

# Tales of the Hills and Hollow

by Price Parker



TALES OF THE HILLS  
AND HOLLOW

By PRICE PARKER

## PREFACE

"Tales of the Hills and Hollows" is composed of a series of feature stories written by Price Parker, Sports Editor for the Athens, Ala., News Courier.

Included in this book are many historic stories concerning individual foot troops who fought in the great conflict now known to history as the Civil War . Others concern boom towns of more than half a century ago which now are an important part of American folk lore.

In addition to the many stories there are numerous pictures of interesting points and individuals in North Alabama and Southern Tennessee.

The writer is most grateful to Dr. Maurice Pruitt, and Mrs. B. W. Danly for their help in obtaining invaluable information to compile these articles.

## **Brothers Fought Against Rebel Sgt. Robert M. Ezell**

(NOTE: When the Civil War broke out in 1861 four Ezell brothers went marching off to fight for a cause which they felt was just. Three, Will, Lem and Hobart, remained loyal to the Union, but Robert elected to cast his lot with the army of rebellion. Two years later they would come face to face on the bloody battle field at Chick-amauga. Robert Ezell was born and reared in Five Points, Tenn., but After the war he moved to East Lauderdale County and has many decendents now living in Lauderdale and Lime-stone counties. This is the story of a Rebel who was twice captured during his four year tour of duty...of the many hardships indured and the true spirit of a southern man in gray.)

A howling winter wind swept snow and icy water inside the tents of thousands of half starved Confederate forces on a dreadful night in 1862 at Fort Donelson.

Sleep was impossible and many wondered aloud what the break of day might bring. Rumors had been circulating all night through the rank and file that Rebel Generals Simon B. Buckner, John B. Floyd and Gideon J. Pillow were meeting someplace, discussing the possibility of an unconditional surrender.

Meanwhile, inside the warm friendly comforts of Dover Tavern the three Generals were in a heated debate over just what should take place at dawn's first light...to fight or give up was the big question confronting the timid warriors. Finally someone suggested that a then obscure Colonel named Nathan Bedford Forrest be called in to take part in the discussion.

Forrest, a man who later would carve his name on doz-ens of battlefields and throw panic into numerous establish-ed West Point graduates including U. S. Grant, the man who commanded the enemy at Fort Donelson, is said, was fit to be tied over the mere thought of surrender. Old Nate, as he was fondly called by his corn mrades, urged Pillow to march his men right out, assuring him that no union troops would hinder the withdrawing Rebels.

Nathan Bedford's pleas fell on deaf ears. Buckner, a class mate of Grant at West Point, insisted that the roads were closed and under more than three feet of water. He believed that all the lights on a nearby hillside were Yankee camp-fires. But old common sense Forrest, who knew more about the wild frontier than any book soldier, scoffed at all that talk as so much bunk, explaining that two-thirds of the fires were kindled by old embers.

Seeing that he was getting nowhere and determined not to be around when the surrender took place the man from Chapel Hill hurried back to his camp-site and told an aide "them fool generals are gonna' surrender and I aim to gallop right out of this darn place orbust hell wide open."

A bit later one of Forrest's aides rushed through the ranks of the enlisted men, rousing what few were sleeping and urging others to get a move on. "Unless you want to go to a rat hole of a Yankee prison you had better get your shoes on and follow me...cause them fellows are going to sell out to Grant in the morning."

Through the night they rode, led by the loan whom the Yankee's would hear more of before the conflict was over. Behind the Cavalry chieftain's troops marched hundreds of happy foot soldiers. During the bitter cold night many more Rebs escaped by steamboat while others, including, Gen. Bushrod Johnson walked through enemy lines unchallenged.

Early in the morning (Feb. 16) Buckner, who once loaned Grant money to pay his hotel bill, dispatched a message to the Union commander asking for terms of surrender.

Within minutes the reply... one which would for ever be associated with the man from Ohio. Grant's terms...unconditional surrender or we will blow you straight to - -! Buckner surrendered.

Moments later at Dover Tavern more than 11,000 cursing, dejected Rebels, who had failed to get the message to follow Forrest the night before stack-ed arms and waited for sea transports, which would haul them away to rat infested Yankee prison camps.

It was a scene unparelled in the annals of combat. Here were 11,000 fighting southerns, who had successfully carried out every assignment. They had even tried in vain to hold back the Reb who hoisted the flag of truce.

Many cursed and fumed as they boarded transports under watchful eyes of a hated enemy. All along the rout to Camp Morton, Ind., troops hashed over the almost unbelievable change of events. A member of the 32nd Tennessee wanted to know why more men had not been told about that cavalry leader's escape route. Still another remarked that he would have gone with Forrest but he simply could not believe "that, even Bucker would sell us out."

One of the prisoners aboard was a pale young private from Five Points, Tenn., named Robert Ezell. He was as disgusted as a soldier could be. It was bad enough. he thought, to surrender, to give up without an all out struggle in such an important battle was tough enough, but to be sold out by a fancy talking general was too much. "Oh Lord, has Colonel Moore of our Regiment died in vain," was the way one sick-to-the-core Rebel summed it up.

"Life in prison was harsh," said Ezell. The yankee's cursed us day and night. They punished us, half-starved us and humiliated us in every possible way. Almost every day they would drag us into the office and demand that we sign the oath, not to fight them and to be loyal to the Union. A few of the weak at heart gave way to the torture.

"The reason many signed the oath was because they would show us the best food and tells us...now you boys can eat like this and wear shoes every day if you will switch over to our side. Often they would ask us... what the...are you fighting for anyway nobody down there gives a flip about Jefferson Davis anyway.'

"Every day I would tell them that I would die before I would agree never to fight for the South. I was not about to sign up with them dad-blamed blue coated devils," he said.

It is a matter of record that not many of the 32nd Tennessee regiment submitted to the torture, for a record report from Camp Butler, Ohio, dated March 1862 listed but 10 men who desired to take the oath of allegiance.

In early September 1862, the good news swept through the prison walls. The 32nd Tennessee was up for exchange. In a matter of days they would be on their way back to the ranks of the beloved Confederacy.

"We couldn't believe it," Ezell said in later years. "Here we were half starved, many had died of sickness during the long months behind the walls. Now, at long last we were about to be free perhaps to fight again. But still the Yankee's pick at us. A day before we left I was marched into the provost marshal's office at the point of a bayonet and asked to take the oath. Unless you do, the officer in charge said, you will be swept to hell before Christmas, for as sure as you go back to your regiment they will throw you into the thick of things and you will be whipped from the face of the earth.

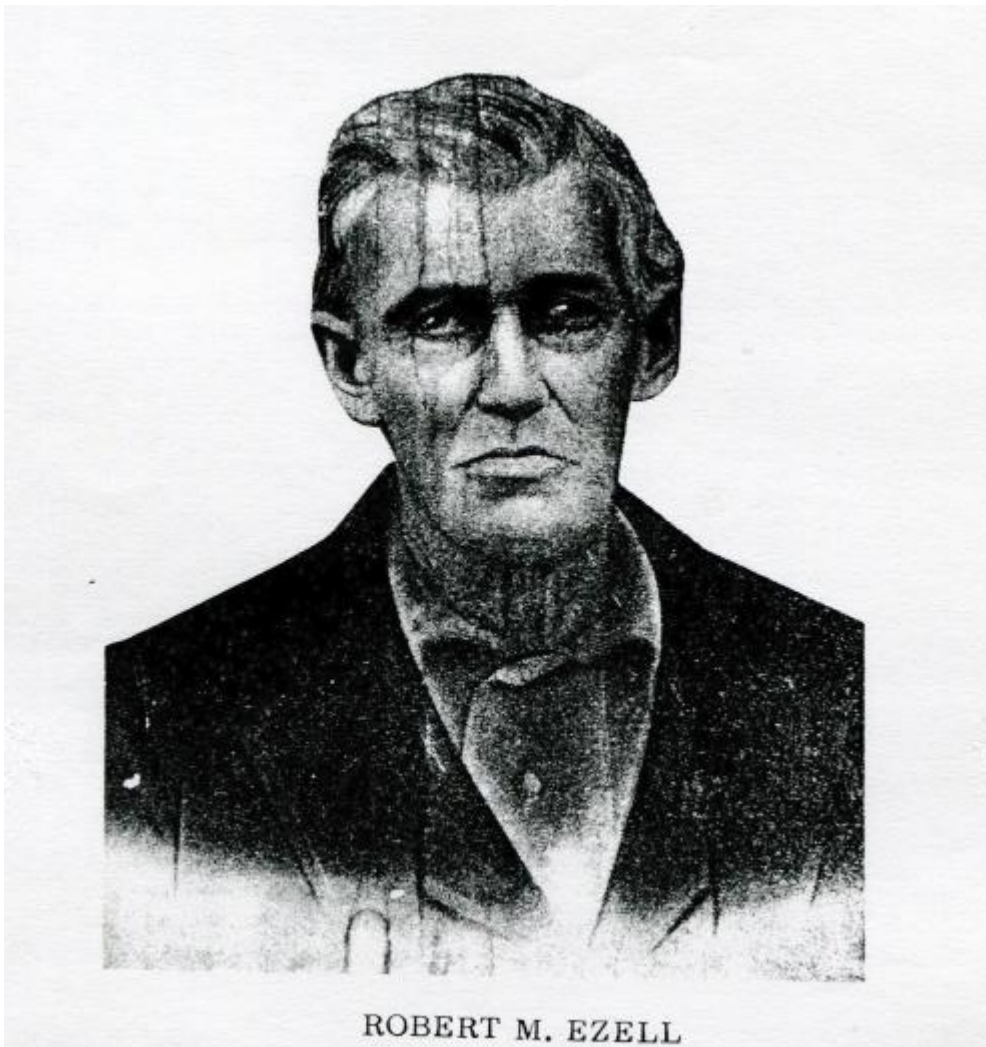
"It took a lot of pride to pass up all that good food, but I still refused to wear a Yankee uniform."

Finally on September 12, 1862, Pvt. Robert Ezell and surviving members of the 32nd Tennessee Regiment who re-mained loyal to the CSA were exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss.

Seven days later the company was reorganized as a fighting unit at Jackson. Colonel Edmond Cook was reelected colonel, W. P. O'ne al, lietuenant colonel, and John P. McGuire as major. Robert Ezell, was promoted to third sergeant.

Although pale and weak and suffering numerous ill effects from seven months behind enemy bars, Ezell was more than willing to put his life at stake on the firing line again, and soon was en route to Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Shortly after arriving in the Middle Tennessee City his weak legs could carry him on more. On orders from Col. Joseph P. Palmer, Sgt. Ezell was sent to a CSA hospital. Two weeks later he was ordered home for a rest period.



ROBERT M. EZELL

After a brief stay at home, Sgt. Ezell became extremely restless. A member of his family said that "all Robert could talk about was his buddies fighting and dying, and he soon struck out afoot to be with his regi-ment."

The weary foot soldier arrived on the outskirts of Murfreesboro just in time to receive the order from Gen. Hardee to guard the railroad bridges around the city.

Later in the fierce battle of Chickamauga the strange twist of fate which sent brothers against brothers in a useless war would prevent three brothers from loading rifles.

On the morning of Sept. 19, 1863, the battle of the river of death opened on a five-mile front. It was one of those typical dog-eat-dog battles as division poured deadly fire at one another. Behind the breastworks were three of the Sgt. Ezell's brothers, all members of a Yankee division.

Their job was to load guns. Today in the heat of battle they refused to take part. Suddenly a staff officer rode up and demanded that the three get a move on and do the assigned job or a court martial was in store. Still the three refused to load the deadly weapons which was cutting down the enemy like flies. Why? Well, it seems that even war can not change everything for certain families. Hobart, Will, and Lem Ezell would not participate in the bitter struggle that day simply because their younger brother Robert was on the other side wearing a gray uniform.

A letter from the Chickamauga battlefield tells the hope in Confederate ranks that fall day.

"Last week one of the fiercest battles I have ever seen anywhere took place in the swamps of Georgia. Men, gallant men, fell in their tracks, but still we pushed on, with a rousing Rebel yell.

"Early in the evening before the big battle commenced we were to get the privilege to see one of the bravest generals fighting for our cause. Mom, I tell you there never has or never will be a braver man than that Gen. John Hood. Why, I tell you, he rode in there with his arm in a sling, but it didn't seem to bother him a bit. You could just feel the spirit of our boys pick up as the Texan rode onto the field.

