

THE HERALD

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The Life And Times Of Dr. Charles Thigpen - Wizard

Rankin File

On The Approaching Occasion Of His 85th Birthday

By Allen Rankin

Montgomery Advertiser / Alabama Journal

December 10, 1950

"I DON'T want personal publicity; I forbid it. If you print it, I may sue you." So Dr. Charlie Thigpen told me when I interviewed him for this.

Okay, Doc. Go ahead and sue. I'm beginning it this way in order to wonder: Will your classic gruffness, or your marshmallow heart beneath it, or your wizard medical skill - known on both sides of the ocean - survive longest in Montgomery folklore?



Dr. Charles A. Thigpen
photo furnished by his
Great Grand-daughter,
Virginia E. Humphrey

Now, the interview: "Some consider you gruff; some tender," I told the eminent Thigpen. "Which do you consider yourself?"

Dr. Charlie's clipped, lightning reply was: "I consider myself positive."

And positive he has been. In 58 years of medicine here, Dr. Charlie probably has personally treated or operated upon the

eyes, ears, noses or throats of more than a million people. The millions his pioneering influence has helped cannot be estimated.

The world's great physicians sparingly use the word "great". Yet they have lavished it upon both the skill and humanity of Charles Alston Thigpen. He'll celebrate his 85th birthday on Dec. 19, but he refuses to rest on his laurels.

His mind remains as razor sharp as his scalpel; his slight body is fit and tough and ramrod straight. He still operates on many. In rare spare moments he drives his horses and dogs on fox or bird hunts, and his Cadillac hell-for-leather over the U. S.

With or without glasses, he's still a dead quail shot with his needle-barreled 410.

A lady artist tells us he's still "the best looking man in town."

He is still the master of the courtly Thigpen compliment, and the quick, withering Thigpen insult or brisk brusqueness.

Woe to him who lights a cigaret [sic] in his presence. "Come back when you don't smell of cigarets [sic]!" he'll snap. "As long as you smoke, I can't help you." He once made

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This photograph of the wedding of an older couple is unidentified with the exception of the fourth from the left on the back row who is Dr. John Martin. It could be that the groom might be a doctor. Please let us know if you recognize anyone.

This issue is especially for:

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

his own grandson, Wiley Hill, III, get out of his car and walk to town because he was "fuming it up" with cigarets [sic].

Dr. Charlie took a few tentative puffs himself in college. But a long life of viewing tumors of the larynx makes him look on smokers as suicidal fools. Even the sound of the word "smoke" sets him off. A lady tells me she once rushed into his office and cried:

"Doctor, your car is smoking!"

"Smoking?" said the pre-occupied Thigpen. "Sorry. Get out. I can't help you."

The fire in his car wasn't serious.

Always busy, he's likely to be caustic with anyone who wastes his time, even if the intruder is paying lavishly for the privilege. A very prominent, very effusive matron entered his office one day and began to emote, "Doctor, I'm Louisa Blank. I - ah---"

"Sit down," snapped the expert. "I know who you are."

He's apt to shut up ladies who begin diagnosing their symptoms to him by clipping: "Open your mouth, please, and let me see your vocal chords."

A woman patient, not known for her reticence, once asked Thigpen after a tonsillectomy, "Doctor, can I talk?"

"In a long life, madam," he answered, "I've discovered the less you talk, the better. But talk if you want to."

The lady wanted to. She's still doing it.

In the old local anesthetic days, Dr. Charlie is said to have reassured gasping children as he pulled their tongues with one hand and clipped their tonsils with the other: "You think you're going to choke, but you're not. Just pant like a dog."

THIGPEN FINES PATIENT \$10

BUT there are reasons to suspect that under this crusty exterior lies a heart as soft as a toasted marshmallow core. The eminent doctor's pockets often contain caramels and peppermints. At the end of a necessarily painful ordeal with a child, he often asks; "Well aren't you going to look in my pockets?" The child dries his tears and digs for the candy.

Though he will summarily dismiss a bore, he has never been known to turn away anyone in need of his medical genius. Hundreds of thousands of people without money to pay have received his attentions along with the rich.

Dr. Charlie probably gets more mail than anyone in Montgomery. Scrawled, often illiterate, thank-you notes pour in to him, some of them annually, from people he has cured years ago. Gifts of chicken and eggs and bottles of cream clutter his doorstep. These in lieu of money from people who inherited more pain than cash - but who are grateful. And in this perhaps is the answer to the question: "Why has a man as big as Thigpen chosen to live out his life in a town as small as Montgomery?"

The Coca-Cola story is famous. About 45 years ago, Dr. Charlie operated on the affluent and well-heeled W. C. Bradley, of Columbus, Ga. He did what great hospitals had merely tried to do - quieted the agonies in Bradley's sinus. He sent Bradley a small bill, and when the rich man sent him a check for 10 times the sum, Thigpen tore it up.

"If you won't take my money, then please accept my

advice as a businessman," the grateful Bradley came back. "I advise you to buy Coca-Cola stock." Dr. Charlie did so. Coca-Cola began to rise...and rise...and rise. What the Thigpen stock is worth today is a matter of astronomical conjecture. But certainly Bradley's "advice" was one of the richest worldly payments he ever received for services rendered.

Only one patient we know of ever had the nerve to complain about a Thigpen bill. The gentleman asked that his bill for \$15 be itemized. The legend goes that Dr. Charlie was quick to oblige him, itemizing it thus:

"\$5 for professional services; \$10 for making a public nuisance of yourself around the office and spitting on the floor."

DOG DAN AVENGED

DR. THIGPEN has done much to help bring, and keep, young doctors in Montgomery. Certainly, the greatest "youngster" he ever helped bring back and keep was the invaluable John Blue, about the turn of the century.

"Go up there and see John Blue. Tell him to let that Navy alone and come on back to Montgomery." These were the instructions Dr. I. L. Watkins gave young Thigpen as he embarked one day for New York. Thigpen was then about 35; Dr. Blue, a Navy medic-lieutenant, about 24. He performed his mission so well Blue soon returned to Montgomery.

Dr. Blue had operated on his first three or four patients in this area when he received orders to return to the Navy. "But they can't do that to you!" was Dr. Charlie's impression. It proved correct. It's Alabama law that a surgeon who has operat-

Mrs. Peggy H. Joseph has donated a collection of documents, photographs, and historical material relating to her family home, **Chantilly**; historical data relating to William Joseph's service on the Montgomery County Board of Revenue; music books of the past.

Ms. Susan Enzweiler has presented the MCHS with an audio tape of an interview she and Bob Gamble did with **Betty N. Robison** concerning her part in the planning of the Coliseum. Betty was an intern with Sherlock, Smith & Adams, architects in the 1950's.

Mr. & Mrs. W. R. Rusty Gregory contributed newspapers: Montgomery Advertiser, May, 1923, Klein & Son opening; Montgomery Times, August 1906; Alabama Journal Jan. 1983 - Coach Bryant dead.

Mrs. Lee Beck donated Lanier High School Oracle annuals for the years 1938 and 1939 that belonged to Mrs. Frances MacPherson.

