family a few months ago to take charge of construction work on a new railroad near Roanoke and Dicus was taken with him," the *Citizen* obituary said. *The Roanoke Leader* offered more details: the two young men "were engaged in a friendly scuffle at Vincent when a pistol on the latter [Dicus} was accidentally discharged, the ball entering Mr. Sharp's body and inflicting a wound from which he died in a few hours. The deceased spent several months last year in Roanoke working under Surveyor Webster and made a number of friends here. At the time of the tragedy, both were working on the A. B & A near Vincent." Location Unknown, January.

Shelton, Hugh Henry. Found dead in his bed, Hugh had visited his invalid wife in Atlanta the week before he died, consulting a physician about his heart. The son of Shelton Shepard and Rosina Chapman, he married Hester Ann Wood and was a merchant in Scottsboro after his Civil War service. He and his children are buried in Cedar Hill. October 25.

Short, Walter Lee. The headline of this story reads simply, "Foot Cut Off." One of eight children of Jesse Basil Short and Mary Wilson, Lee was only 17, "braking on the local freight for his brother" Charles and "got his foot crushed so badly it was necessary to amputate it, which was done by Dr. Boggus." He died a few days after the accident and is buried in the Cargile Cemetery with his parents and several of his siblings. March 12.

Skelton, John. "Son of Will Skelton of Dodsonville, and brother of Mrs Dozier Hollis, of Scottsboro, died last week in California," the *Citizen* said. I found him in the Julian Cemetery in San Diego, California, and this small obituary was the confirmation I needed that I have the right John Skelton. ?The whereabouts of this Skelton descendant was previously unknown. No date.

Smith, Dr. Barton Brook. A good advertisement for his medical skills, Dr. Barton lived to the age of 79. He attended Emory and Henry College and graduated in 1851. He served as a hospital steward during the Civil War in the 39th USV Infantry. He married Sydney Carter in 1865 and the couple had six children. Described in his obituary as "one of the prominent physicians in the county," he "had practiced medicine nearly half a century in Larkinsville and vicinity." His wife died 13 years before him. He is buried in Blue Spring. August 22.

Smith, Granville P. The son of Section physician Eugene Robinette Smith and Minnie Wood VanLeer, Granville married Lena Victoria Tate and had two sons before he got the call to preach. He was attending

North Alabama Methodist College in Birmingham preparing himself for the ministry when he died. The cause of death is not stated. He is buried at Mount Zion Missionary Baptist Church Cemetery in Section. His wife remarried but had no other children and died in 1921. April 15.

Stuart, Mrs. Will. Not much to go on except that she is not the wife of Civil War veteran William Stuart. "Just as *The Citizen* goes to press news reaches Scottsboro that Mrs. Will Stuart had died near Fackler. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved family." No information.

Swaim, Infant. Buried with parents in Cedar Hill, this infant was unrecorded because the grave is unmarked. The short obituary states that the child was the "infant of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Swaim" and "interment took place that afternoon in the city cemetery." May 23.

Tally, Willie. Beautiful young Willie Tally lies in her family cemetery in Bass under one of the most beautiful markers in the county. The youngest daughter of William Jasper Tally and Mary Elizabeth Coffey, daughter of John Reid Coffey, she grew up in the Tally house. She had been a student at Nazareth Academy in Kentucky when her parents were summoned to her side by telegram and found her very ill. They took her to the hospital in Louisville and were advised that "tuberculosis had settled in her ankle bone" and she was "past all medical aid." Her parents brought her back to Stevenson, and she lived about three weeks. Services were held at Bethlehem Church by the Tally Cemetery where she is buried. May 30.

Toon, Margaret Neely "Aunt Peggy." The 68-year-old wife of William Toon, Peggy died the year after her husband from pneumonia. Both are buried in the Finney Cemetery. The paper called her "one of the best women in the state." January 23.

Troxell, Jacob. He served in the 19th Alabama Infantry during the Civil War and died in Bridgeport of heart disease at age 76. He married America Lawson and had five children. Mt. Carmel, January 28.

Van Brunt, Harriet Gibney. The mother-in-law of Scottsboro grocer Gottfried "Gus" Arn, Harriet had spent the last four months in Scottsboro with her daughter. Her husband, William, had died in 1892. The editor stuck to the facts. Her headstone inscription reads "A Christian mother, A true friend." Her body went by train back to Terre Haute, IN to lie in Woodlawn Cemetery with her husband. July 24.

Walsh, Lorenzo. When a 22-year-old dies, one wonders what happened. Young Lorenzo succumbed to the great Victorian killer, consumption. "Son of Thomas B. Walsh, died near Hollywood last Friday and burial took place at Center Point...Lorenzo had been a sufferer for some time with consumption. He was a worthy young man. The deceased was the brother of Mrs. John Beard of Scottsboro." The family was from McMinn County, TN. His father enlisted in the 10th Union Cavalry near the end of the Civil War, and the family came to Jackson County by 1880 where Thomas was a farmer. Center Point, October 4.

Womack, William E. The editor of the *Citizen* obviously did not know William personally, but noted that he died "at Paint Rock" and was "a good citizen who formerly resided at Hollywood." He married Julia Ann Gullatt, the daughter of Thomas Jefferson Gullatt and Sarah Elizabeth Proctor, in 1886 when Julia was 15. They had 8 children. Julia moved to Nashville with her daughter Eula. She is buried there and share a headstone with Eula. William is buried in Bryant Cemetery in Carns. April 4.

Wright, Johnny W. "Death of an Old Citizen," the headline stated. "He was in his 92nd year and was a good, substantial citizen," the newspaper said of him. He died at his home "near here: on April 28, 1908, after a lingering illness...Mr. Wright's last wife was a sister of Robert and Miss Ellen Hargiss." Unknown.

Annette Bradford

James R. "Shorty" Robertson 1924-1984

Most people called him "Shorty," a nickname he was given in high school for being the shortest player on the basketball team. I called him Daddy. He had a big heart and never seemed short to me. In fact, he was big as a tree in my eyes both as a child and as an adult.


Shorty Robertson at the University of Alabama

My father is remembered by many as a three-sport athlete at the University of Alabama and a star basketball and football player at Jackson County High School. The characteristics that made him a good athlete and teammate also made him a good person. He was a hard-worker. He was unselfish. He listened. He faced hardships and difficult situations with determination and grit. He did not complain. Best of all, he was fun-loving, caring, and kind. His outgoing and friendly personality meant he never met a stranger.

Growing up in Scottsboro, I always knew my mother's Hunt family roots were deep in north Alabama. I did not realize until much later that my father's roots were equally deep. My father lived in the present, optimistic about the future, and did not talk much about the past. Fortunately, my father's sister, Juanita Robertson Thompson, chronicled the past, especially when it came to family history. She spent years tracing the Robertson line to its origin in Scotland and documenting the first generation of Robertsons through the eighth generation, which includes my sister, Jamie Robertson Lendrum, and me. I learned much of my Robertson family history through my aunt's genealogy research.

Robertson ancestors include my father's great-great-grandfather, Elijah Robertson (1744-1797), who was a Captain in the Revolutionary War and later a Colonel. He was a contemporary and neighbor of Andrew Jackson and served as one of Jackson's commanding officers in Indian warfare. Colonel Robertson's older brother, General James Robertson (1742-1814), founded Nashville in 1779 and is called the "Father of Tennessee."

My father, who I will call "Shorty" because of the multiple James Robertsons in our family, was born and reared in Jackson County, Alabama. He attended grammar schools in Princeton and Scottsboro and junior and senior high school in Scottsboro. His father, William Harvey Robertson, and grandfather, James Oakley Robertson, were both country doctors in Jackson County, as was his uncle, Felix Grant.

Shorty's grandfather, Dr. James Oakley Robertson, was born in 1831 and reared in Nashville. He graduated from medical school at the University of Nashville, which later became the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine. He served as a physician and surgeon in the Confederate Army and was transferred to Jackson County during the Civil War. He remained in Jackson County and practiced medicine here until his death three decades later. His half-brother, Felix Grant, also moved to Jackson County, where they both became well-respected doctors in the area.

In a 1994 *Daily Sentinel* article titled "Early Jackson County Doctors Remembered," Jackson County Historian Carlus Page wrote about Dr. James Oakley Robertson saying, "He was an expert swimmer and often swam Paint Rock Valley in his practice of medicine, even in the winter. Dr. Robertson was good to the poor." Carlus Page described Dr. Robertson's half-brother Felix Grant as "one of the leading doctors of Paint Rock Valley."

In the Robertson family history my Aunt Juanita compiled, she wrote that the community Dr. James Oakley Robertson served in Paint Rock Valley was so poor that he received little cash for his services. He was mostly paid in corn, meat, and livestock and didn't charge patients who could not afford to pay. After

the death of his first wife, Susan Jarratt Robertson, he married Melissa Caldonia Shook from Jackson County in 1867. He had a son and daughter with his first wife and three sons with his second wife, including William Harvey Robertson who would become Shorty's father.

William Harvey Robertson 1881-1932

William Harvey Robertson, the youngest son of Melissa and James Oakley Robertson, was born in Trenton, Jackson County in 1881. Since both his father and uncle were country doctors in Paint Rock Valley, Harvey was exposed to the practice of medicine from an early age. After graduating from Robert Donnell High School in Gurley in 1901, he earned a certificate to practice pharmacy from Alabama Polytechnic Institute A. & M. College (now Auburn University). He was a pharmacist in Decatur, Alabama when he decided to become a doctor. Following his father's footsteps, Harvey attended medical school at the University of Nashville and began practicing medicine in Jackson County after passing the state board.

In 1910 Harvey married a young schoolteacher, Maymie Hall, from Larkinsville, Alabama. Her parents, Nancy Anna Reed Hall and John Henry Hall were also both born in Larkinsville. Harvey and Maymie made their home nearby in Princeton.

Harvey was a country doctor like his father and uncle, which meant making house calls instead of patients coming to him. He owned and maintained the telephone service in Paint Rock Valley (the Paint Rock Telephone Company) so that he could receive calls from his patients. He hired a switchboard operator and was also responsible for maintaining the telephone lines. The cost of running the telephone company exceeded its revenue, but without telephone service, patients could not contact him when they needed help.

Dr. Harvey Robertson provided both medical and telephone services to people in Paint Rock Valley regardless of their ability to pay. He gave double market value for corn and anything else patients had to sell to pay their accounts. More often than not, however, accounts went uncollected, so his finances were always a struggle.

Maymie left teaching after she married and had the first two of four children in 1911. The birth of daughter Juanita and death of Juanita's stillborn twin sister were followed by a son, William Harvey Robertson, Jr. in 1913, and my father, James Robert Robertson, in 1924. Maymie was a skilled seamstress and supplemented the family income by sewing and smocking dresses. She handmade beautiful quilts including several that my family cherishes and uses even today.

Both Harvey and Maymie were active in the community, especially with churches and schools. Maymie was president of the Princeton P.T.A. and sang in the choirs and played the organ at churches in the area. Harvey was a Mason and respected community leader.

Sadly, in 1932 Dr. Robertson was killed when a driver lost control of her car, crossed the road, and struck the vehicle Dr. Robertson was driving on his way to see a patient. He was pinned under his car and crushed so badly that he died before reaching the hospital. Dr. Robertson was only 51 years old.

It was a tremendous loss not only for the Robertson family, but also for the community. An article in the *Jackson County Sentinel* said, "He was known to be a physician who never turned a deaf ear to the call of his people and the grief caused by his death among all classes, colors and ages is inexpressible...he was noted for his generosity towards all worthy enterprises and always did a man's part in every laudable enterprise... he was patient, tender, indulgent and self-sacrificing... it can be said truthfully, he was one of God's noblemen." Another article read, "Besides being a great physician, he was a great and valuable citizen, neighbor, and home builder. He was the very soul of honor and his life of cleanliness and high ideals made him an outstanding man in any county."

The Jackson County Medical Society wrote, "Dr. W. H. Robertson had spent his entire life in Paint Rock Valley and had practiced his profession among the people dear to his heart. He had the capacity and training as a physician to have sought wider and more lucrative fields for his labors, but he chose to serve among those who knew and loved him and counted not the cost. He was one of the most faithful attendants of our Medical Society and lived up to the highest ideals and ethics of our profession."

Dr. Robertson's death left Maymie with three children, two of them dependents, and a telephone company that cost more to operate and maintain than she could collect. Maymie's oldest son, Harvey, Jr., was brain damaged from a childhood accident, so he was unable to contribute financially. My father was only seven years old when his dad was killed. Juanita was trying to finish her college degree at Florence State Teachers College. There was no Social Security at that time, and the Great Depression was well underway.

Dr. Robertson's receivables were uncollectible and there were no jobs available. No one was willing to take over a telephone company losing money, so the Alabama Public Service Commission gave Maymie permission to close Paint Rock Telephone Company, leaving her in debt and the Valley with no telephone service until Southern Bell eventually installed a system.

Maymie courageously moved to Scottsboro and turned her home into a boarding house to support herself and family. Fortunately, the Tennessee Valley Authority was being created at that time, so TVA construction in the Tennessee Valley and people coming to Scottsboro for jury duty kept her rooms filled. She packed lunches for boarders and served three meals a day. She was such a good cook that extra people came to enjoy her meals. Some days she served 20-30 people.

My father told me stories of helping his mother can fruits and vegetables during the summer for winter use. He said the quantities she needed canned were so large that his hands would bleed from all of the washing and cutting required. My Aunt Juanita also wrote in our family history book about helping with the canning and the quantities being so large that it turned her against canning for the rest of her life.

Maymie had one boarder who became a lifelong friend of our family. His name was Robert Isaac "Bob" Gentry. He was a veterinarian and later Probate and Juvenile Judge in Scottsboro. Judge Gentry was a pallbearer at Maymie's funeral in 1963, and his late son, Russell Gentry, was a classmate and dear friend of mine. Their friendship and kindness to our family knew no bounds.

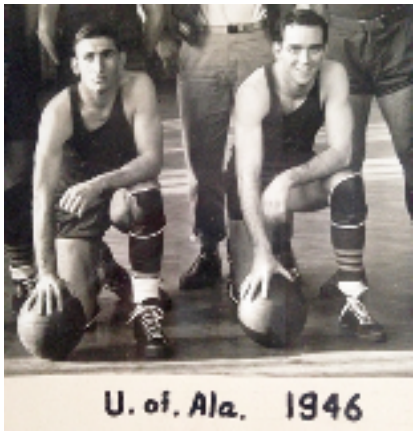
Christian faith was always important to Maymie. She joined the First Methodist Church in Scottsboro soon after the family moved there in 1934. Maymie was a member of the Elizabeth Oliver Bible Class and the substitute teacher of her class. She sang in the choir until her duties feeding and caring for her boarders and others became too time consuming.

After Juanita earned her B.S. degree, she moved back to Jackson County and taught in several area schools. She did what she could to help the family before and after she married Newton O. Thompson in 1945, but money was always tight.

My father took a paper route delivering morning papers in Scottsboro when he was in the third grade. As soon as he was old enough, he starting working at drug stores after school and on weekends. He worked at Reid's Sundries for several years and was working as a soda jerk at Hodges Drug Store when he finished high school. James "Shorty" Robertson is listed in the Soda Jerk Hall of Fame created in Scottsboro in the early 1990's.

My father graduated from Jackson County High School in 1943. He was popular on and off the basketball court and football field. He played guard and forward on the 1941, '42, and '43 JCHS Basketball Teams and was selected second team All-State in basketball his senior year. He lettered three years in football playing right halfback.

According to the 1940, 1941, and 1942 JCHS yearbooks, (available on the Jackson County Historical Association's website), in addition to sports and membership in the J Club, my father was President of



Shorty Robertson playing basketball, 1946

both his sophomore class and junior class, was sports editor, and a member of the Sportsmanship Club. No yearbook was published his senior year due to the War. A letter of recommendation written in 1943 for my father by C.P. Nelson, JCHS Principal, reads in part, "This young man has been one of our outstanding athletes playing football, basketball, and participating in all school activities...his scholastic record is above the average...James has been one of our student assistants, and we have used him in positions of trust and responsibility."

Several universities recruited Shorty for their football or basketball programs. The University of Alabama did not have a football team in 1943, so his freshman year he accepted a football scholarship to Wake Forest. He lettered in football and started on the freshman basketball team, averaging 19 points per game. Although he enjoyed Wake Forest, he transferred to the University of Alabama in 1944 when football resumed at the Capstone. He played right halfback, lettered in football in 1944, 1945, and 1946, and played in two bowl games, the Sugar Bowl in 1945 and the Rose Bowl in 1946. Frank Thomas was Head Football Coach at that time and teammates included All-American quarterback Harry Gilmer and All-American center Vaughn Mancha. The 1945 team had a 10-0 record and beat the University of Southern California in the Rose Bowl 34-14.

Shorty Robertson wearing No. 19

Shorty also played varsity basketball and baseball at Alabama. He lettered and was named All-SEC Team Honorable Mention in basketball in 1945. He played left field for the Tide baseball team the same year.

Shorty remained close with his teammates and the coaching staff at Alabama for the rest of his life. He was instrumental in recruiting in north Alabama for the University of Alabama football and basketball programs and was a friend of Coach Paul "Bear" Bryant. I recently found a letter to my father from an Alabama assistant coach dated April 5, 1957. It included the following about a recent trip the coach had taken to Scottsboro, "As I told you when I was there, we certainly want to stay after Pat Trammell. Anything you can do to help on this boy will be greatly appreciated. If anything comes up that you think we should know about it, drop me a note about it."

After college my father held various coaching positions. He coached football at Stevenson High School for one year, compiling a winning record for the 1948 season. I am told he started the S Club at Stevenson while he was there. He was also hired as Assistant Football Coach by his former UA teammate, Vaughn Mancha, who was head coach at Livingston State Teachers College (now the University of West Alabama). My father was also an assistant basketball coach for the Tigers while at Livingston.

In the summer of 1949, Shorty met my mother, Martha Hunt, at the city pool. She was also from Scottsboro, but was seven years younger than my father, so had not known him growing up. My mother's father, Ben Hunt, the first person from Scottsboro to play football at the University of Alabama, knew Shorty, the second person from Scottsboro to play for the Crimson Tide. They were already friends when Shorty starting dating his daughter who had graduated from JCHS in May of that year. After a short courtship and one semester of college for Martha, she and Shorty became Mr. and Mrs. James R. Robertson on August 21, 1950.

They moved to Montgomery after they married. Shorty worked for GMAC and refereed football and basketball games for extra money. He was on the Board of Directors of the Central Alabama Basketball Officials Association and played on a semi-pro basketball team. Martha, a certified water safety instructor,

Shorty with Coach Paul "Bear" Bryant

taught swimming lessons for the Red Cross. They had two daughters while living in Montgomery - Jamie in 1953 and me in 1955.

After six years in Montgomery, our family moved to Scottsboro where my mother's parents and father's mother still lived. My father became the manager of Pioneer Finance Company in Scottsboro, a position he held for eight years. In 1966, Shorty joined his close childhood friend, Jep Moody, at J.C. Jacobs Bank as assistant vice-president. He was appointed to the bank's board of directors in 1968.

Jacobs Bank was the perfect fit for my father's skills and interests. He was particularly good at attracting new customers and loved constant interaction with people. I have lost count of the number of people over the years who told me that my father was the first person they met when they moved to Scottsboro. In the late 60's, the bank even put up multiple billboards with a picture of my father waving, welcoming people to Scottsboro, and asking them come see him at Jacobs Bank. It embarrassed me at the time, but I remember how much fun my father had with all of the attention it drew.

Shorty and Jep were a dynamic pair. Jep, an Auburn graduate, and Shorty enjoyed the rivalry of their respective alma maters and had fun attracting customers regardless of the person's football team loyalty. They started an annual golf tournament sponsored by the bank that became a coveted invitation and was affectionately called the "Jep and Shorty Clambake." They initiated bank-sponsored recognitions for local high school athletes and both were deeply involved in the community.

My father was active in numerous organizations including the Public Park and Recreation Board (Chairman), March of Dimes (Treasurer), the Lions Club, and the Scottsboro Quarterback Club. "Shorty Robertson Road" was named for my father in recognition of his service to the community. He was a longtime supporter of area schools, especially their athletic programs. He and his close friend Eddie Ray Hembree raised funds to build and light the softball field in Scottsboro in the late 1950's. It was named the Hembree-Robertson Field. He served on the Alabama Sports Hall of Fame Selection Committee from 1978-1984, and was an active member of the First Methodist Church his entire life.

Shorty was an avid golfer who typically shot in the low 70s. He was a longtime member of Scottsboro Golf and Country Club and played a key role in the development of Goose Pond Colony. He was the first person to make a hole-in-one on the 13th hole at Goose Pond Colony Golf Course. Players who made a hole-in-one on the 13th hole were given a $50 saving account at First National Bank, which sponsored the 13th hole. That meant my father had won a savings account at First National Bank. He and his good friend, John Newman, President of First National Bank, enjoyed lots of laughs over Shorty winning a savings account at a competing bank.

My mother was a good athlete and actively involved in the community. She was a talented artist, an amazing teacher, and a very hands-on mother. She loved the outdoors and was a popular Girl Scout leader. She earned credits toward her college degree by going to school in the summers and in 1967 became a full-time student in order to complete her degree. She graduated with honors, a major in Art, and a B.S. from Florence State University (now the University of North Alabama) in 1970. We were all very proud of her. Later that year she was hired by Snead State Junior College in Boaz, Alabama as an art instructor. She commuted from Scottsboro to Boaz for 1 ½ years, but moved to Guntersville to be closer to her work when she and my father separated in fall of 1971. They divorced the following year, but always remained friends. Martha earned her Master of Arts at the University of Alabama in 1975 and married best-selling author, William Bradford Huie, in 1977. She died of cancer in 2014.

My father never remarried. He continued working at Jacobs Bank until his death in 1984. He was senior vice president and a long-time member of the board of directors when he died unexpectedly, on December 26, 1984, of heart failure. He was only 60 years old.

Jamie and I knew our father was widely known and well liked, but were struck by the outpouring of love and condolences from all segments of the community when he died. We did not fully comprehend the wide range of friends our father had until his visitation. Of course, we expected his childhood friends, community and business leaders, and relatives would be there. We did not expect garage mechanics, custodians, and laborers to be among those who came to show their respects. A woman I did not recognize came up to me with tears in her eyes and introduced herself as a school crossing guard. She said my dad honked, waved, and smiled whenever he drove by, brightening her day. He even gave her Christmas presents including an umbrella she said he had given her that year. Many men - young and old - told us Daddy made a difference in their lives by helping them get a college athletic scholarship or by loaning them money. These are just a few examples of the wide variety of people whose lives Shorty Robertson touched and whose friendship he enjoyed.

The University of Alabama sent his former teammate, Coach Clem Gryska, and Coach Mal Moore to represent the University at his funeral. Years later, when Mal Moore, who was UA Athletic Director by then, visited the Alabama Alumni Chapter I belong to in Memphis, Coach Moore opened his remarks by telling the story of attending my dad's funeral and being pleasantly surprised when the church organ played the Alabama fight song, "Yea Alabama" right before the service began.

Gary White, Assistant Athletic Director at UA at the time, was quoted in the newspaper saying, "We were very saddened to learn that Shorty passed away. He was a very close friend of our department. He had helped us recruit up there for many years. He was the type person anytime we needed anything up in that area, he would drop everything he was doing to come to our aid. Those kind come along only once in a long, long time. He was a tremendous person. We all loved him very much. I know Coach Perkins appreciated everything he did for us as well as Coach Bryant. I have heard both of them say how much they appreciated the effort he put forth on behalf of our program."

Sports writer Al Burleson's article, "Shorty Tall Man in Game of Life," published in *The Huntsville Times* said, "Robertson was a fine football, baseball and basketball player in the 40s, being one of the last three-sport lettermen at Alabama."

Friends suggested that a scholarship to the University be started in Shorty's memory. When Jacobs Bank set up an account, donations were so generous that the James R. Robertson Scholarship was created and awarded for the first time the following year in May 1985. The Robertson Scholarship has been awarded annually since. The scholarship is awarded to a Jackson County high school senior who plans to attend the University of Alabama. Selection criteria are based primarily on leadership, involvement in extracurricular activities, and community service. Ronnie Sparkman was the first recipient. Initially the Scholarship Selection Committee was comprised of close Robertson friends, Bill White, Martha "Ish" Foster, and Jeppa Moody. In 1997, when Ron Crawford, another close family friend, was President of the Jackson County Alabama Alumni Chapter, the scholarship was permanently endowed with the University, and the Jackson County Alumni Chapter became responsible for selecting the annual Robertson Scholarship recipient.

Following my father's death, he was honored with multiple resolutions including one from the Senate of Alabama, the Office of the Mayor, the City Council, and the Goose Pond Park and Recreation Board. He was inducted posthumously into the Jackson County Sports Hall of Fame in 2015.

Jamie and I both graduated from the University of Alabama and married while our father was alive, but he died before his three grandsons were born. He would have loved seeing them compete in sports.

I married Memphian John James Heflin III in 1979. John is an accomplished trial lawyer. I had a 30+ year career in career consulting, human resources, management, and operations with Fortune 100 companies. We have two sons.

Our oldest son, James Robertson "Rob" Heflin was named for his grandfather. Rob was a three-sport letterman in high school in football, track, and lacrosse. He played lacrosse at the University of Alabama for the Club Team, so he is the most recent member of our family to play for the Crimson Tide. Rob earned his MBA and B.S. in Accounting at the University of Alabama in 2011 and 2009 respectively, graduating with honors. He is currently a senior manager with Deloitte. Rob married Alexandria Roberts, his hometown sweetheart, UA graduate, and artist, in 2015 and have a two-year-old daughter, Poppy Ann.

Our youngest son, John Frederick "Jack" Heflin, like his grandfather, Shorty Robertson, also played football in high school. But unlike his grandfather, Jack was the tallest player on his team at 6' 5". Jack graduated with honors from the University of Alabama and has been practicing law in Memphis since 2015. He married UA classmate Emily Hice, a behavior analyst, in 2017. They have a one-year-old son, John "James" Heflin.

My sister, Jamie, married architect Peter Alexander Lendrum from Phoenix, Arizona in 1982. She and her late husband made their home in Phoenix where she still lives and owns a successful interior design firm. They have one son together, James Alexander "Alex" Lendrum. Alex was a competitive swimmer growing up and holds multiple Arizona state records. He was twice-elected captain of the Men's Swim Team at the University of Southern California and was the PAC-12 Scholar-Athlete of the Year in 2013. He qualified for two olympic trials and swam against the best of the best, including Michael Phelps. Alex was a top ten swimmer nationally in the 200m backstroke. After graduating from USC, he attended medical school in Arizona and is currently a fourth-year resident in orthopedic surgery in Denver. He married a medical school classmate, Dr. Taylor Pitt, in 2019. Alex shares his grandfather's first name, James, which he now uses professionally.

Jamie and I periodically reflect about things our father would have enjoyed, in addition to his grandchildren and great grandchildren, if he had lived longer. He would have absolutely loved cell phones and digital cameras. Shorty enjoyed making people laugh and was a practical joker. Well before car or cell phones, our dad would drive his car with a regular household telephone—curled cord and all —sitting on his dashboard. While stopped at a traffic light, if someone noticed him, he would act like the phone was ringing and would pick up the receiver and "talk." He delighted in the surprised looks he would get from other drivers. We also remember him often stopping at real phone booths in various towns we drove through to call friends he knew there. Those were the days when long distant calls were expensive, so it was his way of staying in touch with people. He was noted for keeping people connected.

He kept a Polaroid camera handy that he used frequently. It took days to get a roll of film developed at that time. Having a picture develop in 60 seconds was exciting. Our father thought it was great fun to take pictures of friends and absolute strangers at restaurants or wherever, and give them a photograph right after he took it. My how he would have enjoyed a cell phone with a digital camera!

A friend wrote a Letter to the Editor about Shorty that was published in *The Daily Sentinel* on January 2, 1985. It listed many of his fine qualities and characteristics and compared his life to a football game. The letter closed with the following, "His many endeavors in life were approached with the same type of spirit and zest with which he played football and other sports. Having played well for 58 minutes, Mr. Robertson got his two-minute warning, down near the goal line Wednesday night, December 26. Having carried life's ball of good character thus far, I believe that he was still in possession of that ball when he crossed the goal line between time and eternity!"

James R. "Shorty" Robertson has been dead for over three decades, but his name and love for family, friends, community, and God continue to live on in the three generations who have followed him.

Mary Ben Robertson Heflin

The Letter X Scratched on Paper:

Its Unexpected Consequence upon Joining the Paint Rock Rifles

If they had only known...they'd have felt a chill go down their spines as they innocently made their mark. A simple yet powerful mark, that would change their lives and expose them to vulnerability, inconceivable to their trusting, naïve minds. That label---naïve---fitting as it was for their farm-boy minds, also described their unchallenged immune systems. These, too, were like "babes in the woods."

Recruiters had no idea what a perfect storm they were generating in that fateful year of 1861. Their actions formulated a viral tsunami that would emerge and sweep through practically all the Civil War recruit camps. The offending virus did not discriminate; it affected both Yank and Rebel alike. The effect was widespread and influential, eventually bringing suffering to both eastern and western theater soldiers. As we will see later, it involved two of my Paint Rock Valley ancestors whom I've introduced earlier (The Jackson County Chronicles, Volume 33, Numbers 3 & 4). Further study of their Civil War lives uncovered that they too contracted the contagion...the Civil War viral epidemic of measles.

Measles (Rubeola) is caused by a single-stranded RNA virus called Morbillivirus related to the distemper virus in dogs. It is extremely contagious and along with mumps, rubella, and chicken pox has established a reputation as a childhood illness. I recall myself having it at a very young age. It made a lasting impression, leaving the memory of lying alone, blotchy, and literally sick as a dog, in a room kept purposely dark to keep my eyes from burning.

A kid just had to expect to get measles those days and hopefully tough it out. Deaths from complications e.g., pneumonia and encephalitis did, all too frequently, occur. Conventional wisdom says that all born before 1957 were likely rendered intrinsically immune. That speaks both to measles' transmissibility and to the long-term immunity produced by its primary infection. Its epidemic potential took a hit when the measles vaccine became widely available by 1967. Then the MMR (measles, mumps, rubella) vaccine---given to children today---came out in 1971. The vaccine has yielded periods of near disease eradication, but unfortunately---despite vaccine availability---there have been times of recrudescence. This effect has flared and receded as public acceptance of the vaccine has varied for one reason or the other (that rings a bell). A British physician bogusly tried to link the vaccine with autism for financial gain in a litigation. He was found out, discredited, and censured with article retraction and even loss of license to practice.

The vaccine went on to earn a solid therapeutic reputation, yielding 97% immunity and an acceptable side effect profile. Most states now require the MMR vaccine for school acceptance, and the MMR is in the armed forces vaccination regimen. So, with that backdrop of measles as we've now grown to know it, let us return to 1861.

Obviously, the Civil War recruits in 1861 had no such advantage. They would have had to suffer the full effects of the virus which included pneumonia, encephalitis, and the classic morbilliform rash. All of which were borne without any kind of modern medical treatment advantage. Remedies included chloroform (orally), ammonium acetate, and, perhaps easier to condone, whiskey and water. Heaven forbid if a sufferer developed diarrhea. He got, of all things, a cathartic, as was the standard practice of the day...something about draining biliousness. Ah yes, the dreaded biliousness. Mustn't leave a patient untreated for that!

So, the wave of recruit induction on both sides of the Civil War in the fall of 1861 made for some very happy little single-stranded RNA viruses. Rural farm boys (ripe for viral exploitation) were rapidly removed from their pristine home environments and concentrated in recruit camps perfectly arranged to incubate the disease. The result was that an estimated 67000 soldiers contracted the disease, and 4000, counting both sides, died from measles.

Collectively, North Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky resembled an epicenter of the measles epidemic. Anyway at least, those areas certainly had their share of the disease. With that scenario submitted, lets revisit, once more, my Skelton Civil War relatives, now finding themselves in Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Thomas B. Skelton and Samuel G. Skelton were two of my relatives that initially enlisted in the Paint Rock Rifles, which was subsequently identifiable as Co. C of the 26-50th Confederate Infantry. It might be recalled that Samuel G. as well as his cousin, William C. Skelton, later in the war, deserted and joined the 1st Alabama & Tennessee Union Vidette Cavalry. Thomas B. was the one that didn't permanently defect (The Jackson County Chronicles, Volume 33, Numbers 3 & 4).