"The next day he was badly wounded during a daring charge through the enemy lines. I hear from people who know what they are talking about that he lost a leg. What a shame because we can not afford to lose a man like that. I tell you he is a fighter from the word go. Men from Texas, or anywhere else would follow him in the jaws of you know where.

"A day before the battle I talked to a fellow by the name of Ezell, who told me that for the first time since he enlisted in the army two years ago he hated the thought of going into combat, for he was sure his three brothers were on the other side fighting with the Yankee's. He hates the blue coat as much as any man alive, but it seems not even a blue uniform can change everybody's way of thinking. He is not like one Kentucky trooper I met a month ago who boasted about ramming a knife through his damn Yankee brother's heart.

"I tell you, Mom, this war is insane business. It is more horrible than anyone not associated with it can realize. Still, I fight these invaders as long as I can carry a musket. I will never give up.

"I think our chances of victory would be excellent now if we only had more men like old Forrest. That fellow Ezell was telling me how old Nate escaped from Fort Donelson and how he wished he could be in his command.

"If old stubborn-headed Bragg would only have listened to Gen. Forrest we could have whipped them Yanks out in another day. They would have been so badly battered that they would have had to surrender or starve to death. We had them running like swamp rabbits from dogs. But Bragg, the bone-headed fool, would not order us to keep moving.

"I was on the hill looking down on the fleeing blue devils as they stormed back toward Tennessee leaving their dead and wounded behind. Old Buford gave chase for a while then stopped when he realized that no one was coming to help out. They tell me that Old Nate went storming to Bragg's

headquarters and threatened to shoot him because he would not order us to chase them Yanks. Oh, I tell you, we need more like that man Forrest. They tell me he can't half read or write but whow! what a fighter!"

Meanwhile, Robert Ezell would fight on. He was in battles at Swamp Creek, Resaca, New Hope Church, Marietta and other points.

In the fall of 1864 after the Rebel defeat at Atlanta Hood, the man who impressed Ezell and others so much at the battle of Chickamauga a year earlier, sent his army streaking north-ward for an invasion of Tennessee. Only this time his stupid blunders, or those of his officers would, tarnish his reputation.

Ezell tells of his experiences en route to his native Tennessee. "All during the long weary march from Georgia we would sense something big was about to happen. We had lost some of our bravest men and some had abandoned the cause, but those of us left were still full of fight.

"As we left Florence many felt for sure that it would be the last time we would see the friendly faces of our loved ones. But to know that the people were still behind us made the march toward Nashville a little easier."

Little did Ezell suspect that Hood's army would be crush-ed completely as a fighting unit at Franklin and Nashville. Ezell was with Gen. Stephen Lee's Corps at Columbia when Hood, in what has been des-cribed as a brilliantly exe-cuted flank movement, succeed-ed in getting in front of the Union forces command by Schofield. The blue coats were in position to be routed.

But during the night, while Hood and his army slept, the Union army sneaked right past them and moved on to Franklin.

Next day came one of the blunders. Hood in a bold attempt to erase the blunders of the night before sent 16,000 troops out across an open field in a desperate attack on an enemy, well fortified behind breastworks.

During four hours of the bloodiest fighting of the conflict, Hood's Army of the Tennessee lost 6,202 killed and wounded. Included in the list were 12 generals. Cleburne, Gist, Granbury, Adams and Strahl were killed...the others were wounded or captured.

Ezell moved up with Lee's Corps which arrived too late to take part in the slaughter. In post war years his only comment about Franklin was ..."I saw what happened the next morning but I still can't believe it. It was a sight which would sicken the heart of any man. The dead was stacked like cord wood."

After Hood's army faltered in the Battle of Nashville a few weeks later and began a hasty retreat toward Alabama, many men dropped in their tracks from lack of food. Many simply gave up. Desertions were at a record rate. The proud army of Jefferson Davis, it seemed was falling apart.

Many crippled hungry, but still faithful warriors struggled on. As Nathan Bedford For-rest, with great skill and courage, covered Hood's retreat toward Pulaski, Sgt. Ezell and two members of his company were cutoff from their command.

Now, it was strictly a battle for survival. On Christ-mas day, Ezell's two comrades were cut down by the blistering fire of Yankee stragglers following the retreating forces of Hood's badly butcher-ed army. Ezell escaped by jumping a deep ditch and racing madly through the nearby dense wilderness.

For two days he trudged bare-footed and hungry through the cold. He was near home but he knew that it was certain capture if he stopped. Preferring death to another stay in a Yankee prison, he trudged on in search of his command.

On New Year's day a bare-footed-half frozen Robert Ezell moved through an open field. As he came near a clearing, gunfire erupted from behind a hickory tree. Now, he thought, I will either die or get some shoes. As Ezell crawled through the sage grass another bullet whizzed over his head. Luckily a few feet away there was a deep ditch.

Ezell leaped in the ditch and moved down the line, hoping to flank the sharpshooter. He never had a chance, for the blue coat came racing toward the ditch in a bold attempt to apprehend the Rebel...This was a mistake ...Ezell with only one shell left, blasted the Yankee to eternity. A few days later he came up on his old regiment and was soon en route to North Carolina.

On March 19, 1865 the War would be over for Robert Ezell and thousands of others. The bitter end came at Bentonville where thousands of Rebels stacked arms for the final time. Now it was off to another rat-infested jungle...this time Point Lookout, Md.

On June 12, 1865, more than two months after Robert E. Lee's reluctant surrender at Appomattox Court HOUSE Va., Ezell took the Oath of Allegiance and was on his way back home.

After returning to civilian life, Ezell married Susan Jane Ellison. They had seven children.

Robert Ezell, never regained his health after the war. The exposure in two federal prisons and the lack of proper food wrecked him for life. But he and his wife worked desperately to make a living for their large family on their farm near Rogersville.

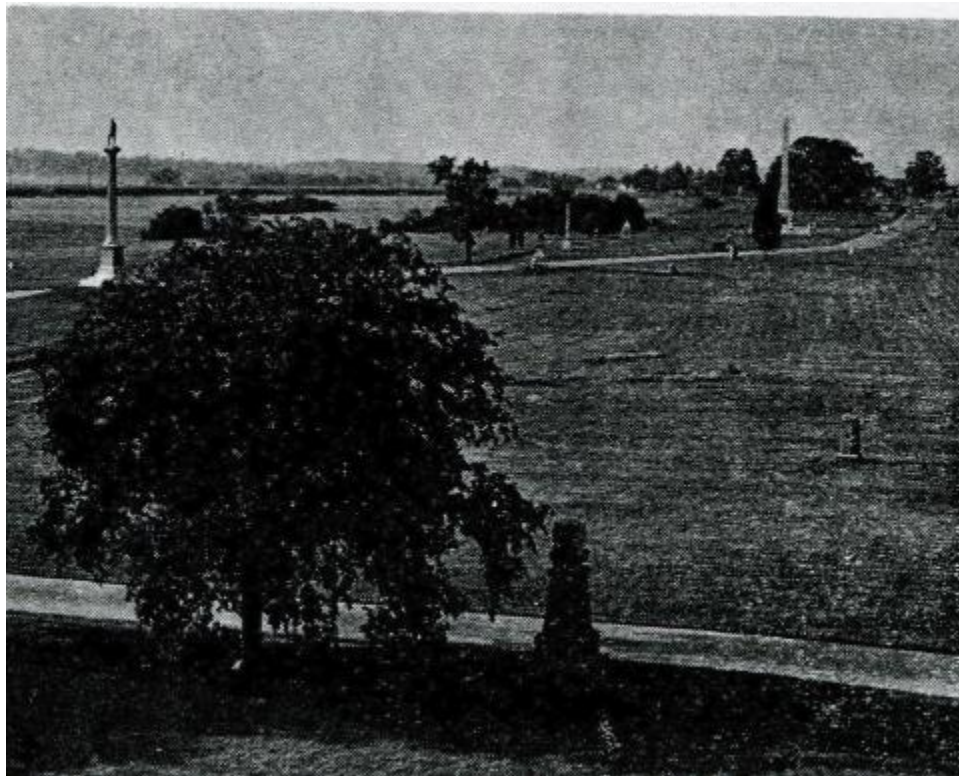
Mrs. Ezell died in 1891 when their youngest child, Gus, was 10 years old. The old soldier carried his wife back to Second Creek cemetery near Five Points for burial.

Six years later he went back to the cemetery to mark off a spot in which to be buried, but someone else had been buried beside his wife.

Robert Ezell died in 1902. He is buried in Belew Cemetery near Joe Wheeler Dam, not far from the home where he and his wife struggled to rear their family.

The old Confederate has many descendants living in Lauderdale and Limestone counties.





Gettysburg Pa. . . This now peaceful and beautiful area once ran red with American blood.

**Forrest's Masterminding Of Athens Battle Tops**

MERIDIAN, MISS. — A hazy autumn sun hid its face behind a floating thunderhead as a tall broad shouldered man, dressed in gray, stepped from a passenger train which had. only moments before halted abruptly on the Mobile and Ohio tracks.

A crowd quickly gathered to watch the famous backwoods general amble across the dusty street where a superior officer waited with special orders. One bystander remarked... " We 11 , friends, he ain't much to look at but we would be a damn sight better off if there wuz more like him fighting fer our side."

The man in gray, attracting all the attention, was none other than Nathan Bedford Forrest on his way to meet General Richard Taylor and receive orders for a raid into North Alabama and Southern Tennessee.

General Forrest, noticeably showing the effects of three years of constantly living in the saddle, walked into Taylor's headquarters, gave the customary salute which Taylor returned. Now it was time for getting down to the serious business at hand.

Forrest, who had planned on moving toward Mobile to aid General Maury, was informed by Taylor that Mobile was safe, at least for the moment. All our attention, said Taylor, must be centered around relieving Gen. Hood's army stationed west of Atlanta.

In Taylor's opinion, the only sure-fire method to accomplish this feat was to harass Sherman's supply lines north to the Tennessee River.

Forrest knew what was coming before Gen. Taylor looked up and said softly: "Now, General, I want you to take 4,000 of your best troopers and move north-ward as quickly as possible."

Taylor, meeting the famed Chapel Hill, Tenn., native for the first time, was a bit taken back by Forrest's seemingly non-ambitious attitude toward the expedition. If he expected the daring Calvary chieftain to go busting off toward the Tennessee River at the first order, then a rude awakening was in store.

Forrest, an individual who preferred fighting to the death rather than surrender, was a man who coupled common sense with skill, but had doubts about the success of the pro-posed raid.

"Now General," Forrest was supposed to have said, "this all sounds good but just how in the — do you expect me to get back down here if there's no good —press me. How on earth will I get my supplies and what do you expect me to do with prisoners if we latch onto any."

Two weeks later Forrest was busy, preparing for the now famous raid. He dispatched a courier to Gen. Phillip Roddey, the defender of North Alabama, with an urgent message to repair the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and make it safe from Corinth to Cherokee.

Early on the morning of September 16 the Yankee hater moved out of Verona, Miss., with more than 3,500 crack troops. Two days later the command galloped into Cherokee.

Late in the afternoon of September 20, Forrest rode through the camp, inspecting his troops. He then ordered ammunition and four days rations.

At dawn the following day the command moved out of Cherokee. Forrest ordered the artillery, and wagon trains commanded by Major Anderson to cross the river via Ferry at Newport. He then moved

with his troops to Ross' Ford and crossed the river and set up headquarters for the night some five miles west of Florence.

Early in the morning of September 22 Forrest ordered an advance toward Athens, for an all out attack, if necessary, on a strong Federal Garrison. He picked up 900 men from Roddey's division, under the command of Col. William A. Johnson, at Shoal Creek. The addition of Roddey's troops swelled Forrest's command to 4,600, several hundred of whom were dismounted.

Early that night the 20th Tennessee under the command of Gen. Forrest's brother, Col. Jesse Forrest, and the 14th Tennessee of Lt. Col White, were dispatched to McDonald's station (now Tanner) to destroy the railroad tracks, cut the telegraph wires and capture a corral of Yankee horses and mules.

In the wee hours of the following morning Forrest's main column moved up and arrived in the vicinity of Athens late in the afternoon. Approximately mile south of town on what is now Highway 72, Yankee pickets opened up on the invading Southerners with a deadly volley of fire, but were quickly driven back into town and into the fort located near where Trinity High School now stands. Moments later the colored troops commanded by a white officer cut loose with artillery.