Mrs. Kathy Waller Chambers has donated a collection of letters written by her grandfather, Luther Hill Waller, to family members during his service during World War I along with details of his wedding to Miss Janet Maulsby in 1923.

Mr. John B. Scott has donated a history of the LaPine community, "Memories of LaPine by the Sons of Dr. St. John and Nina King Naftel. 1994.

In House News

Memorials

Mr. Charles D. Babcock

Dr. & Mrs. M. B. Engelhardt
Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Claudia T. Brown

Mr. James W. Fuller

Dr. L. C. Cardinal

Dr. & Mrs. M. B. Engelhardt
Mr. James W. Fuller
Mr. Edward Pattillo

Mrs. Sterling Culpepper

Dr. & Mrs. M. B. Engelhardt

Mrs. Elizabeth T. Emmet

Dr. & Mrs. M. B. Engelhardt

Mrs. Mary Charles Collins Fields

Mrs. Sara Fields Ferguson

Mrs. Mary Brown Harrison

Mr. James W. Fuller

Ms. Eunice Henig

Mrs. Susan F. Haigler

Mrs. Aileen LeGrand

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Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Caroline "Dootsie" Ball Matthews

Mr. James W. Fuller
Mrs. Jo S. McGowin
Mr. Edward Pattillo

Mrs. Ruth McKinney

Mrs. Susan F. Haigler

Mr. Kenneth Morgan

Mr. & Mrs. Rusty Gregory

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Rast

Mr. James W. Fuller
Mrs. Susan F. Haigler

Mr. Chris Smilie

Mrs. Susan F. Haigler

Mr. John Curren Sullivan

Dr. & Mrs. M. B. Engelhardt

Mrs. Charlotte R. Thorington

Dr. & Mrs. M. B. Engelhardt
Mr. & Mrs. Charles C. Nicrosi
Mr. Charles A. Stakely

Mrs. Edwina D. Walker

Mr. & Mrs. Rick Albee
Mrs. Margaret D. Craddock
Mr. & Mrs. Hulon Fillingane
Mr. James W. Fuller

Honors

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Mr. Mark Montoya

By Dr. Valerie Lee

Dr. & Mrs. Ben Cumbus

By Dr. & Mrs. M. B. Engelhardt

Mr. Rusty Gregory

Mr. James Fuller

By Mr. William G. Thames

Mr. & Mrs. Dick McAdams

By Mr. Edward Pattillo

Gen. & Mrs. John H. Napier

By Dr. Valerie Lee

Mrs. Sophie Xides

By Mrs. Susan F. Haigler

Mr. Ken Ward, New Eagle Scout

By Mr. James W. Fuller

History Archives Collections

Mr. Bill Little has donated a collection of books including: *The Heritage of Madison County, Alabama* - 1998; *The Clans, Septs & Regiments of the Scottish Highlands* - by Frank Arnold, Revised by Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, 1908, 8th Edition 1970; *A History of Methodism in Alabama* by Rev. Anson West DD 1983; *History of Steward County, Georgia*, Vol. 1 By Helen E. Terrill and Sara Robertson Dixon 1958; *South Carolina Baptist 1670 - 1805* by Leak Townsend 1926 / 1935; *The Source - A Guidebook of American Genealogy* - Revised Edition, Edited by Loretto D. Szucs and Sandra H. Luebking 1996; *Cyndi's List - A Comprehensive List of 40,000 Genealogy Sites on the Internet*, Cyndi Howells 1999.

Mr. T. Bowen Hill III has donated four bound volumes of *Harper's Weekly* for the years 1862 through 1865; two copies of *Montgomery Contact*, for Jan. 1963 and March 1963; an article that appeared in the *Alabama Sunday Magazine* by Janis Greger on February 19, 1967 on Jefferson Davis and a booklet by Grandma, *Laugh and Let Laugh*.

Mr. Bob Gamble donated an architectural rendering of an impressive but unknown residence with a Montgomery connection. At some point it will be pictured in a future *Herald* to establish a possible identity.

We are pleased to receive a collection of assorted items from the **Weil Brothers Cotton Co.**

Estate of **Mrs. Aileen LeGrand** has donated a collection of Russell family photographs, a wedding party picture for Eloise LeGrand and Harold Council in 1921; photograph of a Myers Pop Corn Stand with kids; photograph of Alexander Barron Clitheral b.1820, d.1869, First Registrar of the Treasury of the Confederate States of America; two framed unidentified photographs of a lady and of a lady with 3 children; framed photograph of boy, by Payne Photographers; Alumni Directory from Huntingdon, 1980-81; Photographs of Algernon (Blair), Mr. Osborne, Mr. LeGrand and Dr. Dennis. Donated by **Mr. Michael Respass**.

Mr. Stevenson Walker contributed a set of 5 volumes of *The Story of Alabama - A History of The State* by Marie Bankhead Owen published in 1949; a copy of *Celebrating 100 Years of Progress in Alabama 1847 - 1947 --- Commemorating the 100th Anniversary of Moving The State Capital from Tuscaloosa to Montgomery --- A Souvenir Copy of The Montgomery Advertiser/ Alabama Journal - Capital Centennial Celebration Color Gravure Magazine Section Issued December 22, 1946*.

An undated article on Oak Park; and a blue print of a 1922 plat map of the Re-subdivision of the Geibel Property located at the intersection of Fairview, Woodley and Peach Streets.

Mrs. Christie Anderson, Preservation Officer with the City of Montgomery, has furnished us with a photographic and historic documentation of the house on So. Hull at Clanton Sts. that was known more recently as the "Pelham" for Bill and Kitty Pelham who lived there some twenty years ago. The house had deteriorated considerably in recent years and was recently razed. Proof that the house was designed by Mr. Frank Lockwood, has not been established. Architectural elements were removed to be placed for sale at the Landmarks Architectural Store.

Mrs. Margie Embry donated information on the **Fred W. Hooper** family and on the Kentucky Derby winning horse they owned, "Hoop Junior" in the 1940s.

Mrs. Martha Parker donated two ledgers of the Dixie Coal Co. 1922; 1998 Exchange National checkbook, and a photograph of the 50th anniversary reunion of the Arrowhead Country Club, May 13, 1994. She also donated a collection of old newspapers; very detailed directions for proper procedures for new mothers and their babies from Dr. Harris Dawson as well as his personal baby dress; and other assorted bits of memorabilia.

Mr. Gerald Thompson donated a booklet of *Reproduction of A Series of Articles From The Montgomery Advertiser Covering The Activities of The State Government of Alabama*, 1924.

We have received the records of **The Mimosa Garden Club of Montgomery** dating from 1948 but which was organized in 1942.

ed on a patient will stay to see that patient through. Dr. Blue stayed...and stayed...and stayed, with famous results.

Thus, he and Dr. Charlie remain among the very few who have ever told the U. S. Navy "No," and gotten by with it.

Dr. Charlie has helped start many young contemporary doctors by giving them rent in his building until they can get on their feet. "I was young once myself," he tells them.

