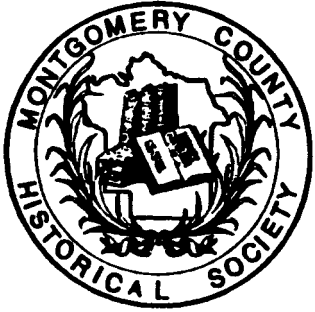


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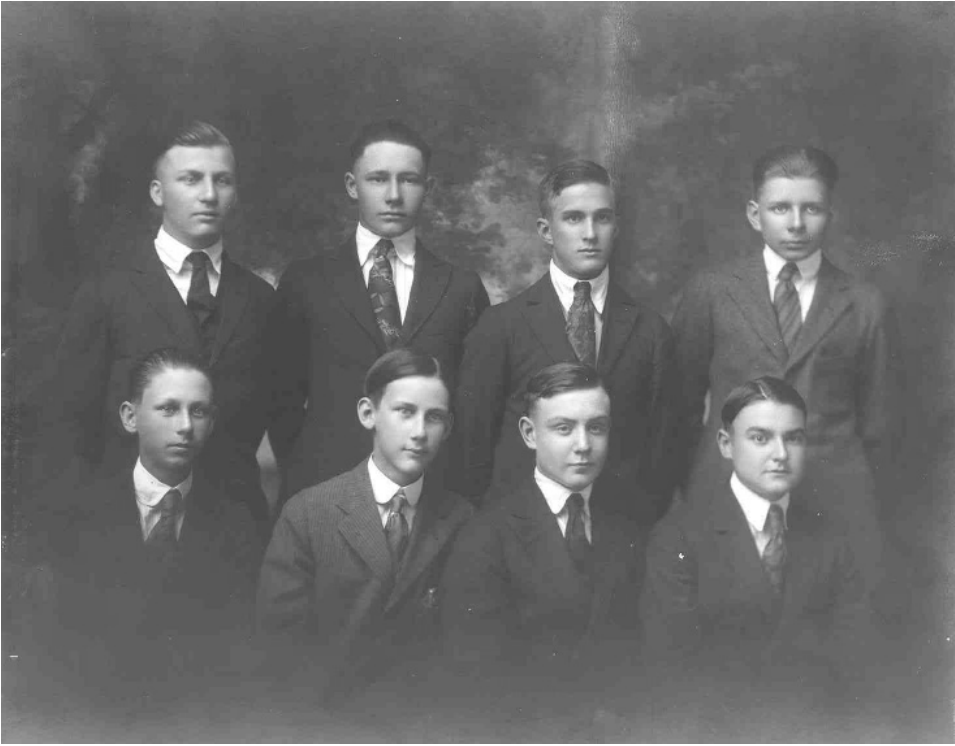
MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

SEPTEMBER 2012

THE HERALD

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Web Site almost ready.



Barnes School for Boys Graduating Class of 1919
Front row: Justus Mac Barnes; Thomas Bowen Hill, Jr.;
Unknown; Jack Lloyd Chambless. Back Row: All unknown

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Barnes School Graduates 1919

Back Row Unknown:
Shelton McNeel Bandy
Brooks Flowers, Jr.
Joe Ben Martin
George Craig Stewart
Jack Roper Wilson

Can you help identify
these five unknown for us?
Thanks.



The Alabama River Silver Ribbon of History

Compiled by Cap'n Pat Dozier
1982

In countless generations, Conquistadors, French traders, British Colonials, and Civil War Armies have all traversed this ageless river basin through which flows the mighty Alabama. Beginning on a mountaintop near Chattanooga, its waters have been a major highway of our history's time machine.

The mild climate, gently rolling terrain, and abundance of wild game, coupled with lush forest and infinite supplies of clean sweet water, converted its prehistoric nomadic visitors into farmers and builders.

In pre-Columbian days the sparsely populated Indians along the river carved out a loose territorial balance, which created an era of peaceful co-existence. Suddenly, in 1540 and like a firestorm, Hernando De Soto, Governor of Cuba, and 600 Spanish soldiers crashed through this idyllic valley seeking gold and glory while leaving death, destruction and disease in their wake. De Soto had commanded Pizzaro's army in the brutal conquest of the Inca Empire in South America and was a master of treachery and deceit.

De Soto and his Spanish Army arrived at Tuasi (site of Maxwell AFB) from the east

and proceeded down river to Maubila, whose location is to this day still a subject of intense archaeological and historical debate. Somewhere downriver from Piache (site of Claiborne?), possibly at Choctaw Bluff, he left, for us to find, his abandoned armour, helmets, muskets, trading goods and horde of fresh water pearls extorted from the Indians. Here, too, have lain for nearly four hundred and sixty years the bones of a hundred Spanish soldiers, a thousand Indian warriors and most of De Soto's horses. From Maubila, the now doomed expedition, its leader fighting off mutiny, turned northwest still seeking gold but finding only despair, failure and death.

Later, in 1560, one of De Soto's survivors, Christan de Luna, came upriver looking in vain for Maubila, but the river valley was dead and virtually unpopulated. DeSoto and the European diseases he brought to the peaceful valley had decimated the pre-Columbian Indians of the Alabama River Basin.

One hundred and forty-two years later, in 1702, Iberville, Governor of French Louisiana and founder of its capital at Mobile, probed upriver from the marshy coastal delta into the lands of the Alibamu Indians, who had occupied this fertile basin in the intervening years.

Iberville was succeeded by his famous brother, Bienville, who in 1717 established an outpost called Ft. Toulouse at the head of the river. This became the easternmost French outpost during the French and Indian War against the expanding British Colonial Empire on the eastern seaboard.

After the French defeat and the abandonment of the Fort in 1763 the saga of the original wild west began in the lands lying east of the Louisiana Territory, west of what became the original 13 states of the struggling United States of America, north of Spanish West Florida and interspersed everywhere with well-defined Indian nations composed of Creek, Muskogee, Cherokee, Chickasaw and Choctaw tribes.

The main thoroughfare through our part of this wild west was the Coosa-Alabama-Mobile river chain plied by traders, Indians, adventurers, hunters and the wanted. But organized trouble was brewing with the great northern Chief Tecumseh rallying firebrands like Red Eagle Weatherford into a united Indian confrontation with the land-grabbing colonials.

By 1812, the British had taken West Florida from Spain and enlisted the hard-pressed Indians into their full-scale war against the United States and its territories. This war raged along the length of the Alabama River valley, culminating in General Andrew Jackson's defeat of the Creeks at Horseshoe Bend in 1814. War Parties, massacres, ambushes, Indian hunts,

scalping and crop burnings flared up continually in the river bottom lands until 1828, as the struggle for land was fought out. The "trail of tears" in 1832 ended an era.

With statehood for Alabama in 1819 came a flood of settlers and planters and the romantic age of the plantation, the riverboat, "King Cotton," magnolia blossoms and moonlit nights along the river. The sternwheeler Harriett in 1821 was the first of hundreds of steamboats to haul passengers, staples, hardware and cotton between Montgomery and Mobile during the next 100 years. Many of them sank - some 60 have been identified - and remain beneath the sandy shoals with their treasures still intact.

In 1861, the sound of bugles and snapping flags again swept across the land and the young men of the valley leapt at the chance to do what their great-grandfathers, their grandfathers, their fathers and uncles had all done - declare their independence and dare anyone to stand in their way. But this time they were taking on their own blood brothers - just as reckless, just as determined, but more numerous and possessed of vastly greater resources.

At the Selma Navy Yard, the mighty Tennessee, an iron-clad ram with six guns, was launched in 1864 and joined three other ships of the Confederate Navy to defend Mobile Bay against Farragut's invading Union fleet of 17 ships with 199 heavy guns. At last, alone,

she went down off Ft. Morgan as Farragut's survivors sailed through the "damned torpedoes". Eight months later Selma was sacked and burned by General James Wilson, despite the severely wounded General Nathan Bedford Forrest's Cavalry attacks and the bravery of Selma's Home Guard. Wilson moved east to occupy Montgomery and help write *finis* to the Confederacy.