A bit later a train whistle caught the Rebel general's ear. Wheeling in the saddle, he ordered Major Anderson to race to the north and tear up the tracks so no train could escape.

Less than an hour later a beaming Anderson and C. R. Barteau galloped back to camp with the good news...more than a hundred head of fine horses had been captured.

Now it was time for the serious business of taking the fort. Forrest called his officers to his tent and issued orders. He directed General Tyree Bell to move his brigade to the east side of town. Col. D. C. Kelley was to occupy the southeastern side of the city, his left flank to resting near the railroad.

General Buford was in position on the Florence road, west of town. Col. Forrest and Lt. Col. White marched up from McDonald's station, were ordered to halt and pitch camp between Brown's Ferry road and the railroad, Col. Johnson's job was to occupy the street leading from the Courthouse toward Florence (now Washington Street).

Forrest's rapid movements and master planning caught the Federals by surprise. Escape was now impossible. Under the Cover of darkness Forrest ordered his artillery moved up and placed in readiness for the expected battle.

September 24 was to be a day that Athens would not soon forget. Early in the morning an advance was ordered at the exact moment the artillery of captain John W. Morton cut loose.

The master plan of Nathan Bedford Forrest was soon to reap its harvest. From all sides the invaders in gray came with a resounding rebel yell.

Bell's brigade moved rapidly from the east and loped across the butcher railroad tracks in birdseye view of the enemy. At the same time General Buford was advancing from the west. Col. Kelley's mission was to remain in position and send out flankers to head off any reinforcements believed to be advancing from Decatur.

Now it was time for old common sense Forrest to act. He ordered all hands to cease firing, and sent his chief of staff, J. P. Strange, to report to the Yankee commander, under a flag of truce.

Forrest demanded a surrender of the fort, promising to treat the white officers as prisoners of war and return the colored troops to their masters.

The union commander, Campbell, at first refused to give up without a fight, but after accepting Forrest's invitation to "Come see for yourself" - was convinced that the Rebel troops scattered around town numbered 12,000, or more, and believing his reinforcements from Decatur would not arrive in time to save total destruction, elected to surrender without a fight.

Campbell had no way of knowing that the troops from Decatur were not far away. They were at that moment, in fact, engaged with the Rebs along the railroad less than two miles away. During heavy fighting near the railroad, Lt. V. F. Ruffing of Company E. 7th Tenn, was killed and Col. Forrest was wounded.

Having captured three pieces of artillery, several wagons and 350 horses, the Rebel troops moved on toward what is now known as Elkmont.

Four or five miles out of Athens 32 blue coats camped in a blockhouse alongside the tracks surrendered to Nathan's raiders.



Now, a still bigger task lay ahead: Ole Nate planned to take Sulphur Trestle...and he knew it would take some effort. There might not be time for bluffing this trip.

But take the Fort he would, come what may.

A trooper who was there, Sgt. Reynolds, tells it this way:

"After foxing the devil out of them yankee at Athens we moved along the railroad tracks til we came to a place called Sulphur Branch Trestle. Man alive! Was this here place a sight to see? It had long high walls and it didn't take no expert to know that we would have to do some more fighting to take that place. I never will forget the remark made by a young fellow who joined up only a few days earlier and was expecting to be ordered in on foot to take in the expected assault. This boy was not old nuff to serve, but here he was game as a rooster and ready to fight and die for his country.

"This lad looked up at me and said, well, sir, two weeks ago I never thought I would ever see such a sight as this, and I never really wanted to fight these folks, but I changed my mind after a bunch of them filthy - broke into our home and took everything we had and shamed my mother and sisters. Right then I made up my mind to join up with the first outfit that marched through Florence. I know my chances of getting out of here alive are very slim, but there really is no home to go back to. These cutthroats from up north have seen to that.

"Well this boy must have had some sort of vision cause he was killed less than 10 minutes later by a deadly shot from a sharpshooter.



Another prized member of Forrest's raiders described the scene at Sulphur Trestle as the most horrible of the war. It was a sight, he said, that would make the most battle tested veterans sick. The entire fort was completely demolished by tremendous artillery fire from our batteries.

After capturing a number of block houses in and around Elkmont, Forrest sent his command into Tennessee.

On the morning of the Sept. 27 the 7th Mounted Kentucky engaged the enemy approximately six miles from Pulaski. The spirited charge of John- son and Kelley's brigades 'drove the Yankees to within three miles of the city. Forrest then withdrew the line of battle near the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad.

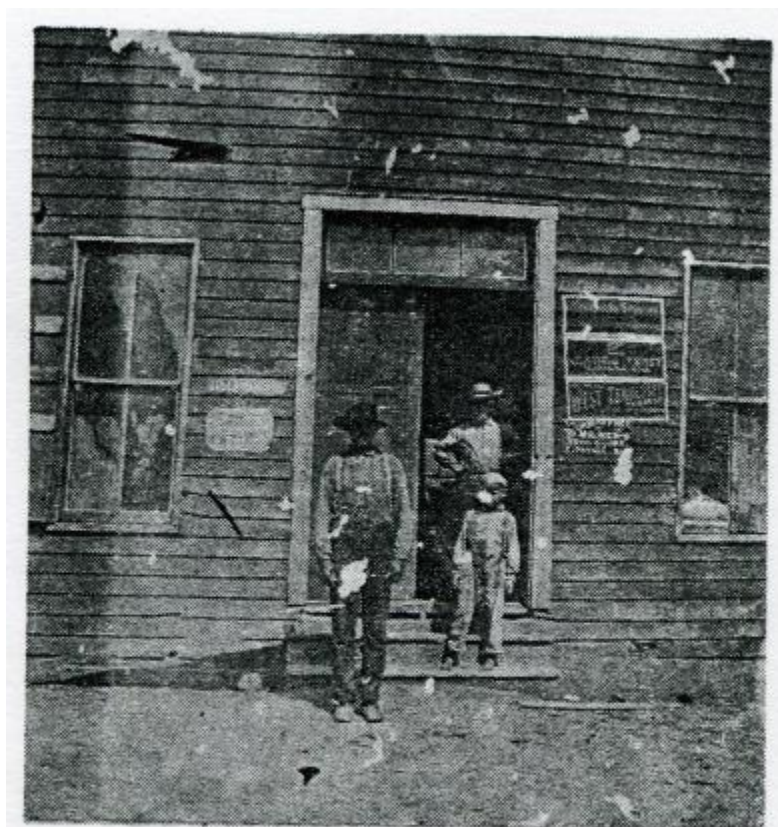
Along the railroad Stratton Jones, son of a member of the Confederate Congress, was cut down by enemy fire.

During the battle on what is now Highway 31 the following men lost their lives:

Capt. Joel T. Cochran; Capt. David L. Nowlin; Sgt. Jack Wad- dell, Pvt. Thomas Handberry; Sgt. Jack Hatchell; Pvt. John Haneline; Pvt. John Oliver; and Pvt. John Wilson.

A few days later Forrest was back at Florence where two months later he would accompany Gen. John Hood's army of Tennessee on what turned out to be a shattering blow to the Confederacy.

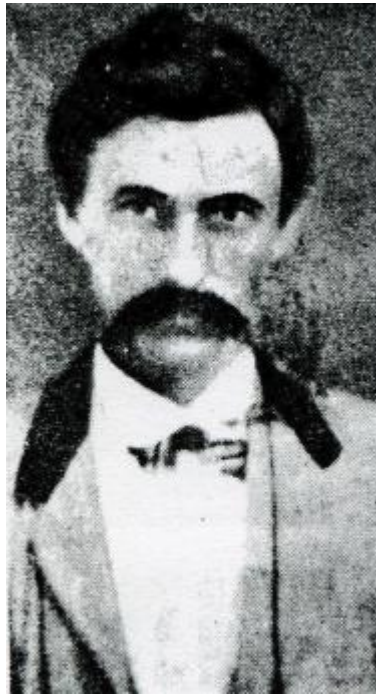
It has been said that Forrest's masterminding at Athens and the capture of Col. Abel Streight's command near Rome, Ga., rank as two of the greatest military achievements in the annals of war.



General Store at Pruitton.

# North Alabama Trooper Served Under Gen. Forrest

(EDITORS NOTE: History has tagged the dashing, slashing Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest as the greatest natural military leader in the annals of combat. A man of little formal education, the swearing Tennessee native drove highly educated West Point graduates batty with his simple get there "firstest with mostest" plan of attack.



Sgt. Richard Randolph Reynolds General Forrest was a fighter.

More material, perhaps, has been written on the celebrated cavalry chieftain than any of the immortals of gray in the western theater. But what about those gallant warriors who respond to the general's cry "charge men, charge" - from Fort Donalson to the bitter end at Gainesville.

It appears that there is less official data on Forrest's troops than any command in the Rebel army...for which there are ample reasons.

Ole Nate, as many comrades called him, was a man of action. He was forever on the move. Keeping records and conducting roll call to him was nothing but a waste of precious time.

Today, after weeks of research the News Courier relates the story a trooper, Sgt. Richard Randolph Reynolds, who served under the wizard-of-the- saddle for the better part of three years. Today's feature is based on numerous letters written by Sgt. Reynolds and from conversations with old timers who remember him in post war days.)

WAYNE COUNTY, TENN. Capt. J. M. Reynolds sat on an old battered camp stool beneath a beautiful white oak tree, preforming his duties...mustering in a Rebel company. One by one the men from North

Alabama and southern Tennessee stepped front and center to offer their services to the newly founded Confederate States of America. Many whistled a merry tune as others cursed Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant while waiting to sign on the dotted line.

Finally a long lanky young man stepped forward. Capt. Reynolds glanced up, saying not a word for a good three minutes. He did not have to ask the boy his name...He knew him all too well. The raw recruit was the captain's kid brother, Richard Randolph. "Can I send my baby brother into the path of hell," Capt. Reynolds mumbled under his breath while Richard stood before him patting his foot on the hard ground.

Then at long last the captain without uttering a word, scribbled the name Richard Randolph Reynolds on his roster...the baby of the family was a man now, for sure, a soldier in Co. B, 19th Tennessee Cavalry, on his way to a dozen or more blood baths.

Thus the son of a plantation owner of 23 slaves, riding one of his dad's prized horses, struck out to battle the hated invading blue coats from the "nawth."

Young Reynolds came under his first baptism of fire at Leverage...then after a few min- or scares his regiment would get his first tastes of glory, if there be any in the cruel game of warfare.

The big challenge came and was met in spectacular fashion at Thompson's station in the spring of 1863.

It was here that the Yankee army stationed in nearby Nashville made numerous foraging raids into and around the vicinity of Spring Hill, collecting food and hay.

It was on such an expedition that the Confederate forces, under Gen. Earl Van Dorn, came sweeping down on the blue coats under the command of Col. John Coburn.

After a brief but savage fight, Coburn, along with more than 1,200 officers and men, were captured. Final outcome of the battle was decided by Forrest's brigade which over an the federal left in a brilliantly executed flank attack. Col Biddle's Regiment, of which Company "B" was attached, captured a majority of the prisoners and marched them smartly to Forrest's headquarters. Capt. Reynolds, according to his brother, captured the 8th Michigan flag.

Later, while at Columbia, Forrest received orders from Gen. Braxton Bragg to proceed at once to Alabama and capture Col. Abel D. Straight, who was on his now famous raid through north Alabama en route to Rome, Ga., to destroy the Confederate railroad.

It was Straight's intentions to avoid a major fight if possible. His objective was to move as quickly as possible to Rome to destroy the railroad before Forrest and General Phillip Roddey, the defender of Alabama, could catch up.

Straight left Tusculum during the week of April 22-27. His plans called for Gen. Dodge's charges to divert Forrest and Roddey.

Old common-sense Forrest soon discovered the deception, though, and both he and Roddey went dashing madly in pursuit. They left Molton on April 29.

Sgt. Reynolds tells this instance which he said took place at Moulton.



"As we were mounting up to leave Moulton old Clay Pruitt, dog-tired from riding dispatch to Gen. Roddy for three days, rode up to the general. He was reeling in the saddle. It was all he could do to stay awake.

"Pruitt rode up to our fine general and told him that he was so sleepy, that he would not ride another step without getting some shuteye.'