In previously putting all that together, I ran across a report that Thomas B. and Samuel G. had been in the hospital at Bowling Green in the Fall of 1861. I had no idea what to make of it at the time, but now its meaning and relevance have become intriguingly clear. Perhaps we can best approach it by following the sequence of events after they enlisted into the Paint Rock Rifles.

The two brothers, Thomas B., and Samuel G. Skelton enlisted into Capt. Lemuel G. Mead's Paint Rock Rifles on the same day in Sept. 1861. (Their cousin, William C. Skelton also enlisted, but he does not, as far as I could find, have a direct part in our current story). The Paint Rock Rifles initially journeyed to Iuka, Mississippi, and shortly reappeared in Bowling Green, Kentucky. Hence explaining my relatives' personal records that document their presence at that location. The camp was promptly swept by a measles outbreak that put 15 members into the hospital with the Rubeola diagnosis in November of 1861. Two of those soldiers died, but astonishingly, most were sent home to Alabama, consistent with the practice of the time if the recruit could travel. Thomas B. and Samuel G. were among those so managed. Their hospital documents clearly state they were furloughed home with the diagnosis of Rubeola.


Lemuel G. Mead, from FindaGrave

Okay, what do we have here? First of all, there were reports of measles outbreak all over the Kentucky/Tennessee area, and there were plenty more to come. The year of 1861 was rife with reports of measles outbreak among recruits in towns in proximity to Bowling Green. These were, to name a few: Owensboro, Lebanon, Munfordville, Louisville, and Nashville. Many of the sicker Confederate recruits were transferred to designated hospitals in Chattanooga. Fort Donelson had an outbreak while still in Confederate hands, and the troop-housing huts had to be burned after the Federals took it over. Our own Tennessee Valley also carried its load, notably needing measles hospitals in Florence and near Huntsville. Mary Jane Chadick in her diary tells specifically of one at Camp Bradford north of Huntsville (Joe Wheeler's camp). Further south, Montgomery also had a measles hospital.

For me, at this point, a picture starts to coalesce about the enormity of the contagion, which would not have happened, except for the recruitment of fresh soldiers at the very start of the war. This action affected our Alabamians diffusely, whether at home or on the move. Measles ravaged the recruits of the 15th Alabama of Little Round Top fame, when they were encamped at Pageland near Manassas, Virginia. Troop death from measles numbered 150 to 200 at that camp in 1861. Of course, practices like furloughing home those that could travel did nothing to contain spread of the disease. It eventually spread widely over anywhere recruits of either side traveled. Interestingly, Abraham Lincoln's two sons, Willie and Tad contracted measles in 1861 from the troops stationed in Washington they enjoyed visiting.

Eventually, there was an effort to isolate new recruits for a short time before allowing them into the main troop population. But largely the management of the problem, e.g., sending infected recruits out to home, left much to be desired. It's been said that we could have learned much about how not to manage Covid by considering how Civil War measles was handled.

Thomas B. and Samuel G. Skelton were brothers. When furloughed home, they would have delivered a double-barreled load of virus into the household. I shuddered when I noted that a member of that

household, Patton Oliver Skelton was born in 1860. He would have been only one year old when Thomas and Samuel came home on furlough. It's hard to imagine that he or the other family members would have escaped the virus. Patton did, however, survive it. Even though we don't know his eventual death date, he is listed as having married Catherine C. Counts in 1888. Life spans of other potential household members support that they all survived their measles virus exposure...no thanks to the measles furlough practice of the day.

Samuel Skelton's Union Army Headstone

Thomas and Samuel, through it all, recovered from their illness. They would have returned to service in something like 3 weeks. They'd have subsequently fought in the Battles of Shiloh and Stone's River before their eventual defection, which is described in my previous articles (It should be recounted that Thomas didn't make his defection permanent). It's interesting that they didn't early-on try to desert using the convenient opportunity the measles furlough presented.

As I entertained the measles epidemic of 1861 and the impact it had on my relatives' lives, I couldn't help comparing it to what we are currently experiencing with Covid. In so doing, there's a factor that overwhelmingly stands out. That is: the monumental difference in knowledge we have now to combat viral illness. In the first place, they didn't even know back then that viruses existed. Secondly, their idea of good treatment, for example, was to give cathartics to reduce biliousness. Compare this to knowing how to generate immunity by manipulating a virus's ability to replicate in our cells. All of which hangs on acquired biologic knowledge about the workings of our cells; built upon in turn by learning how the viruses engage them. Taken further, it's now known how to specifically engineer agents to objectively confound some step in the virus's biochemistry. This knowledge comes largely from cancer research, and viral research about HIV along with other viruses. It's a therapeutic asset of immense proportion. One shudders to think---considering all Covid has done to us anyway---how we would have fared though all this, without that knowledge.

Two thirds of the 650,000 deaths in the Civil War were from disease, not battle wounds. That statistic speaks directly as to how rudimentary medicine was at that time. Looking back, the difference between what they had just 160 years ago and what we have for our health maintenance today is incomprehensible. They did the best they could with what they had, but these days we have so much more. So yes, concerning measles, we do have better weapons today...and for that matter, thankfully, our quiver is not exactly empty against some nasty new viruses that have complicated our lives.

Dr. James Reed

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Scottsboro's First Integrated Dance

It's unlikely that the demolition of the Masonic hall at the corner of North Houston and Elm Street in Scottsboro was of much significance to many people outside the local black community. The building was derelict and was one of twelve or fourteen buildings slated to be torn down as part of a federal grant to the town of Scottsboro. It disappeared from its corner with nothing to mark its decades-long presence or its significance as a community center.

The structure was apparently built shortly after a 1915 fire that destroyed an earlier Masonic hall on the same spot. For decades, the Masons and their hall were an important social presence in the black community, and the hall hosted numerous social, civic, and charitable events.

In 1966, a fairly unique event occurred when a white rock and roll band, The Souls, played the first of two dances at the hall. The band played the dance for free, and attendees were admitted free of charge.

The five boys in the band were reluctant to play the dates for only one reason: the dances at the Masonic hall were a strategy designed to delay the boys' plans to stage the first integrated dance at the National Guard Armory, site of almost weekly dances by The Souls and other regional bands.

The five white band members—Scottsboro residents John Fred Armstrong, Billy Boyd Webb, Russell Atchley, Van Gable, and David Bradford—had been rehearsing with Tommy Clay, a talented singer from a musically gifted Scottsboro family. When Tommy appeared at The Souls' first rehearsal, the band knew he was a good fit. The interaction between the black singer and the white band did not strike the boys as unique or controversial—Huntsville had seen seamless integration in the band Ivy Joe and the Snowballs—but the adults who oversaw the rental of the armory and chaperoned the dances saw things very differently.

Mr. Fuzz taking money at the door of the Armory.

The near-unanimous opinion of the adults was that the dance could not go forward. There had never been an integrated dance at the armory or any other local venue. Scottsboro was a strictly segregated society: Scottsboro schools were still two years away from mandatory integration, for instance.

The sole adult vote for going forward came from George "Fuzz" Armstrong, who kept the door for the band and collected the admission price, which had recently gone from 75¢ to $1. Mr. Fuzz, as he was known, responded to one of the cautious adults who asked "What will we do when the coloreds come to the door?" by responding, "I'll tell you how I'll handle it. When they come to the door, I'll ask them if they've got a dollar. If they say 'yes,' then by God, they're coming in."

Mr. Fuzz's enlightened capitalism did little to divert the other adults from their misgivings, and some months passed before the decision was made to go forward with the dance.

In addition to the usual arrangements for the dance—rehearsals and booking details—the boys addressed an additional social concern. They visited five local teenagers who were viewed as potential troublemakers to discuss with them the plans for the integrated dance and to get their assurance that there would be no

problems from them. All five reacted in the same way: they were incredulous that we thought they might be hostile to the new audience. Two or three offered to "police" the dance to assure there would be no unrest.

The night of the dance, the band played the first segment to an all-white audience before Tommy arrived at the first break. A sizable group from "the hill" had joined him. The crowd mingled without incident, and the new audience brought the enthusiasm that they'd displayed at the Masonic lodge, energizing a staid white audience that at first looked on with amazement at the skills and abandonment the new audience brought to the dance floor.

Billy Webb imitating James Brown being helped from the stage.

The black community always welcomed The Souls enthusiastically to the Masonic hall, and although it's certain that the band was no match for the all-black reviews that traveled the "Chitlin Circuit" through the Southern fraternity houses and roadhouses, those bands avoided small segregated towns like Scottsboro.

However, the local music scene among the black community in Scottsboro was a rich subculture to which most white residents weren't privy. Numerous talented gospel groups, such as The Five Jubilees, a singing group comprised of members of Tommy Clay's family, found popularity well outside the community and gained recognition through broadcasts on North Alabama media like WEUP radio in Huntsville. Little Richard appeared at a local church during his tenure at Oakwood Seminary in the 1960's. Detroit legend Nolan Strong was born a block from the Masonic hall. Strong's single, "The Wind," was chosen by the Detroit Metro Times as the eleventh greatest song to come out of Detroit recording studios.

The Souls were familiar with the music the audience at the Masonic hall expected to hear: Motown was dominating the radio at the time, and the most recent hits were always in the band's playlist. Most importantly, the band was familiar with all the James Brown pieces that got less radio play, but were foremost among the requests from the audience. One bit of the James Brown show, where Brown fell to his knees, apparently overcome with emotion, and offstage personnel rushed in to cover him with a jacket, was an expected occurrence during the James Brown song "Please, Please, Please, Please."

Poster advertising a dance featuring the Souls in 1966

Peculiarly, The Souls and Tommy Clay did not stage a second integrated dance, although they continued to rehearse with Tommy and with his equally talented brother Nick. The Souls broke up within a year, as rock bands are prone to do. The only other all-black dance that The Souls played was a benefit at the Hollywood School under the stern eye of Dr. Herman Washington.

For five white boys accustomed to the stiff and subdued dance styles of the white patrons, playing the dances for an all-black audience was a remarkable change of pace. The energy the black audience brought to the dance floor and the gratitude they expressed to the band made the dances on "the hill" and in Hollywood the most memorable dates the boys experienced in their two years as a band.

The Boys in the Band:

Billy Boyd "Ace" Webb, the lead singer of The Souls, did a tour of duty in Vietnam. As a conscientious objector, he was made a medic and put on the front lines. It was a bad match for someone of his disposition: he was brash and outspoken, but compassionate and sensitive. He dealt with the aftershocks of Vietnam for the rest of his life. He lived between Birmingham and Scottsboro for most of his adult life. He died of Hepatitis C in 2001.

Russell Atchley, bass, attended a prestigious Atlanta photography school in the late 60's and then joined the Army where he served as a helicopter pilot for twenty years. After retiring from the army, he retrained as an RN and held jobs in the field for eight years. After retiring from nursing, he managed Soft Touch Photography. His wife, Anita, died in 2021. He lives in Clarksville, Tennessee.

John Fred Armstrong, keyboards, served as an MP in the army. He returned briefly to Scottsboro in the early 70's before spending his professional career in Florence. After a few years in Madison, he relocated to Scottsboro two years ago. He is married and has a daughter. He gave up the keyboard for the guitar in the early 70's.

Rev. Tommy Clay in 2015.

Van Gable, drums, joined "The Fifth Dimension," a Stevenson-based band, after the breakup of The Souls. He declined a music scholarship offered by The University of Alabama that was offered after a U. of A. representative heard him perform at a Decatur battle of the bands. He moved to Quincy, Illinois after a bit of time in the Marines. His wife, Patricia, died in 2018. He is now an advertising and IT professional.

David Bradford, guitar, taught literature and composition for several years before joining IBM. He retired from IBM in 2014 after 31 years of service. He and his wife, Annette returned to Scottsboro in 2016. They edit and produce this publication.

Tommy Clay, singer, served in Viet Nam where he won commendations for his conduct and valor, including the Purple Heart, the Meritorious Service Medal, and the Combat Infantryman Badge. After leaving the armed forces, he served in the clergy for a number of years, leading churches in Hollywood, Chattanooga, Russellville, Florence, and Muscle Shoals. He held a black belt in karate. As a young man, Tommy sang with a gospel group, The Five Jubilees, who performed widely in the Southeast and on WEUP-AM radio in Huntsville, the premier venue for black gospel music. The Jubilees, four of five of whom were Clay brothers, fronted for Little Richard when he sang at Saint Elizabeth's Baptist Church in Scottsboro.

One of 11 children, Tommy and his siblings were given strict moral and social direction by their mother, Vallie L. Clay. Respected by the entire community for their self-confidence and their refusal to abide by some of the restrictions imposed by Jim Crow laws in the south, the Clay children were highly regarded by the entire social and business community. "You would not believe the opportunity we had," Tommy's brother Walter said in recalling his Scottsboro childhood.

Tommy left behind 5 children, 14 grandchildren, and 8 great-grandchildren on his death in October 2015.

David Bradford

Alabama Bedspread and Dummy Bombs

It all started one night when Doug Graden called and told me that he remembered stories his mother told about making dummy bombs when she was working at Alabama Bedspread during World War II. It was all news to me, but I knew that the only way to find out for sure was to talk to John Will "Johnny" Gay III, retired plant owner. It was not the kind of question he was expecting either, but he confirmed that it was true, that during World War II, Alabama Bedspread made practice bombs for the military.

What is a dummy bomb, you are entitled to ask? They are objects the size, shape, and weight of the actual bombs dropped by aircraft. But no one wants a novice bombardier dropping live bombs on practice targets. So these young men learned to drop bombs with precision using dummy bombs. eBay even sells more modern ones, calling them "the ultimate accessory for your man cave."

A practice field in the U.K. recently dug up a number of them. "Latest news from our Unexploded Ordnance (UXO) Specialists on the ground," the internet article begins, "this week have been providing UXO Support for a client working on a commercial project located on an old airfield site in the UK, and have so far recovered several 10lb and 11.5lb WWII-era practice bombs."

A British article provided useful information."These small bombs were used to train and drill bomber crews and pilots on air-delivered bomb targeting, and can be quite commonly found in and around old bomber bases. They would have generally been used for target practice on a designated area which is marked out as a large white circle on the ground. The practice bombs found this week were well clustered together, suggesting we are currently working in and around that target area. They were found quite close to the ground surface (practice bombs were not designed to penetrate deep into the ground) and our Non-intrusive UXO Survey magnetometer equipment identified these practice bombs with ease." (https://www.1stlinedefence.co.uk/news/several-10lb-and-11-5lb-wwii-practice-bombs-recovered-from-uk-airfield/). If you google "practice bomb" you find many examples.

The article notes that practice bombs had a smoke filling so that they were easier for bombers to track and a real detonator so that their impact could be monitored. Unexploded practice bombs can be dangerous if their fuel and contents are in tact. It is likely that Alabama Bedspread made the fabric containers for the smoke and detonators and that these were fabric insert for metal bombs, because metal housings would have been necessary to make an accurate dummy bomb that fell at a predictable rate and trajectory.

The young among us might ask, "What is Gay-Tred?" People on the JCHA Facebook page suggested it might be a tire company. With respect for Jerry Gist who wrote his *History of Scottsboro Alabama* in the 1960s, here is his description of this company:

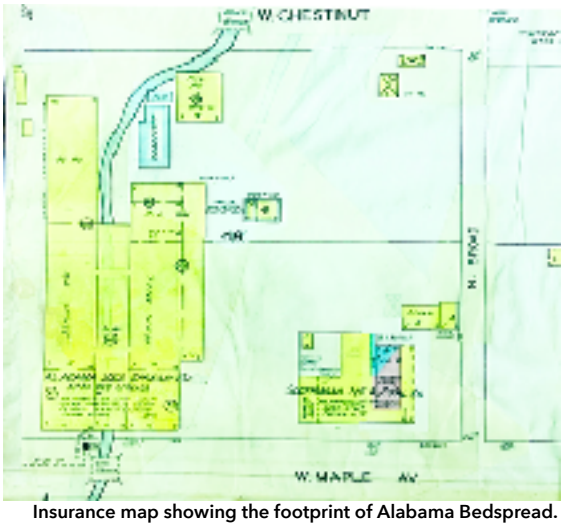
The Gay-Tred Mills, Inc., was established in Scottsboro in 1930 and was known as the Alabama Bedspread Company. The company was established by Mr.and Mrs.John W. Gay, Jr , and Emerson Gay. The small industry began operations with ten employees working on the second floor of a building just off the northwest corner of the public square. Because of an increase in employees and machines the company shifted operations to a larger building in 1933. In 1942, after conversion for war production, the mill began manufacturing maritime code flags, barracks bags, mattress covers, and fatigue clothing for the government. Employment rose to 196 persons in 1942 and reached a peak of 275 in 1948.

So clearly, dummy bombs were not the only way Gay-Tred contributed to the war effort. When Mr. Gist wrote his history in 1968, Gay-Tred was a active and functioning business.

The present plant was enlarged in 1947, 1956, and again in 1957," Jerry Gist explained. "Owners of the plant are Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gay, JrY., John W. Gay III , Mrs. Amy Gay Main, Miss Ninon Gay, and Paul W. Conley. The plant's major products are bath mat sets and rugs." The company at present has 225 employees and has an annual payroll of $700,000."

This is a 1968 statement.

All of this talk about activities at Gay-Tred led to the second and more important piece of Gay-Tred history: Doug's sister, who worked at Gay-Tred in the 1970s and 1980s had kept all of the company newsletters.



Insurance map showing the footprint of Alabama Bedspread.

The best understanding we have of working at Gay-Tred comes from Doug Graden, who lent us his sister's Gay-Tred employee newsletters. Published monthly starting in July 1978 and stopping in August 1984 when the company sold to Stevens, the newsletter is a unique window into what seems to have been a very well run local company. The newsletter praised the various parts of the factory that were doing a particularly good job. They reported on planned plant closings and changes to employee policies and support plans, such as group insurance and holidays. Newsy and full of pictures, they are fun to read. They recognized birthdays and set up programs like Weight Watchers on site. They used their organizational clout to get discounts for their employees at local attractions like Opryland and the Knoxville World's Fair. They displayed pictures of the baseball and volleyball teams and published their schedules. The company recognized retirements and service anniversaries and had a yearly Christmas party and a party for employees with 25 years or more, the Silver Circle.

One regular feature was Employee of the Month. The people information was so good that I have taken the Employee of the Month profiles and put them on FindaGrave. The newsletter reported on births and hospital stays and welcomed new employees. It featured dignitaries and school groups that visited. It emphasized public works projects that employees were involved in, such as Red Cross Blood Drives, town beautification efforts, and the United Way.

The newsletter was started by Personnel Manager Bob Dedmon, and much of the copy was written by Rachel Lockard Armstrong.The entire set of newsletters is on the JCHA web site: The years 1976-1980 are here: http://www.jchaweb.org/downloads/GaytredNewsletters1978-1980.pdf. And the years 1981 to 1984 are here: http://www.jchaweb.org/downloads/GaytredNewsletters1981-1984.pdf.

The company never missed an opportunity to feature employees and praise their activities on behalf of the company. The photos below from the newsletter feature updates to the loading docks, a covered walkway that the maintenance people built from the parking area to the factor, and recognitions of Gay-Tred with the Scottsboro Beautification Award.

Photos from the company newsletter: the loading dock, the new walkway, and winning the Beautification Award.

The History of Alabama Bedspread

Alabama Bedspread/Gay-Tred Mills, Inc. was established in 1930, a company born of the Depression. A Mr. John Holland of Dalton Georgia came to town on May 2, 1930 and spread his samples of hand-tufted bedspreads on the courthouse lawn. "Mrs Holland will take order for any you might want to buy and will answer all questions relative to making them. She will remain over and teach all who want to know how to make them. By Monday or Tuesday of next week, we expect to have them cut and stamped and ready for work. You can get them at our factory over Gay Hardware and Supply Company's store." Women who wanted to participate could leave their names with John W. Gay. The note was signed "Alabama Bedspread Co." Thus began the business model that allowed the company to exist for three years without an official working space, by farming work out to employees who worked at home and picking it up at designated places and times, along with with new work to be processed. The company made the same offer to women in Stevenson in the May 8 newspaper,

The value of allowing women with many small children to work from home and earn money in 1930 cannot be overstated. The Depression that caused the stock market to crash and the New York City people to leap out windows had happened in October 1929, but hard times for farm families had started long before that. When World War I was going on, it looked like the world couldn't get enough cotton. Farmers thought the good prices would go on forever and planted more and more cotton until the output way exceeded the demand. In 1931, cotton hit a record low of 5 1/2 cents a pound. Farmers were hurting, hurting bad, long before Wall Street understood the meaning of "hard times." When Probate Judge James Money got a government grant to build the Cumberland Road in 1933, he advertised for workers, and 5000 men showed up to apply for 3500 jobs. Judge Money spread the money around by letting each man work two 10-hour days a week for a dollar a day.

Candlewick bedspreads, produced in 1932, from an ad.

By May 15, 1930, it appears that the fledgling company had acquired the backers and partners that it required, and the *Progressive Age* ran a want ad for"one thousand women and girls to make CANDLEWICK HAND MADE BEDSPREADS." The business had material on hand and had scheduled Mrs. Holland to come and teach those who wanted to learn. "We expect to build this business to where it will be a great help to women who want to work. Their work may be done at odd times and not interfere with your other duties, and at the same time make a few dollars each week." The ad was signed not just by a company name but also by John W. Gay, Vice President and James Gay, President.

An article in the May 22, 1930 *Progressive Age* made it clear where the new business was located: over Gay Hardware on the corner of Broad and Laurel, across from the side of Payne's Drugs. This location, the article explained, was "one of the busiest places in our town. Women from all sections of the country are availing themselves of the opportunity to earn some money during spare times....The management states that women can come or send into the plant and get the spread with the design stamped on it, carry it home and during spare time do the hand-work and when they return it get their pay." The writer is optimistic that this model is going to work well and bring a lot of money into the county. "It is hoped that the output will reach 1,000 per day, and with this amount will bring many dollars into the county. The prospects for the company are exceedingly bright and we congratulate the promoters and hope the people will cooperate with them in this undertaking that will mean so much to the people of the county."

The new model was working and on June 30, the management put a notice in the *Progressive Age*: "All of you have spreads out, please get them in by next Thursday. We are going to change patterns." An article

on June 12 talked about how the business was being managed. "During the past week, Alex Gay [John Will Sr.'s oldest son] has taken over the management of the institution and Mrs. Jim Annis Gay has charge of the office work and distribution of spreads." Business was humming at the bedspread factory, the article's headline said. They exhibited spreads that were finished by children, little Jimmie Sue Lavarett, a six-year-old from Dutton, 12-year-old Jane Gay, and 10-year-old Elizabeth Fennell. Women in adjacent counties were interested in participating.

By 1931, work flow was a consistent problem, and the management felt that their success depended "on the promptness of shipments and the class of workmanship." Apparently the number of spreads accepted from suppliers was dependent on workmanship and workers were encouraged to "give the best we have." Because the work force was spread across the county, the management used the newspapers to get essential news out.

The May 1931 *Progressive Age* makes it clear how far afield the company was going to find workers. "We will make another trip on Tuesday, June 2nd," the paper told "Mountain Bedspread workers," and were scheduled to "take up and give out spreads" in Section, Dutton, and Pisgah.

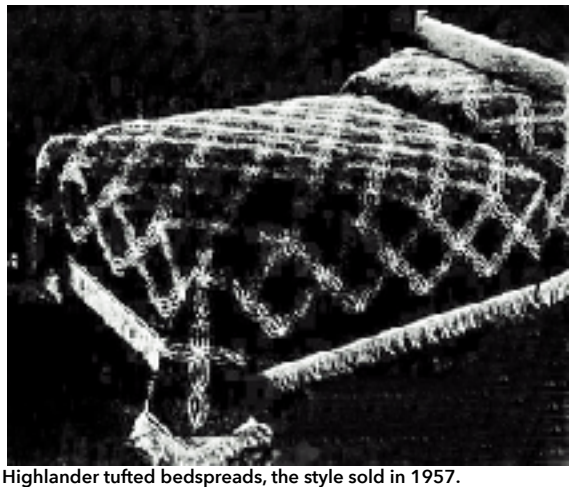
It appears that at this time, the work the women were doing on the stamped spreads was to hand quilt the tops. This December 1932 ad on the next page shows a typical spread. The company continued to grow. The April 20, 1933 *Progressive Age* advertised for "200 additional women and girls to learn how to make Candlewick Bedspreads. We have plenty of work for all who know how to make them."

The company was sensitive to the "all hands on deck" times in family farming, the busy time when crops were being planted. The April 27, 1933 *Progressive Age* carried this notice to Alabama Bedspread employees: "During the busy times in crops we are making arrangements to deliver spreads to be worked to points that will be convenient for you." These pick up and drop off points were A. L. Petty's store in Larkinsville; Sid Kennamer in Woodville; E. M. Jacobs in Hollywood; J. A. Lusk in Tupelo; and Mrs. Mamie Manning in Pikeville." Between April and May, the number of locations and women participating continued to grow. In addition to the pickup points, the May 4 paper mentioned C. M. Rousseau in Paint Rock, Mary A Kirkpatrick in Trenton, Harry Hall in Princeton, Mrs. Levi McClendon in Scottsboro, Mrs. Lizzie Potter in Pikeville, J. S. Wininnger in Tupelo, C. A. Wilson in Fackler, Mrs. Joe Wilkerson in Stevenson, Mrs. W. R. Smith and Ben Hill in Bridgeport. On May 18, the company recruited 200 more employees with an ad in the *Progressive Age.*

In June, the company recruited agents in other locations: Aspel, Woodville, Paint Rock, Columbus City, New Hope, Langston, Section, Bass, Grant, Swearingin, Chavies, Nat, Letcher, Bryant, Long Island, Carpenter, Swaim, Gray's Chapel, Francisco, and Gonce. All of this work at home activity let the Gays grow the company while they were building their dedicated facility at 106 Maple Avenue, the corner of Broad Street and Maple (if Broad still extended over the railroad tracks). The July 13 paper announced. "The Alabama Bedspread Company has moved to its new quarters this week. The employees and all the management seem to be happy over the spacious and comfortable quarters."

Both branches of the Gay family—the John Will Gay and James Washington Gay siblings—were involved in the business until November 1935, when James W. Gay and his son Jim Annis Gay announced in the paper, "we have sold our interest in the Alabama Bedspread factors to Messrs. John Will Gay Jr. and Emerson Gay," two sons of John Will Gay Sr.

In 1937, this "work from home" operation came to an end when the first Wage Hour Law became effective. The Supreme Court decision in the West Coast Hotel Company versus Parrish Et Ux decision found in favor of the plaintiff, a chambermaid who sued the hotel for back wages and paved the way for a minimum wage law. The 1938 Fair Labor Standards Act established a federal minimum wage of 25 cents an hour for a 40-hour work week and banned child labor. The bill was strongly supported by Alabama Senator Hugo Black, who favored a 30 hour week. "This brought an end of the handmade Candlewick spreads as there was no way to supervise work in the home under the new regulation," John Will Gay


Highlander tufted bedspreads, the style sold in 1957.

explained in a 1957 feature on his company." The year 1937 also brought changes to the method of operation, the 1957 article explained, when the first machine-made spreads were manufactured.

The new plant covered 55,000 square feet of floor space , enabling the company to employ 125 to 150 persons, mostly women, who worked in the plant in 1957. The average production of the plant was 185,000 spreads per year. In 1957, the annual payroll ran from $250,000 to $275,000 per year. At the tine the article was written, the company made bedspreads using more than 100 designs across both lines.

Now that the company workers all reported to a building on Maple Street, it was no longer necessary to use the *Progressive Age* for employee communication. Only occasional notices appeared in the paper, such as the January 1937 announcement that Alabama Bedspread employees had been paid a Christmas bonus. The same paper included this summary of the business: "The Alabama Bedspread Company, owned and operated by the Gay Brothers, John Will Gay. Jr. and Emerson Gay, and associates. This factory has been in operation here for several years, is solidly backed financially. Although this business was considered a novelty at the beginning, the business has grown until the product is a standard nationally known article,." (*Progressive Age*, Jan 7, 1937)

The company perked along. It suffered flooding damage in July 1941 when a sudden cloudburst dropped 4" of rain in a short time, concentrated in Skelton Hollow, the current ball field just north of Alabama Bedspread, causing hundreds of dollars in damages to the engine and boiler room.

The company was always public spirited and contributed to whatever cause needed support. It sent floral arrangements to employee funerals, and many wedding notices of the time announced brides who worked at Alabama Bedspread. In 1944, for example, discharged veterans needed help completing their muster out pay forms. VFW Adjunct W. E. Michaels at Harbin Motor Company and Commander W. H. Roden at Alabama Bedspread assisted these men on company time. All the industries pitched in for Red Cross and United Way drives. In June 1950, the employees sponsored the boardcast of the Fundamental Baptist Church revival on WAVU in Albertville. In 1957, the company reached 100% of its United Givers drive. All 126 employees of the company contributed, and the company raised $1150. Sam Hodges from Alabama Bedspread led this drive.

In February 1947, Alabama Bedspread began to advertise to the crowds that came to town for First Monday, offering 10% discounts and, for the first time, chenille bedspreads. It was a good idea, and soon Bamatuft also offered First Monday discounts.
With two companies competing for the same set of customers, G. E. Walters, who had interests in both Alabama Bedspread and Bamatuft, sold the company to John Will Gay in May 1947.

About 1950, the industry began to support sports teams for the city league. In 1950, the city supported a fast league and a slow league in their softball team. Other teams were the National Guard, the Boy Scouts, the Lions Club, the VFW, Hodges Drugs, the Civitans, and the Recruiting Office.

In February 1956, a tornado destroyed the


Bamatuft after the 1956 tornado. Photo by Harris Keeble.

Bamatuft Bedspread factory on West Willow Street. Harris Keeble took this photo of the destroyed plant. The companies merged, and the Bamatuft line of spreads was produced in the Alabama Bedspread factory but with a separate design.

In 1957, the *Progressive Age* profiled the business as its Featured Industry. John Will Gay Sr. reviewed the history of the company. The article included a number of good photos showing the operation of the plant. At that time, Paul Conley was sales manager, Sam Hodges Jr. was production and personnel managers, and Johnny Gay was assistant sales and production manager. Miss Mae Thomas, who had been with the company 24 years in 1957, served as office manager and bookkeeper, with Mrs. Arnold Johnson as billing and production clerk for the Bamatuft line and Mrs. Earl Kirby filling the same role for the Alabama line.

In 1963, labor statistics in the May 2 *Sentinel-Age* showed that Burlington Industries was the county's largest employer at 600 (460 female, 150 male). Second was Benham Underwear Mill with 225 female employees and 85 male. Maples had already sold to J. P. Stevens Company and employed 165 female and 44 male. Alabama Bedspread was the smallest, with 110 female employees and 17 male. Governor Wallace visited Alabama Bedspread on his December 1963 visit to the county. The company sold to J. P. Stevens in 1984, a company accustomed to selling towels that did not do well with the Gay-Tred portfolio of products. The company was liquidated five years later after more than 50 years in business.

Annette Bradford

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The Jackson County Chronicles

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In this issue:

For the July meeting of the Jackson County Historical Association, we pause to pay tribute to the woman who founded this organization and supported it for 41 years of researching, writing, duplicating, stuffing, and mailing *The Chronicles*—Ann Barbee Chambless.

Ann died April 17 at Southern Estates in Scottsboro. A memorial service was held at the Heritage Center on Sunday, May 1. The JCHA meeting will be about the life and legacy of Ann Chambless.

We will meet on **Sunday, July 31, 2022, 2:00 p.m.** in the **Jessie Sue Bynum Auditorium**, at the Scottsboro City Schools Page Administration Building, 305 South Scott Street, Scottsboro, Alabama. At this meeting, we will share our favorite stories of Ann and discuss future projects for the JCHA. Ann always said that no proper Southern lady would invite guests on Sunday afternoon and not serve lemonade and teacakes, so we will serve teacakes and lemonade at the meeting.