Finally, in the early 1900s the railroads and highways took over from the riverboats. The cotton landings and wood yards of the steamboats era followed the Indian villages and palisaded forts into oblivion and the Alabama River returned to what it was in pre-Columbian days - a quiet haven for hunters and fishermen.

And yet there endures along the banks of the timeless river a certain aura a fleeting vision of tee pees among the trees, the flash of sunlight off a broken sabre blade, the cone of twisting water coursing through something lost below the surface.

MILE 288.0 L Site of Montgomery's Cypress Pond Creek, where the gunboat Nashville was built in 1864, too late to join the mighty ship Tennessee in its battle with the Yankee Navy.

MILE 285.4 L Site of Tuasi, a large Indian village visited in 1540 by Hernando De Soto and his Spanish Army consisting of cavalry, foot soldiers, Catholic priests and supporting troops numbering over 600 men. De Soto, Governor of Cuba and sea-

In House News

Honors

Mrs. Jo McGowin
Gen. James Drummond

The Wednesday Grand Slam Bridge Club

Mrs. May H. Smith

Memorials

Mrs. Christine Brown
Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Sara Handley Crook
Ms. Barbara Britton

Mr. Sam I. Diamond
Mr. James W. Fuller

Mr. Darryl P. Gates
Mr. & Mrs. William Pouncey

Dr. John C. Mathews, Jr.
Mr. James W. Fuller

Mr. Donald R. Morse
Mr. John E. Matthews

Mr. Jay Ott
Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Jean Weil
Mr. James W. Fuller
Mr. & Mrs. T. Bowen Hill III
Mrs. Julia Oliver
Mr. Ray Rawlings

New Members

Mr. Jim Liner
Mrs. Mary Ann Venable

Special Museum Donation

Commissioner Elton N. Dean
Gen. James Drummond
Mrs. Jeanne Drummond
Mr. C. C. Jack Owen
Commissioner Dimitri Polizos
Mrs. Chris Setzer
Commissioner Ham Wilson

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Montgomery Museum of History

A few of the Documents, Photographs, Books and Artifacts donated by members and friends to the future Montgomery Museum of History. Should you see an item below that reminds you of something you might like to donate, please give us a call. Thank you.

Mr. Brad Norris has donated a stock certificate of the Montgomery and West Point Railroad dated February 1860.

Mrs. Mary Ann Fields Darby, a lifelong resident of Montgomery, has moved to Maryville, TN and has donated several Huntingdon College annuals and a Christmas wreath.

Mr. Charles C. Nicrosi donated a photograph of the 1905 or 1906 football team at Starke's University School.

Mrs. Myrtle P. Ridolphi donated copies of articles written about the families that migrated from Corsica to Montgomery many years ago and have continued to be prominent citizens in our community. She also donated a cocktail fork inscribed with, "The Pickwick", a famous restaurant in Montgomery's past owned by the Ridolphi family.

Mr. & Mrs. Seaborn Kennamer donated a sports trophy inscribed "Junior Champions 1926 Won By Barnes School."

Mrs. Melissa R. Jackson has donated a book by Hudson Strode, *The Eleventh House*.

Mr. Rusty Gregory has donated a copy of a genealogy book written by former Montgomerian, **Rae Venable Calvert** of Pearland, Texas, entitled *Richard Sanderson (1641-1718) of North Carolina and Some Alabama Descendants*.

Mr. Holman Head donated a photograph (c.1948) of his father, **Mr. M. E. Head** with my father, **Mr. Paul B. Fuller**. His father was the Regional Manager and Hospital Director of the Veterans Hospital in Montgomery and my father was the Director Manager of the Montgomery Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Luther Hill donated a group of photographs from **Mr. Mason Hill** of residences of **Dr. Marion Sims** in Mt. Meigs and Montgomery, a portrait of Dr. L. L. Hill and a photograph of Cottage Hill School.

Dr. Daniel Haulman has donated a book written and autographed by Coretta Scott King, *My Life With Martin Luther King, Jr.*

Mr. Thomas R. McConnell, Jr. donated a copy of his new book, *Cameron Littlejohn Genealogy through the Montgomery Genealogical Society*.

Dr. Mac Porter has donated several histories of his church, Church of the Holy Comforter on Woodley Road at Fisk Road. The history begins at their original location on Goldthwaite Street.

Mrs. Hilda Dent donated a collection of papers formerly belonging to The Woman's Club of Montgomery. Hilda purchased the building on the corner of So. Hull and Grove for her home and office. She is a contractor primarily dealing in window restoration.

Mrs. Kitty Chamberlain and her father, **Col. George Browning** contributed a collection of papers that belonged to his friend, Mrs. Scottie F. Smith.

We have received a map of Montgomery, dated 1898, from **Mrs. Lexine Boyd** of Oklahoma City, OK.

Mrs. Phyllis Armstrong has passed along to us a photograph of **Mrs. Alberta Nunn Ward** who was for a number of years a house mother at Hubbard's Hospital. Her niece, Jane Klinner, had passed it on to her. She says that Aunt Bert was born in 1910 and trained at Hubbard's, so she was probably there beginning in 1930.

Ms. Dae Miller has donated a photograph of Lanier students that includes her father, Gene Heilpern, date uncertain.

soned military leader of Pizarro's campaigns in South America, gambled his own and his officers' personal fortunes seeking gold and glory in this new land. De Soto had landed near present day Tampa and tramped north through Georgia and into South Carolina before turning southwestward along the Coosa, arriving at Tuasi in the summer of 1540.

Forewarned of De Soto's invasion by the Indians to the east and south, those of the Coosa and Alabama River Basin wisely accepted De Soto, generously lent him bearers, tolerated his plunder of their granaries and pointed him down-river to cities with roof tops that "shined bright yellow in the sunlight."

(NOTE: Fact and Fiction, theory and evidence are all intertwined in the De Soto story. A great effort is now underway to find De Soto's exact route through archaeological investigation.)

One hundred and fifty years after De Soto's visit, Bienville, brother of the governor of French Louisiana, passed this abandoned site and a mile and a half upstream (mile 287), something happened between his group of French explorers, traders and soldiers in their flat boats and Indians of the village of Alibamu, located on the top of the great red bluff. Whatever it was, the French thereafter referred to this site as "Hostile Bluff." A thousand yards farther upstream they passed Econchatti, another Indian Village that is today the location of downtown Mont-

gomery. These Indians were the Alibamu Indians and their villages extended from Selma to Wetumpka.

On the pre-Columbian site of Tuasi, the Wright Brothers were later to build their flying school. At Alibamu Town or Hostile Bluff, the trader Andrew Moore lived among the Indians and built the first "house" in this future capital city. Econchatti became the Cradle of the Confederacy.

MILE 276.5 R
Washington, first county seat of Autauga County grew up around the Alibamu Indian town of Atagi in 1816 before Alabama became a state. General Thomas Woodward, a famous Indian fighter, lived here. Woodward founded Tuskegee when that site was in the middle of the Creek Indian nation, and led troops in the Seminole War of 1812 and the Creek War of 1813 and 1814.

He knew the quadroom, Red Eagle Weatherford, visited in Andrew Moore's log cottage at Alibamu town and even challenged his superior, General Andy Jackson, to a fistfight at Ft. Jackson. Andrew Jackson went on to become the 7th president of the United States.

Woodward was in command of the troop that escorted LaFayette through the Creek lands from Georgia to Montgomery in 1825. The town of Washington was destroyed by the flood of 1886, and the County seat moved uphill to Prattville.