Now never let it be said that old Forrest did not look after his men. He was mean as a snake in battle but he would treat his soldiers fair if they gave him half a chance. Instead of cussing out Pruitt, like some of them big shots would have done, old Nate took Clay by the arm and said "come with me". He then took Clay over to the house of a fellow named Terry and told him to let the soldier sleep five hours and then give him a drink of whisky and send him on his way.

"Clay caught up with us just 'fore we ran smack into them Yanks at Day's Gap, down below Cullman.

"We fought them devils for some time, then sent them fleeing on Eastward toward Gadsden. Here our grand General told Sen. Roddy to head on back to Tuscumbia and take care of that Dodge and he would capture Strate with the rest of us or burst-wide open."

That's Reynolds story.

For a different view of the action at Day's Gap let us examine the accounts of a man from the other side...Lt. A. C. Roach, U.S.A.

In his dairy Roach penned this description.

"The hour for action has come, and the battle of Day's Gap soon commences. The cannonading is heavy, and the rattle of musketry is sharp, especially on our left. The enemy fights well, for they are General Forrest's trained veterans.

"A loud and prolonged shout now burst on the ear. It comes from the Third Ohio and Eighttieth Illinois, who have charged and taken the enemy's battery. The enemy fell the loss of their guns and their line wavers... Cheer after cheer burst from our brave boys, for the enemy are giving way, they are already running in the utmost disorder and confusion.

"Our gallant soldiers still pursue, making the ground quake and the rebels tremble. The rout is complete and the field is ours. But the victory is won by the sacrifice of some of the best and bravest blood in our heroic little brigade.

"Those are proud moments for the soldier, when he stands victorious on the bloody field and sees the columns of the enemy in full retreat before him.

"In this fight the enemy received such a severe chastisement that he would not have dared to pursue us further, had he not been reinforced by a large brigade of Forrest's troops, which unfortunately for us, came to their assistance while his routed and demoralized masses were fleeing from the scene of their late inglorious defeat."

After the struggle at Day's gap, brief battles took place at Hog Mountain and Blout's Plantation before the blue coats more than 1,500 strong stormed into Gadsden, burning the bridge after him. We were

only a few miles behind old Strate. We could see the smoke soiling from the burning Bridge...man alive you should have heard old Nate bellow and swear as we rode up to the creek. Whey the banks were so steep and the water so darn deep that it look- ed like we were stuck. But neither nor deep could hold our general back long. Pretty soon he managed to locate a ford with the help of some local people and we were soon on our way again after Mr. Strate.

-

"Not far from Rome we caught up with him and General Forrest went down to talk to Strate under a truce. A few minutes later our general was back with the good news...it was all over...we were the heroes of Rome."

Before leaving for Chickamauga, General Forrest, according to reports, dispatched Capt. Reynolds and part of the Company "B" to Florence for the purpose of rounding up conscripts and protecting the citizens from murdering cut- throats, who ransacked the area when no soldiers were in the vicinity.

Richard Randolph went on to Chickamauga and took part in the bitter struggle, which could have resulted in a complete rout of the Yankees had Bragg elected to follow the retreating Union troops to Chattanooga.

A letter from a North Alabama trooper pretty well sums up the general attitude of the entire army on that fall day.

"Here just below Chattanooga we had one of our finest hours. We whupped them - Yankee's but good. At the end of the second day they were high- tailing it back to the big town like a bunch of lost hound dogs.

"Why on earth we didn't keep after them I'll never know... Old Nate was madder than a wet skunk because Bragg would not order us to keep after 'em. They tell us tat Forrest went storming into Bragg's tent and threatened to shoot him and, I wish he had gone on and done it.

After Chickamauga, Reynolds was sent with Gen. James Longstreet to Knoxville, then still later took part in many small battles in northern Alabama.

After the war it seems Reynolds, whose named appeared on only one muster roll, had a difficult time receiving Confederate pension.

Following are two letters written by Reynolds to the Pension Board, describing in his own words his military career in the C.S.A.

Iron City, Tenn. March 16-1917  
Hon. Board of Confederate Pensioners  
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen:

"I herewith give you a sketch of my service during the War Between the States.

"I volunteered in Co. B., Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, in Aug. 24, 1862. There were six of us brothers in the company. Thee were wounded, one at Reynolds Station, one at Parkers Cross Roads, the other at Wayland Springs who was captured with three others and sent to Rock Island Prison and kept there until just before Lee surrendered. I was in the fight as Laverne, Reynolds Station, Spring Hill and

captured twenty three hundred yanks in fight at Lexington at Union City, Parkers Cross Roads, Town Creek with Strate, captured Strate near Rome, Ga.

"In fight at Jackson, Tenn., we were in the saddle without very much to eat. In battle at Chicamauga followed the yanks back to Chattanooga. Went from there to Cleveland then to Lowden, fought the Yanks there for three days had my horse wounded. Had to stay with wagon train until my horse was able for me to use him.

"Next up near Knoxville first sarge got pass for himself and seven men to go back to North Alabama to get up beef cattle. We found Col. Bill Johnson camped at Bainbridge on the Tennessee River. When we started to Chicamauga, part of the 9th Tenn. Regiment was left at Bainbridge to scout in Tennessee. We learned that when we got there (Bainbridge) that part of our command was on the opposite side of the river.

"We crossed and went home 15 miles North of Florence, Ala., found Capt. Reynolds and Co. taking supper at my father's.

They soon left when I got home, on a scout up in Tenn.-captured several what was called Tories. We went next day to Florence, crossed the river. We scouted that country for sometime. The Wayne County fellows were stealing and robbing when no soldiers there. That was the reason part of the command was left there.

"They burned Squire Wilson to death trying to get his money, attempted to hang my father and burn the house the second time but was prevented by his friends.

"While the 7th 111 camped at Florence about 30 pickets were stationed at Bainbridge. Part of Co. B was sent there to guard the ferry. I was one of the squad. We stayed there about 10 days. Col Johnson brought his regiment up there with skiffs and few boats after dark. We got in skiffs, dropped down river, landed on opposite side and captured all the yanks but one. He went to Florence and reported it.

The 7th 111 had left Florence about a day. We followed them then and fought the rear guard up near Lexington.

We went back and camped at Florence. We were occupying a vacant stable, had just retired when we heard shooting and horse feet coming down main street. They went by the stable. We ran out and formed in front of the courthouse we halted a man coming down main Street on a horse. He wheeled and ran back, two or three of the boys fired at him. He came back in two or three minutes, we halted him again. He said his escort had run off, wanted us to stay with him, said it was Lt. Wines Prauks.

"We scouted that country for some time, then crossed the river and went to Cotton Gin, Miss., with Col Johnson, came back to Tuscumbia just before Hood came to Florence. While Hood was fortifying around Florence we were scouting in Tenn. The Yanks captured my more just before Hood started to Nashville.

"The first night from Florence on the way to Nashville, Gen. Forrest stayed all night at my father's with myself and two others who lost their horses too. We told Col. Biffle the circumstances and he told us to stay out of the way of the rear guard and he would try to send us horses, tho they didn't have time to look after us so we dodged around until everything got quite and slipped across the river. We learned the command was in Miss.

We were in fight near Franklin. One of the boys' horses was shot from under him. I was by his side. He has been drawing pension and died last year.

I see in the last meeting in June, Major Abercrombia of of Wayland Sprgs was put on pension roll. He and myself were the two Confederates the citizens of Lawrence County selected to meet Gov. Rye on his first trip here and escorted him to the hotel.

This is a true statement of my war record as I remember it. I will be 75 years old the 20th of August. I feel that I should be recognized as a soldier on the roll of honor. I am too old and feeble for any kind of work. If you can do anything for me, I'll appreciate it. I have four sons who will be ready if our nation goes to war.

"Very Truly,  
"R. R. Reynolds."

On May 13, 1925, he penned this letter:

Mr. Jno. P. Hickman, Secty, State Board Pensions Nashville, Tenn. Dear Sir:

"You will please note inclosed affidavits in proof of my statement hereby made of service in Confederate army.

"Owing to the fact that at the conclusion of the war I was cut off from my regiment and company (Company B, 9th Tenn., Reg.) and that in accordance with Atty. Gen. Frank H. Thompson's opinion, it is necessary that I furnish inclosed affidavits.

"My enlistment began August 1862, and expiration of service Dec. 1864.

"Gen. Forrest and Col. Biffle spent the night in my father's home (near Pruitton, Ala.) while on the march to Nashville. My horse, having been captured by Federal Soldiers, I was forced to remain at home until another horse could be secured, and after having done this, I, in company with Jno. and Lee Ham, now dead, and Jno. Olive now living near Cypress Inn, Tenn., left for Nashville to join our command, but when reaching a point on Military road near Green Hill, Ala., we were turned back by a large force of Federal Soldiers who were following the retreating forces of Hood toward the Tennessee River. I afterwards crossed the Tennessee River, but Gen. Forrest had gone on into Mississippi and for these reasons as set forth, I was not with my company at time of surrender.

"I am now eighty-three years of age and feel that I am entitled to pension for my few remaining years.

"Yours very truly "R. R. Reynolds"

A letter to the pensions board from the Adjutant General's office reads:

"The records show that R. R. Reynolds, private (at time of enlistment) Company B, 9th Tennessee Cavalry (also called 19th Biffle's) was enlisted August 24...in Wayne County. On an undated roll of the company covering the period from August 31, 1863, to a date not stated (only roll on file), he is reported present. No later record of him has been found.

Reynolds once told a friend that Gen. Forrest didn't ask his men who they were or where they had been, he only asked one question - are you ready to fight "and I always was."

## **Horrors Of Lonely Dead Horse Hollow Still A Mystery**

At night when the pale moon is shining, a cold north wind rips cruelly through the dense wilderness of dark and lonely dead horse hollow as a nervous sweat pops out on the forehead of anyone brave enough, or foolish enough, to be in the locale.

Hair will stand straight up on one's head. To this day old people swear that the dreadful sounds are those of two unknown men flayed to death more than a century ago.

Today the NEWS COURIER goes back to the day dead horse hollow got its name and recaps the numerous unsolved murders which, to this day, re-main a favorite after supper conversation in the hill country.

ALABAMA -Tenn. State Line 1857 — A hazy autumn sun hovered over the vast rolling hillside as tall dark and handsome Alex Pruitt, dressed in the finest western garb money could purchase, cashed in his chips at a booming saloon near the Alabama-Tennessee state line north of what is now known as Pruitton.

Alex Pruitt, a wild and care-free ex-Mississippi River Boat Gambler, who wondered off to California, and back in the wild country only to help settle up his late father's (Thomas Pruitt) estate, slapped a broad shouldered logger on the back, saying "Well, neighbor it's been nice seeing you again, shore did enjoy the presents of your company. Maybe we can try our luck again sometime," Alex mumbled before staggering out onto the saloon's creaky front porch.



Clay Pruitt. Ex-Confederate sought revenge for his father's death

He paused for a moment on the top step, glanced at his shiny pocket watch, then strutted out to the familiar hitching post where his well-groomed horse, decked out in a gold bridle and a flashy Mexican saddle patiently waited.

As Pruitt untied his trusty horse two roughnecks, feeling no pain and obviously looking for trouble, launched an all out verbal attack in the age-old razzing game.

"Well Dude," said one robust sawmill hand, "I hear tell that you had a mighty lucky day. Now, tell me pretty boy jest how much did you take them poor suckers fer today. I betcha you pulled a fast one on'em, darn you, that's what I thank."

Pruitt, was no coward and it was a well-known fact that he was a pretty handy customer with his dukes, but neither was he anybody's fool. To his way of thinking there was a time to fight, to be brave, courageous and bold, etc. Yet, there was also a time to use plain old common horse sense. This, he thought, was time for the latter.

He most certainly was not hankering for any trouble with a pack of drunks on this perfect fall afternoon. A little idle razzing from a couple of boozed up timber cutters never hurt any-one. Pruitt was perfectly content to take his huge winnings and move on without a scrap.

"Yea, fellows, I had a little luck in there today," Alex said jokingly as he mounted the saddle, "but I had better be moseying along now. That lazy old sun ain't very high, you know, and I shore want to make it

to Henry Andrew's fore dark. . . see you boys later," were the last known words ever uttered by Alex Pruitt.

"Well, ole boy, you had better get a move on ere you won't make it at all," yelled one of the laughing trouble makers as Pruitt sent his beautiful horse galloping off in a westward direction.

"What did you do with them saddle bags of gold old boy?" — one of the men screamed as Alex rode out of sight. If Pruitt heard he paid no attention.