He is a man who never forgets anything. Once Veterinarian W. B. Fleming performed a throat operation on Thigpen's favorite bird dog, Dan. There was no anesthetic; the dog howled piteously while Thigpen paced the floor like a first-father in a maternity ward.

It wasn't long before Dr. Fleming had to come to Dr. Charlie for a nose operation. "Hey! That hurts!" he ejaculated.

"No more," said Thigpen wryly, "than you hurt old Dan."

THE WIZARD'S BEGINNING

CHARLES ALSTON THIGPEN was born on a Plantation near Greenville, in the year the Civil War ended, 1865. He was half doctor as a small boy, for he made calls with his beloved doctor-father, Job, in the buggy.

They had a two-purpose dog named Spot, who kept their feet warm and pointed the myriad coveys of quail they shot along the roadside when calls weren't urgent.

"I had an excellent education," Dr. Charlie recalls, "better than any of my children have." This began under the whistling hickory stick of his uncle, George Washington Thigpen, professional school-

master.

In this plantation school, he learned Latin and Greek. He learned to spout the poetry and quotations he can still bring forth at the drop of a hat for any occasion. A caped Austrian music master, Professor Battenhausen, taught him to love the sentimental Chopin. (He still picks on the piano a little when nobody is listening.)

On then to Howard College, and to Marion; and to Tulane, where the great Dr. Rudolph Matas (the last of Thigpen's teachers now living), had reason to state: "I never taught a Thigpen that was a fool."

Then to New York Polytechnic...to Heidelberg, Freiburg, Vienna.

Thigpen specialized in "the eye", because, "The eye is the most beautiful organism in the human body - and the most intricate."

And all that he knew he brought to Montgomery to begin practice here in 1893. Dr. B. J. Baldwin, who took the youngster into partnership, used to joke: "The world lost a good horse trader when Charlie Thigpen took up medicine." It gained a great doctor.

Verily, modern medicine has been discovered since Charles Thigpen was born, and he has helped usher it in. He has seen the popularization of electricity and the X-ray; the discovery of bacteria, the beginning of aseptic surgery and preventive medicine. His lifetime also has embraced that of Louis Pasteur, Joseph Lister, Robert Koch, Walter Reed, and William Gorgas. He was the first man in Alabama to possess a bronchoscope and to establish many a new operating technique.

He has seen out the Old and ushered in the New South.

In all respects he has lived off the cream of life. As a young man and member of the Joie de Vie Club, he drove the town's snappiest horses and its flashiest runabouts. He bought the second car (a Packard) ever seen in Montgomery (Danny Griel is said to have owned the first). Since then he has owned about every make of U. S. car, [and] now has the two extremes, a jeep stationwagon and a Cadillac.

"But when I depart," he joshes relatives, "I want to roll out in the Cadillac."

HIS FLEXIBLE MIND

HIS daughter remembers him as the best of all possible providers. "He always brought home the best quail, the reddest holly berries, the prettiest smile." He also had, and has, the best leather in his saddles and gloves, the finest dogs and shotguns. He refuses to hunt behind any dog, or with any man, who doesn't hunt according to Hoyle.

"I have never been a game hog," he told me. "I always insist that those who hunt with me observe sportsmen's ethics. In the old days (when quail covered the ground and one strung them like fish) the limit was 25. I stopped at 26. Now six is enough."

Dr. Charlie is a sound mixture of modern science and old-fashioned intuition. A grateful mother tells me that X-rays of a great hospital once indicated her son, 5, must have a critically dangerous operation within five years or risk death. She left the decision up to Dr. Charlie.

"Does your ear hurt, boy?" asked Thigpen.

"No."

"I won't operate," he decided, refusing to look at the X-rays. "I won't operate until

something hurts."

Nothing ever did. The critical five years passed. Twelve are now gone. The patient an operation might have killed is fine.

Dr. Charlie is never happier than [when he is driving] his Cadillac at terrible...speeds, rushing cross-country 600 to 700 miles a day. He has to go fast...to get around to all the new things he's still curious about. He recently went to New York to view the innards of television, found them in order.

"You've got to change with new things," he insists. "Change is usually for the best."

When Dr. Alton Ochaner opened his revolutionary clinic at New Orleans, many professionally jealous doctors opposed it. "I think it's grand!" said the progressive Thigpen. He has sent more patients to Ochaner, perhaps, than any other doctor in this area. Friend Ochaner always reciprocates by calling him up on his birthday.

THE PATIENT COMES FIRST

ONE grateful patient suggested Thigpen's memory be honored by a medical "palace" big as "Kublai Khan's." Dr. Charlie performed a cataract operation in 1945, leading to his building and equipping the Thigpen-Cater Eye Hospital in Birmingham. This stands in memory of his late son-in-law and partner, Dr. Job Cater, taken by death in the young bloom of his service. It is one of the finest eye hospitals in the world, and it trains young eye doctors to carry on.

Thigpen's advice for longevity: "Don't smoke, be moderate, get plenty of sleep."

His eating habits have

been more successful than exemplary. "I eat breakfast at 6, eat lunch when I finished with my patients (3 to 5 p.m.). Then I eat no more. As long as you know what goes into your stomach and watch the quantity, it doesn't matter when you eat."

His advice to young doctors: "Consider your patient before yourself." The veteran physician, who has put in years of round-the-clock service, has no patience with young doctors who shy away from night calls.

"The way some doctors are doing the people," he opines, "is forcing us into socialized medicine."

As Dr. Charlie says, he is a "positive" man. His kind of positiveness has enhanced the well-being and dignity of mankind. Five years ago as the world honored him, he intoned:

"The joys I have possessed in spite of Fate are mine.

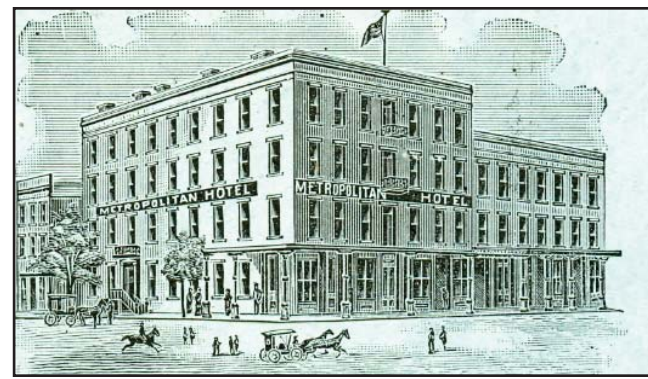
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power.

What has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

And he's still having it to the renown of his name and the glory of his profession.



Editors note: As a child in the thirties, my mother took me to see Dr. Thigpen for some problem that involved ears, eyes or throat. The office was in a two-story brick building on the corner of South Court and Clayton streets. There was a large front porch filled with rock-



Madison House Hotel
NE corner of Dexter and N. Perry Sts.
Later known as the Metropolitan Hotel

ing chairs. When you arrived, you sat in the first empty chairs. When the person next to you moved over one chair, you did the same.

Gradually you found yourself in the hall also filled with chairs. Eventually you reached a chair in the waiting room and some time after making a round of that room, you found yourself next to the door of his office.