MILE 253.2 L The steamboat "Autauga" lies here below the sand with a grisly freight. In 1865, the victorious Union Army sought to reclaim its dead from the Confederate prison camp at Cahaba. The bodies of these boys in blue had been exhumed and laid aboard the steamer for their final journey home. Here, below Autauga landing, she struck a deadhead stump and sank with her sad cargo - and here she lies today. Some question this account and the truth is unknown.

MILE 250.5 L
Ikanaatchaka, which means Holy Ground in the Alibamu tongue. The Alibamus were part of the Creek Indian nation. Their origins seem to be common with the Muskogee's, and their legends connect them both with the flight from the Cortez invasion of the Aztec Empire in Mexico.

In 1813, William "Red Eagle" Weatherford and a warrior band of Red Stick Indians were caught here by General Ferdinand Claiborne, who scored an important American victory over the band that had committed the terrible Ft. Mims massacre further downstream, near Mobile. Red Eagle leapt off the bluff on horseback to make good his escape. Claiborne had deposited his reserves, his supplies, and his sick and lame at a base camp known as Ft. Deposit. In this attack, Claiborne rescued two prisoners, a white woman and a black slave, both of whom, it is said, were found tied to stakes, surrounded with piles of brush.

MILE 245.5 R House Bluff is the absolute southern-most tip of the Appalachian mountain chain. Discovery of large fossils imbedded in the cliff face indicate this area was beneath the sea in the far reaches of the earth's past.

MILE 260.0 L Lowndesboro, Alabama. A well preserved antebellum town, it was spared from General Wilson's invasion by a wagonload of women masquerading as yellow fever victims. Wilson went south, avoiding the town.

Mile 233.2 L Benton, Alabama. Still standing on a high bluff in a thick grove is the 1850 Stagger's house, a plantation Greek Revival structure that, in 1865, witnessed an ugly confrontation between some of Wilson's Raiders and the women of the house. General Wilson had sacked and burned Selma and camped here on his way to Montgomery.

Determined to defend themselves and the building, these intrepid women physically fought off a gang of Yankee looters until General Wilson, appraised of their struggle, moved to curb his battle tested troops.

Wilson continued on to Montgomery, harassed by the torn remnant of General Nathan Bedford Forrest's Confederate Cavalry. Perhaps experiences such as that of the Stagers' women played a part in Forrest's organization a few years later of the now discredited Ku Klux Klan. Forrest himself was one of the first to repudiate the Klan for

it excesses. Ironically, the Stagers family named their last-born daughter Alabama Stagers.

MILE 225.5 TO MILE 220.1 L Durant's Bend, only 200 yards wide at the neck or isthmus, is over five miles around by river. Prior to the Great Flood of 1886, which completely devastated the site, there is said to have been the remains of a very large Indian City with a mound in the middle of the palisaded neck. DeSoto camped here for five days in 1540 at what many believe to be the Indian City called Talasi.

MILE 206.0 R Selma. Alabama's most important river city before and during the Civil War, Selma was the center of a large plantation economy, a banking and transportation hub and one of the largest manufacturing sites in the state. Here were located the Confederate armories that manufactured cannon, shot and shell, uniforms and other war material. The ironclad battleship Tennessee was built and launched here. It ultimately was defeated by Admiral Farragut's fleet attacking Mobile.

Union General Wilson, who had been detached from the Chattanooga theatre under Sherman's orders, set out to destroy Confederate support facilities in Huntsville, Tuscaloosa and Selma and did a brilliant job of destroying these factories and the South's meager manufacturing facilities.

He was met just north

of Selma by 3,100 Confederates under "the brilliant Forrest," whose surprise cavalry attacks had turned the tables on many a Union offensive. But there was no surprise this time. Forrest had been severely wounded in a man-to-man on-horseback saber fight with one of Wilson's officers just the day before on April 1, 1865, as his cavalry bought time while the old men and boys of Selma's Home Guard dug in. Wilson's man paid the ultimate price for the Alabama soil Forrest sold him.

But Selma paid a heavy price, too, as Wilson's Raiders, 12,000 strong, torched the city. Cannons were pushed into the river, boats sunk and machinery destroyed. Two weeks later Montgomery surrendered without a shot, aware of Selma's fate. Wilson had captured 1,500 Johnny Rebs in Selma and left 8,000 men in garrison there to control the rest of the population.

By a strange twist of fate, there now lies buried in Selma one Elodie Todd, Abraham Lincoln's stepdaughter.

In 1965, Selma's Pettus Bridge over the Alabama River was "ground zero" for a social revolution led by the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., who marched to Montgomery demanding an end to America's "Jim Crow" system of disenfranchisement of its black citizens. The march changed Alabama, the United States and the world.

MILE 188.5 R Cahaba, first capital of Alabama from

**COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
REED INGRAM,
DIMITRI POLIZOS
AND HAM WILSON
DONATE TO
THE MCHS**

Montgomery County Commissioners Reed Ingram, Dimitri Polizos, and Ham Wilson have each made a generous donation to the Historical Society and Museum for which we are most grateful.

We appreciate their confidence in our organization and their respect for the work we do. Should you see any of them, please express your appreciation.

Thank you, gentlemen.



OAKWOOD CEMETERY

During the past months, volunteer Jessica Butler has been diligently working on scanning the burial records at Oakwood Cemetery. The record for each burial with the information on the deceased gives dates, cause of death, next of kin and any other pertinent information. She has completed scanning the 3x5 cards for those beginning with "A", however, she now has a conflict with class schedule and cannot continue with this important project.

We would welcome anyone who would like to assist in this work to develop the

**Semi-annual Membership Meeting
The Montgomery County Historical Society**

**On Sunday, November 18, 2012
2:30**

**Speaker - The Rev. Gary Burton
Minister at Pintlala Baptist Church
and a outstanding historian.**

His subject will be
"Why Local History Matters
With a Recitation of the First Settlers Story."

LOST STUDENTS

Thanks to those who contacted us last month to identify the Barnes School Graduates in the **Class of 1922:** Meade Guy, Elmore Inscoe, Dick Arrington, Frank Williams and Bill Marks. I hope I did not leave out anyone.

On the back page of this issue is a picture of the **Graduating Class of 1919.** Can you help identify any of these boys.

inventory of burials that will eventually be available on line in computers. The time for the work can vary to fit most schedules including weekends.

Please call James on Mondays or Wednesdays if you can assist in this effort. We are concerned that in the event of a disaster all records could be lost. There are over 100 thousand burials in Montgomery's oldest cemetery.

I believe you would find the work most interesting and you would be reminded of old friends who now reside in this peaceful environment.



The Alabama River
Pat Dozier
continued from page 5

ered that the gates had rusted open. Red Eagle Weatherford was in the group but later claimed he had tried to prevent this worst massacre in our country's history. This claim, plus Red Eagle's obvious bravery, led General Jackson to pardon him when he rode into Ft. Jackson to surrender following the decisive battle of Horseshoe Bend.

MOBILE RIVER, MILE 43 R Ft. Stoddard. Located at the present day town of Mt. Vernon, it was at this frontier fort in February of 1807 that Aaron Burr was first detained after being captured by the sheriff a few miles upstream. Burr, disguised as a trapper, was the immediate past Vice-President of the United States and was trying to make his way east to Florida, hoping then to emigrate to London. Burr had shot and killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel resulting from a course insult he made upon the Vice-President. Later, after serving under President Thomas Jefferson, Burr conspired with others to invade Mexico and become king. But the President, fearing the success of such a competing nation, obtained an indictment against Burr for treason. Burr was found innocent, but his political dreams were destroyed.

Here also at Ft. Stoddard, the great Apache leader Geronimo was imprisoned for a short time after his capture in Arizona. Later, in

1886, he was moved to Ft. Pickens in Pensacola. He died in Ft. Sill, Oklahoma in 1907.