The JCHA Board voted to establish an award to be presented annually to someone, past or present, who has made extraordinary efforts to preserve Jackson County history. This could include authors, history leaders, map makers, old house preservers, archivists, groups, or individuals.

The annual award will be known as the Ann Barbee Chambless Memorial Founder's Award. The winner will be recognized with a small cash award, a certificate and a medal. The first Founder's Award will be presented in July at the memorial celebration, and will be presented to Ann, posthumously.

Please join us, and bring your favorite stories of Ann and the JCHA to share.

Ann Chambless, Founder of the JCHA and Editor of the *Jackson County Chronicles,* Died April 17

Ann Chambless, who spent more than half of her life chronicling the history of Jackson County and was the first president of the Jackson County Historical Association and editor of its newsletter, *The Jackson County Chronicles*, for 41 years died Sunday, April 17 at Southern Estates Assisted Living. She was 85.

Virginia Ann Barbee Chambless was the older of two daughters of Albert Leonard Barbee and Era Coe Wilhelm. She is survived by her son Robert Heath Chambless of Daegu, South Korea (Yeongha Seo) and grandson Joseph Seo Chambless; a dedicated sister, Martha Barbee Hess, and nephew Greg Hess; cousins Celestine Darnell and her daughter Stacy Darnell Seagrest, and cousins Bill and Pat Freeman; and a host of friends and admirers throughout the county and state history community. She was a member of Scottsboro First Baptist Church.

Ann was born in Scottsboro on August 14, 1936 and grew up on her family homestead of 130 years on Barbee Lane. She graduated from Jackson County High School in 1954, where she was already writing history. She was on the staff of the both the yearbook, *The Reminder*, and the newspaper, *The Wildcat*, for three years, in addition to being class prophet. She was salutatorian of her class.

Joe Chambless

In August, 1954, she married Joseph DeLee Chambless of Pisgah, four days before her 18th birthday. The couple moved to Florence State University where Joe had a basketball scholarship, and Ann worked for Sears and Roebuck. Joe left school and went to work for Republic Steel Company, and Ann worked for Crawford and Company. The couple purchased their first car in 1956 and their first house in Gadsden in 1957.

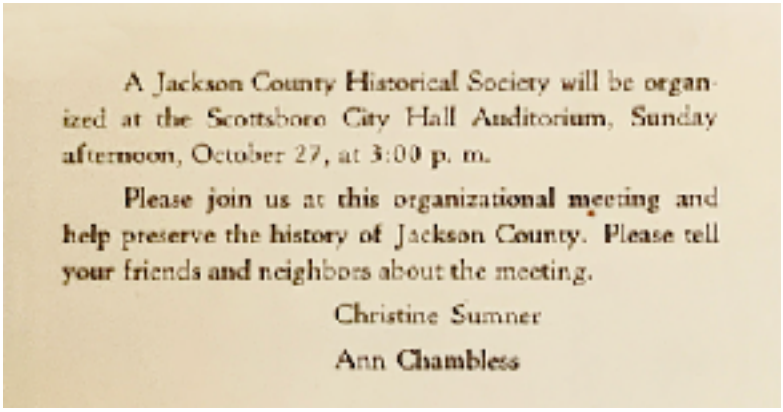
In 1960, Ann passed the Federal Service Entrance Exam (FSEE) and was hired at the Marshall Space Flight Center. When Joe was hired by Thiokol in Huntsville, he sold their Gadsden home and moved to Huntsville. He later worked for Wyle Labs.

In November 1968, the couple began constructing their home on Barbee Lane. In April 1969, Joe went to work for Revere Copper and Brass but was laid off in 1971 and purchased the local Central Motor Express franchise while Ann worked at various jobs. In September 1971, their son Robert Heath Chambless became part of their lives. Heath attended Scottsboro schools, graduating in 1989. From 1982 to 2002, Ann worked as training coordinator for Family Day Care.

Ann in Egypt with Ron and Jane Dykes in 1999.

In 1999, she lost her mother, Era Coe, in January and her husband Joe in September. Joe died in his sleep. After Joe's death, Ann travelled with friends over the next years, frequently with Jane and Ron Dykes. Heath graduated from college and moved to South Korea to teach, where he met and married Yeongha Seo. In May 2010, they welcomed a son, Joseph Seo Chambless. Ann visited Heath and his family several times in South Korea.

While working and caring for her son and husband, Ann was researching her family and in October 1974, solicited membership for a new organization, the Jackson County Historical Society. Between January 1975 and January 2016, Ann researched, edited, typed, published, and mailed 165 issues of the Chronicles. "I give thanks for all the guest authors and JCHA members who assisted in various ways in reaching the JCHA's goal of disseminating Jackson County history via *The Jackson County Chronicles*," she said in a 2014 interview.



A Jackson County Historical Society will be organized at the Scottsboro City Hall Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, October 27, at 3:00 p. m.

Please join us at this organizational meeting and help preserve the history of Jackson County. Please tell your friends and neighbors about the meeting.

Christine Sumner

Ann Chambless

The Jackson County Historical Association (JCHA) was founded on October 26, 1974 with 48 members, and Ann Chambless as the first president. And she was not just history's recorder; she was its biggest fan. "As editor, I attempted to develop historical essays covering as many previously undocumented facts and stories as possible. Many hours were expended in research at the Jackson County Courthouse and the Scottsboro, Huntsville, Birmingham, and Chattanooga libraries. There were times I actually prayed to get locked up in the basement of the Jackson County Courthouse because at closing time I had just discovered a 'gold mine' of new material."

The ways that her talents expressed themselves over her 40 year involvement with the organization ran the gamut from writing and producing plays to organizing bus tours to renovating the depot to placing historical markers. Some 30 unrecognized historical sites are documented today because of work that Ann and the JCHA did to erect historical markers. She worked with Walt Hammer to raise money for the statue of Andrew Jackson in front of the courthouse.

She pulled the people whom she met in her research and professional activities into the county to act as speakers for JCHA quarterly meetings and contributors to the Chronicles. She set up countless county historical events over the years and protected many of our most important and endangered historical sites.

Ann with (L to R) Kelly Goodowens, Jen Henninger Stewart, Arnold Wheeler, and Caroline Lynch Minor getting the depot ready to open.

She organized at least four bus tours in our county and neighboring counties, planning the routes, stops, and in most cases, researching and providing historical commentary on the locations and stops along the route.

She was on the Alabama Bicentennial Committee and a member of the Alabama Historical Association. In 2014, she brought the organization to Scottsboro for its annual meeting, where historians from all over the state toured Jackson County historical sites and enjoyed the hospitality of its citizens.

She was instrumental in the founding of the Heritage Center and in the rescue of the Scottsboro freight depot. For the depot, she brought in restoration architects to assess the building and confirm its historical significance.

Working with John Neely, David Campbell, Kelly Goodowens and others, she helped raise money to have the depot restored, and with Susan Fisher and Jen Stewart, solicited artifacts for the museum and arranged the displays. She commissioned a web site to record the depot's history. She was the primary responder on the county's two electronic genealogy sites, the Jackson County History Yahoo page and the JCHA Facebook page.

She worked with Judy Proctor to document the history of buildings on the square and have the square added to the Register of Historic Buildings, along with the Stevenson Main Street, the Townsend-Gullatt house, College Hill, Fort Harker—12 sites in all. She has figured significantly in saving the Stevenson Depot and in documenting Paint Rock Valley historical sites.

In 2004, the Jackson County Historical Association under her leadership received the Alabama Historical Association's James Ray Kuykendall Award for the Alabama's outstanding local historical association.

With Dr. Ron Dykes, Ann and the JCHA published four books of county history: *Growing Up Hard in Jackson County*, *Fighting the Just War*, *They Wouldn't Let Us Win*, and *Building Bridges and Roads in the Korean Conflict*. The JCHA also reprinted the county's seminal history book, J. R. Kennamer's 1936 *History of Jackson County, Alabama*.

But the historical association was not the only recipient of her dedication and time. She gave a great deal of time and love to the Scottsboro Public Library. She was president of the Friends of the Scottsboro Public Library, and served for 25 years on the library's board of directors as member, secretary, and twice president, culminating the christening of the library's genealogy department as "The Ann B. Chambless Genealogy Room."

Ann with son Heath and grandson Joe at the Scottsboro Library.

Like many of us, her interest in county history began as an interest in the history of her family, and she was very active in the Daughters of the American Revolution, entering the organization through her Ligon ancestors. She also did research for genealogists and people wishing to document their history for the DAR. She served as Chapter Regent of the Tidence Lane Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She served a year as State Historian for the Alabama DAR. She was also member of the Huguenot Society of America.

Ann in 2014 at City Hall for "Ann Chambless Day" with (L to R) Susan Fisher, Sandra Patton, and Jen Henninger Stewart.

She has answered literally hundreds of inquiries from people with Jackson County connections, helping people to create the documentation needed to enter the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR). "She has been in DAR for almost 50 years and held various chapter offices such as chaplain and regent," current president Carolyn Davis said.

In 2014, her long service to the citizens of Jackson County was recognized when Mayor Melton Potter declared August 14, 2014 as Ann Chambless Day and held a reception at City Hall in her honor, sponsored by the city and the historical

association. "Ann has been the driving force in preserving our history in Scottsboro and Jackson County," Scottsboro Mayor Melton Potter said of her when he presented her with the key to the city.


Ann with State Senator Steve Livingston.

After being the mainstay of Jackson County history for more than 40 years, she held a living estate sale in 2014 and sold her family home on Barbee Lane, preparing to move to South Korea to be with her son and his family. As she emptied her household, she left her 40+ years of books and records with Northeast Alabama Community College, the Heritage Center, and David and Annette Bradford, who took over editorship of The Chronicles from her. A goodbye party was held at the depot on February 12, 2017. State Senator Steve Livingston presented her with a proclamation honoring her service to Jackson County. She remained in South Korea only 15 months before returning to her beloved Jackson County. She has lived the last few years at Southern Estates.

"I am profoundly sorry at the death of my friend, Ann Chambless," said Jackson County Circuit Judge John Graham. "She was a genuine treasure to our county and state, and a friend to many people. It has been said that when an old person dies, a library of irreplaceable knowledge dies with them. This was never more true than when Ann left us Sunday. We are fortunate that she recorded so much of her research and knowledge, leaving it behind as a legacy which will stand forever."

"Ann Chambless has left an incredible legacy of promoting and preserving Jackson County's rich and diverse history," said Gayle Thomas, who served as president of the Alabama Historical Association in 2013-2014. "She genuinely cared about local history, and her enthusiasm for preserving it was contagious. Her foresight and leadership helped develop decisions and policies which ensured the continuing preservation of Jackson County's history. Ann and her hardworking local committee were instrumental in the success of the 2014 Alabama Historical Association annual meeting in Scottsboro."

We will all miss Ann—her wit, her sharp memory, and her encyclopedic knowledge of Jackson County history. As the Alabama Senate and House of Representatives said in their 2017 resolution, "Be it resolved by the Alabama Senate that the good works of Ann Barbee Chambless are gratefully acknowledged with the thanks and best wishes of this body."

We in the JCHA all plod onward bravely without the woman whose willpower created the Jackson County Historical Association, whose passion was instrumental in saving the depot, whose leadership produced so many wonderful quarterly programs and tours, and whose skills gave us 41 years of the *Chronicles*.

We will miss her greatly.





L to R, Ann with son Heath and his wife Yeongha and grandson Joe; Ann with Nat Cisco; Ann with Hon. John Graham and David Bradford; and Ann in South Korea.

Harold Harrington Betts, Painter of Jackson County Citizens

If you have stood in the alcove of Bancorp South bank or made a purchase at the old Word Lumber Company and admired the 1940s view of Section Road, or visited the Heritage Center and admired the portrait of founder Robert T. Scott, then you have seen and appreciated the work of artist Harold Harrington Betts.

H. H. Betts was born in New York City on December 25, 1882, a successful painter and illustrator, born into a family of artists. His father, Edwin Daniel Betts Sr., was an accomplished painter, as were several of Harold's siblings, the most famous being Louis Betts, a member of the National Academy of Design.

The Betts Family of Artists

Edwin Daniel Betts was born in Burton, Ohio on June 13, 1846, the son of a farmer from New York named Lewis Betts and his wife Lucy Ann Strong. The family moved around quite a bit. Edwin was required to register for the Civil War, but there is no evidence that he actually served. However, he married at an older age (30), in October 1878, when he was living in Detroit, Michigan. He married Jane Manion, a first-generation Irish woman 12 years his junior. Edwin had been married before and had two children listed as Jane's step-sons in her obituary, Louis born in 1873 and Arthur born in 1876. In the 1880 census, the Edwin and Jane are living in St. Louis, MO where father Edwin lists his occupation as artist, and an additional son, Edwin Jr., born in April 1879, is part of the family.

By 1900, the family is living in Chicago, though they clearly spent time in New York City, where Harold was born in 1882, and Grace in 1884. Son Bertrand Daniel was born in Scott, Iowa in 1886. The family was living in Chicago by the time that Vera was born in 1892, and son Raphael Olsen in 1897, completing the eight children of the family. It is possible that the family also lost one child, based on the living children number in the 1910 census. The family lived on 4171 Lake Park Avenue in Chicago, a home that is no longer standing.

The Betts family of artists is shown in this photo, dated around 1890.

When Edwin Sr. died in 1914 at age 68, he was an artist of some renown. His obituary refers to him as the father of the Betts family of artists. "Mr. Betts was a pioneer artist and his paintings hang in the homes of many Chicagoans," the Chicago Tribute said. "Many of Chicago's pioneers were subjects for Mr. Betts. He educated all of his children to be artists. Louis, the oldest son, is executing a commission in Washington." Edwin Sr.'s best known painting was "The Birth of Christ." He died in 1915 and was cremated. His ashes were sent to his daughter Grace at Port Loma.

Jane continued to live in Chicago and travelled frequently with Harold. She and Harold are found in the 1930 census living in the Lake Park Avenue house, where she is 69 and Harold is 45. Harold is identified in the census as the proprietor of an art shop. Jane died in 1935.

H. H. Betts

Among such an illustrious family of artists, it must have been difficult for Harold, a middle child, to distinguish himself. He received his early art education from his father and at the Art Institute of

Chicago, from which he graduated in 1905. All of the Betts children were enamored of the Southwest, and Harold had an art studio on and off in Taos, New Mexico."He specialized in painting the Grand Canyon and surrounding areas in Arizona, including the Pueblo Indians and their villages," according to the State Department biography. He was 15 when his work was first exhibited at the Art Institute of Chicago. "The son learned his artistry from his father and through studies at the Chicago Art Institute and the Art Students League of New York," a 1955 retrospective said.

Young Harold's first commission after art school appears to have been from a railway company who paid him to make a number of sketches of New Mexico Indians. He wrote home to his father in a letter published in part by the *Chicago Tribune* August 13, 1905, reporting that he had been beaten by Pueblo Indians who had not liked the sketches he made during the war dance they had staged for him. Harold had been the guest of honor when the dancers discovered that he was drawing pictures of them. "After the attack the victim was informed that he had committed a breach of courtesy. Betts knew only that his drawing implements were broken and blows rained on him. Betts fled and escaped serious injury." He wrote to his father to say, "I am hunting up a more peaceable band of them at present."


Illustration from *Ruth of the USA.*

In 1910, Betts served as an illustrator of *Princess Sayrane* by Edith Ogden Harrison. *Princess Sayrene* is described in ads in the *Chicago Tribune* as "a glowing, picturesque romance of Egypt and Abyssinia in the days of Prester John," written by the wife of Chicago's mayor. Reviews described Betts' art as "admirably strong and fine." In 1916, he illustrated *Prince Izon* by James Paul Kelly, subtitled "A Romance of the Grand Canyon," with his brother Edwin. It is a Victorian adventure tale about discovering a lost tribe of Aztec warriors and is considered by Amazon as "culturally significant." In 1919, Harold illustrated *Ruth of the USA* by Edwin Balmer, about a heroic woman who fought the Germans in World War 1. All 386 pages of this book are reproduced in the Library of Congress.


Illustration from *Prince Izon*

The U.S. Department of State, which tracks art and artists in U. S. Embassies, includes a list of the places where Harold's work was exhibited. They record his first exhibit at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1897 when Harold was only 15. This site also records the following exhibitions. "Betts exhibited at the Art Institute of Chicago, 1897, 1902-1906, 1911-1912, 1914-1915, 1917, 1926-1927, 1929 and 1931. He additionally exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art, 1912 and 1927, and at the Hackley Gallery, Muskegon, Michigan, 1929."

Newspaper accounts indicate that Betts was constantly on the move, based in Chicago but with studios in Taos, NM; New York City; and during some periods, Coral Gables, FL. Three months before he registered for World War I, on March 12, 1918, he married Belle Scott Norwood. His marriage license was issued in Tipton County, TN. The wedding was held at the home of Belle's father, George Scott, on Centennial Island, an area inside an ox box lake northwest of Memphis. When he registered for World War I in 1918, he was a 35-year-old self-employed artist whose studio was 204 Michigan Avenue, and who lived with his wife, Belle Betts, at 1220 East 83rd Street in Chicago. He was described as a man of medium height and build with brown eyes and dark brown hair. These are the only mentions of his wife in public records, though the couple

was still married in 1955 when he told the Marshfield, WI newspaper, his wife was "is in Chicago, or is it Cleveland—she moves around too. She doesn't travel with me on all my jobs, but usually when I go south in the winter, she goes along." The 1955 article mentions children who were grown and married, though no records of children have been found. In the 1930 census, only he and his mother are living in Chicago, and on trips to Michigan to execute commissions, his mother is the only companion mentioned.

"Betts is listed among the traders and visiting artists at the Hubbell Trading Post in Ganado, Arizona. His visits were recorded in 1908 and 1909, and he returned for many visits for several years later. He is noted as painting a portrait of John Lorenzo Hubbell upon request from Mr. Hubbell sometime in the nineteeteens. His works are exhibited in the Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site, Ganado, Arizona." (State Department Biography) Here are examples of the western paintings that Harold was doing at this time in his painting career. They are valued by collectors and typically sell from a low of $5000 to a high of $12,000.

Examples of H. H. Betts' SouthwesternPaintings from various auctions

The Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site includes this information about Betts and his work in the southwest. "Betts probably began painting in the Southwest about 1906. He is best known for his paintings of the Grand Canyon and of Pueblo Indians. His signature 'H. Betts' followed by the year (sometimes the full year, sometimes only the last two numbers of the year) appears on most all of his paintings. Titles of paintings listed in the Smithsonian's inventory indicate he worked at the Rio Grande Pueblos from Taos to Santa Domingo; in Colorado Springs, Colorado; at the Grand Canyon, on the Navajo and Hopi reservations, and in Southern California. Most of these paintings are in the Santa Fe Railway collection."

One of his early paintings captured a controversial subject. The painting, 'Hostiles in Camp Near Oraibi, Arizona' or 'Hopis at Hotevilla,' in the Hubbell Trading Post Museum, relates Betts' witnessing of that sad day in Hopi history, September 7, 1906, when the Hopis, called 'hostiles,' were driven from their homes by the Hopis called 'friendlies.' The latter were friendly to the Federal government. Betts described that scene in a letter to the Indian Service.

The next time that Betts' location can be reliably tracked, he is in the South painting a commission in Foley, Alabama on February 18, 1914. The *Onlooker* carried this short item: "H. H. Betts, a Chicago artist, after completing a commission for Mrs. T. A. Banning, has returned home." Home is assumed to be Chicago since we know he had exhibits during this time at the Art Institute of Chicago.

In 1916, Betts took first prize at the Chicago Art Institute in the exhibition of palette knife paintings. "Palette knife painting is a term used to describe the impasto technique of applying paint to canvas using a painting knife. 19th-century master painter Vincent van Gogh is one artist who was known to use the method. By applying thick daubs of oil paint on canvas, he was able to achieve the swirling, textural work he became famous for. Other past artists who used both painting knives and brushes include Paul Cezanne, Marc Chagall, and Henri Matisse. Today, many contemporary artists continue to use painting knives in the same way to create expressive works that appear to come out from the canvas." (https://mymodernmet.com/palette-knife-painting/)

In 1917, Betts painted Professor George Burman Foster, a professor at the University of Chicago. It was noted that at the time, Betts lived at 4647 1/2 Lake Park Avenue. He also spent time in Florida. A 1935 article in the *Miami Herald* noted that Betts had returned to Miami after an absence of 18 years, putting him in Florida in 1917. He spent at least some portion of 1918 in Charlevoix, MI painting Margaret Mussellem. He was on the move so much that census takers missed him in 1920 and 1940. A 1955 article in the Marshfield, WI newspaper noted that Betts had lived in the the area "on and off" over the past 20 years. His last 10 years were spent in Biloxi, MS, another town he frequented over the years. The Wisconsin paper noted that Betts "left here for Minneapolis Tuesday to check on the possibility of doing another portrait there, and from that city he plans to join his nephew, Dan Betts [a commercial artist] of Chicago, in California for a vacation." Constantly on the move.

In 1919, Betts was executing commissions in Muskogee, Oklahoma. On October 24, 1919, the *MuskogeeTimes-Democrat* noted that "Harold H. Betts, portrait painter with studios in Chicago and New York, arrived in Muskogee Friday morning and will be here for two weeks. He will paint a large portrait of Mrs. Sophia Musselem, 367 South Sixth Greet, an oil producer. Betts made a portrait of Mrs Mussellem's daughter, Margaret, at Charlevoix, Mich. last summer. The artist is located at the Severs but may open a studio while here. He is well known in Chicago and has painted portraits of many well known men and women. His brother, Louis Betts, is even better known as an artist. A large portrait by Betts costs $1,000." That is considerably more than the $300 figure quoted for a Robert Scott painting commissioned by Dayton Benham in 1945.

Betts was fond of the Miami area, and, as noted earlier, had a studio in Coral Gables in the 1930s. The February 23, 1917 *Miami Herald* noted that a Dr. Long had been was in town "posing while here for a life size oil portrait by H. H Betts." And in May 1924, the *Tampa Tribune* stated that "A portrait of Gov. Cary A. Hard has just been completed by Harold Betts of New York city and will hang in the state capitol. Mr. Betts is the brother of Louis Betts. He is returning from St. Augustine, where he also painted the portrait of Senator McWilliams. Mr. Betts will be here several days as he is painting a second portrait of Governor Hardee." In the 1930s he spent a great deal of his time executing commissions in Florida.

Betts seems to have been a bit of an eccentric whose exploits were followed with amusement by the Chicago community. He wandered the hills of Michigan with his dog, Christopher Columbus, and with no background as a sailor, bought a small houseboat and floated from Michigan to New Orleans on the Mississippi River, having what was described as "the time of his life."

He spent a great deal of time away from his home, Chicago in 1929. He was in St. Joseph, Michigan, the *Herald-Press*, recorded. "Harold H. Betts, noted portrait painter from Chicago, and his mother, Mrs. M. A. Betts were guests over the weekend at the home of Bennett King, 609 Main Street," the paper explained and also recorded some of his most recent commissions. "Mr. Betts recently painted a portrait of Opie Read, well known author, which is now hanging in the Chicago Press Club in Chicago. Portraits of the late A. D. Kent of St. Joseph, Marshall Field and John G. Shedd are included in the works of Mr. Betts." In November 1929, the *Chicago Tribune* admonished him to "hurry back" while relating his latest adventures. "Harold H. Betts of 4820 Lake Park Avenue is away from his usual haunts and his smiling face isn't seen these days around the Art institute. Harold is up in Harbor Spring, Mich., wielding his clever paint brush in his usual effective manner, painting up autumn scenes....He's missed around the parts. Hurry back,

Harold." He painted a great many landscapes but they are not nearly so sought-after as his portraits. One was for sale recently on Ebay for $995. Here are some examples pulled from auction sites on the internet.

Examples of H. H. Betts' Landscape Paintings from various auction sites.

Portraits were really his forte. Betts landed a plum commission in the early 1930s. He was selected to paint the larger-than-lifesize portrait of Thomas A. Edison, Harvey Firestone, and Henry Ford that was the centerpiece of the 1933-34 Century of Progress exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. Betts travelled to Ft Myers, Florida in the early 1930s to meet and paint Edison. "He first came here several years ago when Thomas A. Edison was alive because he had always wanted to paint the famous inventor." the *Ft. Myers News-Press* wrote in January, 1937. 'Mr. Edison was one of the finest and most interesting faces I have ever seen,' said Mr. Betts. 'I would rather paint him than anyone else I have ever seen or known.'" His painting of the famous trio became the hallmark by which Betts was identified. "A group painting by Mr. Betts of the late Thomas A. Edison, Harvey Firestone and Henry Ford was on display in the electrical building at the Chicago World's Fair," the *Miami Herald* said in 1937.

During the 1930s, Betts seems to have spent a great deal of time in Florida. All of the reports of commissions and new portraits come from Florida over the next 10 years. In May 1930, the *Tallahassee Democrat* recorded Betts' painting of the faculty of Florida College for Women, which, in 1947, became Florida State University. He painted portraits of Dr. A. A. Murphree, the first president of Florida College for Women from 1897-1909, which was commissioned by friends of Dr. Murphree; and Dr. Edward Conradi, president of Florida College for Women and later the University of Florida. Both were hung in the library of the college.

The March 1936 *Miami News* noted that "Harold H. Betts, portrait artist of Chicago, is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence K. Cone, 525 N. E. 30th Street, on his first trip to Miami since 1916....He will go to the Southwest upon leaving Miami. A more detailed story that same month noted that "After an absence of nearly 20 years, Harold H. Betts, portrait artist of Chicago, has returned to Miami to revisit the scenes he knew years ago Mr. Betts, one of the outstanding pallet knife artists of the United States, also is executing a commission while here. He is a guest of Mr and Mrs. Lawrence K. Cone at 525 N. E. Thirtieth Street. He first came to Miami in 1917. He painted tropical scenes here at that time. Mr. Betts took first prize at the Chicago Art Institute in the exhibition of pallet knife paintings. His large pictures

of Thomas A. Edison, Harvey S. Firestone and Henry Ford, was one of the outstanding displays at the Century of Progress exposition in Chicago. He also did many pictures of Arizona, New Mexico, and scenes across the Mexican border. Following his visit here he will go to the Southwest to visit friends there."

After the Chicago World's Fair closed, Betts traveled back to Ft. Myers where he had met and painted Edison in 1929 before his death in 1931. In January 1937 he exhibited the Edison portrait at the Chamber of Commerce. "A life size portrait of Thomas A. Edison, painted by Harold H. Betts of Chicago, was placed in exhibition yesterday at the Chamber of Commerce by courtesy of the artist. Mr. Betts, who is well known in art circles for his portraits, is spending the winter in Fort Myers....Mr. Betts painted a composite picture of Mr. Edison, Henry Ford, and Harvey Firestone which was displayed for two years at the Chicago World's Fair. The present picture of Edison on display at the Chamber of Commerce is for Henry Ford. It shows the inventor when he was 83 years old in a characteristic pose taken from a photograph made in Fort Myers." In 1955, Betts said that "the painting he did of Edison, Ford and Firestone was a combined work and was executed in 1929 in Ft. Myers, FL.

When he returned to Miami in 1939, Betts received a commission to paint Paul Serrett, the builder of the Empire State Building, Grand Central Terminal, and other notable buildings in New York City, who was wintering in Miami. He brought with him the portrait of Opie Read. "H. H. Betts, Chicago portrait painter, opened a studio at 340 Navarre Ave, Coral Gables," the *Miami Herald* said. "At the Betts Studio in Coral Gables there is on display a late oil painting of Opie Read, dean of American authors, who recently celebrated at his Chicago home the 85th anniversary of his birth." Virtually unknown today, Opie Read (1852-1939) was a prolific Nashville born author, newspaper editor, and homespun humorist who turned out several dozen novels. His fiction featured a gallery of stock Southern characters. The November 1939 Sun Herald in Biloxi, MS noted that "Harold H. Betts, well known Chicago artist, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Leavenworth of West Beach. Mr. Betts was the painter of the Firestone, Edison, Ford portraits exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933 and just finished a portrait of W. G. Bellingrath," who was the founder of Bellingrath Gardens.


Betts Painting of George Phillips' Blacksmith

Betts spent time in Scottsboro in the early 1940s and painted quite a number of local portraits. When in town, he reportedly stayed at the Bailey Hotel, or perhaps in Young's Boarding House above the restaurant that fed him regularly, and he frequented Tom Sisk's Majestic Cafe. He was a local presence here between 1941 and 1945, probably in and out of town, and painted here until the commissions ran out before moving on.


Robert E. Lee, painted for Tom Sisk

Betty Esslinger, Tom Sisk's daughter, remembers Betts, a small, bustling, disheveled man in a fedora, coming into her father's restaurant. [He said of an artist's beret in 1955, "maybe I should wear one but I prefer the standard headgear because it shades my eyes."] Betty remembers her father saying that Betts bartered artwork to her father for food. "He would come into the restaurant and ask for chicken legs," Betty remembered, which he would wrap in napkins and put in his breast pocket, so that in a few hours, greasy spots would appear on his jacket.

The rough oil-on-paper painting above was made for Tom and shows George Phillips' blacksmith business on Peachtree Street. Betty remembers that her father had to accompany

Betts to Phillips' business and harness the mules for him before he did the painting. Tom Sisk was also the hand model for the large portrait of Robert E. Lee that Betts painted for Dayton Benham.

W. J. Word, Founder of Word Lumber, seated and with a deer.

Early Word Lumber Operation, as Imagined by Harold Betts.

Betts painted several portraits for the Word family, including this portrait of W. J. Word that hangs in the home of his grandson, Bob Word and a life-size portrait of W. J. Word with a deer, painted on paper. He also painted a portrait of Cecil Box Word, Cecil Word's wife. Betts painted this recreation of the founding of Word Lumber, which appeared in an article in the July 1942 *The Alabama Lumberman*, in its July issue under the heading of "History of Alabama Sawmills."

Betts was in Scottsboro not long after the creation of Lake Guntersville in 1939. He painted these two views of the trip down the mountain from Section.

Two Views of the Section Bluff Road by Betts.

One of these paintings was originally in the hospital lobby but was damaged by children standing in chairs, so it was moved to the wall of Word Lumber, where it hung for many years. It is now owned by Will Parks. The second has hung in First National Bank, now Bancorp South, on Broad Street for many years. In dating these portraits, remember that the TVA clear cut all the land around the reservoir, but by the early 40s, vegetation had started to return. The highway department kept the trees topped for many years to give drivers an unimpeded view of the valley, but over time, kudzu and tall trees have made it a

treat to catch the valley view today, even in the winter. Notice that though the two paintings are quite similar, the smoke from the steamer on the river blows in different directions.

Betts painted the original portrait of Robert Scott that hangs in the Heritage Center, based on an ambrotype owned by the Pontiff Skelton family. John Warr has made a copy of this portrait that now hangs in the front of City Hall. According to letters found in the Heritage Center, Dayton Benham "suggested having the portrait made and put in City Hall. He tells about this in the letter. Nobody at City Hall was interested in this idea, so I think Dayton Benham commissioned the painting himself. He paid Mr. Betts $300. in 1945 dollars. That was about a third of the price of an automobile at that time." An article "Fine Portrait of Founder of Scottsboro Now on Exhibition" appeared in the *Jackson County Sentinel* on April 3, 1945. The article states:

Robert Scott, Founder of Scottsboro

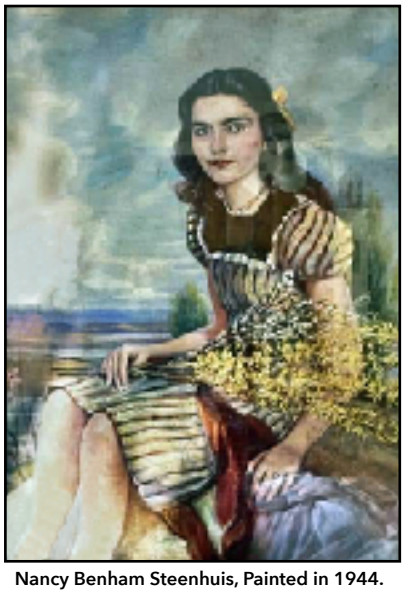
Robert E. Lee, commissioned by Dayton Benham

George Washington, commissioned by Dayton

"*H. H. Betts of Chicago, nationally known artist and portrait painter, who has painted some splendid portraits of Scottsboro people during the last several years, has just completed a remarkable oil portrait of the late Robert T. Scott, founder of Scottsboro. It was painted from an excellent Daguerreotype owned by a granddaughter of Mr. Scott, Mrs. Pontiff J. Skelton, of this city. The original photo was so good that when Mr. Betts saw it some time ago he requested that he be allowed to make an oil painting for exhibition purposes. The painting is now hanging in the lobby of the First National Bank of Scottsboro and the public is invited to see it at any time while it is there. Mr. Betts intends to enter the portrait in national art shows in the near future which it is said it will be purchased, if he will sell it, and placed on permanent exhibition in the Scottsboro City Hall. In the portrait, Mr. Scott is shown signing a deed or will giving the town of Scottsboro the present court house and city square site. Records show that the original name was Scott's Station for the new railroad stop here, but was changed to Scottsboro with the moving of the court house from Bellefonte to this location. The work of Mr. Betts in this and other portraits is exceptional. One of the latest subjects is a large oil painting of the late Coach Guy O'Brien which we are informed will hang in the Jackson County High School as a memorial to this beloved departed leader.*"

Dayton Benham, Painted in 1944.