I am not certain but I imagine that when the door opened, Dr. Charlie would beckon the next person into the inner-sanctum. I have no memory of a nurse and certainly in those days appointments were unheard of. I suppose everyone just understood the procedure.

On my visit there was so much in a doctor's office that was new and fascinating to a ten year old and created many questions of why and how. Thus was certainly my case and after posing more questions than Dr. Thigpen had time to answer, my mother told me to not ask so many questions. Where upon she was instructed by the good doctor, "Leave the boy alone. If he doesn't ask questions he will never know anything."

I liked him.

Editor

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By Mrs. Carolyn Harwell

Mr. & Mrs. John E. Steiner

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Mr. William G. Thames

The Junior Thespian Literary Club

Mrs. Betty Keyes &

Mr. Robert A. Young

Board Member Retires



With sincere regret the Board of the Montgomery County Historical Society accepted the retirement of their long-time supporter, Board Member and Vice-President, Mrs. Frances Hightower Hill.

Frances served faithfully for over twenty-two years through many rough times during the restoration of the Figh Pickett Barnes School House. She will be missed for her cheerful manner and wise council that kept us on a steady course.

Thank you so much, Frances. We will miss you.

The Officers and Board of the MCHS

Coming Event
The Summer Bar-B-Que will be on
June 9th
at Court Square
More details soon
Everybody's gonna be there

Year End Donors

for the year 2015

We sincerely appreciate the extra donations from these members that make our operation and efforts in preservation possible. Thank you.

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Madison House An Old Montgomery Relic Destroyed

Source and Date unknown

Three score and six years ago, the Noble family, one of Montgomery and the Southland's best, erected at Perry and Dexter Avenue a five story brick building, destined to play its part in the history of Alabama and the Southern Confederacy. Constructed out of old fashioned hand brick, the Old Madison House was at that time the finest improvement in Montgomery.

Saturday morning a *Journal* reporter stood near the old structure and heard the puff of a stationary engine, the rattling of mighty chains and the falling of bricks [sic] as they chanted the requiem of another landmark. It was hard to believe that the rusty, unsightly, half-demolished building had at one time been the pride of Montgomery.

Yet when one considers that Alabama the state was only 28 years old at that time and but few are left to remember the day that Charles Abercrombie, the first proprietor took possession of the hostelry, it is conceded to be a relic of other days.

HOUSES ILLUSTRIOUS MEN

Within the confines of the old building the most illustrious men of the United States have been housed and it was

the haven of Georgians, South Carolinians and followers of fancy of all states south of the Mason and Dixon line. In antebellum society days when the beaux and belles turned night into day the great social events were celebrated in the halls of the old building. In other portions of the hotel, those who can remember say that the great American game was played. Sometimes the game was mild and again slaves and even plantations changed hands with the flip of the card.

The structure has had a varied career. Many managements have had a hand in the running of the hostelry. When a reporter asked the clerk in the city engineer's office for the exact date of the building permit it was considered a subject for merriment. Colonel Wade McBride was better informed than the city engineer's office for the exact date of year as 1847. His father had conducted a drug store on the site previous to the fire of that year.

MANY BLOODY DUELS

In the rear of the hotel was a bar where the old time Southern gentlemen sought solace in the flowing bowl and here it was that many bloody duels had their inception or affairs of honor were settled to

the satisfaction of the principals without a conflict with deadly weapons.

In 1850 Washington Tilley of the District of Columbia took charge of the hotel. In 1852 W. H. Taylor Sr., became manager and conducted the business for a period of six years. Mr. Taylor's father was a former governor of South Carolina and the Southern Carolinians made the hotel their headquarters during his incumbency. When Mr. Taylor retired the firm of Cook and Cantalou took charge. He was followed by Mr. Irby, connected with the Gunter family, in charge.

At one time just before the war Joe Pizalie, a Corsican, leased the business. His history was remembered on account of an escapade in a New York café in which he had been a famous chef. It seems that at one time he accidentally [put] poison in some of the viands [food] which nearly cost the life of himself and numerous Gothamites that patronized his café. So he came south and there was no repetition of the fatal incident.

Captain Cliff Kennedy, Sib Kirtland, M. Uhlfelder and Frank Hervey of Opelika were former managers. Charles and Harry Hervey now conduct the Cawthorn and Bienville hotels in Mobile. George Hervey, another son, has the San Carlo at Pensacola, and another brother is with the Rice hostelry at Houston, Texas.

PROVED PROFITABLE

Under William H. Taylor the hotel reached its zenith as a popular stopping place and it proved profitable. Captain

continued on page 13

Montgomery, Alabama's Oak Park

Author and date Unknown

[This is another article, just found, about the park that I thought deserved to be presented. Ed.]

Historic and romantic Oak Park, standing tall against a modern Interstate highway nearby, once hosted a bruising, mud-mired college football game in the last of the 19th century.

Just before the 20th century was ushered in, the War Eagle Tigers from Auburn University and the University of Sewanee met in a football game at Oak Park. The teams were transported to the end of Highland Avenue at Forest Avenue by mule-drawn streetcars, and moved over to the rain-soaked gridiron adjoining Oak Park. The muddy battle in progress by the footballers went unheeded by a lion and a few other animals in the park.

The City of Montgomery purchased the 42-acre Oak Park



Remember those wonderful swings?



First hexagonal pavilion in early 1900s

property in the late 1880's [in 1893 the purchase was under discussion with many for and against, so it was evidently shortly after June of that year that the purchase was finalized] and the wooded scenic park has served the public for picnics, band concerts, playground for children, and many other recreational activities for all ages.

A frame hexagonal pavilion with a porch encircling the structure, served as a meeting place for groups, square dances, politicians' orations and other services. The historic building was replaced by another in 1937. The present pavilion serves as the administrative offices of the Montgomery Parks and Recreation Department. This building, built of granite Belgian blocks taken from the streets of Montgomery, also was used for group gatherings of all kinds.

The Belgian blocks were brought to America by ships which plied the Atlantic Ocean between

Europe and the United States. Many of the blocks were unloaded at Mobile and were brought to Montgomery by barge. They were used for ballast on the trips from European ports, and when the barges arrived in Montgomery, the blocks were left here and cotton was loaded for the return trip down river. They were given to the city for whatever use they may be.

The city fathers used them to pave Dexter Avenue, Court Square and parts of Montgomery, Court, Tallapoosa, and Columbus Streets. The blocks were eventually replaced with modern asphalt paving and the surplus blocks were used to build the new pavilion at Oak Park.

Oak Park, also known in past history as "Hall's Woods," "The Oak Grove," Chestnut Wood," was part of the Bolling Hall Estate. Mr. Hall, who moved here from Georgia in 1817, later moved to Coosada (Elmore County). Hall Street, running along one side of Oak Park was named for him.

The purchase price the city paid for the Oak Park tract was \$25,000.

Although Oak Park has withstood many stumbling blocks, the park area has something growing that has the reputation of being millions of years old --the Ginkgo Tree. According to scientists, the ginkgo bilobas progenitors existed upon the earth from 100,000,000 to 125,000,000 years ago.