MOBILE RIVER, MILE 0.0 R Mobile. Founded in 1702 (before new Orleans) by the French colonizer De Iberville as his first capital of French Louisiana. His brother later, in 1717, established Ft. Toulouse at the head of the Alabama River.

Mobile Bay was discovered in 1519 by the Spanish explorer Pineda. In 1528 Cabeza deVaca survived a shipwreck on the shoals off Ft. Morgan and was captured by the local Indians. In one of the classic survival stories of all time, deVaca was marched, starved, sold and resold, beaten and abused as he managed to walk, manacled by his captors, all the way back to Vera Cruz, a Spanish port established by Cortez in his conquest of Mexico. During this entire journey, deVaca was totally nude, almost freezing to death in central Texas, torn by thorns and wracked by disease bearing insects.

Pat Dozier was as interesting an individual as Montgomery has seen in many years.

He was exceptionally bright, and there were not many subjects that he could not discuss with confidence. Pat was a non-practicing attorney unless a special occasion came up. He was not someone you would want to cross, not in a fisty-cuffs manner, but because of the unknown or later unexpected consequences.

No one knew more about

the Alabama River and its history than Pat, and I imagine he had covered the majority of it over the years. I would say that he had as much to do with the revitalization of the river and its banks for pleasure and commerce than anyone since the steamboats passed into history when they gave way to rail service.

I first met Pat when he entered Barnes School for Boys in the first grade. I was then in the second grade in Miss Claudia Dumas' classroom consisting of the first four grades in one room under her tutorage. In those days he was called by his middle name, Taurice, until his mother sent a note to school one day. Miss Dumas read it to the class; it stated that the boy we had known as Taurice would now be known as Pat.

I think Jimmy Parker, our classmate, and I are the only ones left that remember that fact. Pat, as a Junior, was named for his father, Richard Taurice Dozier. "Pat" certainly fitted him better.

Pat, Bowen Hill and I would walk home together from school everyday, Bowen to Court Street, Pat to Perry, and I would go the last few blocks to Hull Street alone.

Before his death, Pat and I had planned a river trip to investigate a historical site that he knew of on the river, regrettably, a trip that was not to be.

He was impressive as a youth, and all who had the pleasure of having his acquaintance as an adult will remember that unique fellow. Editor

1820 to 1826. During the Civil War, Cahaba was the site of a prisoner of war camp where shortages of medical facilities and supplies, inadequate food and very meager shelter caused great hardships to the Union prisoners and their captors alike. When released at war's end, these prisoners of war, along with other Union P.O.W.'s from across the South, walked to Vicksburg and boarded the sidewheel steamboat Sultana, bound for Illinois, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. They never made it home, as the Sultana exploded and sank with almost 2000 men lost - the worst maritime tragedy in our nation's history.

MILE 185.1 L King's Landing. located on property owned by the brother of William Rufus King, Vice President of the United States in 1853, whose plantation home stood among the shading oaks at the crest of a green meadow ascending from the river bank just two miles downriver.

MILE 165.5 R McMillan manor house, built in 1858 in the grand manner, and occupied today by direct descendants of Lewis McMillan, a cotton planter who could have been the model for the lingering image of life in the antebellum South. One can imagine the society of such men as McMillan and his neighbor, William Rufus King, some twenty miles upriver.

MILE 151.0 R The Wreck of the Orlean St. John. This 348-ton sternwheeler sank in 1850, downriver

bound toward Bridgeport landing. In 1971, just prior to completion of Miller's Ferry Lock and Dam and the creation of the reservoir, some professional treasure salvagers from Florida worked this site and recovered 97 gold bars stamped with the California State Assayers mark. Minted California gold pieces were also recovered. The secret loot is rumored to have been around \$500,000. Recently, the Corps of Engineers have authorized a new legitimate salvage permit for this wreck.

MILE 134.0 L Camden. The Wilcox County Courthouse is dedicated to Enoch Hooper Cook, C.S.A., "who gave more blood to the War between the Confederate States of America and the union than any other man." Private Cook's sons in the Confederate Army numbered ten, four of whom were killed in action. There were one captain, two Lieutenants, two sergeants, one corporal and four privates. His daughter gave two sons, both privates, and both killed in action.

MILE 118.6 L Claiborne. Site of Nanipagna Indian village in the year 1560 when Cristan DeLuna, a survivor of the Desoto expedition of twenty years earlier, attempted to locate the earlier route. It is believed that this is the same place called Piache by the De Soto chronicles. Some historians believe De Soto crossed the river here and proceeded downriver to Maubila at Choctaw Bluff. Others believe he went on the the nearby Tombigbee River where he fought that famous battle with Chief Tuscaloosa.

General Claiborne established his fort here in 1813 giving the town its modern name. The great LaFayette, hero of the Revolution, was entertained here by a lavish ball in 1825 during his passage on the steamship "Henderson" downriver from Montgomery to Mobile. In its return trip upriver, the Henderson sank here at Claiborne. Two other sternwheelers rest beneath these shallow waters - at mile 118.5, the "Mobile" went down in 1840 and at mile 117.0 the "Kansas" is in her watery grave.

MILE 32.9 R Choctaw Bluff. Settled by Choctaw Indians sometime between De Luna's exploration of 1560 and the early probes by De Iberville in 1702. The Choctaws were generally friendly to the settlers and provided troops for General Claborne and General Jackson in Creek Indian War of 1813 - 1814. Many believe this was the site of Maubila, but archaeology has failed to give support to the theory to date. Others say it must have been farther upriver, near Cahaba.

MILE 8.0 L Ft. Mims. The Creek Indians, primarily the radical Red Stick Warrior faction, inflamed by the great northern chief Tecumseh and supplied by the British at Pensacola, attacked this rough palisaded fort in 1813 and massacred over 350 of the 550 settlers gathered inside. As the Indians made their sudden, though not so surprising, attack, those inside discov-

continued on page 16
The Alabama River

Montgomery County News

The Montgomery Advertiser

March 4, 1940



Miss Mildred Smith
1893 - 1978

Remembering Peter Brooks

Mildred Smith was ever so long the lady who knew and reported in the *Advertiser* on all the news from the county. She was the perfect person for the job because her knowledge of Montgomery's citizens and news not only covered the present day, but everyone outside and inside the city, living or dead.

Some years ago when the paper was sold to an "outsider", the new owner promised that no one would be fired. The word that spread not long after indicated a different policy. When Mildred was headed on vacation, a representative of the new owners met her at the airport as she was leaving to hand her a pink slip - as the British say, a notice of redundancy. She soon picked up her pace with the *Montgomery Independent* to again keep her folks up to date on the local county news.

Another sad event for Mildred was the tragic fire that destroyed her home in Dublin (near Ramer) and many irreplaceable county archives in her collection were lost. She was an instant resource for genealogists looking for their kin. I am proud to have known her.

Editor

RAMER, ALA. March 3

When old Peter Brooks died here two weeks ago, this community lost one of its best and one of its best-loved citizens. Though Peter's skin was black, his heart was as white as they come, and his lifespan was an unbroken record of faithfulness and service and love for his white people, the Cannon family.

Only the Lord knew how old Peter was. For 30 years he had looked the same, except that during that time his hair became snowy white. Years ago I remember him shuffling down the sidewalk with yard tools on his shoulder, going to the home of Mrs. M. B. Rushton (Newtie Cannon) to work on the yard, and he looked ancient then.

Mrs. Rushton says that Peter came with her parents, Mr. & Mrs. Newton Canon to Ramer from Mt. Lebanon community about 1900 and had

lived in the same cabin in the backyard since that time. Before he came to live with the Cannon family at Mt. Lebanon, he had been on the farm with J. D. Fannan of Dublin, and Will Henry Mead of Meadeville, father of Arthur and William Mead, of Montgomery and Mrs. Oliver Rushing of Prattville.