Dayton Benham commissioned the two larger than life-size portraits of Robert E. Lee and George Washington that hung in the front of Page Auditorium for years. They were copies of portraits by other painters. An article in the *Progressive Age* discusses these two portraits: "Mr Benham Gives Paintings to School: *Noteworthy addition to the auditorium of JCHA are the two paintings of George Washington and Robert E. Lee, given to the school by Mr. Dayton Benham, of Scottsboro. The paintings, copied for originals, are the work of H. H. Betts of Chattanooga, which also painted the school's portrait of the late Coach Guy O'Brien. Mr. Dayton Benham gave*



Nancy Benham Steenhuis, Painted in 1944.


Mayor James David Snodgrass

these pictures with the feelings that students and faculty may derive an inspiration from the memory of these great men, who left a glowing record in the history of our county.

Betts also executed a number of commissions that are still found in homes in Scottsboro and in the homes of descendants no longer in the area. Betts had a close association with the Benham family. He painted Dayton Benham in 1944, and his daughter Nancy Benham Steenhuis about the same time.

Betts painted Mayor James David Snodgrass and his wife Hattie Mae Brown Snodgrass. Until the recent sale of the Snodgrass/McCutchen house at 303 E. Willow Street, known as the Magnolia House Restaurant, this pair of portraits hung in the front room of the restaurant.


Hattie Mae Brown Snodgrass


State Senator John Bernard Benson

Betts painted local Scottsboro industrialists and politicians. He painted this portrait of state senator and Ford dealership owner John Bernard Benson. He painted beloved basketball coach Micky O'Brien, who died of appendicitis in 1944, while Betts was in Scottsboro.

Betts also painted Laudra Clifton "Mess" Hodges for the Hodges family from a photograph after Mess died in a motorcycle accident in 1945.


Basketball Coach Micky O'Brien

He painted these members of the Jacobs banking family: John Clinton Jacobs and John Clinton Jacobs II.


Laudra Clifton "Mess" Hodges


John Clinton Jacobs


John Clinton Jacobs II


H.H. Betts Landscape Painting of the Paint Rock Valley

Betts also painted a landscape for the Jacobs family, depicting the Paint Rock Valley.

Betts' son George Betts came to Scottsboro after his father's death and painted Henry Grady Jacobs. Grandson Grady Jacobs recalls that the younger Betts stayed at the Jacobs home while he was completing this commission.


Henry Grady Jacobs by George Betts

But my personal favorite is the portrait that Betts painted of twins Jean Stanley Glass and Dean Stanley Woodall, the daughters of Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Stanley who owned and operated W. H. Payne Drug Store in the 1940s. Dianne Woodall McMahon, who graciously shared this portrait, said, "Mom [Dean] is on the right. This painting hung in my Grandmothers dining room until 1975. It is now in my Mom's dining room. She hated the green outfits which is the first thing she says when you talk to her about the painting. Stanley thinks they were 15 or 16 when they sat for the painting." They sat for the painting on the front porch of the Bailey Hotel.


Twins Jean and Dean Woodall

Clyde Broadway states that he had tried to interest the Ogden Museum of Southern Art in New Orleans and the Hunter Museum in Chattanooga in one of the two large Betts paintings of the road down from Section in the 1940s, but had been unsuccessful.

"Betts' landscapes, at least the few I've seen, appear to be more impressionistic in style," Clyde observed. "His portraits, on the other hand, less so, more 19th century realism or classical. I'm thinking especially of the one he painted of J.D. Snodgrass and the one he painted of Snodgrass' wife , Hattie, that hung in the "Magnolia House" until the house was sold."

Betts' Later Life

The same year that Betts was spending time in Scottsboro, he was also in the desert southwest. The *Chula Vista Star* on January 13, 1945 notes that Harold's sister Grace, who lived in Chula Vista, CA, displayed her brother's paintings at her home that year. "Taos Artist Will Have Paintings Displayed Here:" Miss Grace Betts has issued an invitation to her friends to attend an open house at her home at 203 Church Avenue, on Saturday and Sunday, July 14, and 15, at which time she will display several paintings of her brother, Harold H. Betts. Mr. Betts is well known among patrons of the arts for his work painting Indian subjects and Western scenery. His home is Taos, New Mexico."

The last ten years of his life seem to have been based in Biloxi, MS, a town where he had spent time earlier in his career executing commissions. The March 2, 1948 *Sun Herald* in Biloxi carried this short item:


Betts Working on a Portrait of Hamilton Roddis in 1955

"H. H. Betts, New York, has been on the Coast several weeks. He is an artist who specializes in portraiture and while here he was engaged to make a portrait of the late Wm. Guice, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Guice, who was lost in the Pacific. He has left for LaJolla, Calif, where he will enter some of his work in an exhibition. He also will paint some landscapes, being especially interested in New Mexico and Indian life. While here some of his work was exhibited at 1646 West Beach."

He still travelled around executing commissions. The September 22, 1955 Wisconsin-based *Marshfield, New-Herald* shows the only late photo I have found of Betts, along with this story: "Painter of Famous Men Doing Portrait of Local Industrialist": "A native New Yorker who has painted such famous personages as Thomas Edison, Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone, and has been in Marshfield 'on and off; over the past 20 years, is currently engaged in completing a portrait of a local industrialist, Hamilton Roddis," the newspaper stated, identifying Betts with his most famous work.

The discussion that followed confirms that Betts worked both "from life" (the subject posing for him) and from photographs. "The artist could not estimate the number of hours it takes to paint a portrait," the paper said. "I work a couple hours and then let it go," Betts told the interviewer. Betts was painting the local industrialist for the second time, the first portrait having been "done entirely from a photograph taken three years ago in New York." Betts recalled that the his first commission in Marshfield has been about 20 years before, when he painted Mrs. Steve J. Miller of Marshfield when she visited his studio in Miami. "Betts added that he has sold to other Marshfield people a number of landscapes he has painted."

The last reference to Betts found in the press is his obituary. From this obituary in the *Biloxi Sun-Herald*, we learn that Betts had lived the last 10 years of his life in Biloxi. We also learned that he outlived his wife, since he was survived by his two sisters only. It does not mention his children.

Betts was incredibly prolific. His portraits hang unrecognized in locations all over the country. "The list of persons he has put on canvas is like a "Who's Who: report," the 1955 Marshfield article said. "Some of those he named are Dr. Charles Mayo, Dr., of the famed Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn.; Marshall Field of the nationally known Department store; John Cudahy, Milwaukee, of the Cudahy Pack Co. who served as ambassador to Poland; and Opie Read, Chattanooga, (Tenn.) newspaperman and author." Betts' skill in capturing the faces and personalities of the famous and not-so-famous who sat for him is indisputable.

Betts as an Illustrator

There is no determining the scope of Betts' work as an illustrator. A scan of ads, especially ads covering the southwest between 1920 and 1950, would turn up other work by Betts. This ad, for example, for cornflakes defaced a fine southwest painting and was, according to the buyer, painted over.

Russell Cushman recounts in his blogpost about falling in love with the Toasted Corn Flake ad on the left, a piece of Betts artwork used to sell cornflakes. The version of the ad was so popular it was also used in other forms of promotional art, such as a collector's tin. Cushman reports that "cereal magnate and the major competitor of Kellogg's, C. W. Post purchased the painting and not surprisingly had the artist paint over the offensive Kellogg's logo... You can't make this stuff up! Post was reportedly quite fond of the painting from then on."

Cushman's research on Betts found that "He often left his home in Chicago to search for inspiration in New Mexico and Arizona, being a regular visitor at the Hubbell Trading Post in Ganado, Arizona around 1909 when the painting in question was executed. His works found a proud home in private collections at the Hubbell Trading Post, the Smithsonian and not surprisingly, the Santa Fe Railroad bought up most of

Betts Painting Used in a Toasted Corn Flakes Ad

his works." For more information, see http://russellcushmanart.blogspot.com/2015/08/the-find-that-kept-on-giving.html

Alteration of a Betts Painting

The Los Angeles Police Department web site includes an interesting account of a Betts painting that was altered to add people and make a damaged painting more salable. The original Betts painting shown below had been owned by the Santa Fe Railroad in Chicago. During the early days of the railroad, some artists bartered their art for services on the railroad. Many pieces of art decorated train station waiting rooms. Years later, Santa Fe decided to deaccession part of its art collection. Many of the artworks were in poor condition. The Betts painting fell into this category. Over the years, the bottom portion of the painting where the figures were displayed had become damaged.

The Betts painting on the top right was stolen. An examination of the bottom painting under ultraviolet light revealed evidence of heavy restoration work around each of the figures. Detectives also noted a long shadow on the hill that didn't appear to be caused by anything in the original photo without figures. However, the man standing on the hill is obviously causing the shadow.

In order to make the painting saleable, a hasty paint touch-up was performed. Rather than going to the expense of restoring the delicate figures, someone merely painted them out so that they became part of the Yosemite landscape behind them. This is substantiated by a fragment of old backing paper still adhering to the frame on which someone had written "remove figures in foreground."

A close inspection of the painting revealed that it was, in fact, the one reported stolen. Aside from the figures, every detail of the two images was the same. Scientific Investigation Division laboratory personnel made an overlay of the two images that exactly superimposed on each other.

After Betts' original figures had been obliterated, the painting was then purchased by the victim of the theft who was not aware of its original condition. However, some time after it was stolen, someone took an interest in the painting and invested the time and expense to have it professionally restored and the canvas restretched. In this case, the painting came back in much better shape than when it was stolen.

Annette Bradford

Original Betts Painting for the Santa Fe Railroad

Damaged Portion Removed and Figure Painted Over

Painting Stolen with New Figures Added

***Notes**: For more information about this fascinating piece of police work, see https://www.lapdonline.org/actual-art-theft/alteration-of-harold-betts-painting/ of the information in the article is based on findagrave records, newspaper accounts located with newspapers.com and documented inline, and on interviews. You might also see https://art.state.gov/personnel/harold_betts/; Doris Ostrander Dowdy, "Artists of the American West: A Biographical Dictionary." [1974] 3 vols. Chicago: Swallow Press. 1985; Peggy and Harold Samuels, "Samuels' Encyclopedia of Artists of the American West." New Jersey: Castle. 1985; https://prettysinister.blogspot.com/2013/06/drawing-on-past-11-edwin-harold-betts.html ; http://russellcushmanart.blogspot.com/2015/08/the-find-that-kept-on-giving.html; https://www.lapdonline.org/; and actual-art-theft/alteration-of-harold-betts-painting/:*

Public Transportation in Jackson County

Contrary perhaps to expectations, Jackson County has a long and rich history of public transportation. Some parts of this survey are purposefully high-level, recognizing that entire books could be written concerning, for example, railroads and steamboats.

Stagecoaches

On May 13, 1820, a mail route was established from Huntsville to Ross's Landing in Chattanooga that was to pass through Maysville, Woodville, Sauta and on to Ross's Landing. A stage route was directed to be established that year to run from Knoxville to Huntsville via Jackson County. There is some evidence that there were short-hop "local" stagecoach rides between, for example, Bellefonte and Aspel, based on availability.

James Sentell is studying the stage road in Jackson County and writes that "Most of these stage coaches used a four horse team and had a maximum capacity of 15 passengers. The average speed when underway was about six miles per hour. Stagecoaches needed a stage coach stop about every ten miles to provide team changes."

Gonce Stage Stop. Newspaper Photo. Building is now collapsed.

Two buildings in the county are still standing that claim to have been stage stops: the Isaac and Frances Gonce log house that served as a stagecoach horse exchange (according to local legends) in Gonce; and the Lindsey-Robertson house in Long Hollow.

Steamboats and Flatboats

As these man-made roads were being refined and used, there was also the reliable old road—the Tennessee River. When keelboats and later steamboats navigated the sometimes-forbidding Tennessee, there were newspaper accounts of day boats, where one could board in Bridgeport and get off at Langston Landing, and catch the same boat back home later in the day.

David Campbell described how the early days of Langston were linked to steamboat trade: "When river transportation thrived in the 1800s and early 1900s, Langston prospered," he wrote in the 1986 *Chronicles*. "The town's prosperity stemmed in part from the steamboat landing at Langston. The landing included a warehouse and corral. Langston was the south end of Larkin's Landing located at what is now the Goosepond area, and a ferry, kept on the north bank, crossed the approximately three-quarter-mile span of water at this point."

Steamboat at Bellefonte Landing. Photo from P.D. Machen.

The photo of a turn-of-the-century steamboat at Bellefonte Landing shows just how local Tennessee steamboats were. Passengers crowd the top deck, while animals and freight fill the bottom. Excursions were being offered as late as 1920 for travel between Roman's Landing and Widow's Bar, Lock, and Dam, with stops in McCamey's, Larkin's Landing, Section Ferry, Garland Ferry, Hitches, Sublett Ferry, the Bobo Incline, Caperton's Ferry, and Widow's Bar.

Trains

In 1856, track was laid through Jackson County for the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which became Southern Railroad in 1893. Because a steam train needed frequent infusions of wood and water to operate, there were originally nine regular stations in Jackson County: from west to east, Paint Rock, Woodville, Lim Rock, Larkinsville, Scottsboro, Hollywood, Fackler, Stevenson, and Bridgeport. Short- distance rail travel was a reliable way to move between towns in Jackson County and to the large cities on either end, Chattanooga and Huntsville, until 1967 when passenger service stopped. Rail platforms were busy places, as the 1920s photo of the Hollywood Station, from P. D. Machen, shows.

Highways improved slowly and more citizens bought automobiles. W. J. Webb advertised his Ford dealership in the 1922 *Progressive Age*. But the county did not move seamlessly into highway travel until much later. Businessman "Claude Spivey took Wade Woodall and John Clopton for a little spin in his new Lincoln to Stevenson and back the other afternoon," the 1926 *Progressive Age* reported. "These two gentlemen now claim the State's 'breath holding record.'" Not everyone could afford an automobile or was young enough to take on this technological innovation over the old reliable horse and buggy. There was a clear need for motor transportation that did not involve individual ownership.

Hollywood Depot in the 1940s. Photo from P.D. Machen.

Buses

Cities had electric street cars for inner-city travel. But a system to connect the outlying parts of a county as vast as Jackson was still a ways off. The stage was set for inner-city bus travel.

The earliest municipal bus lines in the state were established in cities as a replacement for the "street railway authority" (electric streetcars). Alabama Power Company petitioned the Alabama Public Service Commission to replace their streetcars in Florence, Sheffield, and Tuscumbia with a bus service. (*Progressive Age*, January 20, 1925).

In January 1931, the Jackson County Sentinel announced that "buses will replace street cars in Huntsville on Feb. 15. Contracts for a $50,000 bus station have been let."

Many early bus lines in the area used automobiles rather than buses. Card's Bus Line ran between Dayton and Chattanooga, TN, in 1920. As larger buses became available, early adopters like Tom Dalton in Chicamauga filed injunctions in 1921 against bus operators, trying to squelch competition as more individuals opened up bus lines. Chattanooga dates the beginning of its bus service from 1925. In 1928, Chattanooga county commissioners were considering the logistics of setting up bus routes into and out of the city.

By 1930, Chattanooga published complex weekly timetables, showing their buses arriving at scheduled stops every 30 minutes between 5 am and 5 pm, with the North Chattanooga Bus Service operated by Tennessee Electric Power Company. Tourist destinations like the Holly Crest Inn atop Lookout Mountain promoted their services by advertising "convenient bus schedules."

Scottsboro was not far behind. In March 1925, W, W. Gross called off an attempt to set up a bus line between Guntersville and Scottsboro because of the condition of the roads, but succeeded later that year. George A. Hess and Clifford Cook set up a bus line between Stevenson and Huntsville in April 1925, having purchased "a big sedan bus." In May 1925, W. J. Webb announced that "he has put on two six-cylinder Studebaker cars which will run from from Bridgeport to Huntsville." In November of that year,

W. T. Badger of Bridgeport set up and operated a bus line between South Pittsburg and Scottsboro, with two trips daily.

In February 1930, the Lone Star Bus Line (Charles Simmons, proprietor) was operating passenger service to Ft. Payne over the newly completed B. B. Comer Bridge (1927) with stops in Section, Duncan Street, Powell's Crossroads, Rainsville and Chavies. With all these stops, the trip took 2 hours and 15 minutes. From Fort Payne, riders could connect to Gadsden, Birmingham, and Chattanooga.

Roads in the county were still very rough. The legislature began looking for ways to support highway improvement and tried in 1931 to pass a bus and truck bill, the Tidwell Bill, that placed a graduated mileage tax on buses and trucks. Critics felt that the bill was financed by a tax on farmers, defining the farmer and his farm truck as a "common carrier." Agriculture and Industries Commissioner Seth P. Storrs stated strongly that farmers were "already carrying their part of the tax burden" and operating their trucks to support their family farms should be exempt. Governor B. M. Miller signed the bill into law in November 1932, placing additional highway taxes on buses.

In 1936, John Benson and J. B. Presley started a bus service between Scottsboro and Guntersville, purchasing a new 20-passenger Ford bus. This station was located at the Y in Guntersville where riders could connect with buses to Huntsville and Birmingham. This service enabled Scottsboro riders to work on Guntersville Dam projects, and buses left for the Dam at 4:15 am, 10:15 am, and 4:15 pm.

From the early starts of bus service in the county, buses flourished. Schools used buses. Churches used them, publishing schedules and stops. Subdivision developers touted their nearness to bus routes as selling points for their new homesites. Employers like Redstone Arsenal used them in the 1940s so they could recruit employees from a wider area. Snead College ran a bus for its widely scattered students. Citizens lined up on the roadside to flag down buses for unscheduled stops. And schools no longer needed to support so many community-specific locations or support boarding students.

As the demand for bus service grew, Presley Drugs became Scottsboro's first bus stop, and the bus station coexisted in the same space with the drug store. In April 1937, for example, there was round trip bus service to Fort Payne, Guntersville, and Rosalie. A 1930 time table describes the terminal in Scottsboro as "Presley's Drug Store." A photo of the square from this period clearly shows an area across from the drug store designated for commercial buses to park, next to the sulphur well on the north side of the square

In November 1937, Mess Hodges purchased the drugstore from J. B. Presley, and the bus station became Hodges Drug Store. This was the station for regularly scheduled local buses and for charters. Pictures from Don Hodges and the 1941 Word movie both show Mess Hodges moving among bus passengers

Buses Stopped at Hodges Drugs Store station in the 1930s from Don Hodges. Bus area in front of the Sulphur Well from City Hall.

serving fountain drinks. Mess Hodges died in an accident in 1945.

One of the youngsters working around the drug store was young Joe McGahey. Mess took the youngster under his wing, and even accompanied him on the train to Washington when young Joe served as a Senate page. After Mess died, McGahey and Weldon Kennamer bought the bus station from Hodges Drug Store in 1947, though Joe bought out Weldon's interest a year later. Jerry Gist explained that "Scottsboro

received a new bus station in November, 1947, after the city council ordered all buses off the public square."

The new bus station building was located on the corner of Andrews Street and East Laurel, the block building on the used car lot at Word Motors. In 1948, the bus station announced that it was open all night and that "American Bus Lines have purchased the Florence-Chattanooga Division of Capital Motors Lines. On or about July 28, they plan to have all new air conditioned buses on all scheduled routes."

Also in 1948, Scottsboro was part of the Burlington Trailways System and a subsidiary called American Business promised fast service (meaning no change of bus) between Scottsboro and Charlotte, NC and Scottsboro and Memphis. Travel could be arranged through "your friendly American Agent" at the Scottsboro Bus Station.

Later that year, Word Motors needed the business space, and the bus station moved across the street to 212 East Laurel, the Shell Station on the corner, owned by Bettye McGahey's family. Joe and Bettye McGahey were married in August 1950. When Joe returned from his honeymoon, his draft notice was waiting for him. Daughter Jody McGahey remembers that while her father served in the Korean War, Bill Sumner ran the bus station for him, but her mother was listed as the business owner.

American Bus Lines broadened its service the next year, advertising fares to such far-away places as New York ($15 one way) and Los Angeles ($40 one way). American continued to grow its service and stops in Scottsboro.

In January 1953, an American Bus Lines ad in the Progressive Age announced that "a new bus station is being built on the Old Benson home place lot on Andrews Street and while this construction is under way, we will have a temporary ticket office at the Shell Station across the Street from the old bus station."

"Our lease was out on the present site and we had to service a new site and built a station, which will be done as rapidly as possible," the paper explained, and asked "the public to cooperate with us by using the temporary ticket office." The managers of this new station and extended services were Joe McGahey and Robert McCamy.

In 1953, the bus station moved diagonally across from First Baptist Church, the location that most people remember. The new bus station was very popular with residents looking for a business open very early and very late. Jody McGahey remembered this time. "Mom and Dad served breakfast and a huge lunch where they fed the high school kids that walked over from Scott Street," she remembered. "Mom said she ran the cheapest daycare in town—kids would stay half or whole days on Saturday reading comic books." The bus station also offered curb service.

"Scottsboro Bus Station, Open at Night. After all ball games, picture shows, school entertainments, etc.," the newspaper ads explained. "We have lunches, sandwiches, hot and cold drinks. We also serve breakfast from 5:30 am. Our magazine stand has all the news magazines and comics. Curb Service. Plenty Parking space."

Bill Tally recalls that the Baptists and Methodists and, before the move to Kyle Street, the Cumberland Presbyterians all dashed into the bus station between Sunday School and Church for a cold drink to sustain them through the sermonizing. He also remembers the excitement of going to the bus station to collect freight deliveries like citrus fruit from Florida.

Throughout the 1950s, the bus service remained a vital part of public transportation, and schedules were published weekly in the local newspapers along side the rail schedule. In 1948, for example, buses left Scottsboro for Chattanooga at 2:15 am (express), 7:00 am, 8:05 am, 9:56 am, 11:26 am, 5:50 pm, 6:35 pm, and 8:10 pm. Buses to Huntsville left at 4:48 am, 8:16 am, 10:45 am, 2:31 pm, 4:35 pm, 8:55 pm, and 11:55 pm (express). This schedule enabled citizens to commute to work and use the greater medical and commercial facilities of the larger towns.

Driver V. V. Carter of Florence and passenger Robert Walls of Chattanooga at the Scottsboro Bus Station at 204 S. Andrews Street in 1959, from the *Sentinel-Age*.

North Alabama Bus Service started in 1941 and served the area faithfully for 15 years. When the company stopped service January 21, 1956, the area lost bus service to Guntersville, Ft. Payne, and Pisgah, and therefore all the places that riders could connect to from this location. The paper noted that the buses "have been operating at a loss for some time because of light patronage."

Scottsboro was without any bus service for a time in 1958 when Trailways went on strike. Mayor John T. Reid petitioned the Alabama Public Service Commission to end the strike and cease inconveniencing "the traveling public and those who depend on buses for package service."

The December 9, 1959 *Sentinel* ran the photo shown here and announced that the resumption of bus service to Scottsboro was a "welcome sight....Scottsboro and Jackson County has been without bus service for five months and will now be served by the Continental Tennessee Lines," the article explained. "There is also a strong possibility that this area will soon have bus service to Birmingham; a long sought schedule."

In 1969, the McGahey's lease was up and the formerly lucrative bus shipping business was a third to a quarter of what it had been. "Dad decided to give it up," Jody explained. County bus service had stopped by 1972, and the station at 214 S. Andrews Street was renovated and turned into office space for hair salons and a surveyor.

Trailways moved its service to 518 West Willow, the location of Ann's Restaurant across from Unclaimed Baggage. It was still at that location in the 1979 and 1982 city directories, but gone entirely after 2000.

Taxis

Although more people bought cars in the 1920s, not everyone owned one or could drive. Some people needed point-to-point transportation, and the Depression made the time ripe for a very active local taxi service in Jackson County.

Taxis were the first form of transport to address the need for point-to-point transport of people who did not drive. As early as 1922, Lee Hancock ran a notice in the newspaper, "When you need a Taxi, call me at Fred Morris' store." This seems like a strange request, but there was no dedicated taxi stand in 1922, and most residents did not have a telephone.

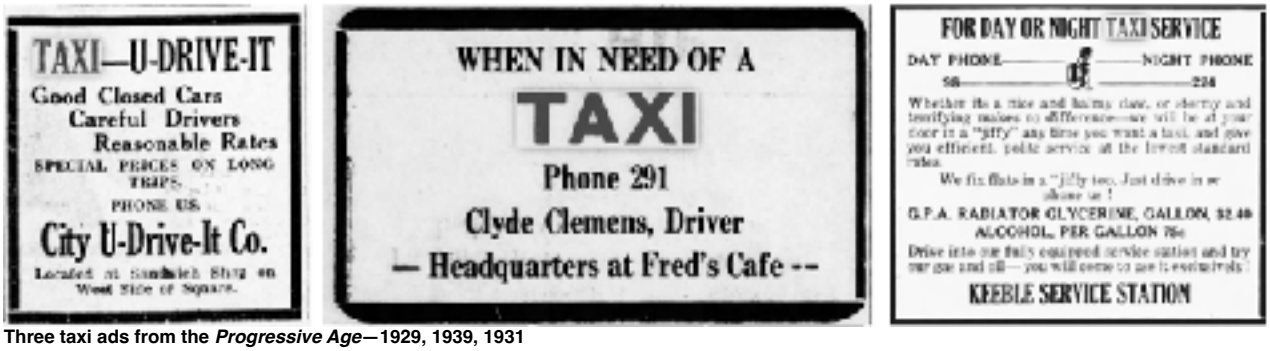
Soon after, Mrs. Sam A. Gay began the longest and most reliable taxi service in early Scottsboro, and was easier to reach because she had a telephone. Her May 1922 ad read," Taxi—Reasonable rates, reliable safe driver. Phone 168. If my car is out will send another one. Mrs. Sam A. Gay." Mrs. Gay based her taxi service in a number of locations, first at J. A. Williams store, where a rider might also go to request her services. By 1925, you could engage her taxi, driven by Nas Edwards, from the Sam Gay Building (Coplin Hardware on the corner of Laurel and Broad). Her ads continued to be found in local newspapers until 1925, when she called in all of her debts in preparation for moving.

In June 1923, A. L,. Russell began advertising his Buick Taxi Service, touting the safety of his service and the fact that you could call him day or night." For day service, call Young's Cafe. Night Service Phone 123."

By January 1925, taxi companies had morphed into a combination of a chauffeuring service and a rental car agency. C. R. Hollis advertised "For U-Drive-It and Taxi service call Patterson's Barber shop, phone 21." That same month, J. B. Gayle began offering a taxi service "day or night at a reasonable price." Cook-

Morgan Taxi operated out of Scottsboro Auto Company and touted their speedy service, reasonable rates, and careful drivers, operated by Kelly Morgan and Clifford Cook. In 1926, W. T. Lyons touted his "first class taxi service day or night" with a careful driver and a new car. You could engage his service at the East Side Cafe or at his residence.

In addition to functioning as a taxi and a rental car agency, some taxi services during this time could also made drivers available with their cars. A group of women who wanted to try on hats or find a new church dress at the Dunnavant's, Shiffman's, or Foster's in Huntsville, for example, could engage both a car and a driver for the day.



Three taxi ads from the *Progressive Age*—1929, 1939, 1931

Taxis were identified with a special tag. Riley Walker put an ad in the paper requesting that his taxi tag, lost between Scottsboro and Dry Creek, be returned for a reward. And that was not the only form of regulation on this fledgling industry. In 1925, the Bureau of Standards in Washington developed a series of tests that drivers using their own cars for taxi service had to meet to keep the drivers honest. And in November of that year, the city of Huntsville passed an ordinance that required taxi drivers to pay a fee for operating a taxi from $350 to $500.

In 1927, Scottsboro Auto Company enhanced its taxi service, complete with its own superior brand of Pan-Am Gas and tires. In 1928, Hugh Keeble and Virgil Green entered the Taxi and U-Drive-It business, emphasizing their "Goodrich Silvertown Cord Tires and Tubes." J. A. Jobe took over the City Cafe locations and offered "reasonable rates, careful driver" at Phone 77. In June 1929 the new City U-Drive It service opened on the west side of the square and offered taxi service also, based out of the Sandwich Shop. Operating a taxi had to be an attractive way to earn extra money with the country on the cusp of the Great Depression.

Green's Service Station and taxi stand on the corner of Peachtree and Market.

Competition for riders was getting fierce. Keeble and Green began offering day and night service and provided phone numbers and touted the reliability of their cars—"a good, comfortable new car driven by a careful driver." In 1930 Harris, Higgins, and Burnum operated a taxi and u-drive-it service on West Laurel, also offering storage and touting their promptness. The partners left soon thereafter, and R. A. Harris operated the business. Roy Tate and J. L. Matthews operated a "taxi truck to the river bridge" in 1931. Hugh Keeble moved his taxi service to Keeble Service Station in 1931, and moved six months later to "the concrete building at the rear of Bell's Store on East Laurel," also offering a free ticket to the Bocanita with an oil change.

In 1939, Clyde Clements began a taxi service headquartered at Fred's Cafe. Western Auto moved from the northeast corner of the square and left the corner open for the Green Brothers to develop a garage, filling station, and taxi stand, at that location on the corner of Peachtree and Market, as shown in the widely circulated 1941 movie owned by Bob Word. The Green brothers were drafted in 1943 and closed their business.

Taxis continued to run through World War II, though in December 1945, the City of Scottsboro passed a complex ordinance limiting what kinds of vehicles could be used as taxis, requiring permits and regulating drivers, and mandating ownership of the vehicle in use and liability insurance. An important provision of the law stated that taxis could pick up passengers only at designated taxi stands. Ads indicate that the taxi stand was located near the city bus station.

One part of the ordinance specifies "it shall be unlawful for a person to transport alcoholic beverages in any quantity in any taxicab" and is very specific about drunkenness. I mention this because we had family attempting to regulate alcohol consumption by an alcoholic family member who was getting access to alcohol being delivered by a taxi driver.

More regulation followed. In October 1957, taxi drivers were given three months to "secure a place of business." Calling sandwich shops and service stations stopped, and the wild west period of taxi operation ceased. The Taxi Stand was located near the bus station on Andrews Street. Years after the location was no longer used in this manner, it was still referred to as "the old taxi stand."

The phone book in 1958 carried one ad for taxicabs: City Cab Company, located at 204 South Andrews, by the bus station. By 1966, the address of City Cab Company had changed to 105 Andrews Street, where it is still found in the 1970 business directory. David Bradford remembers this building as a small block building behind the Shell station on the corner of Laurel and Andrews. This taxi office was open 24 hours a day and contained nothing but a desk and a phone. The taxi stand was still found at this address in 1979, but gone by 1982.

Currently, a search for Uber and Lyft cars found nothing closer than Huntsville, though an internet search for taxis in Scottsboro yields three phone numbers.

School Buses

One segment of public transport that almost everyone in the county has experienced is the school bus.