Meanwhile, at Henry Andrew Pruitt's house at old Pruitton on little Butler Creek, the lady of the house was busy preparing supper. Her husband, a well-respected businessman, was in Florence settling up his father's estate.

Mrs. Pruitt, a kind and gentle lady who often fretted over her sons having to grow up in such a wild neighborhood, remarked to her youngest son. . . "I sure wish your uncle Alex would hurry up, and get home. He knows that it's not safe for anybody to be riding down that hollow in daylight much less after dark."

While Mrs. Pruitt was setting the table three crisp shots broke the stillness of the early evening hour. A frightening horse's whimper echoed loud and clear through the countryside. This brought one of the boys to his feet, exclaiming, "Ma, Ma, do you think them bushwackers have killed Alex?"

"Now boys sit down and eat your supper," said Mrs. Pruitt, "you know Alex can take care of himself. He probably did the shooting himself."

Later Mrs. Pruitt explained that he was fearful that harm had come to Alex but she was not about to take the youngsters out on a search at that late hour.

Early next morning, Alex Pruitt's beautiful horse was found shot through the head approximately one-half mile from Henry Andrew Pruitt's sawmill. The bridle and fancy Mexican saddle, which five short years later would lead to the death of Henry Andrew Pruitt, were still intact.

Discovery of the dead horse set off an intensive search for the rider. It was the general opinion that Alex Pruitt had been ambushed and his body dragged off and hidden in the thick underbrush.

Every inch of the dense wilderness was searched and researched . Numerous wells in the community were entered. Still the body was not discovered. Rumors floated around that Alex might have shot his horse then skipped country, but this held very little light since he was back only to settle up his father's estate.

Popular belief was that Pruitt was gunned down and robbed by a gambling companion or one of the loud-mouthed timber cutters who razzed him as he rode away from the saloon. However, everyone, including his brothers were suspects, especially since it was rumored that Alex had brought back two saddle bags of gold from his western travels, and a considerable amount was due him from his father's estate.

When all efforts to locate the body failed a group of aroused law enforcement officials came riding down to Henry Andrew Pruitt's farm, asking for permission to drain his mill pond. Mr. Pruitt would have none of that stupid foolishness. It was a well-known fact that Henry Andrew Pruitt was a hard

working honest man. . . man who believed his word was his bond. He was also a very stubborn individual. The very fact that he was even slightly suspected of murdering his brother made his blood boil.

Literally bristling, Henry Andrew Pruitt blurted out in his best southern English with the familiar ring of profanity tossed in, that it was useless to drain his pond. He hastened to explain that any nit-wit could see clear to the bottom and besides there ain't no way I could have murdered Alex. You know — well that I was away in Florence taking care of papa's affairs the night Alex was killed.

With that one officers leaped from the saddle, pointed an accusing finger in Pruitt's weather beaten face and blasted out.. . "All right you stubborn old fool we'll jest have to go all the way back to Florence and get a court order. We aim to drain that pond one way or another, you can bet your pair of pants on that."

Away the officials rode. They never came back. The body of Alex Pruitt was never located • • • thus, dead horse hollow became a folk lore. This was only the beginning of its horrors.

In 1861 when the Civil War broke out two of Henry Andrew Pruitt's sons, Henry Clay and Thomas D., went marching off to defend the stars and bars of Jefferson Davis's Confederate Army..

During the early days of the war Henry Andrew Pruitt, a man who believed in fair play regardless of the situation, in a moment of impulse saved the life of a man who shortly there-after became a hated enemy of all North Alabama. This dead which spared the life of union sympathizer Ridd Deford later benefited both Pruitt and his sons.

Legend has it that Pruitt rode down to Florence one day to pick up supplies. As he turned the corner of a dusty street he spied two shaggy chaps battering a fallen man into submission. A third man, with rock in hand, stood poised to bash his brains out. Pruitt, seeing that the stricken man was hopelessly outclassed, leaped from the wagon and pushed the two men off the badly battered DeFord.

Pruitt later said that he probably should have let the men kill the no good varmint, but that he never did like to see bullies take advantage of any-one.

DeFord, also, apparently was a man who believed in the that one good deed deserves another. . . or turn about is fair play..

It is a popular belief that Pruitt's deed that day was the prime reason behind the old P ruitton community being spar-ed during the war when Corryn's "destroying angels" devastated Rawhide and most of the area for Deford was their guide.

But Henry Andrew Pruitt was faced with a foe more dangerous than any hated yankee raiding party. Bushwackers were a feared enemy of any well respected working man. Good deeds did not mean a thing to these raiders who killed simply for the fun of it.

Early in the fall of 1863 the sharp Mexican saddle which was found on Alex Pruitt's dead horse six years earlier, came up missing from Henry Andrew Pruitt's barn.

Talk scattered around the frontier that a member of the Gallion family that once lived on Henry Pruitt's farm was guilty of stealing the saddle. After a couple of days, talk died down and the lost saddle was forgotten, for the time being at least.



Then came the ill fated day in Nov. 1863.

Late in the afternoon Henry Andrew Pruitt was returning from working at the huge saw-mill. Many thoughts were probably racing through his mind. He' no doubt was wondering aloud and brooding about his sons who, if still alive, were off with that fighting son-of-a gun named Nathan Bedford Forrest.

A faint horse's whimper in a nearby thicket failed to attract his attention. Suddenly as he approached the front steps of the log dwelling house Big Green Gallion stepped from behind the house, blocking his path.

"I hear tell," said Gallion, "that you have been taddling all around the country that I stole your saddle."

Pruitt, never a man to back down in the face of fire or to mince words, fired back with... "No, Green, I ain't said no such thing, but I darn shore wouldn't put it past you.

One word led to another and finally, Green Gallion, with fire and hate in his eyes, stepped aside and screamed, "shoot him, Albertie, shoot him. We got Alex and we're gonna get you too."

At Green Gallion's command four shots were fired from the bushes upon the unarmed and now helpless Henry Andrew Pruitt. Mr. Pruitt fell mortally wounded at his doorsteps.

According to Dr. Morrice Pruitt, who for more than four decades has conducted an in-tensive research on his ancestors, the notorious Tom Clark, Albertie Gallion and two more of Clark's gang emerged from the underbrush and in the presence of the dying man's wife and small children intimidated him.

Clark, one of the most heart-less and feared men ever to walk the face of the earth later returned and stole the dead man's clothes. Mrs. Pruitt pleaded with the bandit not to take her late husband's clothes, explaining that they were much too big for him. To this plea the infamous outlaw only smiled, saying, "Oh, we can get that little problem fixed easy enough."

Dr. Pruitt tells of another episode in dead horse hollow. Late one rainy afternoon, Sgt. Richard Randolph Reynolds, a member of Forrest prized 9th Tennessee Regiment, home on furlough, was riding through dead horse hollow when he was fired upon by two mounted Union soldiers.

Reynolds, a crack shot and a splendid judge of distance, steadied his Spencer rifle which he had captured only a few days before from the enemy, fired as the two troopers fled to-wards West Point, Tenn.

His first shots missed but the second toppled one of the blue coats from his horse. The other man was wounded but sped toward West Point followed by the riderless horse.

Reynolds finished off the fallen man as he galloped past since the latter trooper, though dying, was trying steady his pistol for one last shot. Sgt. Reynolds was unable to catch the other yankee who, at dusk bounced into his company at West Point followed by the riderless white horse that cast a shadow in the moonlight.

After the war Clay Pruitt, a battle-scarred veteran of numerous battles, including Streights raid, Thompson Station and Franklin, returned home and vowed to cut down his father's killers one way or another. No man he said would live to brag about killing Henry Andrew Pruitt.

It was never known whether Clark or Albertie Gallion fired the fatal shots that gunned down Henry Andrew Pruitt.

If Gallion was the guilty one, then revenge seeking Clay Pruitt never had a chance to even the score. Little Wild Bill Haddock reportedly beat Clay to the draw and settled that issue once and for all.

The story goes that Haddock accused Gallion of stealing his new billfold and set out early one morning determined to bring back the stolen property or Gallion's scalp. Before noon Haddock came face to face with Gallion. A heated argument followed and Haddock reportedly gunned him down.

Old timers say that Little Wild Bill returned home late in the afternoon and announced excitedly. . . "I ain't long for this country, I just killed Albertie Gallion."

Back to dead horse hollow: In the summer of 1865 two men dressed in blue rode by the Pruitt house at the foot of Mt. Tabor Hill and asked direction to the Tennessee state line. Mrs. Pruitt told the two Yankee's the shortest route to the line but advised them to take a much longer one, explaining that her son, Clay and two other ex-Confederates' were up that way, "They are still very much stirred up over the war," said Mrs. Pruitt, "and there is bound to be trouble if you run across them dressed in them blue uni-forms."

Apparently thinking the old lady was deliberately leading them into a trap. The two men struck out in the direction Mrs. Pruitt had advised them against.

Bud Pruitt, a half-brother to Clay, yelled out to his mother. . . "Ma, them Yankees ain't gonna get far cause Clay will shoot 'em dead.

Later in the day a little girl Mildred Stutts, and her mother found one of the men dying beside a road just across the state line. The other man apparently got away.

Late that afternoon Clay Pruitt returned home in an angry mood. There was blood on the stock of his muzzle loading shotgun. But, according to Bud, Clay refused to talk, saying that it was "nobody's blame business where he had been or what he was doing."

This was not to be the only gruesome murder which Clay and friends would be accused.

Sometime during the summer of 1866 two men, stripped of all their clothing except a belt bearing the insigna "U.S.A." on the buckle, were found hanging by the heels in dead horse hollow near the state line. One old timer later explained that it was the most horrible sight his eyes had ever gazed upon. There was not a bit of skin on them. "I shore would have had to hate a man awful bad to kill him like that," was the way the old settler put it.

It was generally believed that the two men flayed to death were members of Clark's gang or were attached to a Union patrol sent into the area to clean out bushwackers.

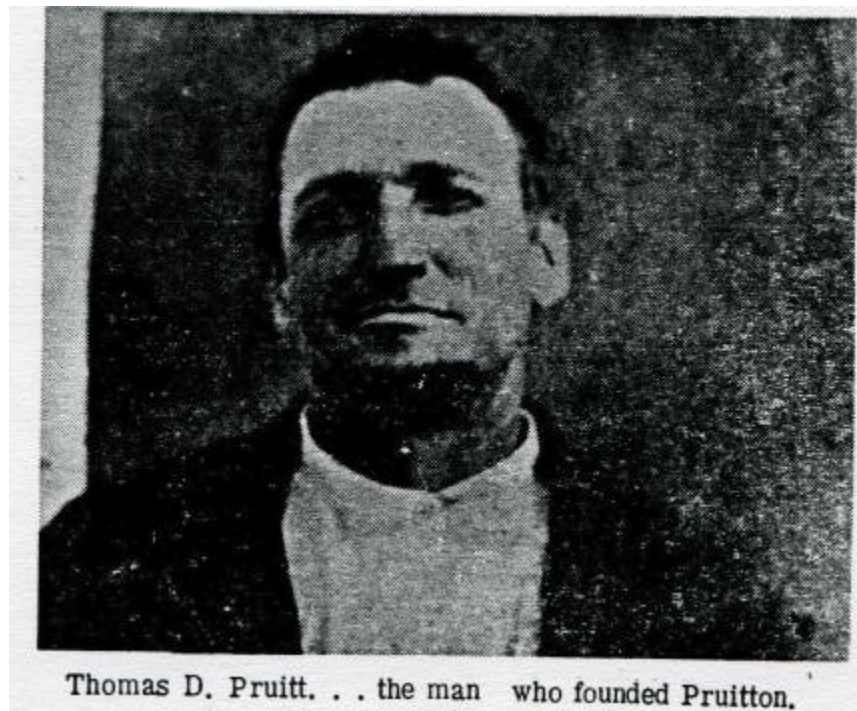
It is said that on the day of the flayings Clay Pruitt and the Howell brothers, Levi and John; came home late in the afternoon with blood spattered on their clothing from head to foot. Right away the three were questioned by curious neighbors. They had a perfect alibi. The three staunch ex-Confederates had been bear hunting, of course. They had killed and skinned a bear, and had the hide to prove it.

But this little act did not convince a majority of folks. For years after the incident, numerous area residents would attempt to persuade Clay to talk about, or even admit to the flayings.