When Peter came to the Cannon family the children were small and he waited on them and petted and loved them and probably felt like they were as much his as they were their parents. When these children, Mrs. Rushton, Mrs. C. M. Brooks, Mattie Cannon of Ramer, Miss (Corina Cannon) of the State School for the Blind in Talladega, and Miss Mabel Cannon of Ramer, grew up and grandchildren began to come along, Peter took them into his affections and helped to rear Miss Margaret Rushton, a teacher in the elementary

school of Opp, Miss Frances Rushton, a teacher in Reform elementary school, M. B. Rushton, Jr., student at University of Alabama and Miss Martha Helen Brooks, student at Judson College.

He outlived both Mr. & Mrs. Cannon by a number of years. During his last illness, which lasted only a few days, Miss Mabel Cannon cooked the things Peter liked and took them to his bedside in the little cabin to try to tease his appetite. But the old machinery was worn out, and one mornig when Miss Cannon went to the cabin to see about him, Peter had slipped away from his mortal coil in the night.

When he was buried at 'Weeping Mary' Cemetery on the outskirts of Ramer, many eyes were moist and not a few of them were the eyes of Peter's white friends.



WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

We are asking our members to talk up the advantages of being a member of the Society.

Mention our work and our goals to your friends and relatives and ask them if they would like to receive a copy of our newsletter, *THE HERALD*.

We would be pleased to mail them a copy and share the story of our good works and get a new member.

WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON AT THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Some months ago we were instrumental in assembling a special committee, the **Montgomery Historic Structures Committee**. The members either have a background of Montgomery history or have professional training in architecture. Our purpose is to work with the city in particular, on the efforts to revitalize the first block of Dexter Avenue. The committee is a group consisting of Bob Gamble, Mary Ann Neeley, Elizabeth Brown, Anne Tidmore, David Braly and myself with the advice and council of Bob McLain, Executive Director of Landmarks and Col. Jeff Benton, local historian, author and lecturer.

We are invited to meet with prospective buyers of Dexter Avenue properties, now owned by the city, to discuss how the character of the buildings and its history might be dovetailed into the plans and purpose of the future for the buildings.

It is a most interesting assignment working with Deputy Mayor Jeff Downes; Robert E. Smith, Director of Planning; Chad Emerson, Director of Development; Steve Jones, the Director of Emergency Management Agency and Tyler Caldwell of the Department of Planning and Development. The meetings at times include our Mayor, Todd Strange, who is

vitaly interested in the preservation of the relics of Montgomery's past and its blending in with the present. They have all been most cooperative and have shown interest and consideration of our views and our suggestions as the representatives of Montgomery's citizens.

Our contact person with the city, Christy Anderson, whose title is Land Use Preservation Coordinator is a pleasure to work with and has great insight and feeling for the need for preservation in Montgomery.

We have been concerned with the future of the Chappell House located on Maxwell Blvd. (Bell Street). The house had served as the office for the Housing Authority since the 1930s. It was located next to the facilities of the Riverside Heights apartments, now demolished. The Authorities' office has now moved to a newly remodeled building on Lawrence and High Streets

(Prior to the construction of the Riverside Heights complex, the National Cotton Oil Co. was located on the property. It was a large two story brick mill building managed by Mr. M. R. Hallman. After it closed it was used for a

time as a military barracks at the beginning of WWII. When it was razed, an addition to the housing project was built.)

The Chappell house was built in the 1840s and is one of perhaps three brick cottages left from that period. It was last occupied by family members until shortly after 1914 by Mrs. Louisa Chappell who was the widow of James C. Chappell, a farmer.



Chappell House

The city is working to increase the security for the building so that it will be mothballed for future plans. This property will represent a symbol of Montgomery's earliest history standing along with the new construction that will replace the unsightly on the much improved approach to our cherished Maxwell Air Force Base.

It is our desire to show that Montgomery represents a mixture of the old and new. We hope to curb the tendency over the years to eliminate remnants of our past architecture.



take a New York Herald and some cigars and drive away in our rockaway and be back for dinner. Several times he told us most interesting stories of what he had seen and heard in some of the Negro churches in the woods.

I remember one Sunday he repeated to us part of a sermon he had just heard at Old Elam Church (next to present Gunter Field) on the "effervescence" of the Holy Ghost.

I have often sat on the kitchen porch and helped Aunt Tina, our cook, cut up pumpkins for the cows. There was generally a pot of cowpeas on the stove. Cows in those days were turned out to find grass for themselves and they weren't always ladylike about coming home. Many times I had to search for ours. I don't know why we called those Negroes Aunt Tina, Aunt Phyllis and Uncle Albert, but we did, and their good nature and lively imaginations provided us with many a happy hour. And old Uncle Shelton, with his white curly hair and his South Carolina islands' brogue, with his white eyes turned up to heaven, would repeat his story of how he saw the stars fall, and we would never tire of listening.

There were many things wrong with those days, but they have left memories of heard melodies and unheard melodies that lighten the shadows of old age.

LATIN AND ENGLISH

I studied Latin and English in Maryland under John B. Tabb, the poet priest, who had left us the priceless legacy of his poetry now considered, especially by English crit-

ics, as of the very best of our language. His home was at Amelia Court House, Va. And he was an unreconstructed rebel. He was acting as secretary to Mason and Slidel and was captured with them. He told me some horrible stories of Libby prison. He was a great punster. A few years before he died a Negro was burned at the stake by a mob in Delaware, and Mr. Tabb sent me the following:

THE BEECHER BEACHED

Were Harriet Beecher well aware

Of what was done at Delaware,

Of what unwholesome smell aware,

She'd ask John Brown to tell her where,

In heaven above or hell or where,

Henceforth she best might sell her ware.

When the first army officers were sent here to inspect air-field sites, we took them straight to what is now Gunter Field. They wouldn't consider that beautiful body of land because it was sandy soil. They wanted muck. We took them to Pike Road where they got muck. I drove four majors, who were doctors to Pike Road Thanks-giving afternoon. They had come here to sanitize what was to be Taylor Field. The next morning I went to the Exchange Hotel to contact the Majors and they had left for Augusta, Ga. I never saw or heard of them again.

One afternoon in 1909 I was called to the office of

Mayor Gaston Gunter. I found alderman Ira Virgin there. In a few minutes Gaston had his derby hat behind his back, with two pieces of paper in it, one had Ira's name on it, the other had mine. Whichever he drew out was to be his candidate for Mayor to succeed him. He was in the act of drawing the paper out when Will Gunter came in and called "Brother Gas." We never got back to the hat again. Gaston told us Will had made up his mind to run for Mayor and of course, he would have to support him. They offered to make me President of the Council, which I declined. I announced for Mayor but quickly realized that I couldn't beat the machine of which I had been a part and withdrew. I voted with my crowd for Gunter and Gaston and I remained friends.

The records of the City Council will show that in 1904 or 1905 I introduced a resolution to have the Carnegie Library opened on Sunday afternoon. There was considerable opposition. Some said it would be immoral and the resolution was referred to the Judiciary Committee. I remember protesting against the committee, for whom I had the highest regard, fixing my morals. The resolution was favorably reported and adopted.

As these resolutions are altogether from memory there may be some inaccuracies, however, they are simply meant to reflect in a measure some of the changes in manners, custom and environment as seen by one old-timer who had gotten a bit of pleasure out of the review, and would feel well repaid if he had given a tiny bit to someone else.



Wilson's Raid and Other Recital

Recording A Persistent, But Unavailing Attempt To Capture At Montgomery
In 1865, Mr. Duncan Blue Graham, Treasurer,
And To Seize Funds of The Confederate State of Alabama

By Samuel Walker Catts

(*As related by Florence Leonora Graham, daughter of
Duncan B. Graham [Mrs. John T. Northington, deceased]
to her daughter,
Mrs. Mary Northington Catts.)

This article was taken from the Alabama Historical Quarterly, Winter Issue 1943.