The sociological impact of air conditioning on the economic development of the South has been discussed in many forums. But the sociological impact of school buses gets less attention, and yet this innovation had far-reaching consequences. An analysis of the social and economic impact of Henry Ford in the *Progressive Age* (*PA*) stated that by 1953, three out of every four Americans owned a car, enabling doctors to reach hospitals and disaster sites more quickly and motor ambulances to have a significant impact on patient mortality. But all these vehicles needed better roads.

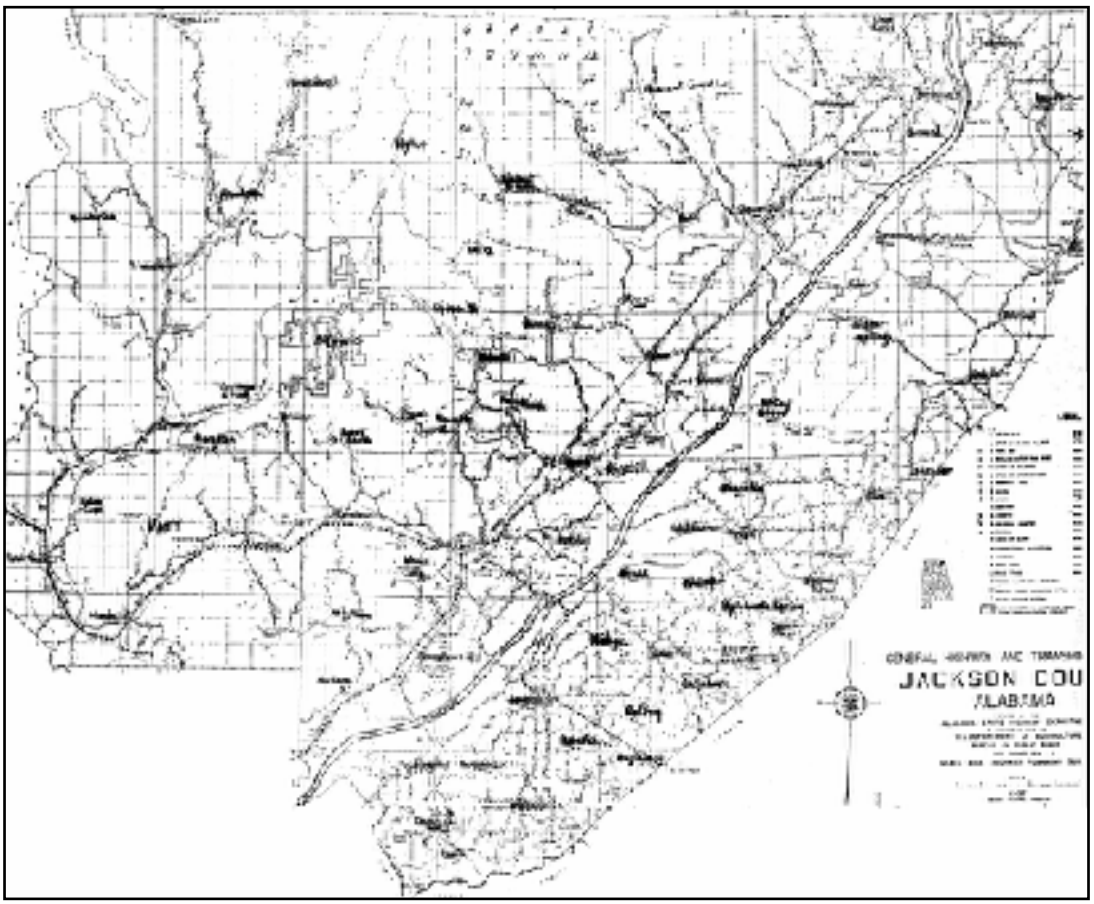
Bussing children exacerbated the requirement for more and better roads. "In 1904, less than $80,000,000 was spent in the entire United States on roads. In 1951, the figure was about $4,500,000,000," the article stated.

But in this context, the most impressive figure involves school children. "Rural children no longer stay home because they haven't time to do the farm chores and walk to school. They ride the school bus, which has brought about modernization of schools through consolidation. As a result, teachers are paid better and children have greater opportunity. The school bus is the largest passenger carrier in the world, transporting 6,250,000 children to school every day." (*PA*, 4/30/53)

By any calculation, that was an impressive number, even in 1951.

School bus service to all parts of the county required the expansion of mail delivery and bus routes, prompting the state in 1950 to take over the county road system and improve and expand it. But more importantly, school buses enabled the consolidation of schools and greater oversight by a central county authority, improving both availability and quality.

To appreciate how buses changed the number and location of schools, you need only look at the 1938-39 Educational Directory that Wendell Page preserved. This little pamphlet lists all the teachers—elementary, junior high, and high school—and the schools in which they taught. Wendell then took the 1937 highway map and plotted the locations of the local schools represented in this directory, and there are more than 80. Today, there are only 18.



Schools in Jackson County in 1938-39. Map by Wendell Page.

This map, from the April 1979 *Chronicles*, can be seen in higher resolution from the JCHA web site:

www.jchaweb.org/downloads/1937_wendellpage_schoolmap.jpg

Given the major sociological impact of buses on the development of Jackson County, it is not surprising that schools jumped on the bussing bandwagon very early. When the county school board met in May 1928, "a delegation was present asking that a school bus be furnished the Big Coon Valley to transport the High School pupils from the Valley to Stevenson High School." (*PA*, 5/31/28) The December 1928 report for the Jackson County Board of Education documented that gas and supplies were being provided to Henry Parker, E. E. LeBarre, P. L. Bobo, Word Motor Company, C. E Timberlake, Ed Maples, and H. H. Simpson for maintenance of school buses.

It was evident quite early that poor roads were affecting the deployment of school buses. "The school bus driver from Long Island was instructed not to go beyond Glover branch with his bus on his route until the road gets better, and it was suggested that the people be requested to build a road if they expect the school bus to run during the next scholastic year." (*PA*, 4/4/29) Notice that this article said, "the people" not "the county." That same year, Dutton school had an enrollment of 220 but had only one school bus operating. They requested a second bus. (*PA*, 8/1/29)

There was little regulation in those early days, and injuries were not uncommon. "Mrs Stella Poe who received a badly mashed hand and bruised eye when the school bus overturned the past week is improving," the *Progressive Age* noted in March 1930.

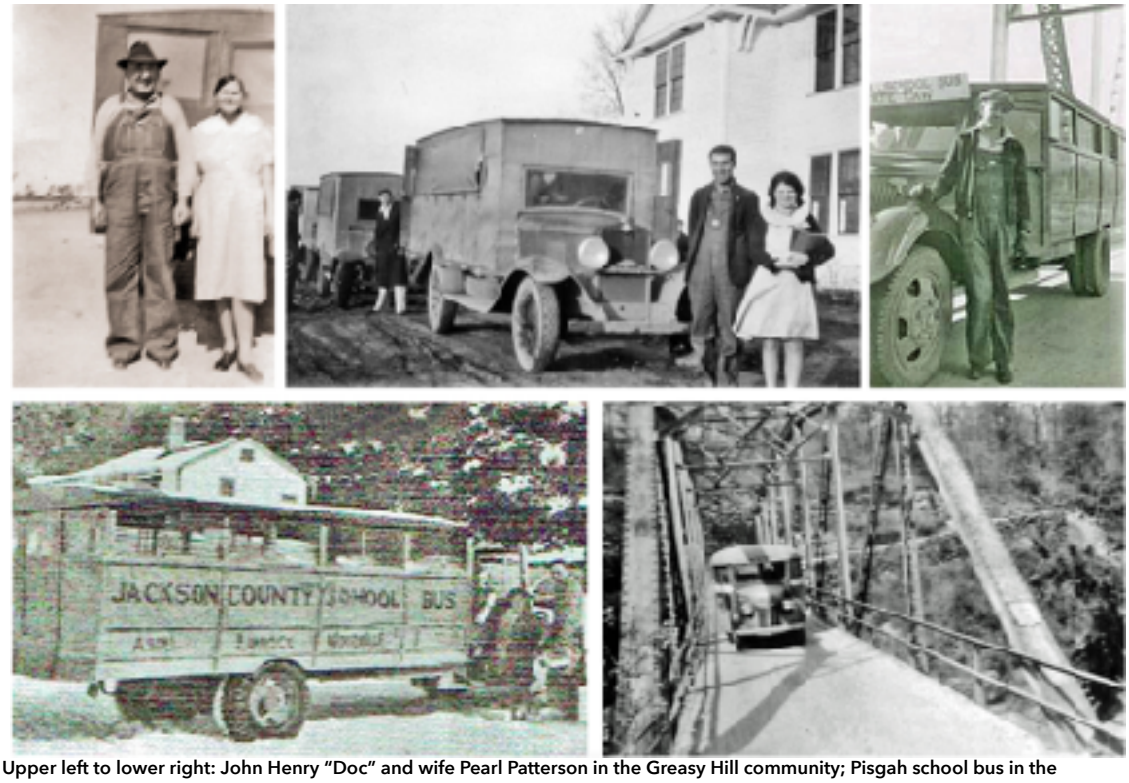
But even more disturbing than an overturned bus (which did not make the newspaper) was the fact that just as today, drivers did not honor a stopped bus, and students crossing the road at school bus stops suffered. The December 4, 1930 *Progressive Age* reported that 10-year-old Sudie Mae Davis was struck by an automobile on Tupelo Pike and seriously injured when a driver pulled around a stopped school bus as Sudie crossed the road to go home. Six-year-old Alton Eugene Cornelison died when he darted in front of a slow moving school bus in 1946 at the Kyles School. (*PA*, 9/5/46) E. W. Shelton of Huntsville was struck and killed in his car by the Estill Fork school bus in 1948.(PA, 9/9/48) But most tragic, a train struck a stalled school bus in Fackler in 1960, killing 5. (*Jackson County Sentinel*, 1/19/60)

School buses turned out to have all kinds of utility in the system, not just transport of students to and from classes. In 1931, Henry Ayers used his "big blue school bus" to transport the Grand Jury on their inspection tour of schools and the county alms house. (*PA*,11/12/31) In 1935, the FFA boys from Pisgah were able to attend the state convention at Auburn because of a school bus.(*PA*, 7/18/35) Teachers held their first county-wide teachers' meeting in 1943, with school buses picking up teachers at published points throughout the county. (*PA*, 10/28/43) Crippled children were transported to a Fort Payne clinic in 1944 using school buses (*PA*, 3/30/44), and pre-schoolers for a health clinic in Stevenson in 1945. (*PA*, 4/26/45) Churches used the community's school buses to pick up parishioners following routes they published in the newspapers.

The book *The House of Happiness Story* about an Episcopal mission and school notes that the County Board of Education began offering bus transportation to the pupils above the sixth grade in Sauta Bottom in 1930. One of the earliest photos of a county school bus is from the House of Happiness book, which notes that the House of Happiness rented a school bus to ferry children to school and church.

JCHA Facebook subscribers remember that the county supported but did not provide buses during this early period. The people who subcontracted for the route provided their own equipment. In 1933, R. D. Ayers of Henager said in an ad: "Notice School Bus Operators—I have three school bus beds in good condition for sale cheap. See me before you buy or make one." Make one? Seriously?

In the earliest days of transporting county students to school, the county provided bus transportation to schools by contracting with individuals through a bidding progress. In 1935, 18 bus routes were identified and eligible for bidding, and the type of equipment required was specified in the contract.The routes were: Robert Sims route to Princeton; Ray Robertson route to Princeton; Trenton Dry Creek to Princeton; Garth to Paint Rock; Carns, Hollywood to Scottsboro, Dutton/Macedonia to Scottsboro; House of Happiness to New Hope to Scottsboro; Cuba to Hollywood; Wannville to Stevenson; Knexes/ Carroll's Store/Edgefield to Stevenson; Reeces Ferry to Long Island; established route to Bryant School; Liberty Hill to Flat Rock, Flat Rock/Rosalie to Pisgah; Centry/ New Herman to Pisgah; Chalybeate Springs/Deans/UnionGrove to Dutton or Pisgah; Patterson/Coffey to Dutton; and Langston/Olivet to Scottsboro.



Upper left to lower right: John Henry "Doc" and wife Pearl Patterson in the Greasy Hill community; Pisgah school bus in the 1930s from Debra Underwood, Marvin Burkhalter in front of the Pisgah school bus he drove; the House of Happiness bus from *House of Happiness Story* by Campbell Long; Pisgah school bus after sharp turn from Arnold Wheeler.

A number of JCHA Facebook page subscribers recall this system. Jane Stinnett, whose family is from the Paint Rock Valley, remembers that when her mother, who was born in 1927, started school, buses picked them up except when the creeks and river were high, and then the driver picked the children up in a wagon. The boys in the wagon bed could get rowdy enough to overturn the wagon.

Debra Underwood, who wrote a history of Pisgah School, sent a photo of Martin Burkhalter in front of the homemade bus he drove. Kenneth Manning recalled that in 1948, his father, "S. B. Manning and a Mr. Hillary, purchased truck chassis and the county installed bus bodies on their chassis." He recalls that this bidding system continued until the early 1950s.

Jerry Marlow remembers that children in Fackler rode the "Bear Bus" driven by Bear McCrary, whose bus was built into a pickup truck base. Chester Sharp described the harrowing ride from Rosalie to Section and noted that the bus was as scary as the bridge—"a big old rattle trap." Arnold Wheeler remembers a turn so sharp in Pisgah that the bus had to back up and pull forward multiple times to make the turn.

Carol Arnold remembers that the bus route that came to the Section area was called the 'Blue Goose.' Charlotte Hill remembers that her father-in-law Otha Hill contracted for the bus route in the Bryant area using his own bus. Patrick Patterson remembers that his grandfather, Doc Patterson, would take the bus body off the frame during the summer and use it to haul logs.

Tommy Holt remembers that the Fackler Bus made two trips in the morning and two in the afternoon. Sarah Grider Musick recalls that the bus from Skyline was nothing more than a truck with a wooden cover over the bed and benches. School bus drivers sometimes ran a route into Scottsboro on Saturday so local people could shop or go to the movies, a ride that cost a nickel.

As haphazard of some of this sounds, there was oversight of this developing system. In 1934, the Grand Jury reported, "we have made an investigation of the school bus equipment and the employment of school

bus drivers. We find that our school authorities have provided safe and comfortable buses for our children and that every care is taken in the employment of the right type of men as drivers." (*PA*, 8/13/34)

Very early on, farmers and residents realized the value of being on a school bus route and emphasized "on a school bus route" when they sold property. Likewise, farmers who had allowed "school bus accommodations through the property" noted this when the property was sold.

New routes were added all along. For the 1935 school year, "Jesse Ingram started a new school bus" in Fabius, and a bus started in Cuba in 1938 ferrying students to Scottsboro and Hollywood. (PA, 10/20/38) In 1942, the board of education accepted bids for a Sulphur Springs-Flat Rock school bus route. (PA, 6/25/42) Ida Maxwell in 1948 recognized that children up Hurricane Creek Valley in Estill Fork, on the east side of the creek, had just been provided school bus service. (*PA*, 11/18/48)

Improvement of roads used by school buses became a plank in the platform of every county commissioner. With World War II was taking men and materials out of the county, Probate Judge James Benson noted, "It may come to the point where people will have to come to the assistance of the county by helping keep the rural mail and school bus routes in repair." (*PA*, 1/22/42)

As the system grew, so did the need for greater supervision and professionalism. Delbert Hicks, who was County Superintendent in 1949, set up a required one-day school of instruction for the systems school bus drivers. (*PA*, 11/3/49)

The system of subcontracting bus service reportedly remained in place until the 1950s, when the county purchased buses and began hiring drivers. This is the date that contributors to this article remember, but it also coincides with the first mention of the county school bus garage in West Scottsboro. Delbert Hicks continued his campaign to professionalize the school bus and sold off "truck chassis that have been used for school transportation and have been declared no further use." (*PA*, 2/16/50) Owner-created buses began to appear in used car lots around the county.

The county had a nearby source. Blue Bird Corporation in Fort Valley, GA had begun building dedicated buses in 1932 and improved their designs by 1937 to include all-steel bodies. They standardized school bus yellow in 1939 (wikipedia). The earlier models used farm wagons but as school buses became the focus of this company, its product line evolved into "purpose-built school bus products." The time for buying official buses was right.

But even in 1950, road construction still lagged behind. In August 1950, the Commissioners' Court ran a full-page ad in the *Progressive Age* explaining why the county so desperately needed a one-cent gasoline tax like DeKalb County had. "We can maintain the mail route roads and school bus roads with a fair degree of work on the present revenue from the State, but if we build permanent roads and enter into the road building program that our sister counties are carrying out, we must have additional revenue to match State and Federal Funds that are available to Jackson County." (*PA*, 8/3/50)The measure must have failed because in July 1951, the state took over Jackson County's road system, one of only three counties in the state where this action was taken.

In a political ad, Roy Gist appealed to voters: "By co-operation with the state we can get more and better roads and in four years we can be out of the mud and dust with every mail and school bus route graded and graveled and at least 150 miles of black top roads." (*PA*, 5/29/52)

So today, if you need public transport, Scottsboro is a bit off the Lyft and Uber beaten paths, but the internet says that there are three local taxi services. Jackson County Council on Aging provides transportation to the general public within the county with fares based on age. Contact the Council on Aging office to schedule a ride. Greyhound took over Trailways and has stations in Huntsville, Chattanooga, and Gadsden. You can pick up passenger train service in Birmingham. But if you want to book a stagecoach or ride to Langston on the day boat, you are out of luck.

Annette Bradford

Four Accounts of Steam Boating on the Tennessee

From the shore, on the crew, as a passenger, and as a business

Steam boating was well past its heyday when these four accounts were written, most in the early 1930s. Railroads were replacing the river as the cargo carrier of choice. People were using the train and automobiles for personal travel. Watching memories of an era slip away, the writers of these newspapers accounts have created stories dripping in nostalgia, attempting to capture the magic—and the rigors—of steamboat travel on the Tennessee. But they are still worth your time to read.

Arriving at Langston Landing: excitement on the shore

In 1938, Henry Jones wrote an article for the *Progressive Age* about the steamboats coming into Langston, titled "Will the Steamboat Era Return?" It was not a serious speculation about the return of steamboats to the Tennessee, but instead a nostalgia piece about the impact of a steamboat's arrival on the small, sleepy town of Langston at the turn of the century. The account sounds much like Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*. Here is the transcription of that colorful, atmospheric article.

Upon seeing all the improvements of the T.V.A. with dam building and river clearing we all wonder if it heralds the return of the Steamboat days, only a few years past, when the mighty Tennessee plied by the Tennessee Navigation Company. Running such well-known boats as the John A. Patton; N. B. Forrest; the steamer Chattanooga and others?

How plain it is to see the little village of Langston as it looked at that time. Sprawling itself at the foot of Sand Mountain and only two miles from the river. The massive oak, standing sentinel like in the middle of town with benches loaded with whittlers and checker players using its shade to avoid the hot sun. It seemed to watch quietly the games in progress and the half asleep figures of our merchants. J. H. Myers, Frank Webb, Frank Fennell and others, showing life only long enough to lazily brush an occasional flies as they buzzed past.

A sudden warning of a steam boat could be heard as it blew its signal for Garland's Ferry, only a few miles up the river. And too, Frank Fennell's rousing yell of, "There she comes."A mad scramble usually followed, surpassed by nothing but the rising of the "Minute Men." Boys could be seen running to barns to haul the freight for extra spending money. And the familiar figure of Mr. Pomp Powell grabbing the first wagon that passed by, usually either R. A. Britt's or one of the Howard boys. Checker boards overturned, chairs sent spinning and store doors hastily locked. Everyone leaving in time to see the boat land. The only person left is town on these occasions being C. C. Griggs, the local Postmaster.

The crowd had already assembled upon the river bank long before the boat could round the last bend above Larkin's Landing. Many pairs of eyes watched the long line of black smoke rising into the air from the shining smoke stacks of the boat.The familiar figure of Capt. Simp McKee could be seen standing by the large bell almost as soon as it came into sight. His roaring commands sounded much like the giant whistle. Negroes could be heard singing old-time spirituals as they went about their tasks preparatory to landing.The name of the boat could be seen in huge black letters on the side of the pilot-house just beneath the glass windows. The decks, fenced in with shining white rails, were jammed with passengers enjoying the commotion.

Captain Simp McKee, from the restaurant named for him in Decatur.

As Captain McKee blew his whistle, the boat reversed the engines, causing the huge wheels to turn backward and boil muddy water up on all sides of the boat. Negroes with huge coils of rope would jump onto the bank and tie the boat to some nearby tree. Gangplanks hastily followed, their adjustment taking only seconds, runways stretched up the river banks in the same precision like movement. And at the end of this would come the negroes carrying freight, going out one plank and back up another.

The ambition of every one of the hometown boys my age was to become a boatman. We all thought this would be the height of achievement. Only one of us, however, ever realized this wish. That

being Marvin Campbell who acted as shipping and receiving clerk with the company until its discontinuation of this part of their lines. The nearest I came to getting a job on the boat was to meet the boat on regular boat days as an officer, trying to keep peace for the little town. Mr. D. F. Fennell was mayor. "Oh, the steamboat days."

WILL THE STEAMBOAT ERA RETURN

"Simp McKee," the captain mentioned in this article, is William Simpson McKee. The 1900 census finds the 36-year-old unmarried and living in Decatur. It lists his occupation as "Steam Boat Captain." A native of Marshall County, he was born in 1859 and died in 1917. He was once fined $50 for hauling out-of-state cattle into Marshall County in violation of a quarantine aimed at eradicating cattle ticks. The *Decatur Weekly* captured some of this man's mystique in his obituary: *Capt. Sim McKee, aged 58 years, died here Friday morning where he had lived for the past thirty years. The remains were taken on a steamboat to his old home, Guntersville, Ala., for burial Friday afternoon. For many years Capt. McKee was a captain on a river steamer running between Decatur and Chattanooga, Tenn. He was one of the best known men in the river transportation here. He quit the river service only a few months ago on account of failing health.Capt. McKee was born and reared at Guntersville, where he had a number of relatives. One of his sisters and a niece reached here before he died and accompanied the remains back to Guntersville. Capt. McKee was very popular with all the river men and all who knew him."*

There is a restaurant that bears his name (misspelled) in Decatur that includes these additional tales:*There are many tales told of Simp McGhee, the infamous river boat captain of Decatur at the turn-of-the-century. His boisterous ways, unconventional operations, and blustering manner made him a most picturesque legend of the Tennessee River. Tales are told of Simp's pet pig that drank beer with him at his bar on Bank Street; of pranks he played on fishermen and hog drovers to acquire free food for feasts aboard his boat, and how every Thursday as he steamed into town he would blow the steam whistle as a signal to Miss Kate that he had arrived. Simp, a Master Pilot, was as skillful and competent as the best. But in the Spring of 1917, Federal Agents lifted his license for "the reckless shooting of the rapids" near Chattanooga. No longer allowed to pilot his riverboats, he returned to Decatur and died at Miss Kate's house, June 16, 1917, at the age of 58*. Simp is buried in Taylor Cemetery in Buck Island Shores with his parents.


Marvin Campbell

Most of us who remember Marvin Campbell (1890-1974) know him as the well-known and well-liked cotton gin owner in Section who gave the property to build Section High School. But his obituary from the *Advertiser* tells about his time on the river. Born in Campbell's Cove near Buck's Pocket, his first major job was "serving as a clerk on steamboats, such as the 'Chattanooga' which operated from Decatur, Alabama to Knoxville, Tennessee." He had studied at the Seventh District Agricultural School in Albertville and the Presbyterian College at Anniston, where he was an outstanding athlete. He married Beulah Hubbard and had a son and a daughter. He was also a county road commissioner in the 1930s.

This article also mentions the Tennessee Navigation Company in Chattanooga. A 1908 story that is part of this article calls the company Chattanooga Packet Company. The company was located on First and Broad Streets in Chattanooga. It is shown here in 1934 just after it sold to Warwick Spencer Steel

Company. Its president during the revival of river shipping in the late 1920s and 30s was none other than Fred Arn, who was the grandson of Gottfried Arn, one of Scottsboro's early merchants and the husband of Jessy Lee Brown, who was the daughter of Jesse Edward Brown and Virginia Wood—a long, old Scottsboro pedigree. But that is a tale for another time.

Tennessee Navigation Company building on First and Broad

"The rawest cap'n on de rivah": desk hands on the boat

A May 17, 1930 long Sunday feature in the *Huntsville Times* recalled the golden age of steamboats and river travel. Two Black men—64-year-old Joe Timmons and 71-year-old Pitts Griffin— who had loaded cotton and corn onto riverboats talked to the *Times* in 1936. Timmons recalls a captain who would strike deck hands with a club. He reported seeing 30 Black men report for work in Chattanooga, but only 10 made it to the end of the trip. Men would jump overboard or would disappear faster than the device every time we stopped near a corn field."

The two men reminisced about the"now-dead river traffic between Decatur and Chattanooga" and remembered that Simp McKee, who died in 1917 and piloted the *Patton*, was "about the last to run on the river." They recounted the schedule and fares. "Boats left Chattanooga on Tuesday, laid over for the night at Bridgeport, continued to Guntersville the next day and remained there for the night, then left for Decatur Thursday. The same stops were observed on the return, which was completed by Sunday. The charge to passengers for the trip from Decatur to Triana...was .50 cents; from Decatur to Guntersville, 75 cents; from Decatur to Bridgeport, $1; and from Decatur to Chattanooga, $2. Passenger boats had first class facilities. Each usually had an office boy, two waiters, one chamber maid, and two cooks.

Steamboat building in Bridgeport

This pair of old Black men also recalled the 41 landings between Decatur and Chattanooga. Between Guntersville and Chattanooga, the men listed Todd's Landing, Columbus City, Cottonwood, Clarksville, Larkin's Landing, Snodgrass, Bellefonte Island, Q. Gunter's Landing, Warner's Landing, Bridgeport, South Pittsburg, Shell Mountain, McNabb Mine, Emily's Island, and Tannery Flat.

The paper described the steamboat landing and its impact. "Their memories run back to the time when a hoarse blast along the Tennessee was followed by cries of 'steamboat round the bend!' The signal was magic. From all directions along the river came residents, hurting to witness new faces, to draw into their lungs the odor of the cargo, and to thrill at the excitement of the old stern-wheelers. Planters, garbed in white linen, came confidently down from their mansions to greet the captain, trailing behind them as they walked a wisps of light from long, thin cheroots. Young girls held each other's hands and stared at the commotion on board. Darkies left their teams standing in the fields and sneaked down to the water's edge for a unworldly glimpse from the background. Dogs were plentiful. They came from everywhere, formed a line along the bank, and set up a chorus that vied with the chugging of the boats. Their barks increased as the docking progressed, then died out when the engines were stilled. The few glorious minutes at each landing were eras in the history of the countryside. There was loud talking, laughter, bellowing commands

from the white men and then the boat floated back to midstream, leaving in its wake a path of turbulent water and the dying echos of whistle blasts."

Traveling in style as a First Class Passenger

In the January 29, 1949 *Advertiser-Gleam* from Guntersville, J. A. Thompson recounted his 1907 ride on the steamboat 'Gunter" from Guntersville to Bridgeport. Notice that Simp McGee was also the captain on his trip.

"I boarded the boat Friday night and landed at Bridgeport Sunday morning, a distance of 78 miles. I paid $1.25 fare. I ate four meals and could have eaten five but I got tired out. It was a slow way of traveling. They would stop at wayside landings, loaded chickens, eggs, cattle, corn, etc. They fed well—had fish, beaf, etc. They killed a beef on the boat. I was acquainted with Simon and Erwin Whitaker, the pilots. I went up in the pilot house and spent some time with them but when they saw another boat coming I had to get out till it passed. The boat going up stream had the right of way. They had a certain signal. They pilots would blow the whistle. The boats have charters from the government. Each pilot stands examination and has to mark off the channel of the river and know the boat run, etc. Whitaker brothers told me a lot about boat rules. On the crew were Capt. Simp McGee, the mate, a man named Wilson, and the clerk, who collected fare and checked freight. My second trip was on the "John A. Patton." At a table there was quite a contrast. They had a Bible with " J. A. Patton" in gold letters and they were playing cards on the same table. The deck hands were mostly colored folks. They had a colored woman for cook. The hands lived a rugged life. All the guano we got in the 80's was shipped on the boat and it would get wet and was hard to distribute. They had a warehouse at Gunter's landing and the high water would get in and get things wet. Once the water was so high the steam boats run up in Wyeth City (now part of Guntersville) where the depot stands.

The article mentioned the names of old boat men: Simp McKee, Sol Caphart, John Newsom, Joe Smith, R. C. Gunter, R. C. Cole, a Captain McDermott, and Simon and Erwin Whitaker.

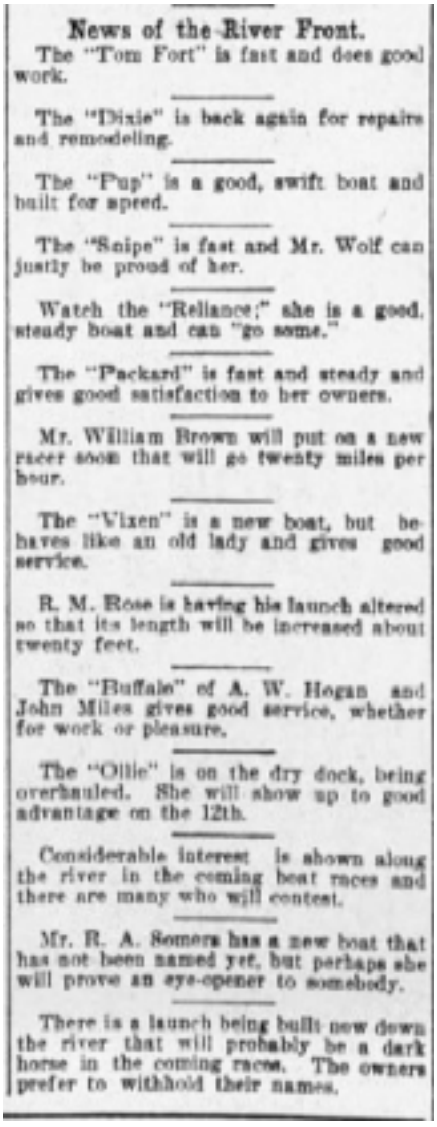
An efficient captain popular with passengers: view from the front office

Finally, here is one contemporary report titled "River News of Various Sorts" from the 1908 *Chattanooga News* about the arrival of the Patten and the courtesy of Simp McKee for his and his ability to maintain regular schedules.

The steamer John A. Patten came in Sunday with about 300 passengers on board, who were entranced with the rugged beauty of the mountains and the gloomy grandeur or Nicojack Cave. Capt. McKee is one of the most efficient river men in the South and treats his passengers with such courtesy that the trip is one of much pleasure as well as of great interest. He reports a fine trip, with the river rising, bringing with him about 1,000 sacks for corn and water. The Patten will leave Tuesday at 10 o'clock and will return Sunday between 12 and 1. The heavy rains caused a considerable rise, and unless there is a decided fall in the river the Patten and other boats of the Chattanooga Packet Company will discontinue their regular schedules. The steamer did a big business from Decatur to Bridgeport, and several large consignments were picked up between Shellmound and Chattanooga. Among the passengers were ex-Mayor Turner and wife, of New Decatur.

This article was followed by a harbor report of the boats in and out of Chattanooga recently. Reproduced here, it gives you an idea of the volume of river traffic out of Chattanooga.

Annette Bradford



News of the River Front.

The "Tom Fort" is fast and does good work.

The "Dixie" is back again for repairs and remodeling.

The "Pup" is a good, swift boat and built for speed.

The "Snipe" is fast and Mr. Wolf can justly be proud of her.

Watch the "Reliance;" she is a good, steady boat and can "go some."

The "Packard" is fast and steady and gives good satisfaction to her owners.

Mr. William Brown will put on a new racer soon that will go twenty miles per hour.

The "Vixen" is a new boat, but behaves like an old lady and gives good service.

R. M. Rose is having his launch altered so that its length will be increased about twenty feet.

The "Buffalo" of A. W. Hogan and John Miles gives good service, whether for work or pleasure.