Dr. Pruitt, a favorite great-nephew of the Rebel hero, often asked him about it. He always received this answer:

"Now, son, you know there ain't nobody round here mean enough to do a horrible thing like that even it wuz a couple of blame yellow bellied Yankee's . No suh. . . musta been some of them Wayne County, Tennessee boys.

Thus the mystery of dead horse hollow lingers on. ..long after all the people involved have passed on. Today, dead horse hollow is as sparsely populated as it was in those wild days. There are few murders committed for obvious reasons. Number one being that not many of the jet-age set can muster up enough courage to travel through the wilderness and number two, and perhaps more important, folks for the most part are a bit more civilized.



# Pruitton Is Area's Number One Ghost Village

Pruitton, Alabama was simply ablaze in all its splendor and gay holiday spirits...Any day that called for a celebration of any sort was always extra-ordinary in this thriving northwest Alabama village, once described as the liveliest spot on the universe. But the Fourth of July...well, it was just out of this world, in a thousand ways.

From the banks of clear blue and comfortable Big Butler Creek to the village's first business establishment— a distance of approximately 300 yards — the rich ground was covered with fresh sawdust.

Youngsters in their teens, grandpaws and grandmaws alike, danced up a jig to the snappy tunes expertly played by fiddling Joe, the town's number one square dance caller.

Across the way, under a giant oak tree, a lemonade stand attendant was doing a booming business. The old man in charge “whipped the sweat from his brow and demanded that somebody, anybody go fetch me some help, "Can't take care of all these thirsty folks myself," he added with a touch of his best homespun humor, thrown in for good measure.

Down stream a young lad of 18 was too busy target practicing with a spanking new rifle to take part in all the shindig.

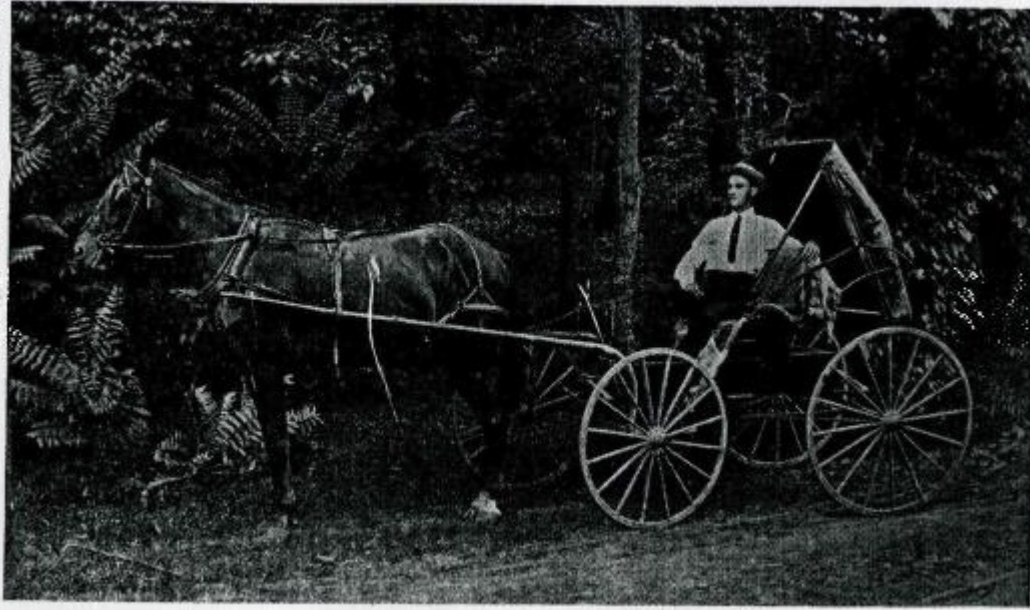
Behind the grist mill four gentlemen from the hill country, who apparently got a head start on the rest of the field were to far gone to know or care where they were just what was goin on. Their problems and festivities alike were over for the day.

Over an a well-worn decon's bench sat three of the town's heroes, Clay Pruitt, Leigh Howell and John Rhodes, all veterans of the Confederate Army. As always, these dyed-in-the-wool Rebs were rehashing the bloody conflict now known to history as the Great Civil War.

It was a well-established fact that when these staunch ex-men of gray got together profanity flowed freely at the slightest bit of urging from friends and neighbors. . . time would never dim their memories of a cause which, in their hearts, they felt was just.

At high noon Clay Pruitt, a former Trooper with the fighting 9th Tennessee Cavalry and later

Ed Davis, one of Pruitton's leading citizens, traveling high class...



a well-respected black-smith, stood up to — in his words "stretch his bones a spell" — and watch the "keeds play."

What he saw he did not like:

His sharp eyes blinked in a manner which left little doubt that something was not just right. Leigh Howell nudged his companion. . "Watcha' you thanks the matter with Clay?... Don't reckon he done spied one of them yellow bellied turn-coats out there do you?. . Shore hope not, cause we don't want no trouble here today and that's just what'll happen iffen any of them are here."

Old Clay, still very spry, literally bristled. He was mad as a wet hound dog in January. . . "Look'it that would. you?" he bellowed out to his comrades. . . "Just look't that iffen you please. What in tar nation is this here place coming too?. . What do you think of a mama who'll let her boy show up here on the Fourth of July decked out in a pair of blue britches and shirt.

"I'll tell you fer a blame fact that no boy ain't gonna hang round here long wearing blue. His no good mama's gonna haffta to take him back home, and quick, that's what's she's gonna hafta to do."

"Now, Clay," said a half boozed up Leigh Howell. "You all know we feel the same way bout them yankee's, but don't go out thar and make a darn fool out of yourself. Dat little boy ain't no more than three years old. Heck, he don't know there's every been a stupid blue coated yankee soldier."

"Your probably right," said a simmered down Clay Pruitt, "but I'am gonna go over and give him a little friendly advice. . . May have to scold his mama though."

With that, the former Tennessee horse soldier walked smartly through the gay crowd to the spot where the blue-shirted lad was standing. Clay placed a strong arm on the little fellow's shoulders, then pleaded — "Please sonny, don't ever wear that suit again . . . I'll be more'en glad to buy you another one of a different color." To this, the youngster only smiled and asked for a glass of lemonade.

The youngster, like Leigh Howell said, didn't know or care that Yankee's wore blue coats.

Finally, as darkness hovered over the hillside and the wild and carefree day of activity came to a close. Many tired but happy folks loaded up in buggies and wagons for the trip back to the farmlands. Still others waited at the depot for the last of the L&N's four crack passenger trains to make its daily run. From all stops they had come to his lovely village, nestled in the heart of the Northwest Alabama hills. For many it would be the last farewell.

Next morning, Pruitton would be back to normal. It was business as usual.

Clay Pruitt, as always, was up at dawn. There was only one bad thing about a "blame holiday, and that's going back to work" said Clay as he prepared to shoe a team of log mules.

Down the dusty street old John Hall prepared to get on with the task of grinding the day's first "turn" of corn. "Celebrations," he said, "are something that should happen only for people too young to work."

Thomas D. Pruitt—postmaster, general store operator, flour and grist mill owner and, well you name it, if Pruitton had it Thomas D. owned it or had a finger in the pie. . . strolled down the streets, fretting as he jogged along over a throbbing headache, Too much lemonade and exposure to bright sun for 12 hours the previous day, it seems, had taken its toll, on the town's leading citizen.

The above scene could have taken place at Pruitton any time during a period of more than a half century during the 1800's and up to and including the early 1940's.

Pruitton, Alabama once was unquestionably the liveliest spot on the globe. It was many things to many different people.

For Thomas D. Pruitt, town founder and self-appointed mayor it was a businessman's paradise.

For officials of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, it was one of their most productive stops. For bootleggers, it was a haven of rest and prosperity.

It has been said that children from all over North Alabama 'looked upon the prospects of going to Puritton with the same eagerness as today's jet age set going to Europe.

Billy Rhodes, now a resident of the Zip City community, remembers Pruitton from The early days. Here is what he had to say:

"After little Tornmy Pruitt put in that Delco plant and lit the entire town up I used to think it was the prettiest place in the world at night. Boy, it shined like a jewel down their in the valley.

Pruitton was a town that never slept, literally. The flour mill, grist mill and general store were open for business 24 hours a day. An agent for the railroad was on duty around the clock. It was the shipping and receiving center for Northwest Alabama and Southern Tennessee. For a poor lonely hobo it was a welcome sight. . . free meals could always be obtained from a friendly resident.

According to reliable sources, Thomas D. Pruitt, a native of South Carolina founded the town sometime after the Civil War.

The Pruitts, it is said, came from Spartanburg, S. C., which at one time was known as Pruitt Town.

Thomas D. Pruitt returned from the Civil War, and built a house and store on Big Butler Creek. Probably in his wildest dreams he never realized the town would reach the heights it attained near the turn of the century.

When Pruitt died he left behind many items of interest. An old post office ledger for 1892 lists the price of ordinary stamps from one cent to 90 cents. Newspaper wrappers went for one cent each.

The fact that Pruitton was growing by leaps and bounds in the 1890's is brought out. On July 1, 1892, for example, Pruitt's ledger listed 144 stamps sold and 262 canceled. Five years later, June 4, 1897 he listed 441 stamps sold and 320 canceled.

Pruitton, perhaps more than any town north of Tombstone, Arizona had its tales of folklore. "Those were the days when men were men and proud of it," was the way one ex-resident described it.

One resident still likes to talk about the day a big raw-boned timber cutting foreman named Jim Saxton had his bluff called. It seems that Mr. Saxton's men were eating lunch in an old abandoned box car just off the main tracks. When the noon hour ended Saxton walked by the car, stuck his head inside and in typical John L. Sullivan fashion, bellowed out. . . "I can whip any man in the house. It was meant as a joke and all the men under Saxton's command knew it.

But, unknown to Saxton a drifter had dropped by to chat with the crew during the lunch break. Saxton's boisterous remarks did not set too well with the stranger and he asked point blank. . . ; "How do I know you can whip anybody in here. How do I know."

Seeing that he had perhaps spoken too quickly, Saxton tried to explain that he was only kidding with his men and knew not of his presence. This only added fuel to the flame.

The drifter, apparently thinking that Saxton's was hedging a bit, fired back "Well by — I for one don't think you can whip everybody or anybody in here."

That did it, Saxton, never a man to back down, told the loud-mouth in no uncertain terms to step out side and "we'll see if I can or not."

This time the tall dark stranger backed down.

But in Saxton's words. . . "I learned a lesson that day.. . from that day on I always looked before I bragged."

Yes sir, Pruitton had a way of keeping men honest and down to earth.

Today, Pruitton is a ghost town. There are no stores. The grist mill and floor mill building has fallen down. Only the old water wheel still stands as a lasting monument.

Robert Gifford and Dewey Hollis are the only residents of the once booming town. For those who remember the carefree days, Pruitton Alabama, USA, will live forever.

# Iron City Hasn't Always Been A Quite Peaceful Town

Today let's take a journey to a now peaceful looking little village nestled among the beautiful rolling hills of South-ern Tennessee.

To get a perfect picture of the trip we will start from Florence, Ala., motor out old Jackson highway to St. Florein then bear to the left at Butler Creek road.

On up past Mt. Zion and through the now ghost town of Pruitton we rambled. After whistling through once booming Pruitton population becomes as rare as a collector's item. Across the railroad we go, up a steep hill, around another. The roads are extremely muddy now. This is the back side of nowhere, a stranger making his first venture up the trail will utter...but not for long.

By now we are about to descend a giant hill (a city slicker might call it a mountain). Down the cliff we cruise, with one foot on the brake...both eyes glued to the road.

Suddenly, without warning... Zoom! a paved street...What on earth is an asphalt street doing in this neck of the woods?...you will say. A few hundred feet north lies a picturesque looking little town ...this is Iron City, Tenn., now peaceful, but once wild and Wooly, carefree and prosperous.

For a wayward stranger making his first visit to this isolated city it takes a bit of untamed imagination to realize that this place was once a hub of activity...A boom town, if there ever was one.

Located in the highland rim section of Tennessee the area surrounding the city is as picturesque as any of the old wild frontier days.

The land is made up of large river bottoms and hills that range from steep cliffs to rolling slopes. Beautiful mountain streams wind through this landscape on their way to swell the wide blue Tennessee River. Each stream is filled with game fish that can entertain any angler with a delightful afternoon. Immense forests of hardwood and evergreens cover the vast country side.