The ginkgo tree, together with but one other plant, the common leafless bulrush, often found in oozy swamps, are said to be the only plants that have existed, as proved by fossil remains, through all

rains. In the distance, a mule-drawn trolley moves up toward the capitol. Like the unhurried trolley, Montgomery was moving forward at a deliberate pace but was being eclipsed by the rapid industrial development in the northern part of the state with the up-and-coming city of Birmingham as the epicenter.

Berney's Handbook was obviously compiled with an eye towards attracting outside investment to Alabama. In particular, it touted the potential of the state's mineral resources. The motto on the front page of the book reads: "Coal, which is the source of Power, and Iron, which is the source of Strength". Birmingham with a population of 26,176 had recently passed Montgomery to become, after Mobile, the second largest city in the state. It is interesting that the Elyton Land Company, which pioneered the development of Birmingham, was largely owned and led by Montgomery investors, with Montgomery banker, Josiah Morris, being the first president and the largest stockholder. Morris Avenue in downtown Birmingham is a reminder of the role he played in the development of the city.

The Handbook reflects the generally optimistic outlook that prevailed in 1892 and Berney probably could not foresee the Panic of 1893 which threw the whole country into a severe depression that lasted for several years. I don't know whether Saffold Berney did an updated handbook after things went to pot but maybe he had the good judgment to end on a happy note.



Spring Membership Meeting Big Success

Members of the MCHS met on April 24th with a crowd of over eighty to hear a group of speakers share memories of three outstanding cafeterias or cafes of Montgomery's past.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Mabson Furnald gave a delightful reminiscence of her aunt's **Tangerine Cafeteria** that was located on Court Square over the Electric Maid Bakery.

Mrs. Susan Stowers was known by her regulars as Miss Susie. She operated her business of fine home cooking until her retirement as her health began to fail in 1954. Mary has written an enjoyable book about her memories of, "The Tangerine Cafeteria."

The next talk was by the two daughters of Pierre and Myrtle Poundstone Ridolphi who followed his father, Frederick, a native of Corsica, as the owner of the famous **Pickwick Cafe**. Dr. Jane R. Goodson and her sister, Mrs. May R. Eason shared pictures of the menu and other items related to the Pickwick in their power point presentation. The Pickwick began on Commerce St. and was lost in the big fire of 1927, relocated to the Exchange Hotel on Montgomery St. and finally came back to Commerce St. The Pickwick was also associated with the Townhouse Restaurant in the 400 block of So. Court. they both closed in about 1953.

The last restaurant presented was the **Elite Cafe** that was located in the first block of Montgomery Street. It was owned by Peter Xides followed

by his son Ed. Mr. Pete came to Montgomery from Greece. He also owned the Crystal Cafe next door and both were serviced from the same kitchen. In the 1940s when a construction problem required considerable work on the Elite building, he moved the elite sign to the front of the Crystal.

His friendship with the Arnauds in New Orleans enabled him to offer Shrimp Arnaud and Spumoni ice cream. His oyster business increased when he moved his oyster bar to near the front door.

The audience for the event enjoyed sharing their memories and special experiences in these dining establishments of times past in Montgomery. Several remembered that before the law changed to allow consumption of alcohol on Sundays, the Elite would serve drinks in a coffee cup.

"A good time was had by all."



The Tangerine Cafeteria upstairs over Electric Maid Bakery

BERNEY'S 1892 HANDBOOK OF ALABAMA

By John B. Scott, 2016

In looking over my book shelf I recently came across a forgotten old volume with the title almost worn off the faded brown spine. It turned out to be *Berney's 1892 Handbook of Alabama* - a 564 page encyclopedia covering just about everything that a teacher, legislator, businessman, potential outside investor or ordinary citizen would have cared to know about the state. The author and compiler of this monumental work was Saffold Berney, then a practicing attorney in Mobile.

A little lazy research on the internet revealed that Berney was born here in Montgomery in 1844, served in Confederate artillery units during the Civil War and then read law in the office of his uncle, Judge Milton Saffold. He practiced law in Montgomery for a few years and then moved to Mobile where he was active in the affairs of the city and later became a Circuit Judge. He died in Mobile in 1929 at age 85.

His 1892 Handbook had overviews of Alabama's constitution and laws, general history, manufacturing, agriculture and geology. It described the state's educational institutions, the penal system, the insane hospital and all manner of other useful general information.

For instance, it relates that the student body at the University of Alabama was then composed of 128 undergraduates and 15 law students. The undergraduates were all male

cadets. Tuition for in-state undergraduates was free with a set annual charge of \$161 for board, lodging, laundry, medical care and incidentals. The law students paid tuition of \$50 a year and lodged with "the best families in Tuscaloosa" at a cost of \$15 to \$18 a month.

It is interesting to note that on February 22, 1893, the year after Berney's Handbook came out, the University played its first football game with Auburn (then known as the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama) before a crowd of 5,000 at Lakeview Park in Birmingham - and lost 32-22.

One section of the Handbook that particularly resonates with the current news was a description of the state penal system written by the President of the Board of Inspectors of Convicts. In 1892 there was one state penitentiary located in Elmore County but most convicts were leased to private companies for work on the railroads, in the mines and other tough labor. There was little supervision of the treatment of the leased prisoners and, in the past, the mortality rate had been severe - in one year reaching 41%. By 1892 the convict leasing system had been overhauled and was somewhat more humane but there was still almost no attempt at rehabilitation.

On the financial side, the leasing policy consistently made the state penal system a profit center.

Another section of the

book has profiles of each of the counties and the larger cities in the state. The profile of Montgomery County reflects that the total population at that time was 56,117 consisting of "white 14,530, colored 41,363 and all others 6. (You have to wonder who the six "others" might be.) The population of the city of Montgomery is shown as 21,883 but there is no breakdown as to the demographics. The city and county had three daily newspapers and six banks. This was the heyday of the railroads and the county was served by seven different rail lines. Cotton was still the mainstay of the economy and agricultural lands in the county were selling for \$5.00 to \$25.00 an acre.

The separate section on the City of Montgomery states that with its railroad and river access, it has a "geographical location for trade that is not surpassed by any interior city in the South". The Handbook particularly praised the city's water supply which came from five artesian wells and stored in three reservoirs with a combined capacity of 4,000,000 gallons. There was some manufacturing but the commercial life of the city still centered on the cotton coming in from the surrounding areas with 165,417 bales received during the 1891-1892 season. Berney considered the most notable buildings in the city to be the state capitol, the county courthouse, the federal post office, the Moses block, the Temple building and the Windsor and Exchange Hotels.

The section on the city is illustrated by a photograph - probably taken somewhat prior to 1892 - looking up Dexter Avenue from the fountain. The buildings look spiffy and there is a lot of bustle but the street itself is still dirt and creased with water filled ruts from recent

the geological ages from the early carboniferous down to the present era. These two plants have escaped fire, ice, dinosaur, mammoth and man. The ginkgo is the aristocrat of the forest. Its ancestral family tree is the oldest of all pedigrees. In shape of top, form or leaf, and manner of fruiting, it is unlike any other tree in the world today. Only rocks are older than the ginkgo. And yet, in all these hundred million or more years its distinctive characteristics have not changed one iota.