"When our failing cause was near an end, and Wilson's Raiders reached our undefended city, among the hasty acts of his calvary was to seize the former First Capitol of the Confederacy; and first of all offices, - my father's office, - the State Treasury. The Treasury was bare. Neither money, nor my father, could be found. He, with other State Officials, had been warned what to expect. My father had taken all cash and other State funds from his office and gone to Coosa County to one of his near relatives, Daniel Crawford. Mr. Crawford owned a very substantial old home in Coosa as well as one of the largest mill houses on a nearby creek. Secretly, these two gentlemen had, during that night (for greater safety to Alabama's meagre remaining, but all the more needed cash) re-sacked it in several stouter sacks of the mill, wired them, chained them, and waded with them out into the creek, where the chains were made fast to anchors, and the sacks buried back underneath the bank of

the creek, and there left them, the money safe from seizure, should by chance my father be captured. Paper money and treasury records were buried elsewhere on Mr. Crawford's place.

"So soon as the raiders found both cash and State Treasurer flown, my father's home was found, about two miles south from the Capitol on the Norman Bridge Road, and forthwith it was ransacked for my father, or for any letter or communication which would indicate where he could be found. When nothing could be found, a cordon of soldiers was thrown around it, and no one permitted to pass in or out through it; and for days and days we were cut off from the outside world. This was done with the hope of capturing my father, whom the commanding officers thought, perhaps, might attempt to slip in home at night, or send a communication to my mother.

"When no communication came, in course of time my young brother, Duncan B.

Jr., was permitted to pass out into the city on needed errands for the family.

"Governor Shorter had been advised, previous to the arrival of the raiders, to leave Montgomery to prevent capture, and he had preferred to leave for his home at Eufaula, where he could be near his family. After his departure, it was discovered some very important papers had been overlooked, and that these needed to reach him without delay. It was also discovered the raiders had all roads so closely guarded that those seeking to make delivery were in doubt it could be done. It was especially desired that the papers should not fall into the hands of the Federals.

"Someone from the State House saw my brother in the city and asked him if he thought he could get through the lines on the south side of the city and take the papers and deliver them to Governor Shorter at Eufaula! He said: he thought he could; the soldiers at his home were letting

him and his pony come into town; that both of them knew every path and pig trail in South Montgomery, yet neither had been to Eufaula; but if he found the roads guarded, he could take to the woods and hold to the Southeast. The papers were given him and he came home with them hidden on his person to tell my mother what he had agreed to do.

"My mother, (after the soldiers had taken charge of her home and premises), each night when the blinds had been closed, hung quilts over the windows so she and her family could have privacy from any prying eyes, and, at least, this possible freedom from the indignity put upon her.

"My brother in the early night scouted to see if he could get through, but found no chance; yet fortune seemed to favoring him,--a storm was brewing! At midnight it came on in earnest. He slipped through to the lot, saddled his pony and eased him out into the weather, and found the premises too well guarded. After waiting for more than an hour and a half in the rain (drenched from head to foot, and his papers wet) he put his pony back in his stall and tried to slip back into the house and found the back door too well guarded. He told my mother if he could not get through, and, on return, could not reach a rear door, he would watch his chance, crawl underneath the house and tap the floor underneath where she sat, and that would mean a certain door. When the tap, tap, came, she thought he had long passed the guards and was on his way. She got him

back into the house, built a fire and had him stretch before it to dry, while she dried the papers. At four o'clock he tried it again. The guards were tramping about in the rain, and when they shifted from his vicinity, he mounted his pony and went through on his more than ninety miles journey. When for more than a week my mother had no word whatever from her young son she was almost distracted. In fact, she became very worried about him after the sixth night.

"Her worry had been occasioned by Governor Shorter, whom, when he received the papers and learned from the fifteen year old young courier under what circumstances they had been given him, and the efforts he continued until he passed the yankee guards at his home (and how often, on his journey, he saw what he thought to be Federal calvary and took off into the woods and continued along a parallel course to the main road until he could get back into it) was so charmed with him, the Governor kept him at his home for several days, and sent a verbal message of thanks to my mother and to say he had her boy rest up a while before allowing him to return. But the unknown delay had been too much of a wait for a mother who lost this boy two years later.

"One closing incident of the indignity my mother suffered from that guard, and an outrageous one, considering she was in her own home, and, at the time, had a young child but a few weeks old. Yet,

she could afterwards say: 'the devil himself,--if any part of a gentleman,--should receive distinction!'

"One morning the yankee Captain who had his guards on duty, rode out with others for relief, and could find none there. He was puzzled; his knock at the front received no response; but hearing voices in the rear, he came around the house, and through the dining room windows beheld his yankee yeoman just taking their seats at a private dining table, my mother serving them. Stepping within, he inquired:

"Mrs. Graham, what is the meaning of this?"

'It means,' said my mother, 'these renegades drove my servants off of my premises, and although I have a very young infant at my breast, they demanded that I, and I alone, prepare them a hot breakfast!'

'Madam, I am ashamed that such an indignity should ever have happened to you, and every guilty man here is now under arrest and shall be punished!'

'Arise, you renegades' he commanded, 'And turn each one of you your pockets upon the table!'

'No filth out of their pockets shall go upon my table,' said my mother. 'I ask you to take them out!'

The residence of Mr. Duncan B. Graham of that time faced the Norman Bridge

ROWS EMPTY BARRELS

Another time my employer sent me down Commerce Street to a wholesale liquor dealer to talk to him about his account. We stopped on the way to the office between two rows of what was supposed to be barrels of liquor. As we stood there talking I leaned against one of the barrels and without thinking pulled it up and it came. It struck me and I pulled another barrel and up it came too. That accidental tipping of the empty barrel saved the bank twelve thousand dollars.

When I was a young man one means of quiet diversion on Sunday afternoon was to take a stroll in Oakwood Cemetery. If a courting couple walked out there, their case was supposed to be a serious one. The girls of the bon ton set didn't go buggy riding on Sundays. Once there was just a bit of gossip when a socialite went riding a cold afternoon and some of her neighbors saw her tuck the same lap robe over her knees that was covering her gentlemen friend.

A choice bit of scandal was being rolled under the gossip's tongues about a certain very prominent citizen and his friend, an equally prominent citizeness. It was in those days when you could stop in the middle of the street and talk without being run over. A celebrated wag stopped me between the Exchange and First National corner and hailed me. "Hey," he said, "How is it I don't hear 'em talking none about you, you like me, ain't got the money and scared, too." And I answered "Principally scared, too."

WAR DAYS

One of my childhood recollections is the story my mother told me of the day she was working in the front yard and I was lying in my little home-made crib near her, and a Yankee soldier snatched the pillow from under my head and she took the hoe to him and made him put it back. That same day they carried off a fine yearling colt belonging to one of her brothers. She saved two bales of cotton by hiding them in a dry well in the yard. My father ran away from school in Philadelphia and came south with one of the Colemans of Selma and lived with him for some time. He left Selma with the Blues for Virginia, and was invalided at Yorktown and put to running the blockade with medicines and other hospital supplies. He told us some wonderful stories of narrow escapes. He was captured on a boat called the calypso and was in Federal prisons quite a while. He came home penniless and drove a wood wagon for several months which was provided by the cotton saved by my mother. Later he was in the office of Lehman, Durr & Co.

The top accountant in that office was Mr. Lon [Leon?] Gilmer, a tall handsome man. The Lehmans decided they wanted him in their office in New York. He went on and the morning he got there started for Lehman's office. He stood all morning on the corner of one of those streets in the Wall Street district waiting for the crowd to pass so he could cross the street. He got disgusted and came home the next day.

Mrs. Kohn's father, Mr. Daniel H. Cram was one of the builders of the Pensacola

Southern Railroad, and was for a number of years superintendent of the Montgomery and West Point Railway. He was lured to Birmingham in the pioneer period. He re-mained there three or four days and came back, and they say told his friends he would rather be a lamp post in Montgomery than Duke of Birmingham.