The "Ollie" is on the dry dock, being overhauled. She will show up to good advantage on the 12th.

Considerable interest is shown along the river in the coming boat races and there are many who will contest.

Mr. R. A. Somers has a new boat that has not been named yet, but perhaps she will prove an eye-opener to somebody.

There is a launch being built new down the river that will probably be a dark horse in the coming races. The owners prefer to withhold their names.

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The Jackson County Chronicles

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In this issue:

2022 Cedar Hill Cemetery Stroll: The Cedar Hill Cemetery Stroll returns this year on **November 6 from 2:00 to 4:00** with 11 prominent Jackson Countians recounting their lives and accomplishments.

This is our third Cedar Hill Cemetery stroll. Previously staged in 2018 and 2019, the stroll was postponed in 2020 and 2021.

This year's roster features seven new characters. Four characters—Lucille Benson, Deputy US Marshall Ed Moody, the unknown white male, and Matt Wann—are being reprised for this year's stroll.

Admission to the stroll is free, but contributions are encouraged. Proceeds from this year's stroll will be used to purchase stones for unmarked graves and/or rehabilitation of aging stones as funds allow.

Contributions collected in previous strolls have been used to fund a stone for Deputy Ed Moody and to erect a historical marker for the cemetery.

The stroll is a joint project of the JCHA and Northeast Alabama Community College and is funded by the Bynum Foundation.

Thanks, Artlady Sonya Clemons, for our new cemetery stroll art.

Characters for the 2022 Cedar Hill Cemetery Stroll

The 2022 Cedar Hill Cemetery Stroll will take place Sunday, November 6 from 2:00 until 4:00. Here is the cast of characters for this year.

Lucille Benson

(1914-1984)

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

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

This town wasn't going to hold me. I was salutatorian of the Jackson County High School in 1931, and editor of the yearbook. My senior prophecy said I was going to be a professional golfer, but I knew from the sixth grade that I was meant to be on the stage. I went to Huntington College and took summer courses at Northwestern in Chicago. I studied drama and came back here to teach for a while. Then, during a summer break, a friend and I decided we'd go to New York City. We thought we'd try professional acting and be back here in time for the Fall school term to start. She came back. I didn't.

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

I started out in straw hat theater in New England and returned to it all along, but it was Broadway I loved. I got my first Broadway role in 1943 when I was part of the Broadway touring company for "The Doughgirls." I appeared in five plays on Broadway, and plays too numerous to count, all over the northeast and in the Miami area in the late 1950s and early 60s.

Tennessee Williams saw me in a touring version of *Orpheus Descending* and asked that I be cast in the first play he directed, his *Period of Adjustment,* in Miami.

By the 1950s, I was doing television dramas. Back then, it wasn't taped; it was done live. In 1960, I was in my first movie. It was *The Fugitive Kind* with Marlon Brando, filmed in New York.

I was in *Walking Happy* in Las Vegas with Donald O'Connor when a Hollywood director spotted me and cast me in *Little Fauss and Big Halsey* in 1969. It was my first Hollywood role, acting with Robert Redford. I still thought of myself as a New Yorker. I didn't care much for California. But a year later, I was cast in a movie by a young Hollywood director named Steven Spielberg. I left my furniture with a friend in New York, and I moved to a little apartment two blocks off Sunset Blvd. I learned to love California.

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

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

In the end, I'd done at least 38 television series, 14 big screen movies, and and 23 made for TV movies. My favorite roles were those on The New Andy Griffith Show. He was a gentleman and treated us all like family.

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

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

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

Mary Robinson Boyd Cothran (1846-1951)

Sitting here in the shade today talking to you folks, it sure doesn't seem like I was on this old earth over a hundred years, that I was born into slavery and spent much of my long life looking after white folk's children. I was married to two good men and I worked hard for my church. And I left a whole host of descendants to cherish my memory.

My name is Mary Robinson Boyd Cothran and I was born May 15, 1846 in the area around Mud Creek, Alabama. My mother was a Cherokee woman named Marguett in Captain Nelson Robinson's household around Mud Creek, and so I first took the name Robinson when I was a baby. Captain Robinson owned my family, my mother and father, and my older sister. I gave birth to a son while I was a Robinson slave. I was a small woman and very dark. While I was enslaved, one of my feet was injured; I always wore high-top shoes to help me walk. I never told anyone how it happened.

My son and I became the property of a Boyd family before the Civil War, and I took the name Boyd. Mr. Boyd planted cotton and had a big farm. When I was moved to what became Scottsboro, the town was known as Scott's Mill, and its founder Robert Scott was busy trying to get the railroad to pass through his land. There were only three main buildings, and the town proper was nothing but a woodland.

After Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves with the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863 and the South lost the war, I married one of the Boyd family former slaves, Thomas Boyd. We had a daughter Clemmie who was born in 1877 and a son daughter Renna born in 1883.

Thomas died and left me with little children to provide for. I worked for the white families in town. My second husband was Wiley Cothran, who was eight years younger than I was. We still had time to have two children together, a son born in 1887 and a daughter born in 1889.

Wiley was a good man. He worked for Dr. W. H. Payne down at the drug store. The newspapers said he was the "best known Negro in the area." He made deliveries for Dr. Payne and helped out around the store. He had the most wonderful laugh, a laugh that just made you feel good to hear, even if you were sad. Folks said you could hear his laugh a mile away, and it always made you smile.

I worked for the Payne family too. I looked after their babies. There was little Virginia born in 1973, Warwick born in 1875, John Will born in 1878, and Charles born in 1880. He was sweetest little baby and my favorite. I loved the Payne family and I was usually in their family pictures, like one before Virginia went off to school in 1883 and this one with me holding little Charles in 1891. The family lived in this big house on the corner of Houston and Appletree, on the corner across from the Heritage Center. Why, Mrs. Payne is

here with us today telling her story about riding to her brother's aid during the Civil War.

Dr. Payne even caught me in a photo in 1899 just before he died in 1900. The Payne babies had grown up by then, and I was working for another family, pushing their fancy baby buggy up in front of the drug store. I never did take the sun well, and I protected myself with a big bonnet.

I also looked after little Lunita Spivey when she came to visit her grandmother, Mrs. John Clinton Jacobs. I came over to churn every day for her, and Miss Veda's two daughters called me Granny May. They also took my picture holding little Lunita on a hot afternoon.

Wiley died in 1921 and I was sorry to lose this good man. I put my time into my church, the St. Paul's AME church, where I had been one of the first members and helped built the church to the place it is today. I never missed a service, day or night, rain or shine. I taught Sunday School and sang in the choir. I even served as church janitor for a long time and took such care of the building I loved. I tried to put my faith into action. I always loved the little children and helped them get the church clothes they needed to feel well dressed enough to be in the Lord's presence. I fed the preacher many a Sunday, and I welcomed those who needed me into my home.

I was 105 when I died but still had two of my daughters with me, my 11 grandchildren, 16 great grandchildren, 3 great great grandchildren, and many many nieces and nephews. My family includes many Tollivers, Finleys, Cothrons, Hills, and Robinsons you might know today. My family and their accomplishments are the best legacy I could leave to Jackson County.

I am buried near my family in the northwest corner of Cedar Hill. All the graves in this little corner of Cedar Hill are my family. I am happy to be here today to tell you my story.

Jasper Jean Cox (1922-2012)

You are probably wondering how a man born in Gadsden who lived most of his life in Europe and died in Bayreuth, Germany came to be buried in Jackson County, Alabama. According to findagrave, I am also buried in the Alter Friedhof with my second wife, Anna.

My name is Jasper Jean Cox and I was born in Gadsden in January 1922 and raised there, the older of two children of Jasper and Ruby Cox. I went through school in Gadsden and I was 20 years old and working for Goodyear when I registered for World War II on February 1, 1943. I was in the Army reserves and my job was considered central to the war effort. I joined the war late.

I registered for the war in Miami, Florida and joined the Army Air Corps. I trained in Florida and served as a pilot during the war. After the war, I used the GI Bill to attend the University of Alabama where I met Mary Evelyn Presley from Scottsboro. We were married at the First Methodist Church here on November 23, 1946 and both returned to Tuscaloosa to attend school. When Mary graduated with a BA in music, she taught choral music at Tuscaloosa High School while I finished my degree.

The University of Alabama is where I quite literally found my voice. I was in the music program at the university when I made my operatic debut in a student production of Gounod's "Faust," singing the role of Valentine. This performance put me on the map and I began making solo appearances locally. I was the tenor soloist in Selma First Presbyterian Church in March 1947 singing Dubois' "The Seven Last Words" cantata.

In the midst of all this happiness, Mary and I suffered the loss of our first child, a daughter who was born and died September 21, 1948.

One of our college friends, Rachel Patillo, married in Hartselle, May 1948, and I sang for her wedding. In August 1949, the university chorus performed Bizet's *Carmen*, and I sang the role of Don Jose. I graduated from the University of Alabama in 1949 and attended the New England Conservatory in Boston in the fall of 1949 so I could study with opera master Boris Goldowski. I graduated with a master's degree in opera in June 1950. While in Boston, I studied Opera Dramatics at Tanglewood in the summer of 1950. I made my first professional appearance in 1951 with the New England Opera Theater as Lensky in Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin."

I received the Fulbright Cultural Exchange Scholarship in 1951, and Mary and I went to the Rome Opera House for a year to study opera. While there, I sang the role of Rodolfo from Puccini's "La Boheme." After Rome, we spent a year with the Kiel Opera Company in Kiel, Germany. In 1953, Mary was pregnant again, and having lost our first child, we came home to give birth to little Amelia. She was born in Sloane Hospital in New York in March 1954. She was followed soon by daughter Marsha, born in the spring of 1957.

My professional career was really taking off. After Keil, we moved on to Braunschweig, Germany where I sang five years with their opera company. I made my Bayreuth debut as a Steersman in "The Flying Dutchman" in 1956. In the states, I performed at Gian Carlo Menotti's Spoleto Festival. We came back to the states to visit family in November 1957, and I performed with my old friends at the University of Alabama.

By 1959, we were back in Germany, taking up residence in Mannheim, and our third child, a son Hugh, was born in 1962. We had a little wooden house in the village of Mannheim, that we ordered pre-fab from Sweden. I sang with the Mannheim Opera Company. I performed in various venues in the United States over the next years, but I was best known in Germany. We visited in Scottsboro in 1969 and periodically through the years so the children spoke excellent English along with their German. In fact, they attended college in the United States.

We based our family in Mannheim, but my work required a great deal of travel. Mary stayed home so the children could attend school, and over time, we grew apart. The children were nearly grown when we divorced. Mary moved back to Scottsboro with Hugh, but I stayed in Germany with the girls.

I met my music soulmate in British-born soprano Anna Reynolds and we married. Anna was known for her recital and oratorio work. After 1976, she stopped performing, and we lived in Bayreuth.

I performed constantly in the 1960s and 70s. I was a regular at Bayreuth's Festspielhaus and at Mannheim where I was designated kammersanger, an honorific title for distinguished singers. My roles included several Wagnerian parts, among them Walther von Stolzing from "Die Meistersinger" and the title lead of "Parsifal", as well as Don Alvaro of Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" and the tragic title general from the same composer's "Otello."

My signature role, however, was that of Siegfried from Wagner's Ring Cycle operas "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung" which I sang at Bayreuth, Vienna, Berlin, La Scala Milano, Munich, Covent Garden London, and elsewhere. Singing Wagnerian opera requires a lot from a tenor, and I was known as a heldentenor, a powerful tenor voice well suited to heroic roles in opera.

I made my Metropolitan Opera debut on April 2, 1976, as Walther and later used the same role for my farewell to the stage in 1984. I was 62 and there is a point at which one can no longer sing such powerful, demanding roles.

But this was not the end of our story. After retirement, Anna and I lived in Bayreuth and we travelled widely as respected teachers, competition judges, and master class presenters. Anna and I held competitions in the US looking for singers able to grow in Wagnerian roles. We took maybe 15 students a year and operated a renowned opera school.

I lived to be quite an old man, living the end of my life in a nursing facility in Bayreuth. I died in 2012 at age 90, and my beloved Anna died less

than two years later. My first wife, Mary Presley Cox, still lives here in Scottsboro.

My ashes were brought here to Cedar Hill. So you see, I am not really alone here. My little daughter who died in 1948 is buried beside me, and my first wife, Mary, the mother of my children, will join me one day. And being here gives me a chance to sing a bit for you and tell you my story.

Jessie "HooDaddy" Floyd (1923-1965)

My given name is Jessie Walter Floyd, but you probably know me better as "HooDaddy." I was named Jessie for my mama's daddy Jessie Dicus and Walter for my daddy's daddy, Walter Floyd. My nickname comes from being such a devastatingly good looking young man. Whenever I walked by a group of young women, they looked at me and said, "oooooooo daddy!"

I was born in Nashville in 1926, where my daddy was foreman at the stove foundry. He died in February 1925 of pneumonia, only 23 years old. I was just three when he died and don't remember him. We moved back to Jackson County, to Hollywood, to be close to my mother's family.

You have heard people talk about my brother Cecil in past cemetery strolls. He is always the Floyd brother the folks recognized and praised. He was a test pilot who died just after World War II. We are both buried here with Mama here in Cedar Hill. Daddy is up in the Old Baptist Cemetery in Hollywood.

Our mama raised us. We lived a while in Hollywood but moved to Scottsboro and lived on Hamilton Street behind what would later be the Presbyterian Church. I graduated from Jackson County High School in 1943. My senior year, I was on the varsity basketball team and was part of the both All-District and All-State tournaments, where I was voted Most Valuable Player in the state of Alabama. The legendary Micky O'Brien was my coach, and he died the next year of appendicitis. I left high school early to join the army and was awarded my high school diploma in absentia.

My brother and I were both in World War II. Cecil was a cracker jack pilot, earning all kinds of citations for his flying. I was a paratrooper. I spent 18 months fighting in Europe in many of the same places as Cecil—southern France, Rome, Arno, Ardennes, the Rhineland, Central Europe. I was no slouch myself. I was awarded the Purple Heart, and four medals including a silver star. I was only 18 when I enlisted at Ft. McClellan in Anniston.

I was a demolition expert. I liked to blow stuff up. I had 15 men under my command and the work we did was really dangerous. We operated flame throwers against enemy targets. As a paratrooper, I was dropped behind enemy lines during the invasion of Normandy and was shot in the leg during my descent, but still managed to complete my mission. When I was discharged as a Sargeant in January 1946, the hometown newspaper said I had seen and been part of the hottest campaigns against Germany.

I was part of a famous unit—the 82nd Airborne, the 517th Combat Team. We saw some really fierce fighting during World War II. I was a squadron leader in a parachute infantry regiment and part of Operation Dragoon in August 1944 and the Battle of the Bulge in December of that year. Our unit suffered heavy casualties and accumulated 150 combat days during five campaigns on battlefields in Italy, France, Belgium and Germany. Our battalion casualty rate was 81.9 percent. The team suffered 1,576 casualties and had 247 men killed in action.

These are all facts. But that is not what most Scottsboro people today know about. There are many HooDaddy stories. Now, I'm not confirming or denying this, but folks said I came back from the war in Germany with a stash of stolen diamonds or pieces of stolen art that I sold

whenever I needed money. Folks like to believe tall tales.

People remember me as a stunt flyer and a smartass. Folks recall that I used to fly my plane under the B B Comer bridge, some say upside down, and that when local officials asked me to stop, I told them that if they'd hold the front and back doors of the courthouse open, I'd fly through it. Tobe Green was riding shotgun once when I asked if he wanted to fly under the bridge, and he responded, "G-G-Go ahead. B-B-By God, I got as many friends in hell as you have."

But what I did to Mama was really pretty mean. I was supposed to jump out of a plane with my parachute at a local airshow, but instead, I threw out a dummy who plunged like a rock to the ground. Mama fainted. But the crowd loved it.

After you have been president of your senior class, captain of the football team, the MVP of the All-State basketball team, and a war hero, there not much else to conquer in a small town, and I bounced from job to job when I returned home to Scottsboro after the war.

On December 13, 1945, I played on the team of Scottsboro basketball all-stars, recalling my former high school days. I worked at City Shoe Shop with my high school buddies Buck Thompson and Willis Henshaw for a while in 1946. I maintained and installed juke boxes and pinball machines.

I was married briefly in the 1950s to a woman named Polly, but we divorced not long after we married and never had any children, though rumor has it that a good-looking man like me has descendants running around Jackson County. We had a house on Appletree Street that I rented out after our marriage ended.

Toward the end of my life, I had a minnow farm way out Willow Street toward Hollywood. Another tale folks told about me was that I had been bitten by water moccasins so many times while tending my minnows that I was immune to snake bite. That was just a tall tale, but it is true that I was bitten frequently.

The end of my life was sad. I had a drinking problem and finally died in Tuscaloosa in care for my addiction. Even when I was having problems with alcohol, the church ladies were kind to me and drove me back and forth to the Veterans' hospital. They remembered my war record and treated me probably better than I deserved.

I died in April 1965. I was only 41 years old. I accomplished great things in the war and had a rip- roaring good time during my short life. Bright stars burn out too fast.

Dovenia "Dovie" Skelton Kirby

(1855-1895)

I didn't live long after my tragic mistake. I died at age 39, and the last months were a torment, because the year before I died, I inadvertently set in motion a series of events that destroyed my own family as well as a second prominent Scottsboro family.

Things started out well enough. I married Samuel Kirby, a Scottsboro man who was successful in business and who moved us to Little Rock, Arkansas in 1875 when I was 20 years old. He was a traveling representative for the White Sewing Machine Company. He amassed a considerable fortune early on and had sales representatives reporting to him from all over the South. We lived in an opulent house on Louisiana Street in Little Rock. We had three children, two of whom reached adulthood. I came from a large family: I had eight siblings who reached adulthood. We were a close family and took frequent train trips between Scottsboro and Little Rock.

My sister Annie was a frequent visitor who would spend extended vacations with us. Annie was the youngest of the family, and she was everyone's darling. She was beautiful and talented. She taught piano, sang at various functions and recitals, and generally charmed everyone she came in contact with.

She became especially dependent on my husband and me after a bad experience when she spent a

bit of time living in Day's Gap, a settlement near Birmingham where she had accepted a position as a music teacher when she was 18. After a time, it came to light that in Day's Gap, she'd been jilted by a man named J.C. Musgrove. Their breakup hit her hard, and she was in Little Rock both to recover from the rejection and, it turned out later, to put some distance between herself and a new romantic attachment.

One day when my husband collected the mail, he handed me a letter addressed to Annie. I opened the letter and was shocked to find that it was written by a married man professing his love for her. I went through the things in Annie's room and found numerous other letters that made it clear she and the man, R.C. Ross, had spent six days together in a hotel and were planning to elope.

The problem was that R.C. Ross was a married man. He had moved to Scottsboro from Wisconsin almost 20 years before and was the father of four children. He came from a family of considerable wealth and privilege and was a prominent administrator with the Jackson County Bank in Scottsboro.

I gathered up all the letters from Ross to Annie and sent them home to my family. On receiving them, they asked me to get Annie back to Scottsboro, and we made up a story about mother being sick.

Annie saw through the story and headed for Memphis instead, but not before telegraphing Ross to meet her there. In Memphis, Annie warned Ross that her family knew of their relationship and he was in danger of coming to harm at the hands of her brothers. She wrote to her brother Robert telling him that Ross was not the man who had "ruined" her, but J.C. Musgrove, the man who had jilted her in Day's Gap.

Made aware that his life was in danger, Ross remained in Memphis long enough that his business associates and family were alarmed by his prolonged absence. He returned to Scottsboro only when he was alerted that his fifth child would be born very shortly.

The Skelton brothers had begun keeping an eye on Ross's movements and business dealings. They noted that he had begun divesting himself of some of his extensive holdings in the town. They had also intercepted Ross's written proposal to Annie to meet him in Memphis.

When Ross left Scottsboro less than a week after his child was born, he made his move to take the train to Memphis to meet Annie. He tried to elude the Skeltons by taking a carriage to the Stevenson depot, knowing the Scottsboro depot was being watched. The Skeltons flanked him on his way to Stevenson and were waiting at the depot when he arrived.

Three Skelton brothers and a cousin ambushed Ross on the train platform, firing the fatal bullets as Ross lay disabled by the trackside.

My sister Annie learned of the murder from a newspaper she bought at her hotel's front desk. She suffered an emotional collapse and was institutionalized in Cincinnati.

R.C. Ross's widow wrote the newspapers that Annie was a seductress and was guilty of alienation of affection. Annie had given music lessons to the Ross girls, and her acceptance into the Ross household "was like the entrance of the serpent into the garden of Eden," she said.

The Skelton boys were judged not guilty. The ruling was justifiable homicide.

I didn't mean to be a busybody. I was trying to save my family from scandal, but I ended up making them the center of the biggest scandal this county has known.

I died of an unspecified illness 13 months after Ross was murdered. Many others of my immediate family came to misfortune and hardship in what some people saw as a curse. But those are stories for another time.

I never meant to cause so much pain.

Deputy U.S. Marshal Ed Moody (1866-1921)

Nobody could have been more surprised than I was on July 25, 1921, when I traipsed through the corn field behind my house to ask Joe Stone and his friends to hold down the noise when most of the good folks of Scottsboro were trying to sleep. Knocking on his door was the last thing I remember. A shotgun blast came through the door and struck me in the chest, and I died instantly.

I am Deputy U.S. Marshal Ed Moody. I was a lifelong resident of Jackson County, and I had held this job only four months when I was killed. Jobs were hard to come by in 1921. I thought it was a stroke of good luck when John Hackworth resigned so he could return to railroad work in Mississippi and I was appointed to replace him. "Mr. Moody has already entered the new job," the paper wrote, "and we congratulate our neighbor and fellow townsman on securing this appointment and feel sure he will make good."

I had been a merchant and dry goods salesman most of my life. My father Orran had served in the Civil War, and had been a hospital nurse in a prison camp for most of it. He was appointed postmaster of Langston, AL in 1869. But he picked a fight with his cousin Thomas at his dry goods store in Langston, and pulled a gun on him. Thomas was a better shot, and my father died in 1872 and was buried on our farm. My mother was left with five little children, all under the age of 11. She remarried quickly, to Benjamin Franklin Shook.

Mr. Shook left Langston with his big family and operated a hotel in Scottsboro. I don't remember much about my real father, but Mr. Shook was kind to us, and I grew up working in his hotel. He and mother had three other children: half sisters Fannie and Sallie (who are buried here beside me with their husband Willie) and half brother Barton, who died of typhoid.

I married a Langston girl, Ava Loveless in 1889, and we had two children: a son Orran named after my father in 1890 and a girl Bessie in 1893, and we lived in Kirbytown. Ada died of TB in 1893. I could not have gotten by if Ada's sisters had not helped me with the babies. In 1897, I married the woman who lies here beside me, Ada Caroline Webb, also a Langston girl. We had five children, none of whom stayed on in Jackson County after Ada and I died.

In 1892, I needed a good job to support my growing family so I went into the dry goods business with my brother, Robert Moody, who lived at Hillians Store. Having learned the merchant business with my brother, I moved on to Stevenson in 1900 and opened a grocery business, and moved my family from Langston. By 1917, I had moved to Scottsboro and was a dry goods salesman.

And then I took the job as deputy US marshal, and four months later, my story came to an end. Ava died five months after I did, and our family's Jackson County history mostly ended. Most of our children moved on to Texas. Some of you probably know my family who stayed in Jackson County. After Mother died, Mr. Shook married Docia Crawford who became the mother of Willie Shook Armstrong, the mother of District Attorney Tommy Armstrong who died in 2017. And my uncle Milo Moody was a state representative who was responsible for many of the roads you drive on today,. He was the only lawyer in town who stood up and defended the Scottsboro Boys at their Jackson County trial in 1932. My sister Orran Allison Moody married physician Jefferson Bennett Haralson from Ft. Payne, the son of Circuit Judge William J. Haralson.

After Joe Stone shot me, he fled. The seven other black men who had been at the party were arrested but released since it was clear that Stone had been the shooter. A posse of 100 heavily armed men used bloodhounds to track Stone, who was thought to be hiding in Jackson County. He was captured the night of August 5 in Shelbyville, TN.

My killing sparked immediate outrage. Armed guards had to be posted around the jail to prevent violence. Stone was tried in Scottsboro in September 1921 and sentenced to hang on November 4. After the trial, he was held in Huntsville for his protection. Stone was granted a new trial because of irregular questions asked of character witnesses. After this trial in March 1923, he was sentenced to 25 years.

I am standing here today in front of this shiny new marker because a lot of good folks like you who attended the first cemetery donated money so my grave could be marked. And I appreciate it. No one who died fulfilling their duty should lie in an unmarked spot. I was a Jackson County boy who died fulfilling my duty. I am Deputy US Marshall Ed Moody.

Richard Patrick (1925-2004)

Like most boys of my generation, I wanted to fly. And like most high school students in the early 1940s, I wanted to go to war. I got my wishes on both counts.

I was trained as a pilot and assigned to fly a B-26 in the 322nd Bombardment Group. The outfit I was in consisted of four squadrons of 12 planes each, and we were stationed at a bombed-out airfield in France captured from the Germans. The potholes caused by Allied bombs made takeoffs and landings nearly as dangerous as our actual bombing runs. I saw one B-26 blow up with the loss of all of its crew, just trying to take to the air.

My first seven bombing runs were textbook. I used to tell people it was just like we were driving to work. The German Luftwaffe was pretty much destroyed by the time I was deployed in early 1945, but ground crews with anti-aircraft placements were still deadly. Following a bomb run, we would routinely take evasive action, changing course every 15 seconds or so in order to avoid them.

On a beautiful day in March, 1945, we completed our eighth mission, and we headed back to France on what had so far been another "milk run." We were so confident that we were in the clear that we stopped taking evasive action. We were flying over the Rhine River, and just when we were confident we'd cheated death again, we were hit by a burst of anti-aircraft fire.

The blast blew off our right wing, and it took out the nose of the plane all the way back to the cockpit. The bombardier, whose post was in the glass bubble in the nose of the plane, was lost immediately, and the debris from the nose sheared the canopy from over our heads. Shrapnel hit me in the helmet and face, and I struggled to remain conscious. All I remember doing was unbuckling my seatbelt. At 13,000 feet, the plane went belly up, and I fell out of the cockpit toward the ground below. About half way down, I regained my senses and pulled my parachute cord. I couldn't see what had become of the plane, but it turns out, I was the only survivor.

When I hit the ground, my flight suit was covered in blood. The injury to my face seemed severe, but I couldn't assess the extent of the damage until days later when I had access to a mirror and discovered that flak had passed through my cheek without damaging the jaw or teeth.

The Germans followed my descent and were waiting for me when I hit the ground. You might be surprised to learn that I was lucky to have been captured by German troops. I'm pretty sure the civilians would have killed me, given their hatred of the air crews that had destroyed so much of their property and killed so many of their population.

The Germans paraded me like a trophy through town centers. On one occasion, I was assaulted by a civilian who had lost a family member to our bombs. I was too weak to defend myself and was saved by two fellow POWs who stopped him from strangling me. The German guards were no help. They just stood there and watched. There was one town where the German guard was so proud of us that he marched us around the square

three times with what seemed like the entire town taunting us.

We were marched to a POW camp in Wetzler, a small settlement near Frankfurt. There, the only medical treatment I received for my wounds was a tetanus shot. They gave me a Red Cross blanket and a parcel of food.

At Wetzler, we were loaded onto a supply train bound for Nuremberg. We were segregated from what the Germans referred to as "political prisoners." Political prisoners was their designation for Jews and other civilians the Nazis considered racially and culturally inferior. They were on their way to death camps.

En route to Nuremberg, our POW train was attacked as were two other trains that had been shunted to side tracks. The German guards turned the POWs loose to seek shelter in a ditch. We survived, but the political prisoners did not. They were massacred in locked box cars. I saw the mayhem when the Germans unlocked and opened the doors. It's not something you forget.

They took me to a POW camp in Moosburg, Germany, near Munich. Although I didn't realize it at the time, Charles Bradford, who was featured here on a previous cemetery tour, was held at the same camp. He had been captured at the Battle of the Bulge.

All day and all night in the Spring of 1945, we could hear artillery coming nearer and nearer. On April 29, 1945, a few weeks after I'd been shot down and taken prisoner, the German guards suddenly deserted the camp, fleeing the troops from George C. Patton's outfit who liberated us.

I was back in Scottsboro less than two months later. I was given a 90-day pass before I was assigned to fly with another unit assigned to the Pacific theater, but by the time I was to be deployed, Japan surrendered, and the war was over. In 1946, I went to work with my father at his lumber company. I took over full ownership and management when he died in 1964.

It was a long time before I told the story of my life during the war. It's hard even for me to square the man I was then with the Scottsboro businessman I became. Those times demanded extraordinary things from people you might think of as ordinary. And we delivered.

Compiled from accounts by Byron Woodfin, Dr. Ronald Dykes, and a 1990 interview with Richard Patrick by the author.

The five crew members lost on Patrick's final bomb run were John W. Logue, Melvin E. Donaldson, Darold E. Marshall, Robert B. Munson, Jr., and David V. Rosfeld.

Margaret Brown Payne (1847-1932)

My name is Margaret Brown Payne, but the family called me Maggie. We were living in Jackson County long before there was a Jackson County. My father Jeremiah Brown came to the area from Rowan County, North Carolina. And my mother's Williams family was in Jackson County two generations before the Civil War began.

I married Dr. Winston Henry Payne, the founder, first owner, and compounding pharmacist of Payne's Drug store. Winston's father came to Scottsboro in the 1860s to be the principal at Scottsboro Academy, the town's first school, located where old Carver High School is now. We had four children, one of whom inherited the drug store and passed it on to his son. Payne's is the oldest continually operating business in Alabama; the building remains in the family today.

I am one of the Brown siblings who lived on Episcopal Hill where the Heritage Center is located today. Winston and I built a lovely home on the corner of Houston and Peachtree that is gone today, but sat beside the Brown-Proctor House, which my half brother John A. Brown built and my brother Senator Charles Brown later occupied. My sister Hattie married John Snodgrass and lived just behind me on South

Street in what was locally known as the Snodgrass-Morgan House, which is also gone. Mother, who lived with me until she died in 1906, loved having her three children so close.

Today, I am an old lady. I was knitting in the Palm Room at the Georgian Terrace Hotel in Atlanta in 1917 where I was visiting my daughter Mary Virginia Payne Conway. Along came Isma Dooly who interviewed me for the women's page in the *Atlanta Constitution* and recorded the story I will tell you today. I believed strongly in the work of the Red Cross, which was a new organization in 1917 rising to meet the needs of the World War and I was knitting sweaters for soldiers under the guidance of the Red Cross.

I was in Atlanta to to say goodbye my grandson Howard, who just received his commission as a second lieutenant at Camp Oglethorpe and was being shipped off to World War. I came to bring him his grandfather's sword. Winston was an ensign on the ship "Patrick Henry" in the service of the Confederate Army who fought bravely and was an aide to Jefferson Davis when he surrendered. I hope it will bring him good fortune, and that he will return to us unharmed.

At times, I cannot bear to think of this war, which comes to claim another fighter from the ranks of my loved ones. Yet I am glad on the other hand that I am spared to see my grandson giving himself in service to this country and in a war which is so great in its meaning.

There is much I could tell you about my life in Scottsboro, but in the short time we have today, I want to tell you a story about when I was 16 years old and was a spy for the Confederacy.

They were brave young boys in the 1860s, marching off gallantly to defend the South, just like those I am knitting for today. They were all heart and spirit and patriotism. But the harsh reality of fighting took so many of them. They were wounded and fell in battle, but there was no trained hand to smooth their fevered brows, no Red Cross auxiliaries busy sending surgical bandages, no ambulance corps and base hospitals like these we are equipping. They were left in the field too often to die.

I can recall it as if it were only yesterday, the day the news came to me that my elder brother had been severely wounded in a battle—that he was dying in a hospital three hundred miles away.

I was 16 years old, living on a plantation in Jackson County, Alabama; I knew nothing of trained nursing, nor did I know just where my brother was, but my one thought was, I had to find him.