Oak Park's abundance of beautiful trees, flowers, shrubs, and other of nature's attractions, make it one of the most beautiful parks in the Southeast.

In later years, six lighted tennis courts, a swimming pool, wading pool, zoo, monkey island, and playground equipment were added to the park area. However, the tennis courts were eliminated and parking area and a small hospital replaced them many years ago. Gone also are the swimming and wading pools, along with the zoo, and monkey island. The hospital (called Atomedics) was moved to Atlanta. [Actually it was moved to Roseland/Sebastian, located on the East Coast of Florida after it was a feature in the New York World's Fair in 1965. It is unknown if it still exists today.]

On Dec. 30, 1958, the City of Montgomery closed Oak Park, along with other city parks, when the courts were asked to eliminate segregation ordinances. Several rumors were circulated as to what was in store for Oak Park. One was that a hospital would be built on the land, an interstate would

plow into it, a factory of some sort, even a residential sub-division replacing the park were mentioned. [A more recent threat was the proposal of a school to occupy the space.]

Through it all, Oak Park, with its ginkgo, sycamore, dogwood, pine, oak, linden, persimmon, hickory, crabapple and other trees, just pretended nothing was going on, and weathered the storms that beset it.

On Feb. 24, 1965 the City Commission voted to open Oak Park. Once again, children, grownups and senior citizens swarmed over the park dilly [remarkable] with the flowers, shrubs, and trees putting forth their beauty for everyone.

The W. A. Gayle Planetarium, located in Oak Park, was opened in the fall of 1968. It is one of the 30 major planetariums in the United States. It is an unusual theater designed to simulate the natural sky. This realistic simulation is achieved by projecting images of the planets, stars, and other celestial objects on a domed ceiling.

A "Touch and See" Garden and the "Betty Fitzgerald Biblical Garden" were added to Oak Park in the late seventies. The Biblical garden is one of three in the United States, and is a qualified outdoor classroom in the educational field. Only plants and flora mentioned in the Bible are planted in the Biblical Garden. The "Touch and See" garden is a project of the Central Alabama Girl Scouts. The pond and island adjoining the two gardens add much beauty to the area.



Montgomery Botanical Garden

Mrs. Ethel Boykin, a key mover and shaker in establishing the Montgomery Botanical Garden at Oak Park reports:

The latest news coming from Oak Park is that the Botanical Gardens Board continues to meet each month and work toward our gardens. This month we are installing the pathways in the Southern gardens along with large color signs showing what will be installed in each section. You will be able to walk along and see "you are here" signs to show what is coming.

Five legendary trees were planted in memory of five individuals who were master gardeners, along with lovely marble markers at the base of each tree. This was a wonderful start to this garden.

We continue to work toward installing the greenhouse, donated by the Capital City Master Gardener's at the gardens.

It has been purchased and soon will be in place. The Federation of Garden Clubs, took many days to clean up the Betty Fitzgerald, Biblical Garden and placed benches along the path.

I know many feel nothing is happening, well not fast enough, but we are busy.

Like all organizations we have need for funding and appreciate each and every member and donation received.

Anytime you would like to discuss this project feel free to phone me, at 395-5949.

Praying and Planting,
Ethel D. Boykin, May 2016

The Lady of The Old Arm Chair

No. 4

The Old Arm Chair

By Hannah McIntyre Cozart

The Montgomery Journal
Sunday, July 23, 1916



Hannah Cozart
and daughter,
Toccoa

And thus we come to the story of the second occupant of The Old Arm Chair, of Anne, the beloved daughter-in-law of "Gran", and the mother of the real owner of the chair. And it came to pass that Anne spent many peaceful hours in it, on her high front porch, that commanded an extended and exquisite view of the tree embowered city.



Mrs. Cozart's house still stands at
217-19 Grove St. between
Lawrence and McDonough Streets

In the Old Arm Chair she dreamed of many things gone wrong with her Southland, she righted them with righteous force, yes, sometimes she smote with "The sword of Gideon and the Lord." How she made the carpetbaggers fly out of the country, taking with them all the traitors and scalwags! All the time, instead of sword-thrusts, she was fiercely stabbing the terrible rents in garments that must - just must - last until some money could come from honest effort on the part of her soldier sons, those ex-Confederates, who scarcely knew where to turn for a living, in those days of "spoils of every kind to the victor!" Well, Anne was the mother of sons who had followed Kirby Smith, Joe Wheeler and had fought the guns with Pelham and Semple and Siebels. They were all lined up now, with David Blakey and Clanton, the Seibelses, the Arringtons and the solid phalans [group] of Montgomery's heroes, to wrest

from alien hands of the government of their great and beloved state. One son was then down in the splendid county of Pike, trying to collect debts owing him since before the awful war had commenced. Anne heaved a high sigh that was indeed a prayer, for success to his errand. How was she to draw those awful holes any nearer together, without rending the garment asunder? Swiftly back and forth flashed her needle until a woman's bloodless battle was won again on high, was recorded by a smiling Angel, a good deed shining in a naughty world.

Since "Gran" had gone to live Up-On-High, there was great need of a grandmother in the family, so Anne was promoted to the new honor, while the real owner of The Chair became Mother, and still there were three generations grouped around The Old Arm Chair.

It was midday and Grandmother Anne was walking slowly and wearily down Main Street, now Dexter Avenue. She was nearly ready for her long walk out home, but she must go to the store of W. B. and A. R. Bell first; she was out of tea and of course she could not think of buying it anywhere else. Mr. Bell had laid in a supply for the best families in Montgomery, along with the silks, velvets and real laces he had chosen for them for more years than many of the ladies were willing to acknowledge. Of those dear, dead years they all had agreed to speak in indefinite terms, as "before the war."

Having bought the tea and inquired concerning the welfare of the family, Grandmother Anne turned with a sigh toward her distant home. She must walk now, for a horse could only be afforded to plow the fields, or haul wood, or perform some essential service for the family. No horses, no carriage, no money, no servants - Grandmother Anne set her teeth in fierce determination to equal the brave endurance of the men, in the battle for political freedom.

Freney's Tavern

(Bell's Tavern)

December 24, 1898

Many expressions of regret are heard these days since the announcement of the fact that the old LaFayette building on Commerce street has changed hands and the old landmark will soon be torn down to make way for the new. The tearing down of this building will remove one of the oldest landmarks in the city, and carry with it associations which cluster near the hearts of every liberty-loving citizen.