Mrs. B. W. Danley one of the older residents of the city had this to say about her beloved town.

"It was all those enchanting scenes and the possibilities of prosperity that brought the first settlers from North Carolina to this area." These people, like all early Americans, built a church and called it Antioch.



"For many years Antioch was the center of activity for the community. Old records refer to a Church of Christ meeting being conducted there in 1877 under the leadership of T. B. Larrimore, one of the most famous preachers of pioneer time.

On April 7, 1879 Columbia, Lawrenceburg, and the Florence Railroad company filed a petition with the county court asking for \$50,000 to aid in building a railroad. After this railroad, a branch line of the L&N, was completed, settlers located in North Alabama moved over the line into Tennessee and thus Iron City came into existence.

In February 1886 the Shoal Creek and Iron Company was organized with Colonel Thomas Sharp of Nashville as president. Dr. J. B. ,Powell,, of nearby Wayland Springs, was one of the directors of the company. After a few test runs it was evident that soil in the area contained a high content of iron. Shortly thereafter a huge iron company, the Nay Leer Ore Mines, moved into the area.

Almost over night Iron City began to prosper and grow by leaps and bounds.

The city was incorporated. Dwelling houses, hotels, stores of every description, a post office, and livery stables were built. The Iron City Enterprise, weekly newspaper that printed mostly promotional material, was established.

After Southern Normal College was established Iron City became one of the prized educational centers of northern Alabama and Southern Tennessee.

In quick succession parks and playgrounds were laid out. A bank, sawmills, and lumber mills were added. With all the industry attracting people from all walks of life to the city, numerous new churches were built.

Branch railroads, connecting Collinwood and West Point, were constructed, making Iron City a busy railroad center.

During this period Iron City was a carbon copy of the wild west. A Saturday night in the city was always a time of both wholesome entertainment and wild celebrations.

Saloon's in town always did a bumper business on weekends, especially Saturday nights.

One old timer's eyes used to light up at any remark concerning a Saturday night in Iron City...` Bpy those were the days," he would say over and over.

This old gentleman could talk for hours and hours without a pause about "them wild days in Iron City." One story went like this:

"Nearly every Saturday I would ride a mule up to Iron City, stay all day and on into the night. I was kinda struck on a pretty little girl who lived a mile or so outside of town. Now, it was no secret that Iron City boys were both mean and jealous. They shore didn't like, for boys coming from across the Alabama line to try and steal their gal friends. My pap kept warning me about going up there, saying time and time again that, you had better listen to your pap. Iffen you don't your going wind up killed.

"I was too darn stubborn to pay him any attention...but one Saturday night I found out that pap was not just speaking through his felt hat...I never will forget it.

"That day I went to town as usual, tied my horse to the hitching post and went out to look up some friends. The usual crowd for some reason happened not to be anywhere to be found that day. I was about ready to head on back home when a sweet little girl walked by and asked if I would like to come to a party at a nearby house that night. She then was quick to point out that Sue (that was my gal) would be there.

"There was a giant of a crowd at the party that night. After we had been there about an hour and everybody was feeling good...an old lady walked by and said, 'Bud you had better not walk Sue home tonight... them Harwick boys plan on flogging you after you leave.'

"Well right then I didn't care, or believe that a hundred men could lick me, so I tole her to go back and tell that bunch of rough necks that old Bud was gonna walk his sweet Sue home no matter what they said... they ain't nothing but a bunch of bullies anyway.

I walked her home all right, told her good night at the front door then headed back to Iron City to pick up my horse. About a hundred yards from Sue's house a stranger stepped out from the wilderness, blocking my path. He said, 'Boy, we done told you to stay away from that gal. Now you don't seem to pay much attention to warnings, so I'm gonna hafta teach you a good lesson,' Well, said ole Bud with fire in his eyes, 'I turned out to be about seven or eight me's.'

Before I could turn I was caught in a bumble bee thicket of flying fists. One rascal knock-ed me down, another kicked me in the face, and only the good lord knows what else. They probably would have killed me, for shore, if a rival gang hadn't come by and scared the yellow bellied....off."

Did he ever go back?..."You bet I did, but I made sure I had my friend —a trusty six-shooter with me.

"Yep," said the old gentle-man, "Iron City in them days was some place...always booming, but dangerous as all get out for a courting man."

An advertisement in the Oct. 14, 1892, issue of the Iron City Enterprise bears out the fact that the community was at a rip snorting industrial peak. It went like this:

Iron City, Tennessee — the great Iron Center — surrounded by inexhaustible Brown Hematite and Red Ferruginous ores. Thousands of acres of virgin forests; containing poplar, oaks of all kinds, gum, walnut, ash, elm and various other woods. — Acres of superior brick and pipe clay. The immense Iron City quarries possessed red and blue marble and Limestone was pronounced by the United States Army officials to be the best known on the continent.

In 1892 Iron City could boast of a stave factory, coffin factory, large boarding school, huge saw and planing mills, \$10,000 dry press brick plant, nine merchantile establishments, wagon, blacksmith and general repair shop, not to mention countless other small business establishments.

In those days H. P. Seavy was secretary and manager of Iron City Co. Mr. Reynolds, father of Mrs. Danley, operated the casket factory and the Looney's ran some of the saw-mills.

Iron City at that time looked like it might be on the way to becoming the second Pittsburgh of the south.

Then suddenly and unexpectedly iron ore was discovered in the Lake Superior region. This threw panic into the minds of town citizens and almost sounded the death bell for the rapidly growing town. Soon after the turn of the century all mines in the vicinity closed shop.

Approximately 15 years later, during World War I, J. J. Gray of Rockdale, Tenn., opened the mines and continued to operate at a brisk pace for a decade. Later the land was sold, mineral rights reserved, and farming and lumbering for 20-25 years were the most productive.

After that Forsythe and White turned their spoke mill into a hardwood flooring plant which for a number of years was the chief industry. Later the plant was purchased by Hassell and Parkes and was enlarged considerably. Other plants of that era included W. W. Looney's lumber yard and Carson Brothers Hickory Plant.

During the town's golden era Southern Normal College flourished. Professor Sutton sent many teachers to fill the antiquated one-room schools and larger institutions.

With the passing of the enthusiastic mining company, Southern Normal College fell by the wayside.

At one time numerous lodges and civic organizations were active in Iron City. Included in the list were the Masons, Businessmen's Club, an organization similar to the Lions Club was organized and, according to Mrs. Danley, did more good for the town than any other group. The latter club was largely responsible for getting the streets paved, street lights, and better telephone service in town.

Pioneers of Iron City include R. R. Reynolds, C. A. Myers, George Wade, William Wade, Dr. Noah Danley, Dr. McMackin, Randolph Bromley, La Fan, H. O. Searcy and W. A. Whitworth.

Iron City was once noted for its outstanding baseball teams. Perhaps one of the most famous performers ever to come out of the hill country was a hard throwing lefthander named Arthur Looney. For a number of years the name Arthur Looney was magic all over North Alabama and Southern Tennessee.

Looney later managed the Iron City Independents for many years.

Sometime after the turn of the century a Dr. Hardwick established a modern sanitarium and health resort three miles north of Iron City at Wayland Springs which attracted patients from far and near. Many type mineral waters were available at the resort.

The resort included a modern dining room, cabins, an up-to-date bathhouse, equipped and designed to conveniently give the public the latest in mineral baths, steam baths, sitz baths, needle jet sprays, colonies and massages.

One of the greatest of the old time country doctors, Dr. Hardison practiced in Iron City until his death in 1938. Dr. Hardison's wife, now Mrs. B. W. Danley (the lady who supplied most of the historic data for this article) taught school in and around Iron City for 13 years.

A letter of Mrs. Danley which was written a number of years ago reflects her love for children and the teaching profession.

"My early life was spent in the social and business world, with never a thought of teaching in my later years.

"During World War II when so many teachers were leaving Lawrence County for more lucrative positions, my niece, Dorothy Burch, who was teaching in our local school, suggested I offer my services to Superintendent Turpen, which I did.

"One of our teachers resigned three or four months before the term ended, and the position was offered to me. I accepted. What a challenge awaited me working with those adorable children who were reaching out for knowledge, understanding and a desire for acceptance, was most fascinating and appealing.

"The 13 years in Iron City and three in St. Joseph proved to be the very happiest of my life. I shall be ever grateful that I had the experience.

"An added joy today is each and every time I meet a former student who stops for a chat, a smile, or a wave, prompting me to remember our precious moments together."

Today in the jet age roar of the sixties Iron City is -almost a ghost town, not on the scale with nearby Pruitton, but all the industries are gone. The people who live there, for the most part, go to Florence, Muscle Shoals or Lawrenceburg to work.

It still has a post office and a few stores. Mrs. Danley's husband owns and operates Danley drugs, which was at the same location during Iron City's boom days.

Not all roads leading to Iron City are as bad as the route we took our readers through at the beginning of this story. In fact all roads leading out of town, except the route we described are well attended and heavily traveled.

But the road we took you over in the beginning best describes Iron City of yesteryear... days when she was at the threshold of becoming one of the nation's most industrious cities.

Like Pruitton, Iron City has had her day... and what a day it was! Iron City was a miniature Pittsburgh, Boot Hill, and Tombstone rolled into one.



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## **Ride**

Old Hobo Jackson, as he was affectional called in wild and wooly Wayne County, Tennessee, set beside a blazing fire-place in his two-story dwelling telling one tall yarn after another to his many guests, who had dropped by on a dark rainy night to sit a spell and get in out of the stormy weather.

Old Hobo always insisted that his friends, of which he had many, enjoy a few refreshments from his well-stocked basement before departing for home.

Over in one corner a wild carefree chap named Louis Fowler was enjoying Hobo's hospitality to the fullest. Fowler, a man who loved entertainment of any sort, needled the teller of tall tales to no end.

"Tell me Hobo, iffen you will, about the ole devil sitting on that tombstone at Railroad Church."  
Laughter broke out all around...Every man present had heard this weird story over and over. Old Hobo had told it a thousand times, but on a night like this when he was in a happy state of mind he seemed to put more color to the rendition. Tonight would be no exception.

He stood as if at attention, stomach in, chest out, bellowing' out how he had passed the haunted cemetery numerous times and spied the devil sitting on a tombstone...a ripple of laughter interrupted his speech numerous times before Fowler, who at this point was feeling no pain whatsoever, leaped to his feet and silenced the host.

"Why you old goat," said Fowler, "that's without doubt the most dadblamed foolish statement I ever heard anybody make. Why you old fool, you know darn well there ain't no such thing taking place round here. If the devil did come out you would scare him away."

Hobo loved to tell tales and he treated his guests with the best brand of Southern hospitality known to man. But it was a well-known fact that mud was the name of any man who crossed him. He would give the shirt off his back to a friend in need but he would shoot an enemy down and never bat an eye lash.

For a few moments a hush fell over the giant living room. Nobody was too drunk to forget Hobo's reputation. If Fowler escaped with his head intact, he would be considered the luckiest man on the universe.

But this night was a strange one in a thousand ways. Instead of racing for his shotgun to blast Louis Fowler's head off, old Hobo simply snickered, telling Fowler that he obviously had enjoyed the fruits of the cellar too much...then politely told him that it was about time for him to move on.

All present breathed a sigh of relief as Fowler took hat in hand and made way for the door without a rebuttal. As he reached the front door Fowler pulled his well worn felt hat tightly over his forehead, turned and pointed a finger at Hobo, saying —"Tell you what I'm gonna' do, Hobo old pal...I'm gonna' ride right past that graveyard and if the devil is sitting out there by George I'm gonna ask him to ride home with me"...This really brought the house ringing down with laughter.

Fowler slammed the frame door shut and walked briskly out to an oak sapling where his faithful horse waited. He swung into the saddle without using the stirrups. His horse, quickly responding to his master's voice, galloped north at a rapid pace.

Less than 20 minutes later Fowler rode into sight of State line church.

The tired horse had slowed to a walk now and Fowler half asleep, slouched in the saddle, As he rode near the cemetery, right before his eyes he spotted a man sitting on a tombstone, just like old Hobo had said. Fowler, true to his word, straightened himself and yelled..."Well, good evening Mr. Devil, come and go home with me."

The Devil accepted the invitation.

He sprang from his comfortable seat and made a mad dash for the horse. Before a stunned Fowler could regain his thoughts the tombstone caretaker, or whoever he was, was sitting behind him. The fun was over now.