I went. I found him. I travelled three hundred miles on horseback—a 16-year-old girl.

I reached him, after he had been wounded ten days. He was in a field hospital, still lying in the clothes he had on when his comrades dragged him from the field of battle. One leg had been amputated. There was no one with him, no one to remove his clothes, make him comfortable or tend to him as our women are trained to do today.

My elder brother, Jessie Edward Brown, survived the wounds which he received, but my younger brother, Bridgers, was killed at Shiloh. We lost everything we had, as the majority of Southerners did—all but our lands, for which there was no labor left. But my elder brother returned to college, finished his course in the law, and was one of the most distinguished lawyers the area.

We were utterly unprepared for war—the women of the south, but we were born with the right spirit. There was not a woman who would not have done what I did—go to her loved one who was wounded, but not all of them had the strength I had to ride three hundred miles on horseback, and that on a horse that belonged to a Union officer.

I bet that got your attention. Why would a Union officer lend me a horse? Listen closely, I am going to tell you a secret. Nobody knew it—not even my father or mother or brother—but I belonged to General Bedford Forrest's corps of secret service.

From the time I was 14 years old, until the war closed, I helped as best I could. I lived near the headquarters of General Rosecrans' division for a while, and I was continually in touch with those who knew what was going on. The information I received I gave, of course, to those who represented the Confederate cause."

It was a service I saw I could render, and I did it. To collect information I could pass on to the Confederate army, I was friends with the young Union Servicemen in Stevenson. This was how I got access to a horse to go to my brother when I heard he was wounded. I stayed with my brother as long as I could. When I returned home, I went myself and returned the horse to the United States officer to whom it belonged. Lending it to me was an act of kindness I have never forgotten.

But the terrors of that hospital—I shall never forget—the poor wounded men with no one to look after them, and dying for want of intelligent care. Many did not return, and many who did were ill, heart sick—and worse—crippled and disabled for life.

The first work I did after the war was to teach a group of boys, all of whom were crippled, and who had left school to go to the war. For a year I walked three miles to the little school where they hobbled on their crutches to meet me and to go on with what they could in the way of learning.

And we all survived. Jessie walked again with an ill-fitting artificial leg and lived until 1905. I, too, lived to be an old woman, more than 30 years after I lost Winston, I died at age 86 in 1932. And my grandson lived. He returned from the war and was a successful businessman who died at 44 of appendicitis.

James R. "Shorty" Robertson (1924 – 1984)

You know why they call me "Shorty"? Because I was the shortest guy on my high school basketball team. What I lacked in height, I made up for in focus and a determination to win. That carried me not only through high school basketball and football, but also through my time as a three-sport athlete at the University of Alabama.

I was born in Princeton in the Paint Rock Valley and started grammar school there. I was the son of a well-respected doctor, William Harvey Robertson. His father was a doctor, too. My grandfather and father were graduates of what was to become Vanderbilt University School of Medicine. My grandfather Robertson served as a Confederate Army physician and surgeon and was transferred to Jackson County during the Civil War. That's how the Robertsons came to settle here.

My father and grandfather made house calls to patients in the Paint Rock Valley rather than maintaining offices where patients had to come to them. To stay in touch with his patients, my father owned and maintained the telephone service in the Valley. He paid the salary of a switchboard operator and for maintenance of the telephone lines. My father provided both medical and telephone services to people in Paint Rock Valley regardless of their ability to pay. He gave double market value for corn and anything else patients could use to pay their accounts. More often than not, however, accounts went uncollected, so family finances were always a struggle.

My father was killed in 1932 when a driver lost control of her car, crossed the road, and struck the car he was driving on his way to see a patient. He was 51 years old.

His death left my mother, Maymie, with three children, no job, and a telephone company that cost more money to operate and maintain than she could collect. My older brother was debilitated from a brain injury, and I was only seven years old when my father died. We were in dire straits financially.

My mother moved to Scottsboro and turned our home into a boarding house to support us. Fortunately, the Tennessee Valley Authority was being created at that time, so TVA construction in the Tennessee Valley and people coming to Scottsboro for jury duty kept her rooms filled. She packed lunches for boarders and served three meals a day. She was such a good cook that extra people came to enjoy her meals.

I took a paper route in Scottsboro when I was in the third grade. When I was old enough, I started working at drug stores after school and on weekends. I worked at Reid's Sundries for several years and was working as a soda jerk at Hodges Drug Store when I finished high school. I'm in the local Soda Jerk Hall of Fame.

I graduated from Jackson County High School in 1943. I played guard and forward and was selected second team All-State in basketball my senior year. I lettered three years in football playing halfback. I was president of my sophomore class and junior class.

Several universities recruited me to play football or basketball. The University of Alabama did not have a football team in 1943, so I accepted a football scholarship to Wake Forest for my freshman year. I lettered in football and started on the freshman basketball team at Wake Forest, averaging 19 points per game. I transferred to the University of Alabama in 1944 when football resumed there. I played halfback, lettered in football in 1944, 1945, and 1946, and played in two bowl games, the Sugar Bowl in 1945 and the Rose Bowl in 1946. The 1945 team had a 10-0 record.

I also played varsity basketball and baseball at Alabama. I lettered and was named All-SEC Team Honorable Mention in basketball in 1945. I played left field for the Tide baseball team the same year. After college, I coached for a bit, both at Stevenson High School and Livingston State.

But my winning streak really began in the summer of 1949 when I met Martha Hunt, who grew up in a farmhouse right there at the edge of the cemetery. In fact, the land we are standing on right now used to be part of the pasture of the Hunt Dairy Farm. Martha's father, Ben Hunt, was the first person from Scottsboro to play football at the University of Alabama. I married his daughter in 1950.

After we married, Martha and I moved to Montgomery where I worked for GMAC. We had two daughters while living there, Jamie in 1953 and Mary Ben in 1955.

After six years in Montgomery, we moved back to Scottsboro. I took a job that widened my circle of friends to include the whole town, joining my childhood friend Jep Moody at J.C. Jacobs Bank as assistant vice-president. I was appointed to the bank's board of directors in 1968. Jacobs Bank was the perfect fit. I was particularly good at attracting new customers, and I loved the constant interaction with people.

I worked at Jacobs Bank until my death in 1984. I was senior vice president and a long-time member of the board of directors when I died of heart failure. I was only 60 years old.

During my life, I was able to help a number of students attend college on athletic scholarships. The year after my death, friends and family created The James R. Robertson Scholarship in my memory. It has been awarded annually since. I was posthumously inducted into the Jackson County Sports Hall of Fame in 2015.

I believe I made a difference in Jackson County and the state of Alabama. I am particularly proud of my work recruiting for the University of Alabama Athletic Department, my 18 years of service on the Public Park and Recreation Board, and my service as a member of the Alabama Sports Hall of Fame Selection Committee.

I especially enjoyed being Chairman of the Goose Pond Park and Recreation Board and helping with the development of Goose Pond Colony. If I am only remembered for one thing, I hope it is for my work with young people and my dedication to helping people no matter their station in life. I loved people and was repaid in kind.

Unknown White Male (?-1981)

In October of 1981, I was standing beneath the bridge where Highway 35 crosses over John T. Reid Parkway. You can get in one of those niches up there and stay pretty comfortable on a cold or rainy night. I'd gotten a ride earlier that day all the day from Kentucky to Hollywood. The truck driver gave me his address. I put it in my pocket. That slip of paper and three pennies was all I had in my pockets when the coroner examined me. I wasn't paying close attention, I guess. It was

nearly 2:00 in the morning. I wandered into the road and was hit by a car.

The coroner judged me dead at the scene and carried me to Henshaw Funeral Home. They fretted over me, hoping to find next-of-kin somewhere. They embalmed me and maybe a hundred or so people came from all over to see me, hoping I was a long-lost relative. Finally, they buried me. There were 20 people at my funeral. There were flowers. I was buried here in the indigent part of the cemetery. I lay here undisturbed for 30 years.

Then, a young man who lives here in Scottsboro was watching one of those cold case television shows. They showed a picture of the man who had just been promoted to the top slot on the FBI's "10 most wanted" list. He had worked at the funeral home during the time I spent there, and he thought that the FBI suspect on the cold case program looked a lot like me. He called the hot line for the show. He said he wanted to remain anonymous, but they told him there was a $100,000 reward for resolution of the case. He gave them his contact information, but they didn't do anything about it. He then went to Scottsboro Police Chief Ralph Dawe. Chief Dawe was impressed by the resemblance between the FBI's man and me.

The FBI took Dawe seriously. They came to town and got an exhumation order to dig me up. They took me to Pine Haven Cemetery where they could work in privacy and broke open my vault with a backhoe. They took my femur for DNA identification. They put me back in the ground in short order. I got a new coffin and a new vault out of the deal. They did the DNA analysis. They said I wasn't the guy they were looking for. I got on the national news.

They were hoping I was a man named William Bradford Bishop. It sounds like he was a real bad guy. He killed his mother, wife, and three children in Maryland. He went to Ivy League colleges. He was a diplomat. He spoke a bunch of languages. He was last seen about a hundred miles from here.

"Why would a man with that background end up homeless under a bridge in Scottsboro Alabama?" people ask. They might as well ask, "Why would a man with that background go crazy and kill his whole family?" It's just as improbable.

They put me back in the ground. Since all the commotion, I'm pretty well tended. I've got a few regular visitors. I get flowers and flags and little statuettes. A man who lost his brother and never again heard from him again bought me a headstone, thinking maybe someone would know where to find me if they came looking.

You never know. Maybe they will come looking. The guy who had this grave before me was identified after lying here for a bit. They dug him up and took him back to Texas.

I'm only one of two people in this whole cemetery who's unidentified, but with my DNA on file, who knows? Maybe I'll pick up where I left off under that bridge and be on the road home.

Matthew Lemuel Wann (1876-1932)

I'm Matt Wann. I was Sheriff of Jackson County for only a year and a half in the early 1930s, but I doubt that any local lawman ever saw as much turmoil as I did. Before I took office in January 1931, I'd never held public office, and I'd never been in law enforcement. But all the experience in the

world could not have prepared me for what was set in motion around noon on March 25, 1931.

The station master in Stevenson called my office to report that some white hobos reported there had been a fight between them and some black men riding the freight train out of Chattanooga. The black men had thrown one them off the train, they said. At least one of them was pretty beat up, with his head bleeding.

By the time my office got the call, the train had already passed through Scottsboro, so I phoned ahead to Paint Rock where I got Charlie Latham on the phone at Rousseau's Store. Charlie deputized every man with a gun he could find. He and his men searched the 42-cars of the freight train and turned up nine black men, one white man, and two white women. Charlie tied the nine boys up with a single plow line to transport them back to Scottsboro. The two women stood around and talked for about a half hour with some folks that had gathered at the station.

Then, after Charlie loaded the boys up in a truck, one of the girls, named Ruby Bates, walked over and said that she and her friend, Victoria Price, had been raped. When the boys got to Scottsboro, I put them in the county jail and sent the girls over to the medical examiners, Dr. Bridges and Dr. Lynch.

The word got around fast. By sundown, several hundred folks gathered at the jailhouse door, calling for the boys to be lynched. Me, my full staff of nine deputies, and twelve folks I'd deputized on the spot held the door from the inside. I was determined to do my duty as a peace officer and see that the boys got due process. But I didn't think I could hold long against the mob, so I arranged to have the boys transferred to another jail.

But when we got ready to load them into cars around back of the jail, we found that that the ignition systems of all the cars had been tampered with. Mayor Snodgrass and I had both stood on the steps of the jail and tried to talk sense to the crowd, telling them how it would reflect on the town if we didn't see proper justice done. They didn't listen to reason.

At that point, I called Governor Miller asking for help, and he dispatched National Guard troops out of Guntersville. By the time the 25 troops from Guntersville arrived, I'd managed to reason with all enough folks that the crowd was down to about a hundred or so die-hards, and it looked like the immediate threat had passed, but the tension flared up several more times in the week or so it took to return indictments and during the four days of the trials. The square was packed every day, and it took the heavily armed national guardsmen to keep the crowds in line.

There are two rumors, neither of them substantiated, about my involvement in the Scottsboro trials. One is that I was the model for Atticus Finch when he stood in the jailhouse door to protect Tom Robinson in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. The other is that the KKK killed me in revenge for preventing the lynching of the Scottsboro boys.

I was shot dead on May 3, 1932 while I was serving a warrant on a 20-year-old man named Harry Hambrick, who lived out by the fairgrounds on Old Larkinsville Road. At first, I mistook his brother, Arthur, for Harry and put the cuffs on him. Thinking the matter was settled, I dropped my guard. Then, Harry came up behind his brother there at the front door, fired over his brother's shoulder, and killed me with a single shotgun blast to the chest.

Harry Hambrick escaped. He just walked out the back door without interference or capture. To some people, it looked like a setup. Some say it was revenge for my defense of the Scottsboro boys. Some say it was retaliation for my being hard on the bootleggers.

Scottsboro got a bad rap for the treatment of those nine boys, but it would have been worse if I hadn't made my stand. I was a sworn lawman, and I saw the law through.

History of Scottsboro's First United Methodist Church

The First United Methodist Church (FUMC) of Scottsboro celebrated the 151st anniversary of the congregation's founding during the weekend of August 27-28, 2022. The church's sesquicentennial (150th) anniversary was postponed because of COVID-19 restrictions imposed during last summer's Omicron Variant outbreak.

The congregation is located at 1105 South Broad Street.

FUMC in Scottsboro is known throughout the community for weekly Mercy Place/Celebrate Recovery gatherings on Thursday evenings, its Children's Place daycare center, its Arts and Music Academy, the Caldwell-Dawson Living Center for older adults, Discovery weekends and mission trips for the youth, and the Nourish One Child backpack food-delivery program for students throughout Scottsboro.

The congregation that came to be known as"First Methodist" was probably a loosely organized group of members from an earlier time, but it has been continuously active since 1871. Founded by John Wesley, an Anglican priest, and others in England during the 1760s, the Methodist church in the United States was established in 1784.

The denomination in America evolved throughout the country's history, and a merger between the Methodist Church and the Evangelical United Brethren in 1968 resulted in the United Methodist Church.

From the United Methodist denomination's website (UMC.org): "Today's United Methodists share a rich history. Through our steps and missteps God continues to work in and through us to make disciples of Jesus Christ for the transformation of the world."

As is often the case for community churches, FUMC has been identified by its various buildings throughout its 151-year history.

The first church building was known as "the Old Brick Church" and was located at the southeast corner of Laurel and Caldwell streets.

After using this brick church for almost 25 years, the congregation began the erection of a frame building on the site of the present Scottsboro Post Office. The lot for the church and a parsonage was given to the church by Mrs. R. T. Scott, wife of Scottsboro's founder.

This frame church building was dedicated in 1895. This church building and the parsonage next door were used until Willow Street, on the church's northern boundary, was made a state and federal highway (US Highway 72).

While a new building was being constructed on the southwest corner of Laurel and Scott streets, most of the lot on the southeast corner of Willow and Market streets was sold to the U.S. Government for a new post office building. The building at Laurel and Scott was completed and dedicated in 1938, and records indicated that it was completely paid for when completed.

A small frame parsonage was built where the church's Word Annex later stood. This parsonage was used by the pastor and family until a brick parsonage was erected on a lot near the northeast corner of Scott and Martin streets that was given to the church by Judge and Mrs. John M. Snodgrass.

For a brief period between the sale of the Willow-Market property and the completion of the Scott-Laurel building, the congregation used the school building now known as the Page Administration Building for church services and Sunday

School.

The Word family built and gave the church an annex building of matching architecture in 1951, and the Henshaw family and congregation supplemented this addition with the connecting building. The newer structures provided more space for Sunday School rooms, a memorial chapel, the church's library, and a larger fellowship hall and kitchen.

As Scottsboro's population boomed when new industries were established throughout the late 1960s and into the 1970s, the congregation began a planning and fundraising campaign to build a new building that became the church's current home.

A formal ground-breaking was held in November 1973, and construction was completed in 1975. With more than 40,000 square feet of space located on a four-acre corner of South Broad Street, the new building welcomed features missing at the previous location, such as an elevator and sheltered drive-through, with parking, playgrounds, and recreational areas.

The original architectural rendering included a 100-foot tower, the additional cost of which led to its being dropped from the construction plans. The women of the church worked together to raise the necessary funding so that the tower, with its recorded carillon, is a well recognized part of the building.

The sanctuary seats about 575.

Modern conveniences aside, the current building pays homage to those who helped bring the congregation through the 20th and into the 21st centuries. Stained glass memorial windows from the 1938 building were installed at the current building, along with new ones. The older windows tie in with the large stained-glass Christ Window at the center of the sanctuary, directly behind the altar.

The sanctuary, with walls of buff brick and limestone trim, features walnut-stained oak pews with carpet that includes hues from the Christ window. Red needlepoint kneeling cushions stitched in shades of white, blue, and gold cover the communion rail that encircles the altar. Members and friends of the church lovingly stitched the kneelers in memory and honor of family and friends.

The $1 million mortgage on the current building was retired in 1989, at which time a formal dedication ceremony was held. This was followed by the dedication of the renovated sanctuary organ in 2004. Originally built in 1975 for the new church building, the organ was renovated in 2003 to include a memory system as well as sound and power boosts. For pipe organ enthusiasts, the organ is a three-manual, 30-rank instrument with 1720 pipes and 55 stops.

A church cannot exist without its congregation of members, friends, staff, and clergy. Those people are men, women, and children of all ages. Throughout its history, FUMC

has served its members and friends with activities and programs that focused on small groups as well as those that brought the entire congregation together.

Beginning with church school classes and choirs on Sundays for children, youth, and adults, these activities expanded into the week to include Bible study groups, bell choirs, scouting programs for boys and girls, and groups of adult men and women that actively serve mission programs at the local, national, and international levels.

The FUMC congregation supports aid efforts following natural disasters, education and evangelism among low-income and underserved populations, and support for those struggling with addiction, grief, and trauma of all origins.

As the first quarter of the 21st century draws to a close, FUMC has been part of the evolving story of churches in the United States. A gradual drop in both church membership and attendance has drawn members to FUMC from formerly active churches in surrounding areas.

The quarantine and residual restrictions caused by the arrival of the COVID-19 virus during the 2020-2021 period suspended in-person church attendance followed by a return to in-person services with restrictions. Social distancing —which meant maintaining a six-foot distance between individuals— included the roping-off of pews to create space, the removal of hymnals and Bibles from the pews, wearing face masks over mouths and noses, and no touching one another in greeting or support.

With these extreme restrictions, many churches that had not provided an opportunity to view church services online, including FUMC, inaugurated "e-services," a practice that continues as COVID-19 restrictions have all but disappeared. The informal 8:30 a.m. Sunday morning service grew strong prior to COVID and has continued to flourish during the past year. Although in-person attendance at the traditional 11 a.m. service has dropped, its popularity stands solid within the membership when online attendees are counted.

As part of a larger community of faith throughout Scottsboro and the world, FUMC participates in activities and programs that span the various denominations represented in Scottsboro and Jackson County. FUMC's congregation recognizes the value of working together to reach more people while strengthening an individual's belief in Christ.

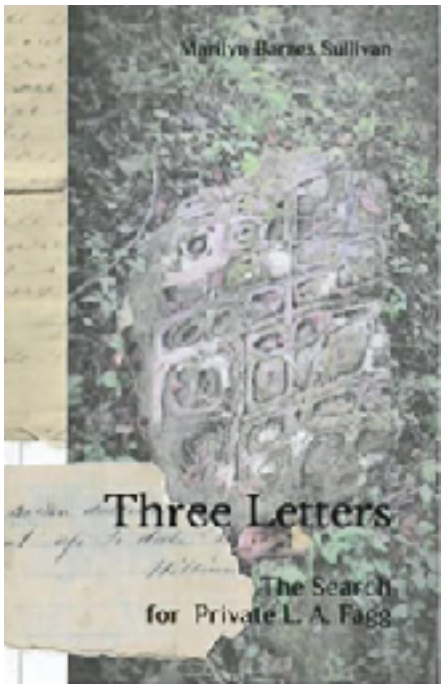
John Wesley wrote in 1749: "If we cannot as yet think alike in all things, at least we may love alike."

Mary Carlton

Editor's Note: We appreciate Mary Carlton sharing this church history with the *Chronicles*. Mary is church historian. Leslie Everett Ellis sent her copy of the 1948 W. S. C. S. cookbook from 1948. It is interesting for its list of contributors, its period recipes, and the variety of other information included in the cookbook, including tips for what to wear if you are particularly tall or stout, nutrition information, household hints, and a complete 18-day reducing diet for both home and "soda fountain" meals, followed a a guide to how to gain weight and a chart of ideal weights for men and women. Find recipes from your family and friends and tips on how to remove vegetable stains and unmold a jellied salad. The cookbook can be downloaded from the JCHA downloads page: http://www.jchaweb.org/downloads/whatscooking1948methodistcookbook.pdf

New items appear on this website regularly. Check the latest books and articles scanned that might help with your family research.

Review of *Three Letters: The Search for Private L. A. Fagg*



In stating her intent in writing her book *Three Letters: The Search for Private L.A. Fagg*, Marilyn Barnes Sullivan says " I don't look back at the history of the United States as a series of isolated events created and played out by 'prominent' men. Rather I see a continuum of lived experience carried out by a rich diversity of people just going about their daily lives. Our collective history is, after all, just that—a collection of personal stories . . . ." In this case, the story focuses on the Fagg family, who lived in the middle decades of the 1800s in Doran's Cove, in northern Jackson County.

The artifacts that drove Sullivan to pursue the story of Louis Fagg are scant, consisting of three letters (two by Louis and one by his brother-in-law) and two receipts acknowledging transactions by the Fagg family. That paucity of raw materials makes her intent to tell the family's story problematic. She says that in order to voice the stories "from the mouths of ordinary people [of] what they thought and did as the world around them changed . . . I would have to satisfy myself by excavating facts about these young men and the world they lived in by reading written accounts by contemporaries who were able to record their experience." And, she adds as a postscript, "The rest I would have to imagine."

The interaction of artifact, arduous research, the writings of Fagg's contemporaries, and most importantly Sullivan's imagination are the materials that weave a vivid and sometimes deeply disturbing of account of the hardships and atrocities in our county during the Civil War.

Her descriptions of "bushwhackers," home guard, and marauders who preyed on families in Doran's Cove to supply troops or simply for their own benefit are powerful. The raids were visited on Unionists (of which there were many in Jackson County) as well as families with men serving in the Confederacy, victimizing families typically consisting only of women and children who were working farms that had barely provided sustenance even when there were men to tend to the crops.


Marilyn Sullivan

The excerpts written by occupying forces—for instance, by Union soldier Frank Wilkeson who visited a refugee camp in Stevenson—describing the "refugee camp" in Stevenson for dispossessed, starving and threadbare women are deeply troubling: "I talked to many of these women," he said, "All told stories of murder, arson . . . . It was easy to foresee the years of bloodshed, of assassination, of family feuds that would spring from the recollections of the war . . . . And long after the war closed rifles continue to crack in remote mountain glens, as the open accounts between families were settled."

James Barnard, a "safeguard" assigned to defend a vulnerable Jackson County family, noted in his post-war memoir: "At Stevenson, there was a large refugee camp,

where women and children and a few crippled and age-enfeebled men had sought refuge from attacks by murderous bands of guerrillas. No man dared till his lean fields from fear that some hidden enemy might kill him. The defenseless women and children were starved out of their homes, and they sought safety and food within the Union lines."

Sullivan's months of old-fashioned (i.e. non-internet) research brought her to the basement of the Jackson County courthouse. She commented "The exceptionally pungent promising musty smell of the room made me thankful for my Covid mask! A pair of rubber boots on the table confirmed the basement room full of priceless 19th and early 20th century history has a flooding problem."

From her troves of archival material in Montgomery and Scottsboro, Sullivan traced the steps of Fagg from Bridgeport to Fort Donaldson to Port Hudson, LA to a spot on the Big Black River from which Louis Fagg wrote the second of this letters.

Standing on the spot where Confederate soldiers were reportedly buried in mass graves, Sullivan wraps up her narrative with a flight of imagination that both reveals her motive for the search and provides a poignant conclusion to her quest.

Marilyn Sullivan is a gifted stylist and storyteller. Her book is among the most important works of Jackson County Civil War history yet published and certainly the most readable. Her synthesis of research, speculation, and imagination blend to make this a very worthwhile read.

David Bradford

Marilyn Sullivan was born, raised, and steeped in Southern history in Prattville, Alabama, just across the street from the first capital of the Confederacy.

Her maternal grandparents grew up in Jackson and DeKalb counties.

After graduating from Auburn University in Secondary Education with a history major, she taught school and worked as a historic preservation consultant before pursuing a graduate degree in psychology at Seattle University.

Previous writing includes Care Given: A Memoir of Walking My Parents Home. *She is working on a collection of short stories while the next historic research project gestates.*

(Biographical sketch partially excerpted from her book, Three Letters: The Search for Private L.A. Fagg*)*

Three Letters: The Search for Private L.A. Fagg *is available through amazon.com or from the Scottsboro Jackson County Heritage Center.*

Wellness and Mountaintop Sanitariums: July Mountain

In 2020, the *Chronicles* included a discussion of the revered white sulphur water well discovered in 1897 on the northeast corner of the courthouse square, and about the wellness movement that encouraged Jackson County residents to celebrate and consume this foul, stinky liquid.

The enthusiasm that the town fathers mustered for the sulphur well is evidence that the town was aware of the burgeoning wellness trend that sweeping the country and looking for a way to participate in this movement. 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 newspapers of the day were filled with stories of miracle cures brought about by time spent at a sanitarium. Dr. Kellogg had his famous nutrition-based spa in Battle Creek, Michigan. The *Progressive Age* carried stories about the latest health trend, which was grapes. "Grapes are said to exercise a salutary action on the nervous system and to favor the formation of fat," which Dr. Kellogg assured us, was a good thing. Dr. Kellogg was director of the Sanitarium Hospital and Laboratory of Hygiene at Battle Creek, Michigan, and it was his opinion that"the valuable results obtained by a fruit diet in cases of biliousness" which, the doctor had observed, were caused by "noxious germs habitually present in the alimentary canal," which he reasons, "do not thrive in fruit juices."

Asheville, NC had long been a health retreat, an area known for its cool, clean air. It was a retreat for monied tuberculosis patients. Zelda Fitzgerald died in a sanitarium fire in Asheville in 1948. Memphis was another town advertising sanitariums for treating "cocaine, whiskey, and cigarette habits."

Sample Sanitarium Ads from the 1900s Local Newspapers

Dr. Parker's Sanitarium and Private Lying-In Hospital advertised in every *Progressive Age* for several years during the 1900s, treating "chronic diseases, surgical cases, and sexual diseases of men, women and children." Say what? Summerville, GA was also much praised as a sanitarium. "Too much can not be said of Summerville and its fresh, invigorating air, its medical springs, and its low malarial swamps." (*PA*, Jul 25, 1889) Fort Payne and Gadsden both built sanitariums during this period.

Certainly the most notable nearby example of mountain health resorts is found in Huntsville. 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. The hotel closed in 1900, and the W.W. Garth family later purchased 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.

Sample Sanitarium and Chill Tonic Ads from the 1900s Local Newspapers

When Jackson County people began their summer retreats to local mountain resorts in the 1890s, the causes of disease were still, in many ways, a mystery. Remember the times in which these people lived. The practice of medicine had been dominated by miasma theory, which held that soil polluted with waste products of any kind gave off a "miasma" into the air, which caused many major infectious diseases of the day. "Today, it is hard for us to fully appreciate the great revolution in medicine known as 'germ theory' " the National Institute of Health website explains. "It seems impossible that people once believed that foul odors could create disease or that 'evil spirits' could cause a person to become ill." It was 1876 when German researcher Robert Koch discovered that anthrax bacillus caused disease in cattle, not poor living conditions or bad air. "In the final decades of the 19th century, Koch conclusively established that a particular germ could cause a specific disease. He did this by experimentation with anthrax," and the field of bacteriology was born. Medicine changed forever

Bad vapors were not the only disease agent lurking in the river valleys. Malaria ravaged local residents during the summer. Ads for patent medicines to treat these maladies filled the local newspapers. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, which was first sold in 1885, was a fever-remedy made from quinine suspended in a flavored syrup to eliminate the bitter taste.

"When TVA was incorporated in 1933, malaria affected a third of the population in the region," the TVA Website explains. "Looking through the death records kept by Tennessee Valley counties at that time makes it clear that mosquito-borne diseases like malaria and yellow fever took an enormous toll in human life before TVA launched its comprehensive mosquito-control programs."

It is appropriate that TVA took on this task since for a time, their turning flowing rivers into standing pools only made the mosquito problem worse instead of better. When the TVA discovered this fact, they attacked malaria aggressively, spraying for mosquitoes and educating local residents about malaria prevention. One of the photos showing what TVA termed "the port of Scottsboro" (the inlet on the right side of the Bob Jones Bridge heading up Sand Mountain) in the late 1930s shows boats used to combat malaria moored in this inlet.

TVA photo of boats moored in the Port of Scottsboro used to spray for mosquitoes.

TVA also published reports and consumer brochures about practices to discourage malaria: putting screens on windows, building a strong screen door, sealing fire places, and covering the cracks in floors and walls with roofing paper. It took the widespread use of dichlorodiphenyltlrichloroethane, better know by its infamous abbreviation, DDT, to eliminate malaria from the Tennessee Valley. DDT was banned in

1972, and we all watch with awe as eagles and other wildlife have returned to the Tennessee Valley.

And this does not even begin to address the much higher than average instance of tuberculosis in the Tennessee Valley. All this is to say, the people who retreated to the mountaintops for the summer were people with money, but the fear of malaria and the difficulties facing asthmatic patients in the valley clearly had merit.

Progressive Age Editor Lawrence Brown expressed the town's vision of itself as a spa town, writing a June 23, 1898 editorial titled "Grasp the Chance:"

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 Calybeate fountain furnishes nature's elixir for the ills that beset us.

As can be seen from Lawrence Brown's column, Scottsboro was not without its own entries in the mountain top spa competition. The county, in fact, had two such offerings: the sanitarium on July Mountain outside Scottsboro and Fern Cliff in Dutton.

Page from TVA pamphlet "Malaria, the Story of an Individual Problem and a Community Problem, from the Library of Congress.

Dr. Barton B. Smith and the July Mountain Sanitarium

Just as we all load up and "go to the mountains" today to escape the heat and humidity of summer, Scottsboro people in 1900 who could afford it retreated to July Mountain and Sand Mountain, often for the entire summer, to escape what was called then "the heated term." The article that accompanied the sale of lots on July Mountain said that the mountain had been used as a health resort "for more than sixty years" but I can document summer people on the mountain no earlier than 1893.

I had always assumed the name "July Mountain" came from the fact that people retreated there during the hot months. The earliest labeling of this mountain as July comes not from the US Geological Service, who did not begin putting landform names on maps until 1936, but from a search of state newspapers. I can document this land sold by W. I. Kirk in a Sheriff's Sale to settle a case between Johnson McKay and M. M. McCutchen (deceased) where land "by the spur of July mountain" is being sold to satisfy a debt. That the name "July Mountain" was known outside of Jackson County can be confirmed in an 1872 Alabama syndicated story about M. W. Kirby striking oil in Scottsboro. The end of the story describes young Scottsboro thus:

The town is bounded on the North by a spur of the Cumberland Mountains on the South by what is known as Back Bone Ridge, a small mountain separating the town from the Tennessee River; and on the West by a very high mountain known as July mountain. On the East is a large and fertile valley stretching to Stevenson some twenty-eight miles distant. The Cumberland and July mountains are noted for their vast beds of coal. Rich valleys and coves, peopled by well-to-do and hospitable farmers, abound near the place.—A valley lies between Back Bone Ridge and the Tennessee river which cannot be surpassed for the richness and fertility of its soil.—A good farming country lies between the town and July mountain; but the Cumberland spur comes down close to the corporate limits.

It is significant that early as 1872, six years after the end of the Civil War and four years after the town of Scottsboro was incorporated, the area is described in other state papers, and the mountain was already known as July Mountain.