It was here that the Marquis LaFayette was entertained when he made his triumphal visit to this country in 1825. It is not known if there is a single inhabitant of this city now living who attended that ball. The writer knows one who was there, Colonel M. J. Bulger, the oldest Confederate Veteran liv-



Freney's Tavern a/k/a Bell's Tavern
was located on the S W corner of Commerce and Bibb Sts.

ing, who now resides at Jackson's Gap in Tallapoosa County. It is indeed interesting to hear the old gentleman tell of the arrival of the nobleman in this city which caused such enthusiasm among the people. There were no railroads here then, and the Marquis came by stage coach over the Mt. Meigs road. Mr. Bulger was one of the committee who went out to meet the visitor. A grand ball was given in his honor, which was held in the building which now bears his name. The average stranger as he passes along that building does not know that within its walls was entertained a man who rendered such service to the American people. This old building stands, a silent sentinel watching the city as it marches onward and upward.



MADISON HOUSE

continued from page 5

Thomas Taylor now of the state treasury office succeeded his father. Two surviving brothers are county and city officials. There were six sons and two daughters in the famous family. The two daughters were conceded to be the most beautiful of Dixie's queens. It is related that not infrequently the village swains [suitor] left their homes to stay at the hotel to pay court to Miss Mary and Miss Sallie Taylor.

The former married the gallant Major Albert Elmore who gave up his vigor for the Confederate cause. The other daughter married Col. John W. A. Sanford, Sr., a distinguished soldier, lawyer of acumen and who was honored with the position of attorney general of Alabama. Major Elmore was appointed collector of customs of the port of Mobile by General Grant after the war.

To relate the famous men who are a part of history of the state and the south, who have stopped or been entertained at the hotel would take a volume. Among these were Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, General Hampton Wade of South Carolina, [and] Governor John Anthony Winston who made it his home during office. Preston, Pugh and Clanton, Toombs, [and] Jefferson Davis are among those on the register.

Through the old sacred halls have pulsed for half a century the life and death and the rebirth of Alabama of which Montgomery had her quota along with other southern cities. The Old Alabama Hotel will be replaced by a modern business house, which is the selvage [sic] of another age.



SALLY CAMPBELL

Writer unknown

Sally Campbell died Sunday on the plantation where she had lived continuously for 98 years. She was born on March 1, 1845, on the old Carter place at Waugh, and it was there that the end came after a life of singular usefulness and devotion to those she loved.

The Carter place used to be one of the great antebellum estates of this region and Sally Campbell was proud of its history, full of stories of its past, and remembered events connected with the War Between the States vividly. No one ever visited the old premises without calling on Sally, and visitors were always rewarded by her stories, her sentiment and deep emotion and her expressions of her love for the Carter children now scattered and some gone to their great reward before Sally was called.

Sally was, like so many of her race, deeply religious and her religion expressed itself even up to her latest years in the singing of hymns, dozens of which she knew by heart from the beginning to end. One of her favorites was written by the great English poet, William Cowper, and many a guest on her doorstep has been touched as she intoned the words;

O for a closer walk with God
A calm and heavenly frame;

A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Sally Campbell was the type of woman that men and women of the South honor. She had qualities of love and devotion to those with whom she associated, and she was rewarded by that mutual esteem and affection which the white people of the south are so glad to accord to the deserving. Sally leaves three children, one of whom, Napoleon, lived close by, and saw much of his mother up to the end. Her funeral, delayed for the arrival of other children and descendants, is to be held at St. James Baptist church on the grounds of the college at Mt. Meigs.



CARTER PLANTATION

Recently I spoke with Price McLemore, Jr. who grew up at what we now know as The Oaks, a beautifully restored antebellum house on the Marler Road at Waugh. Many years ago it was known as The Carter Place, the home of Mr. Andrew Carter.

Price told me that evidently the slave quarters were to the right or south of the big house evidenced by the appearance each year of flowers, the only indication left of what was probably where Sally Campbell

lived so many years and where she died.

Mr. Carter owned one of the largest plantations in Montgomery County in the mid 1800s and was considered to be a man of some wealth. As is the case with so many men in his position he obligated himself to a considerable extent toward the support of the War. As an obvious result he was severely damaged financially and found himself without the manpower to regain his livelihood.

Editor

MCHS Junior Board

Our developing Junior Board of young adults gathered some weeks ago and completely reworked our garden that is now showing its new spring growth. They pulled weeds, moved plants to better positions and worked to restore our historical marker.

They are an energetic group and are planning another work party soon.

Clara Lassiter is the chief and Jessica Pace and Haley Clement are revitalizing our Facebook and Web pages and adding the possibility of members using PayPal for membership dues if they like.

We welcome their fine assistance and look forward to their participation in future.

Her musings were interrupted by a voice in scandalized tones, and brought her literally to earth.

"Old Miss! Was you aimin' ter walk out home?"

Grandmother Anne drew herself up in stately fashion, to help out her dignity, for she also was of tiny stature.

"Certainly, Spencer. How else am I to get there? You know my horses and carriages are gone; you are free; but I am strong and quite able to walk that little distance!" She bravely faced her former coachman who was now the most prosperous "hackman" in Montgomery.

Spencer looked at her reproachfully, respectfully, lovingly.

"Old Miss, I know Ise free, and I got de best pair er horses and de nicest kerridge in dis town, but - Old Miss, I ain' none er these uppity [Negroes], to forget all your goodness and kindness to me! Dis her kerridge and horses is yours jest as much as Spencer's and ef you think I'm gwine to sit here on my box an' see you take that long walk - well, I hope Marse Cholly will knock my haid good and hard!"

"But, Spencer," remonstrated Grandmother Anne, "I cannot afford to pay the ride, and I will not accept your kindness - it is too far, and you will lose customers while you are gone out to my house."

But Spencer was not to be turned from his purpose of seeing to it that his beloved former mistress did not walk through the heat. He swung his carriage door open with his best manner of the old days, and with deferential touch supported her elbow until she was gently deposited in the cool depths of the handsome old equipage.[horse-drawn carriage] Then he flourished his whip and set off for his beautiful old

home, with his beautiful Old Miss, a very happy driver.

In a very short time Grandmother Anne was seated in The Old Arm Chair on the wide veranda, watching Spencer's "hack" disappear in the dust toward the city, after she had insisted on his filling the floor of his box with great watermelons.

Laughing gently, while tears were very near her eyes, she recited her adventures, and concluded decisively, "I must take that Negro in hand and make him mind me! He almost picked me up like a kitten and put me in that carriage! He must be made to understand I just cannot accept anymore of that sort of courtesy; it is unjust to him and very embarrassing to me!"

Yet as the years silvered her hair her affections clung to the people, black and white, who had made her world of those dear, dead days, her pride mellowed, and the Old Arm Chair heard several confessions as to her having yielded again and again to the opportunities of the loving, faithful hackman Spencer, whose pride and feelings were deeply involved in the fallen fortunes of his beloved former Old Miss.

In the summer of 1877, The Old Arm Chair was again the center of family excitement. Grandmother Anne, seated in its embrace, read the letter announcing the return "home" of a portion of the family that had sought refuge in Brazil! Yes, D's family would remain, for they now owned a fine coffee plantation, down in Santos, and they had learned the Brazilian ways, had become "acclimated."