ALABAMA'S JORDAN

Negro baptizings at the river Sunday afternoon would attract large crowds of white and black. I have walked from my house near the Capitol to the river at the foot of Commerce Street to see Brother Foster dip the brothers and the sisters. He was of ample girth and much dignity and as he stood in the water up to his middle he was full of fire and zeal. It was interesting to see and hear the evening's program. Withal there was much genuine feeling and the old time religion. The candidates were in tents on the river bank, the women all in white robes. The singing and shouting brought on paroxysms of emotion and swooning and ecstatic trances would work the neophytes and their friends to a high pitch of frenzy. Some of the more ardent of the regenerated would prolong the celebration far into the night at their homes. The Negro church at the corner of Ripley and Columbus was said to be the largest congregation in the country. When Stokes built the new church every brother and every sister was required to bring at least one brick to every meeting and deposit it on the building pile.

Some times in the summer my father would slip off on Sunday morning to the solitude of the woods to get an hour or two of complete rest. He would

"Another Bank Gone Democratic."

When Cleveland wrote his diary of England, his *Venezuelan Message*, I took the Journal home and read it to my mother and told her how wonderful I thought it was. The next morning there was panic on the stock exchange, and before noon my brokers had sold me out of certain stocks I was carrying on margin, with a loss of \$7,500, and I didn't think it was so wonderful.

In 1894-5 I saw cotton sell for less than five cents. I recall a certain Lowndes County planter said the damn Yankees could make it cheaper than he could and he refused to plant a seed. I bought several hundred bales of futures and later sold them at a satisfactory profit. My first recollection of cotton is of the cotton worm or caterpillars. One evening in my earliest childhood my father took me for a ride through what was then known and still known as the Ashly [Ashley] plantation on the Selma Road. Pointing to a cotton field my father said to me, "Do you smell the worms?" I think I answered, "yes," though I do not remember that I did smell them. But I do remember, as if it were yesterday, the naked stalks stripped of every vestige of green. Those years were like the later boll weevil years until Paris Green and other poisons put the pest to flight. In 1913 came the boll weevil and the practical abandonment of the prairie plantations of the Black Belt. In the two years following submarines and blockades took from cotton what the boll weevil might have left. In the last years of the Great War, cotton had its chance and soared to 45 cents. Cotton lands followed

cotton to those dizzy heights only to toboggan with cotton to the depths of 1920-21 deflation and depression.

PANIC OF 1907

The panic of 1907, called the Bankers panic, was short-lived but disastrous. It was generally admitted that the panic was brought on by the gangster methods of certain financial interests that were after the scalp of Oakley Thorne, a fine gentleman and popular banker. They got it.

Theodore Roosevelt, who had just played a big part with England in settling the Russo-Japanese War, took a hand in making peace among the financial giants. One incident was the absorption of the T. C. I. Company by the Steel trust, in my opinion a black Friday for Birmingham. As the financial clouds of the 1907 panic were thickening, the City of Montgomery had \$468,000.00 of bonds maturing. Mayor Teague paid me a commission of \$12,500 to refund them. I sold the whole issue to my friend, Martin H. Sullivan, of Pensacola. Few individuals in this section in those days could draw a check for \$468,000 but he did.

Ten days later the city would probably have defaulted as the financial storm was raging in all its fury, and the bonds couldn't have been sold for fifty thousand dollars commission.

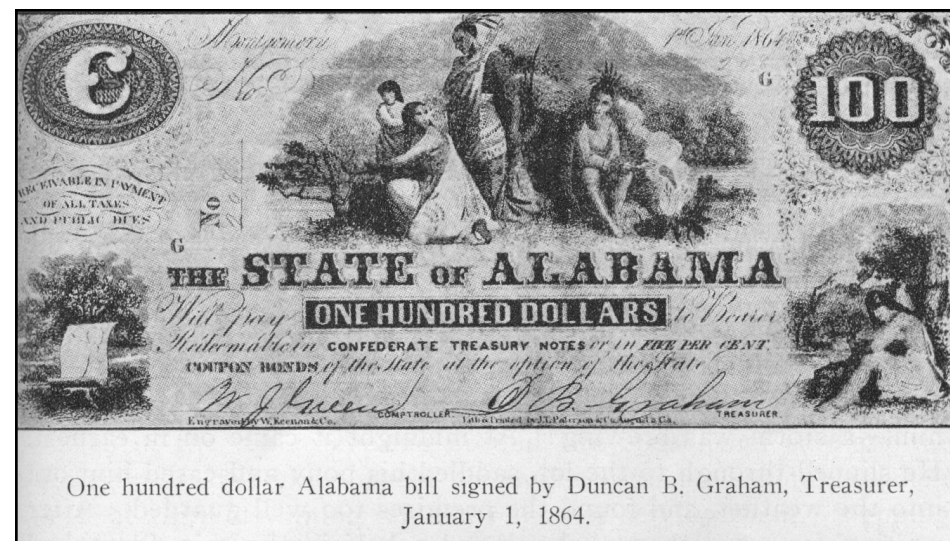
The first direct help that I know cotton folks ever got from the Federal Government was the crop moving fund of President Wilson. With the late Michael Cody I went to Washington to represent the

Montgomery banks. We were allotted a half million dollars. It was the only time I ever saw the President, and my, wasn't he the fluent speaker!

In 1922-23 I served as secretary of the Alabama Agency of the War Finance Corp. which did a wonderful work throughout the country. Many banks were in a bad way. We saved quite a few in this State, and were fortunate enough to collect all we had put out.

That experience confirmed my opinion that on the right basis old Bill and old Beck are the most satisfactory security a bank can have, as they can liquidate every Fall.

When I went to work in the bank fifty years ago, methods of doing business were quite different from today. There were no banking laws. I have seen millions of dollars of cotton bought and paid for on open drafts, not a sign of collateral. There were many failures. Nearly everybody speculated in cotton. One day my employer sent me to a certain cotton warehouseman to tell not to buy another bale until he had sold some of that he had already bought and the bank had paid for. When I delivered my message the warehouseman was furious. Jumping off his stool he said to me. "Do you see that gun in that corner, well if you ever bring me another message like that, I'll take it to you." I don't know why I wasn't scared to death, but I said, "Mr. _____ do you think that is fair? Don't you think you ought to say that to my boss who sent me?" "Yes," he said. "by G___, you are right, I apologize."



Road, and stood near the present northeast corner of First Street, now Graham St., and Cloverdale Road. The property, a quarter section (upon which now a greater part of Cloverdale has been built), extended one-half mile south on the East side of the Norman Bridge Road to the beautiful old show place of the Mastins. Of these families, Belle Graham married Thomas Mastin. She lived only a short while after marriage at this old house amidst its cedars and broad acres.

No picture is here offered of Mr. Graham, as many of him are to be found upon Alabama 'shin plasters'. My wife says of her grandfather, when looking at some of these: "He was no one's pretty child!" This being the most inconsequential part of fine character, makes but little lament.

Mr. Graham was a lawyer and practiced at one time in the Circuit of which Coosa County composed a part, (and elsewhere), a man of ambitious ideals and poetic temperament.

After the war Mr.