The April 26, 1878 *The Fellow Citizen*, an early short-lived county newspaper, complained that Scottsboro was not taking advantage of its mineral springs: "Why does not some one improve the mineral springs near Scottsboro! There are no better medicated waters in the United States, for some individuals, than here near this place. For instance, on the July mountain and on the lands of E. C. McBroom."

In July 18, 1878, Alexander Snodgrass, editor of *The Alabama Herald*, thanked John Hembree for the "two mammoth apples, raised on top of July mountain." And Snodgrass wrote in the August 29, 1878 Alabama Herald about an excursion up July Mountain with friends:

There is a beautiful elevation west by southwest in sight of our town called the July Mountain on top of which there is a chalybeate spring at which Thomas and John Steely live and near which John Hembree has a considerable farm in cotton and corn. On Sunday morning last, we joined Judge (Nelson) Kyle, J.T. Skelton, and J. B. Tally, Jr. in an excursion to the spring and in pursuit of a mountain breeze. With everything necessary for comfort in camp-life, we reached the spring, drank water, rested, read newspapers, broiled meat, ate, and were comfortable.

We left our companions in the early afternoon with Mr.Tom Steely who was anxious to impress us favorably with the mountain on which he has selected a home and opened a considerable farm. With our guide we were to see all of interest that was to be seen thereon and thereabout. South of the chalybeate spring some three-fourths of a mile we found the cold freestone spring once used by the late lamented W. W. McCutchen. [W. W. McCutchen had drowned while attempting to cross the Tennessee River in a skiff a few weeks before this article was written.]

We then passed back by (the campsite of) our companions and saw three-fourths of a mile in the other direction the famous mountain crop of John Hembree who lives opposite and drinks water out of a cave in the edge of Long Hollow. John Hembree has a crop of corn estimated at 25 acres on top of the July Mountain that would be called a fine crop on the Tennessee River in first class bottom land. There is no exaggeration about this; it is true. The Steely brothers also have a fair crop for new land. The mountains of our county alone have capacity for a large population. Take valleys and mountains together, and there is no estimating the productive capacity of Jackson County.

A large parcel of land on July Mountain was auctioned in May 1880. C. S. Freeman, the executor of John Freeman's estate, advertised that "the land is situated on July Mountain, about three miles from Scottsboro, and has on it a fine chalybeate spring," making it likely that this was the eventual site of a sanitarium.

Like Tater Knob, July Mountain has always been a beloved local landmark. In 1890, the *Progressive Age* recounted the story of a man watching a local art class taught by Miss Gregory: "We found there a group of little boys and girls, with bright eyes and nimble fingers sketching and scratching, and on the walls and easels specimens of handiworks" of such young artists as Ida King, Veda King, Lilian Bledsoe, Maggie Parks, Lawrence Brown and Rosa Hurt, of the smaller folks, and pictures by Miss Annie Skelton, Miss Maggie Stuart, Miss Irene Snodgrass. They were painting "the peak of July Mountain that rises in such a graceful cone to the west of town."

The name most closely associated with July Mountain in the late 1890s and early 1900s was that of Dr. Barton Brooks Smith Sr. Dr. Smith had plans for building on July Mountain as early as 1892, when he and his wife Cidney entered into a trust with lawyer James Martin as the Trustee with Southern Building and Loan Association, borrowing $500 for an unspecified project and using their sawmill and grist mill as collateral. It was defaulting on this loan that nearly lost Smith control of the July Mountain property in 1902.

The first documented mention of people retreating to July Mountain for their health to escape the heat and malaria of the valley is found in 1893. The social columns of the newspapers were filled with reports of

citizens retreating to July Mountain for their health. Mrs J. L. Staples "who had been quite sick for several weeks" but was slowly improving on July Mountain with Mrs. P. W. Keith." (PA, September 1, 1893).

In 1894, the *Progressive Age* reported that "P. W. Keith and family have moved to July mountain for the heated term," and that Dr. B. B. Smith, was "down from July Mountain. On September 21, 1894, the *Progressive Age* reported that "Mr and Mrs. C. C. Arnold are spending several days on July Mountain," and on September 28, the paper reported that "Albert Smith and family moved to July mountain Monday to spend several weeks."

Dr. Barton Smith's family was one of those with a summer cabin on July Mountain, and the family regularly retreated to the mountain in late spring, not returning until nearly the end of October. Dr. Smith owned property on the northeastern bluff side of the mountain and began construction of his sanitarium at the corner of the western corner of what is today July Mountain Boulevard and Monte Vista Drive. The current land owner keeps the large trees cut and generously allowed me to look off her deck to appreciate the view that Dr. Smith's summer boarders enjoyed. The "Chalybeate spring" still runs, but the well is fenced to avoid accidents. The *Citizen* stated on May, 21, 1896, "Dr. B. B. Smith is on July mountain, where he has in construction a large and attractive sixteen-room building, which will be opened soon for the accommodation of summer boarders." The doctor was down the next week with flux (dysentery) (*Citizen*, May 26, 1896). Hope it was not from drinking from the Chalybeate spring....

On June 23, 1898, The *Citizen* included a description a a pleasant day "spent at the Smith summer house on Mt. July:

After a most hearty welcome from the doctors and daughters and a pleasant confab, the dinner hour arrived and all repaired to the dining room, where an elegantly prepared feast awaited...The afternoon was most delightfully spent in viewing the scenery. Among the most beautiful places of interest that were visited there, 'Castle Garden,' 'Point Lookout,' and the chalybeate spring....Late in the afternoon, the equestrian travelers reluctantly bade their host and hostess good-bye and started upon their homeward journey, bringing with them the remembrance of one of the most enjoyable days of their lives.

Dr. Barton B. Smith and his family lived in Larkinsville where Smith was a physician and merchant. Dr. Smith was born September 17, 1827 in Larkinsville, the son of Brooks Smith and Tabitha Ann Wright who came from Ireland to Virginia. He attended Emory and Henry College in Virginia. In 1853, he married Sarah E. Jones in Madison, Alabama. Smith graduated from medical school at the University of Nashville in 1857 Sarah died at age 27 in 1858; there were no children born to this marriage. Smith was a widowed allopathic physician living in Paint Rock when he entered the Civil War as a hospital steward in the 39th U.S. Volunteer Infantry. In 1865, he married Cydie Carter in Talladega, who was 11 years his junior. This couple had seven children: Albert born in 1868, Barton Jr. in 1870, Carrie in 1872, Augusta in 1875, Noeme in 1879, Ora Lenora in 1881 and Alma in 1884.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. B. F. Smith. Dr. W. B. Smith.

DRS. SMITH & SMITH.

Offer their services to the public in the general practice of Medicine and Surgery. They hope by strict attention and proper application to merit a liberal share of patronage.

Office over Dr. B. B. Smith's Drug Store, Larkinsville Ala.,

☞Dr. W. B. Smith can be found at his residence near Smith's Chapel, when not at Larkinsville or professionally engaged. 28-1y.

1879 *Scottsboro Citizen*

This 1879 article notes that he practiced medicine above his drug store in Larkinsville with his nephew W. B. Smith, 22 years his junior and outlived him by 5 years. Two of his children studied medicine: his son Bart Jr. was a physician and his daughter Noeme reached at least her second year of medical school in Chattanooga, although I can find no evidence that she completed her training and practiced medicine. Dr. Smith's daughter Augusta married R. E. Jones of Scottsboro and became the mother of Congressman Bob Jones.

Dr. Smith was a prominent person in Larkinsville. He was appointed postmaster in 1876, and the post office was probably located in his store, since J. R. Kennamer notes in *The History of Jackson County, Alabama* that he "ran a flouring mill and was a merchant at Larkinsville for some years." He was also one of the doctors who organized the


Dr. Barton B. Smith, from Ancestry.

county medical association and served for several years as its president. In 1902 he was a county commissioner.

His activities were all over the newspapers of the time, especially the *Citizen*, because of his friendship with James Armstrong. He exchanged grain for grist mill services (Citizen, August 1879), sold the New Home Sewing Machines through his store as the agency for this brand (*Citizen*, August 1883); he was one of the Jackson County representatives to the Congressional Convention in Decatur in 1883 (*Citizen*, December 1882); he was mayor of Larkinsville in the early 1880s (*Citizen*, May 1883); his sawmill was dressing lumber for cedar pencils (*Citizen* September 1886); he suffered a fire in his store in 1887 (*Citizen*, February 1887); his editorials and opinions were published frequently in the newspaper; he ceased to operate his retail business in 1898, and C. E. Brewer (his son-in-law) took over the space (*Citizen*, September 1, 1898);

His ubiquitous plug hat was familiar to everyone, so much so that the Decatur newspaper quipped, "Jackson county is said to have only one man who can afford to wear a plug hat.. That man should come to Decatur and see that antiquated plug, which, to our personal knowledge, makes it appearance once a week. He would never wear a plug hat again." James Armstrong responded for the Citizen: "The News alludes to Dr. B. B. Smith, of Larkinsville. However, there are more gentlemen in High Jackson that wear stovepipe hats, though our country is not very prolific for the plug hat. A Jackson county candidate would suffer martyrdom before he would be caught with a plug hat on." (*Scottsboro Citizen*, April 8, 1886)

Smith's youngest daughter, Alma, was just a teenager in July 1903 when she woke to find a young Black man named Andy Diggs standing at the foot of her bed. Diggs ran when she screamed, but confessed when he was captured. He was removed from the Jackson County Jail by a mob and hanged. Sheriff Dave Austin was shot during the melee. This hanging is one of the three Jackson County lynchings documented at the National Memorial for Peace and Justice in Montgomery.

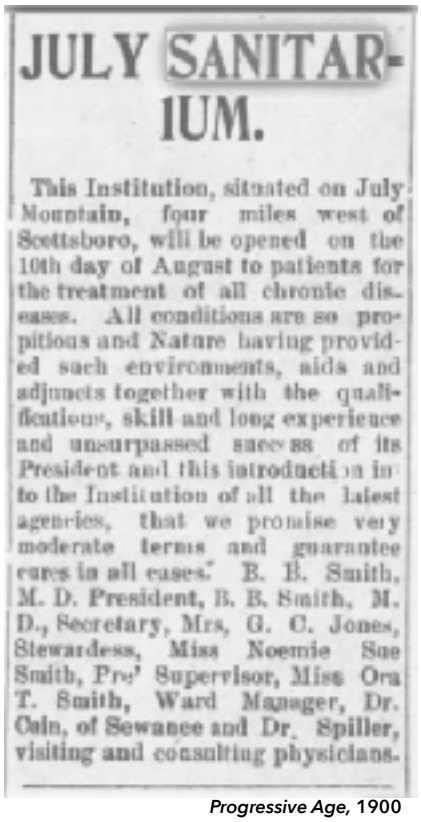
On June 15, 1899, the *Scottsboro Citizen* reported, "It is said that July Mountain, near Scottsboro, could be made a great summer resort." This statement and the rush of people up the mountain says that Dr. Barton Smith's 16-room lodge and cabins on the mountain were already popular. They came to be known as the Smith Sanitarium or the July Sanitarium. Dr. Smith made the most of his summer camp, hosting events like a health institute and a Confederate reunion at his sanitarium.

"July Mountain," for a time, was a stringer heading in the paper; this geographical area was later simply "Woods Cove." As the heat of July baked the valley, a July 28, 1898 column in the *Progressive Age* boasted about the air quality on July Mountain:

We often look down as late as 9 or 10 o'clock a. m. and see you enveloped in fog, yet we have a bright Italian morning. July looms up a little northwest of Scottsboro near the M. and C. R. R. and runs westerly, then southeast, then east stopping nearly on a meridians from the starting point. It is a crescent shape and its concave aspect forms the beautiful valley of Woods Cove and the beautiful little city of Scottsboro rests at its entrance.

It is unnecessary to tell you that hygienic health, pure air and water, (the best Chalybeate) are old jolly settlers on the mountain. The convex side has huge cliffs and bluffs from which can be seen Sauta and Bluespring valley north, Bending Oak, Limrock and Smith's Chapel nestling in the sun but midway is the sanitarium and we have a pleasant little coterie of visitors and sojourners: C. S. Freeman and family, W. F. King and family, of Birmingham, W. G. Wood and wife, Mrs. Alley, W. L. Martin and family, of Montgomery, Mrs. Sam Ryan and children, of Texas. Among the visitors to the mountain last week were John Ivy, Judge J. P. Harris, C. Vanhorn, C. A. Staples and daughter, Miss Maggie, C. T. Wood and daughter, Miss Mollie, Mr. John Hembree, Dr. B.B. Smith, Jr., W. C. Manning, and Richard

Bennett. Mr. Martin and family and Mrs. Ryan have taken rooms at the sanitarium, and the Misses Smith are the presiding doctors of the institution."



JULY SANITARIUM.

This Institution, situated on July Mountain, four miles west of Scottsboro, will be opened on the 10th day of August to patients for the treatment of all chronic diseases. All conditions are so propitious and Nature having provided such environments, aids and adjuncts together with the qualifications, skill and long experience and unsurpassed success of its President and this introduction into the Institution of all the latest agencies, that we promise very moderate terms and guarantee cures in all cases." B. B. Smith, M. D. President, B. B. Smith, M. D., Secretary, Mrs. G. C. Jones, Stewardess, Miss Noemie Sue Smith, Pres' Supervisor, Miss Ora T. Smith, Ward Manager, Dr. Cain, of Sewanee and Dr. Spiller, visiting and consulting physicians.

Progressive Age, 1900

People who could afford it continued to flock to the sanitarium. By 1900, the *Progressive Age* reported on August 2 that "J. C. Jacobs has rented a cottage on July mountain, which his family will occupy during the hot weather. They expect to get moved this week." That year, the September 6 *Citizen* carried the first ad for the July Sanitarium that opened on August 10 "to patients for the treatment of all chronic diseases. All conditions are so propitious and Nature having provided such environment, aids and adjuncts together with the qualification skills and long experience and unsurpassed success of its President and this introduction into the Institution of all the latest agencies, that we promise very moderate terms and guarantee cures in all cases." The ad lists the officers of the sanitarium: Dr. B. B. Smith, MD, President and Secretary; Mrs. G. C. Jones Stewardess; Miss Naomi Sue Smith, Supervisor; Miss Ora T. Smith, Ward Manager; Dr. Cain of Sewanee and Dr. Spiller, visiting and consulting physicians.

In June 1898, Lawrence Brown, then the editor of the *Progressive Age,* admonished local residents to celebrate and exploit their naturally healthy environment:

Here is 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....Hon. Wm. Martin know 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.

On August 2, 1900, the *Scottsboro Citizen* pointed out an ad about the sanitarium and said, "Drs. Smith and Smith are sparing no expense to make this institution one of the of best in the South." The second Dr. Smith is Dr. Barton Smith Sr.'s son, who practiced for a time in Jackson County after his service with the 39th Kansas Volunteers in the Spanish-American War.

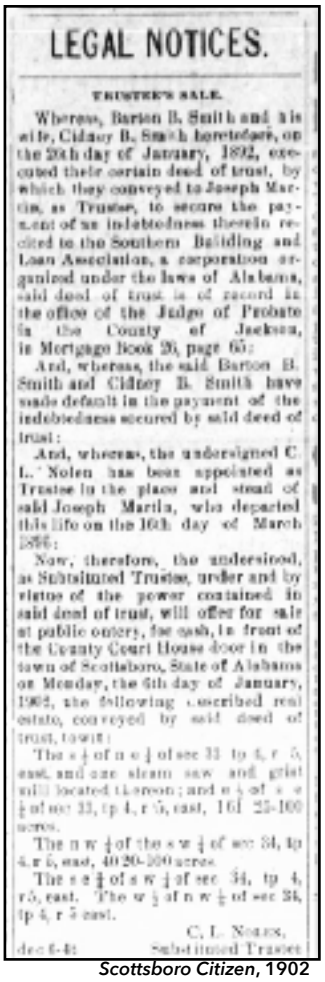
In January 1901, the *Citizen* carried this professional announcement from Dr. Smith: "Having closed the July Sanitarium for the winter, I will remain at the home office for a time and being well supplied with medicines I will dispense them for from 20 to 60 days for the following diseases for which I came to be an expert; viz: Venereal Bladder and Kidney diseases, Chronic Catarrh and Chronic Female Ailments, Sores of every character, Piles, Fits, etc. My fees and terms will be most reasonable and always confidential. If necessary to remain for treatment, board will be satisfactory." It is interesting that before Jackson County had a hospital, patients too ill to be treated at home boarded with the doctor. In the summer of 1901, local citizens retreated to the comfort of July Mountain, but the sanitarium is not mentioned. "Mrs. W. C. Maples, who has had fever over two weeks is reported getting better and hopes soon to spend several weeks on July Mountain," *The Progressive Age* noted in May 1901.

In 1902, Dr. Smith was more than 75 years old and apparently not giving his full attention to his sanitarium. He had not opened the facility to its usual summer visitors and had not kept the road cleared, so that people who began the trek to the mountaintop in June had not been able to reach their usual summer destination. In mid July, Dr. Smith apparently failed to abide by the loan repayment terms of his 1892 trust on the sanatarium property, and a group of citizens acquired the property, at least temporarily. *The Scottsboro Citizen* announced on July 17, 1902 that "A Scottsboro syndicate has purchased July Mountain. C. S. Freeman is now overhauling the sanitarium preparatory to moving in next week. Eight or ten families are thinking of going up for the summer. Virgil Bouldin and P. W. Keith have been appointed

a committee to locate a road up the mountain." The July 17 *Progressive Age* reported much the same story, saying "The July mountain property including the sanatarium formerly belonging to Dr. B. B. Smith has been purchased by a party of local citizens for a summer resort....A road is being built up the mountain this week and next week several families will move out. The sanatarium will be used as a boarding house which will be conducted by C. S. Freeman for the company. Those interested in the purchase are: C. S. Freeman, J. C. Jacobs, J. F. Proctor, Dr. W. C. Maples, J. D. Snodgrass, D. O. Austin, P. W. Keith, J.B Hackworth, L. E. Brown."

Dr. Smith was on top of this in a hurry. The July 24, 1902 *Citizen* reported, "Dr. B. B. Smith has given notice to the parties that purchased July mountain that he intended to redeem the sanitarium at once. As several member of the syndicate were preparing to move their families this *coup d'etat* on the part of the Doctor may cause them to change their plans." In the same paper, a short notice said, "A good driveway has been cut up to July mountain summer resort."

On July 31, 1902, the *Progressive Age* announced, "Dr. B. B. Smith, having repurchased the title to the property known as July Mountain Sanitarium, rented it to Mr. Charles Freeman. The buildings and grounds are formally opened and the following arrivals are registered: Mrs. W. L. Moody and two sons, Mrs. Virgil Bouldin and two children, Mrs F. W. Brandon and two daughters, Mrs. W. L. Martin, of Montgomery, and two daughter, Miss Virgie Keith and her brother Cecil. Others expect to go this week." And on that same date, the Scottsboro Citizen reported, "Dr. C. S. Freeman has rented Dr. Smith's sanitarium and will convert it into a summer resort." And the sanitarium survived the 1902 season with C. S. Freeman at the helm. The paper concluded on August 14, "July Mountain seems to be a popular resort for the Scottsboro people."



LEGAL NOTICES.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Barton B. Smith and his wife, Cidney B. Smith heretofore, on the 20th day of January, 1892, executed their certain deed of trust, by which they conveyed to Joseph Martin, as Trustee, to secure the payment of an indebtedness therein recited to the Southern Building and Loan Association, a corporation organized under the laws of Alabama, said deed of trust is of record in the office of the Judge of Probate in the County of Jackson, in Mortgage Book 26, page 65:

And, whereas, the said Barton B. Smith and Cidney B. Smith have made default in the payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust:

And, whereas, the undersigned C. L. Nolen has been appointed as Trustee in the place and stead of said Joseph Martin, who departed this life on the 16th day of March 1896:

Now, therefore, the undersigned, as Substituted Trustee, under and by virtue of the power contained in said deed of trust, will offer for sale at public outcry, for cash, in front of the County Court House door in the town of Scottsboro, State of Alabama on Monday, the 6th day of January, 1902, the following described real estate, conveyed by said deed of trust, to-wit:

The s ½ of n e ¼ of sec 31 to 4, r 5 east, and one steam saw and grist mill located thereon; and n ½ of s e ¼ of sec 31, tp 4, r 5, east, 161 25-100 acres.

The n w ¼ of the s w ¼ of sec 34, tp 4, r 5, east, 40 20-100 acres.

The s e ¼ of s w ¼ of sec 34, tp 4, r 5, east. The w ½ of n w ¼ of sec 35, tp 4, r 5 east.

C. L. NOLEN,
Substituted Trustee.

dec 6-4t

Scottsboro Citizen, 1902

In 1903, Dr. Smith clearly did not plan to open the sanitarium himself, but started early finding a tenant. The April 3, 1903 *Scottsboro Citizen* said in its news column, "The July Mountain resort and three cottages are for rent This desirable property will soon be in demand." The same newspaper carried this notice, which includes the best description of the facility: "July Mountain Resort and Sanitarium and three cottages for rent for the season of 1903. Above the clouds, bogs, and mosquitoes—in the wild woods and pine glades, surrounded with a variety of delicious fruits and is a bracing, atmosphere 3 1/2 miles from Scottsboro and offers a place unsurpassed for the weary to rest and the sick to get well. Terms easy. Apply to Dr. B. B. Smith, Larkinsville, Ala., or James Armstrong, *Citizen* Office."

For Rent--July Mountain Resort.

July Mountain Resort and Sanitarium and three cottages for rent for the season of 1903. Above the clouds, bogs and mosquitoes—in the wild woods and pine glades, surrounded with a variety of delicious fruits and in a bracing atmosphere. 3½ miles from Scottsboro and offers a place unsurpassed for the weary to rest and the sick to get well.

Terms easy,
Apply to DR. B. B. SMITH,
Larkinsville, Ala.,
or James Armstrong, Citizen Office.

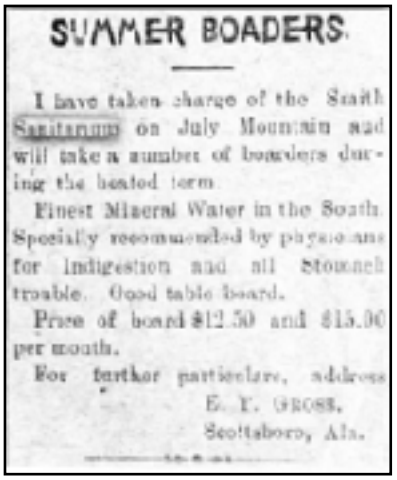
Scottsboro Citizen, 1903

The ad continued to run throughout the month of April with no apparent takers, though the April 30 *Citizen* noted, "The July Mountain Resort is for rent this summer It is a delightful retreat." Some part of the facility must have been opened because June 9, the *Progressive Age* announced, "J. C. Jacobs and W. W. Howard families will go to July mountain at once, for the summer." But the usual litany of who people staying in the lodge is never found, indicating perhaps that these families occupied their usual cabin but had no lodge services. The August 27 *Progressive Age* noted that "Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Coffey are on July mountain."

The 1904 season have a similar "catch as catch can" feeling, but the sanitarium was still operating. Dr. Smith's son, B. B., Jr., had moved to North Carolina and married. The elder Smith's friend, Editor James Armstrong, said in the column two years later that Dr. Smith had been confined to his bed most of the time for two years, which would have made the onset of this

invalid period at end of his life in 1904. There are numerous reports of his children rushing to his bedside over the next three years, though he managed to survive under the care of his daughter until 1907.

"Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Coffey have gone to July Mountain for the summer," the June 30, 1904 *Citizen* announced; they returned to town on September 15. On August 4, "Mrs. W. W. Lee and children are visiting Mrs. Ben Howland, en route to July mountain for several weeks' stay." (*Progressive Age*) The August 25 *Progressive Age* noted that the family was staying with Mrs. Jacobs, who moved back to the valley on September 6. On September 8, the *Citizen* said, "July mountain may yet become a great summer resort for our town people." The roads in November were good enough for Mr. and Mrs. Ed Machen to visit on July Mountain. (*Citizen*, November 10)


SUMMER BOADERS.

I have taken charge of the Smith Sanitarium on July Mountain and will take a number of boarders during the heated term.

Finest Mineral Water in the South. Specially recommended by physicians for Indigestion and all Stomach trouble. Good table board.

Price of board $12.50 and $15.00 per month.

For further particulars, address

E. T. GROSS,

Scottsboro, Ala.

Scottsboro Citizen, 1905

Summer of 1905 was better organized and under new management. "Mr. and Mrs Erastus Gross will open the sanitarium on July mountain next week for the reception of guests. They go there chiefly for the benefit of Mrs. Gross's father, D. N. Snodgrass." Mr. Gross began advertising in the *Citizen*, which reported "this resort is near Scottsboro and the fine mineral water is said to be a sure cure for all cases of indigestion and stomach trouble. Mr. Gross has put the board down low, being only $12.50 and $15 per month."

The June 22, 1905 *Scottsboro Citizen* announced that "Col. Snodgrass and family went to July Mountain Sanitarium Tuesday to spend the summer." The June 29, 1905 *Progressive Age* reported that "Mrs. Irene Hays and Mrs. John F. Proctor are planning to spend the heated term as the Gross Sanitarium on July Mountain." On July 29, 1905, an article titled "Summer Boarders" in the Scottsboro *Citizen* written by E. T. Gross of Scottsboro announced, "I have taken charge of the Smith Sanitarium on July Mountain and will take a number of boarders during the heated term. Finest Mineral Water in the South. Specially recommend by physicians for Indigestion and all Stomach trouble. Good table board. Price of board $12.50 and $15.00 per month."

The August 3, 1905 *Progressive Age* described the Mr. Gross' improvements to the July Sanitarium:

Mr. Gross has had workmen here this week making extensive improvement in the Sanitarium grounds. Rustic seats and a brush arbor at the spring are additional comforts we are having. A fine free stone spring has been cleaned out and the water is ready for use. A driveway opened up down the mountain to the road leading to Larkinsville....The register shows the following visitors this week: Harry and John Higgins, Larkinsville; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Henderson, Geo. Carter, Mesdames C. L. Freeman, Lit Moody, J. A. Kyle, J. F. Proctor, Messrs. C. A. Howland, F. A. Bostic all of Scottsboro; Mr and Mrs. E. C. Snodgrass, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parks of Larkins' Landing.

In 1906, a consortium that included General Agent C. S. Brewton (husband of Smith daughter Ora), Treasurer R. E. Jones (husband of Smith daughter Augusta and father of later Representative Bob Jones), and Miss Alma Smith (another daughter) began selling lots on July Mountain. The description of the mountain is worth considerings: "For more than sixty years with air as pure as Italy and water containing seven elements of the living body (as analyzed by Prof. Biering Lindsey, of the Medical University of Tennessee), July Mountain has offered the elixir of life to the people of Jackson County." Dr. Smith himself was "at the old homestead" in Larkinsville, and "his son-in-law Emmet Jones and family, and daughter Miss Alma, live with him." The July 12, 1906 *Citizen* noted that Dr. Smith, the Emmet Jones [daughter Augusta] family, and Mrs. C. S. Brewton [daughter Ora] had gone to July Mountain for the summer."

There is no plat for July Mountain showing a survey and subdivided lots dating back to 1907; there are only two in the courthouse, one in 1969 that was supplanted by one in 1977. So this announcement seems to have come to nothing.

OUR SANATORY GREETING!

Comes Rest, Healt and Wealth to All.

SAMPLE CONTRACT.

Scottsboro Citizen, 1906

The sanitarium was still entertaining summer visitors as late as July 1907, when the *Progressive Age* reported that "Mrs. W. B. Hunt, Mrs. Will Shelton and several other Larkinsville ladies will occupy the July mountain sanitarium this summer." But the usual columns about July Mountain comings and goings were conspicuously absent.

Much of this information had been recorded in the *Scottsboro Citizen*, and Editor James Armstrong lost his wife Mary in January of that year, and his daughter Marie in December. He was also the state representative in 1907 and returned from Montgomery at the news of his wife's death. It is probable that the *Citizen* published only sporadically that year since no bound volume of papers from 1907 can be found. Jan Boyd Roberts, who created the obituary database maintained by the Heritage Center, salvaged obituaries from this "bag of crumbs" newspaper in the 1990s and recorded the obituaries. The *Citizen* returned in January 1908 with Armstrong still listed as editor.

The *Progressive Age* picked up some of the slack and published tidbits about July Mountain comings and goings. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Henderson and Mrs. Bettie Snodgrass went to July to spend the summer (PA, July 4, 1907) Mr. and Mrs. Bob Stuart of Chattanooga returned home on September 26 from a summer on July Mountain (*PA*, Sep 26, 1907)

Dr. Smith died August 22, 1907. The *Citizen* published an obituary for Dr. Smith and noted that Smith's father was a pioneer settler of Jackson County and that the settlement of Smith's Chapel took its name from him. Armstrong wrote that Smith "had practiced medicine nearly half a century in Larkinsville" and that the doctor was "a man of education and refinement, a splendid type of the old time...southern gentlemen" who had not practiced for many years except for prescriptions and office practice because of declining health.

In 1907, there was no mention of opening the sanitarium. "Judge McCutchen has moved to July mountain to spend the summer for the benefit of his health," the *Progressive Age* announced on May 14. The *Citizen* carried much the same story on May 21 and noted that his daughter Annie and his niece, Miss Beulah McCutchen, had gone with him. "The Judge comes down from the mountain every morning and returns in the evening." On June 18, the *Progressive Age* announced that the judge was ill and his brothers, Charles and Louis, were visiting him. Miss Elizabeth Snodgrass was on the mountain for several days in August (*PA*, August 6, 1908).

The sanitarium burned in November 1908. The paper carried the sad news: "Some time Thursday last, the sanitarium on July mountain was burned, supposed to have caught from the forest fire which had been burning for several days. There was only a small amount of furniture in the building. The sanitarium was owned by Mrs. J. Ross White [Smith's daughter Alma], of Cornelius, North Carolina, and built by her father, Dr. B. B. Smith, several years ago. The building was worth $700." This confirms that through all the various owners of the sanitarium/resort hotel, the Smith family continued to maintain ownership.

Little mention is made of July Mountain in the subsequent years. By 1919, the only reference to July Mountain in the press is to reference its bootleg whiskey: "That little still on July Mountain just will not keep still," was a short that appear in the February 18, 1919 *Citizen*. In 1949, J. H. Shewbert praised Commissioner Sam Gant for finally addressing the July Mountain road problems. "I have lived on July Mountain west of Scottsboro," he wrote in the August 11, 1949 *Progressive Age*. "For the last 12 years and on

the public road several times it has been impossible for a wagon and team to get up and down the mountain." It is still a steep climb.

Annette Bradford

50 Years Ago

Here are some of the important stories in Jackson County in 1972:

—Plans were announced for the construction of the Bellefonte Nuclear Plant, billed as "the world's largest." The condemnation proceedings by which the TVA would acquire the land, dragged on for months. In 1971, the TVA had acquired land in both Langston and at Bellefonte, initiating speculative land purchases at both sites in preparation for the construction effort.

—A cross was burned on Tupelo Pike by the Ku Klux Klan as part of a statewide resurgence intended to prove that the group was "still very much alive and working." County politicians refused to allow the organization to stage a rally on the courthouse square.

—Attorney (later Judge) Loy Campbell was critically injured in a car bombing. Hugh Otis Bynum Jr. would later be charged and found guilty of the crime. Bynum reported to Kilby Prison to begin serving his sentence in 1978.

—A plane in which Green Bay Packers quarterback Bart Starr was a passenger crashed in an aborted landing at Word Field in Scottsboro. The pilot reported that a gust of wind blew his twin-engine craft into a hangar owned by Jake Word. There were no injuries.

—Widow's Creek Steam Plant was declared the largest single source of air pollution in the state.

—The Bridgeport ferry, the last ferry still running in Jackson County, reduced its hours to eight hours a day Monday through Friday.

—A four and a half month strike at Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company ended.

—A county-wide wet-dry referendum was defeated 4756 to 4147.

Richard Patrick with the five crew members lost on his final bomb run: John W. Logue, Melvin E. Donaldson, Darold E. Marshall, Robert B. Munson, Jr., and David V. Rosfeld.