Duncan and Margaret were coming back to live on the great plantation out in Mississippi, that they had inherited from Brother John. Such excitement as did swirl around

The Old Arm Chair, when the two much traveled persons actually arrived! Again tender hands stroked its sacred frame, while visions of "Gran" came to them all. Then, such news to be told! Dr. Key and part of his family were returning too, while Dr. Coachman, his son-in-law, was to take his place as dentist to Don Pedro. Hattie McEachern and family were also returning and going over to Elmore County to live near Robinson Springs. She was not strong and the climate of Brazil had never suited her. Then there were Brazilian curios to show and bestow. Dainty China, all the way from Greece; wonderful silver from England; the finest of linens, made and embroidered right there in Brazil; yards and yards of exquisite lace made by the most benighted people you ever could imagine - how could they weave such dainty fancies into such filmy but material form!

After the guests had departed for Mississippi, The Old Arm Chair and Grandmother Anne quietly grew old together. Years passed; many changes came, but the very saddest was the accident that shortened Grandmother's days. So exceedingly agonizing were those last days that she was glad to shut her tired eyes and fall asleep, while her daughter sang,

"Tired, oh, yes, so tired dear,
The day has been very long;

'Tis time for the even song.
I'm ready to go to sleep at last,
Ready to fold my hands in rest
To wake in the morning light!"
The sunset shadows falleth
near.

So again The Old Arm Chair was empty, while Grandmother Anne had gone to join "Gran" in the Better land.



A GREAT CHARITY

Where The Sick And Wounded Are Cared For

The Noble Work Done In Erecting the Infirmary - Something About Its Inception and Present Field of Usefulness.

The Daily Advertiser, January 8, 1896

About twelve years ago the late and beloved rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, in this city, conceived the idea of building a city infirmary, of which the city was greatly in need.

Dr. Horace Stringfellow, after starting the movement, kept agitating it until with the help of a few ladies and some gentlemen in Montgomery, he aroused a public interest. The city purchased the lot and individual subscriptions secured the present building. A monument to the generous public spiritedness and noble humanity of the lamented Dr. Stringfellow and those associated with him in the charitable work. A few nurses were put in and the building furnished as well as possible under the circumstances. The institution was kept open as long as the scanty fund of money held out. Mr. Ignatius Pollak provided his own means to keep it open one year. Finally Dr. Stringfellow was compelled to close the infirmary, and for several years nothing but the empty building, with its closed and locked doors, stood out on South Perry Street.

A few years after the failure of the first effort resulted in closing the doors of the building, Dr. Stringfellow renewed his efforts. He was joined by a number of noble-hearted ladies in Montgomery, who determined that they would start at the foundation and work upwards, until they had an infirmary that would be a credit to the city. That the devoted, untiring and unselfish efforts of this noble little band of women have been crowned with a great deal more than success, is an entirely unnecessary statement, as a visit out to the present model 1896 infirmary will show. Yesterday morning an *Advertiser* reporter had the pleasure of being personally conducted through the institution, and it is safe to say that not one person out of ten in Montgomery has the least conception of what these ladies have accomplished - at least, the reporter had not. The infirmary, in the way of modern appliances, modern skill and modern all-around neatness and extreme cleanliness, is years and years ahead of anything else in

Montgomery - of course it is not run on as large a scale as institutions of the same kind in larger cities, which have all the money at their command they need, but considering the money that the ladies have had at their disposal, and the immense odds they have had to contend with, the Montgomery Infirmary is fully up-to-date and the equal of any institution of the kind in the United States. When one considers the pecuniary resources they have had to draw from, the amount of work they have accomplished is something wonderful - all they get is 25 cents a month from each member, amounting to \$3 per year - the scanty supply of money accruing from the first few pay patients, and the money donated the Infirmary by the city and citizens of Montgomery. During the year 1895 there were 121 patients at the Infirmary, 70 charity and 51 pay, and out of this number there were nine deaths - a wonderful record, and one which speaks volumes for the skill of the nurses and physicians on duty there.

Of the nurses, there are eight of the most skillfully trained young women in the United States, under the charge of Miss C. E. Rupp, a splendidly trained nurse of several years experience. She has three graduating diplomas from the most celebrated institutions of the kind in the North, and it is needless to say that she has given perfect satisfaction in every respect since she has been in Montgomery. Under her supervision the personnel of the Infirmary has undergone a wondrous transformation and the ladies and physicians abide by her judgement and decision in total.

Entering the main hall one is at once struck with the perfect cleanliness and neatness of everything connected with the building. In the halls, on the stairways and every where one walks is rubber matting to deaden the sound of footsteps. The first two rooms on the right and left of the hall on entering the door, are the physicians' consulting room and reception rooms. Next on the left of the hall is the male charity ward, and just across the hall on the right is the female ward. They are both large airy rooms with seven windows in them, and eight pretty, white beds arranged along the sides of the room. Farther on down the hall is the room of the matron, Mrs. Chaney.

Beyond this in a recent addition to the building are the cozy looking dining and sitting room, a large bath room, a physician's lavatory, kitchen, etc. This addition was built out of a gift of \$1,500 from the city last

summer, and the management displayed in building so much out of that sum of money is wonderful. On the second floor in this addition are the rooms of the nurses, including a home-like room belonging to Miss Rupp. Also on the second floor in the annex is a large maternity ward - a little mite of humanity is on the second floor of the main building, the pay wards - several most comfortable and inviting looking rooms.

On this floor is the greatest improvement in the building - the elevator. It descends, opening into the operating room, and how they ever got on without it before is the question the ladies cannot answer now. The operating table is on rollers so that it can be rolled right into the elevator, taken up to the parent's room where he is put on it, rolled back into the elevator, lowered gently to the operating room, and - there you are. In the operating room, as everywhere else in the building, whenever one of the surgeons performs an operation the instruments are most thoroughly cleaned, while the lint, bandages, sheets, towels and every piece of cloth used are boiled thoroughly for several hours before using again. Whenever a patient is well enough to leave a room, if he has any infectious disease, eye or any other kind, the room is thoroughly fumigated and kept closed for a good while after. Of course the institution cannot afford to take any person in with a contagious disease of any kind.

It would take entirely too much space to go into

details about the innumerable closets all over the building stocked with medicine bottles, bandages and other supplies. Underneath the building is a very fine furnace which keeps the house at a nice temperature in the coldest weather. There is a roomy garden in the rear in which fruits, mint etc. will be raised and on the front another one where flowers will bloom in profusion. It has been pretty well laid out and is very ornamental. All in all, one may consider himself very fortunate to be taken care of in such a comfortable place as the Montgomery Infirmary when he gets bunged up.

Now the word as to those noble hearted ladies who have done and are doing so much for the humanity of the city of Montgomery. They are not compelled to do this - it is simply a labor of love and pride with them. They had to depend this year, as in the years gone by, on the generosity of the citizens. When the committee asks you for a contribution, remember their struggles, trials and energetic efforts in the past, and respond handsomely.

The present officers of the Infirmary are, President, Mrs. C. J. Hausman; Vice-President, Mrs. G. B. Edgar; Secretary, Mrs. S. D. Seelye; Treasurer, Mrs. W. D. Brown; with an able corps of lady managers to assist in the good work.