Graham resided in Florida, and also at Washington. [This is assumed to be the ghost town of Washington, on the Alabama River, just south of Prattville rather than the one in D.C.] The favor of fortune for him (life that of thousands of others of the South shot to death in smoke and gun powder) seems in his efforts to regain it, (from many letters and poems on it, found among the effects of his niece, Mrs. Northington), often far flung, but just as fickle and fore-parted. One of his poetic compositions on the conglomerate, carpet-bag rabble which infested and debauched the sacred walls of our State Capitol, in its candor of free expression and insatiate humor, (a sense of possession which always comforted and supported him), will bear no reproduction here; but it is my desire that this, and the 'Clerk from Coosa to the Clerk of Montgomery' be preserved in our State Archives. Also some letters to him from Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Mr. Graham, when in Montgomery, (and from many old letters to show it when absent), was, seemingly, the

favorite brother of Mary Isabel Graham. Mary Isabel purchased from her brother, Duncan B., two and one-half acres on the North side of his quarter section, and here she built a home and maintained a private school. She was a highly educated, independent person concerning all matters of her affairs, and for Scotch adherency to Presbyterian faith and what constituted character. She lived alone and christened her premises 'Mount. Calm.' She possessed a sweet voice, and it is said the calm placidness of her premises remained unbroken, only except at such times as she and her brother John sat beneath the big broad oak, yet standing on 'Mount Calm', and sang their old world Scotch and sacred songs.

'Mount Calm' remains today on old Norman Bridge Road (South Decatur Street) at the head of Clanton Avenue, and looks down on an Avenue christened for an immortal who took most part in driving the carpet-baggers from their seat of glory. His ultimatum on that day 'to proceed to count the vote' shall not perish!

But, Mary I. Graham, in her State's distress, bought State Bonds, which never to her dying day, nor since, have been paid.



MONTGOMERY OF YESTERDAY AND THE DAY BEFORE AS IT IS REMEMBERED BY JOHN P. KOHN

Montgomery Advertiser
Sept. 8, 1941
[Last of a series of three]



John P. Kohn, Sr.

For the third time Mr. John P. Kohn [Sr.] has favored the Advertiser with a body of his recollections. The first appeared last Spring. Another came along in the Summer, and here is the third.

[Adv.] Editor

By John P. Kohn [Sr.]

Gen. Screws tells me that I slighted the Montgomery True Blues as I didn't mention their balls. Well, I didn't know as much about the Blue's balls as I did about the Greys', (not Grays) but I do know that the Blues were on a par with the Greys in everything, and that those two companies exercised a dominating influence on this community for many years. They didn't make them any finer than Capt. Amerine of the Greys, and Capt. Garland, of the Blues.

I have never forgotten that Sunday afternoon in Birmingham following the Hawes riot when only the coolheadedness of Col. Thomas G. Jones and the discipline and dependability of the Greys and Blues prevented another bloody outbreak of the mob. I was there with the Mounted Rifles, but about all we knew was to ride our horses when we had them.

TRIP TO CHARLESTON

Dave Holloway has written to ask me why I didn't tell about the trip to Charleston to see Gen. Leonard F. Wood, who was in command of the Southeastern division including Alabama. The Commercial Club [forerunner of The Chamber of Commerce] thought they might get something out of Gen. Wood about the camp. I didn't want to go

on what seemed a wild goose chase as we could get no appointment with the General, but I went.

As I remember the other members of the committee were Dr. Gaston, Ray Rushton, Will Hill, Emanuel Meertief, Pat McIntyre and Bruce Kennedy. We left Montgomery on a raw, cold Spring morning and the last of our delegation to reach the station was wearing a heavy black overcoat, white straw hat and white shoes. The next afternoon we were in a huddle in the lobby of the hotel trying to figure some way to get to Gen. Wood when I picked up an afternoon paper and read that Gen. Wood was at that moment being entertained at dinner by Bishop Russel, the Catholic bishop of South Carolina.

You can imagine the surprise and delight of the committee when I read that to them and told them that Bishop Russel and I had been classmates at college for four years. I told them I was sure he would help us and that I would go down in the morning and see him. Dr. Gaston jumped up and shouted, "Morning, morning," you'll go right now, and I did. The Bishop said he couldn't ask the General a favor as he had just left his table, but he gave me a note to Maj. Dooley, the General's aide, and that night we had an appointment to see the General the next morning.

As we went in they made me spokesman, but somebody took it away from me and started to tell all about Montgomery's wonderful water. Yes, said General Wood, every delegation that comes here tells me about their wonderful water, but I haven't smelled any of it on any of them yet. He asked me about moral conditions in Montgomery. I knew some of the generals wanted the women as far from the camps as they could put them and some of them didn't, and I didn't know how Gen. Wood wanted them, so I

told him I was a married man with five children and was not so well posted. When we came out I explained my dilemma to the committee, and Dr. Gaston said, "John, you were like the teacher who was up for his license and they asked him how did he teach, was the world round or flat, and he said he taught it whichever way they wanted it."

Then I told them my school story. "Teacher had little Tommie up before the board examining him and she asked him who wrote Magna Charta, and Tommie stuck his fist in his eye and began to cry, and said, 'Teacher, I don't know who did it, but I know I didn't do it, and he started for his seat, and one of the trustees jumped up and said, 'Teacher, bring that boy back, I believe he did do it.'"

WASHINGTON TRIP

The Commercial Club sent a committee to Washington to offer to help Congressman Dent in his efforts to get the camps for Montgomery. If I remember correctly the other members were Martin Baldwin, Ray Rushton, Richard Hobbie, Clayton Tullis, Will Gayle, Pat McIntyre, Bruce Kennedy and Adolphe Hoenberg, of Wetumpka.

The second night we entertained Mr. Dent at dinner and were joined by Gen. Frank McIntyre, Frank Coffee and Billy Williams. I sat on one side of Mr. Dent and he told me that Champ Clark, the Democratic leader, and Speaker Cannon and Mr. Mann, the Republican leader, swore that they would be damned and go to hell before they would vote for Conscription. Mr. Dent was very much opposed to it.

He told us that he had just been in conference with the President [W. Wilson] and the Secretary of War, and that the President had agreed to try out the volunteer act for thirty days and if it didn't work to apply the Conscript Law. The next morning when I picked up the paper there was the blazing headline that the President had at midnight proclaimed the Conscript Law effective immediately. Some of us went to McBryde's on Pennsylvania Ave., where were assembled the very finest liquors and the best company in Washington. As you went in you certainly didn't see anything attractive. It looked like the back room of a second rate storage place, with plain tables and comfortable chairs. Some of the most eminent men of the country were there. Among those I met was Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and one of the brainiest leaders of the Senate. He died prematurely.

SENATOR PETTUS

Speaking of Senator James takes me back some years to the noblest Roman of them all, Senator Edmund W. Pettus, who was another giant physically and mentally. The Senator was passionately fond of poker, a true sportsman and no lover of money. In 1904 I was at Tate Springs and one afternoon was in the card room watching the Senator in a game of draw. He had just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his wedding and some of the boys were joshing him about it and asked him how he did it. "I don't have a damned thing to do with doctors," he told them, "fifty years ago they bled me for everything. They didn't experiment any more on me."

When Grover Cleveland was elected I was finishing at Spring Hill College. Miss Emily Semple's father, Maj. H. C. Semple, was the Democratic National Committeeman from Alabama, and her brother, Fr. Semple, was procurator at Spring Hill. He and I determined to put on a sure enough celebration. Unbeknown to Fr. Semple, we boys found a supply of street railway cross ties, and barrels of rosin not far away and after dark we helped ourselves, and we crisscrossed those ties to a height of 50 or 60 feet and filled in between with rosin and saturated it all with kerosene, and did we have a bonfire! The boys called on me for a speech. I was wearing a red flannel shirt and some boy yelled something about the red shirt, and I shouted back, "yes, this shirt is red and so is every drop of blood beneath it, and every drop of that red blood is Catholic blood, is Democratic blood, is Southern blood."

When I went to work in Morris's bank the financial world was still trembling from the shock of the failure of Barring Brothers of London, the great international bankers.

PANIC OF 1893

Recovery from that collapse was under way when the panic of 1893 broke, and banks went down like leaves in Autumn. Morris' bank, where I was a clerk, would not join in issuing clearing house certificates, but insisted on keeping up currency payments. It was too much for them, and they were forced to suspend for ten days. Every morning the New York World, which hated President Cleveland, would carry a screeching headline