Fowler almost beat his horse to death, in a vain attempt to get more speed. Approximately 100 yards from home the horse fell face forward in the mud. Fowler, however, never lost a step. He went right over the horse head and ran at break-neck speed for the house, broke down the front door and fell on the living room floor. Members of his family came pouring out of every room, all asking the same question... "What on earth is the matter with you?" To this Fowler excitedly replied..."The devil just rode home with me."

In later years Fowler said he never once rode by the church again after that dreadful night.

Who could blame him?

Several years after the Fowler incident, young Louis Linville was returning home from a party late at night. Linville, like most residents of that area, shuttered to think of walking past any graveyard after dark, especially one with a haunted history.

A few minutes before Linville reached the cemetery, Mrs. Florence Olive, who lived just across the road from the graveyard was awakened by barking dogs. She eased out of bed and crept to the window. In a moment she knew what was happening. A pack of dogs were attempting to dig into a grave of an elderly gentleman buried the day before.

Mrs. Olive, an extremely brave lady, pulled a white sheet over her head and went out to scare the dogs away. At the exact moment she crossed the road Louis Linville came strutting down the road. Suddenly he spotted the ghostly figure clad in a white sheet.

Cold chills ran down his back from head to toe, as he made a mad dash for home. Mrs. Olive recognized the frightened lad and pleaded with him to stop running, explaining over and over, "It's me Louis, It's me." Linville later summed up his reactions to the lady's pleas, by saying..."Heck fire man, I didn't know then who me was."

## **Was John Boren's Death A Case Of Mistaken Identity?**

WOLFE CREEK 1864 — A chilly breeze swept down through the lonesome hollow as John Wade ordered his men to cease operations at his sawmill on the banks of Wolfe Creek.

"All you fellows had better hustle on home," said Wade, "cause you know there ain't no telling when one of them raiding parties of bushwackers will come ripping through here."

To a man the cry was "all right boss, we're with you...but take care of yourself. Some of these — rats have no respect for anyone, so watch out for the Reb Calvary' old man. That blame fool Forrest or one of his band would like nothing Defter than to carry off your scalp."

"Now men, you know I can take care of old John Wade, so have no fear for me just be darn sure you make it home before nightfall...Bring my horse, will you George?"

Wade a unionist, leaped into he saddle, and headed for home. A half mile down the trail he was startled to 'hear hoofbeats of a horse pounding on the rock hard road. Wade wheeled in the saddle, pulled an ever-present shotgun from the saddle and prepared for the worst. It had to be a Rebel and probably one

of old Nat's boys, were his first thoughts. But in a moment he breathed a sigh of relief... The man riding hell-bent-for-leather, was none other than John H. Boren, a fellow unionist.

Feeling much better, Wade slowed his horse and waited for his friend to catch up. When Boren rode along side Wade he was greeted with the customary "hello old chap; good to see you, but I guess you know you scared the devil out of me. I thought for sure that you were one of them Rebs coming down the trail at such a rapid pace. Next time warn me, will you please?"

"Shore am sorry about that old pal," said Boren, as the two unionists rode down the trail.

"You know," said Boren, as the two rode along talking at a rapid pace, "I hear that dark clouds are hanging over the Confederate States of America.

"General Sherman had done kicked the — out of Hood's Army down in Atlanta and is on the way to the sea."

"Won't be long, John, fore this stupid war is all over with and we can settle down."

This brought a slight frown to Wade's weather-beaten face, as he rattled off:

"Don't bet on it friend, I doubt if the Rebs will call it quits until that son-of-a-gun Forrest is in his grave. Why that old rascal can hold up half the southern forces. Heck, if it weren't for him this thing would have been over with long ago. And if the reports I get are true, things just might have been different if a few of them educated high-hatted West Point experts had listened to him.

"A friend of mine was by here the other day and he told me straight as an arrow that if Bragg had paid any attention at all to old Forrest that he might never have made it home. That old rat, they say, can't half read or write but he shore as the devil can fight like a bunch of stirred up yellow jackets."

The two were now approaching a small stream.

John Wade, still talking at a break neck pace, never noticed that Boren had stopped to let his horse drink. he rode on talking while moving his hands in a sweeping motion, making gestures.

Suddenly two shots broke his day dreaming. Wade turned in the saddle and saw Boren's horse, with its rider bent over on the saddle horn, leap forward.

A startled John Wade wheeled his horse around and sped toward the stricken Boren. When Wade caught up with Boren's horse, he sprang from the saddle and pulled Boren, who died in his arms, off the horse.

Dr. Maunice Pruitt, wrote the following account of the incident in his unpublished manu-script, "Bugger Saga."

"Wade thanked God that he had escaped and was somewhat puzzled at both Boren's death and his not having been bush-whacked also.

"Boren was killed by Tom Russell, A Texas Ranger, and his father in-law, Cal Thomas. At the time it was said that Boren had sold some horses at Lawrenceburg; among them being Tom Russell's which



had been stolen by the Clifton Shebang. This proved, however, to have been false, because neither had Boren sold any horses nor had Russell's horses been stolen.

It was also thought at the time that it was a case of mistaken identity, Russell having thought Boren was a member of the Clifton Shebang, who had extorted money from his wife Susan.

"Any any rate- there is a huge sliding rock at the ford where John H. Boren's horse stopped to drink. On it were several large yellow spots which the folks to this day refer to as John Boren's blood."

Dr. Pruitt relates another incident concerning Boren. This took place a year or so before Boren's death:

"Rufus King Chisholm of Greenhill was one of the commissioners appointed by the CSA to procure salt and other supplies. Once, while going about this business, he was caught by Tom Clark's band who were in the process of having a mock trial before shooting him."

It so happened that John H. Boren came along, saw what was going on and spoke a good word for Chisholm, thus saving his life.

Chisholm had spent his boy-hood in Lawrence County; had moved from Nashville to Lawrenceburg in 1850 where he had operated the town's first brick kiln. During this time he had known Boren, had rendered him several favors and with Boren was a Knight Templar.

Boren seems to have been as rabid a Unionist as Chisholm was a Secessionist, but he was not of the Clark variety. Clark later threatened to kill Boren because he had let Chisholm get away.

A few years after the Boren fiasco, Clark as heartless and ruthless as any man ever to walk the face of the earth dispatched one of his renegades, a fellow named Carter, on a scouting mission into the wilderness south of old Puritton.

Any man known to have any connections with Clark had a price tag on his head, and Carter most certainly was no exception.

As he crossed Goose Shoals Creek, two men dressed in tattered gray uniforms spotted him and demanded that he halt at once.

Carter, knowing that being captured meant sure death, had but one thought in mind at this stage...escape the best way he could.

He turned his horse around at a record clip and sped up the creek bank and headed north as shots whizzed past his head.

Less than two weeks later young J. K. Hines, who was too young to fight in the war just ended, went out to round up a herd of cows.

Approximately one-half mile from the house Hines heard two shots bark out in the hollow below. Being a brave and curious young man he moved down the slope for an investigation.

As Hines crept through the wilderness a groan attracted his attention. Now he was a frightened young man. To his left he spotted two men, hats pulled down over their eyes riding off.

Hines raced back to the house; told his folks what had happened and together they returned to the scene of the crime.

When they reached the spot, Carter was dead.

Thus, another chapter in the numerous unsolved murders of the hectic Civil War days.

## **Confederate Captured While Coming To Athens**

Early in the morning of Nov. 18, 1863, a shaggy warrior dressed in tattered gray ambled along a weather beaten path leading toward Rogersville.

Many thoughts, no doubt, were dancing through his mind as each weary step brought him closer to his native Athens. The man creeping along the trail that far-away day was James A. Ray on his way back to see his loved ones for the first time in more than two years.

James A. Ray, a private in the fighting 16th Alabama Infantry was thinking just how lucky he was to be alive. Many of his beloved comrades were resting beneath the sod at Shiloh, Stones River, Knoxville, and Chickamauga. During the latter bloody battle he had narrowly escaped a death trap which claimed the lives of seven of his buddies:

Now at long last, after crawling through many bloody battles, he was ordered to go home for a few days and rest up before returning to the horrors of war.

But lady fortune was not on James Ray's team, for as he came in sight of a blacksmith's shop approximately one mile south of town, sharp musket fire caught his ear...then shouts of "kill or capture that— Rebel."

Ray leaped over a rail fence and half crawled into the nearby wilderness. But his gimpy leg would carry him no farther. He tried to drag through the underbrush to safety, but in an instance a gruff voice demand-ed — "All right, Reb turn around slowly and don't try no fancy stuff or you will be just another dead Confederate.

James A. Ray's world ended that day.

Instead of arriving in Athens to the smiles of his loved ones he was rushed directly from Rogersville to Pulaski.

On December 4, 1863, Ray and many other prisoners of war were crammed into a box-car and shipped like a herd of cattle to Louisville.

Now, the dreaded news swept through the ranks. Many weary veterans had been led to believe that they were being sent to the Kentucky city for exchange. But in the words of one starving Reb, "You couldn't even believe the Yankees if they told you it was raining unless you stuck your head out and found out fer yourself.

"All along the route we talked about getting back to our command. But I fer one did not take much stock in that sort of talk.

"Shore nuff when we got to Louisville the worst happened. We were packed into another rat hole called a boxcar and pretty soon we were on our way to the place which no man on earth, unless he has been there, can explain.

"On about Dec. 10, we pulled into Rock Island, Ill., which for many would lead to the bitter end. It was a rat hole, cold and rotten, and the Yankee guards tortured us night and day.

"Almost every hour one of them blue coated fools would march by and bellow out — "All right, Reb, ain't you had enough of this here place. What about turning your back on this army of rebellion and sign the oath and go home and be a Freeman, or better still join up with us and wear a genuine soldier's uniform. A few of the fickle and light at heart listened to those...lies, but not me."

"Meanwhile, James A. Ray was growing weaker by the minute. His face was pallow and in early September 1864 he was nothing more than a walking skeleton.

Less than a year earlier he had been oh so close to home. Now early in the morning he knew that chances of seeing his loved ones again were very slim. With those thoughts in mind, on that bright and sunny day, Ray limped into the provost marshal's office, with a request to sign the oath, proclaiming to be tired of the Confederate States of America.

It was not, however, in the books for James A. Ray to see Athens and his loved ones again. He died Sept. 14, 1864.

His grave, according to prison records, is simply marked No. 1207, Rock Island.

To shed some light on the hardships the Athens native suffered during his 10 months in prison this reporter reviewed records of other Confederates who lived through miserable ordeals in numerous Yankee camps.

Here are the actual words of John Coffey, who survived Camp Chase Ohio's torture for more than a year.

"Our rations were reasonably good when we first got to prison, but we had only one blanket a piece and lay on a hard plank. Our rations were reduced to one loaf of bread for eight men. This was to last all day, and when we drew crackers we got one and one-half cracker to the man, our meat in porportion.

"I think it was December 1864 that I took mumps and was taken to hospital. After remaining about two weeks I took measles and still was kept in hospital. In all I was there about six weeks. I then returned to my barracks. In February I took fever and was taken to regular hospital outside the walls.

"While I was so bad sick they exchanged the Tennessee soldiers. My name was called for exchange but I was unable to go and had to remain in prison until peace was made."

After the surrender, times were rough for returning Confederates. Here, again, let Coffey tell his own story.

"Times were very hard in Tenn. and the Federals were taking out and whipping and in every way ill treating the surviving Rebels. I decided that I would remain away from home awhile until times got better. I went home with an old man, James Gilleland by name.

"He had a son who had fought in the Rebel Army, by name of John Henry Gilleland. James told John Henry to take me and get me some clothes. He got me a good suit out and took me to the wash house. I threw my clothes in the furnace and bathed, dressed and was called to supper.

"Everything could be wished was on the table. But this was the first time I had been to a table to eat for more than 17 months.

"I worked there until July then started for home. I walked home by way of Cumberland Gap. . .a distance of about two-hundred & twenty-five miles.

"I reached home on the 2nd day of Aug."



Many Ex-Confederates were in attendances at this Woodman of the world meeting.

# Three Men Taken From Jail, Hanged For Killings

Like wild fire the news spread — old Tom Clark, described by many as the meanest man ever to walk the face of the earth — had at long last been captured.

Up at the wild frontier near Pruitton, staunch exconfederate's Clay Pruitt, Levi and John Howell and Thomas D. Pruitt cast all thoughts of work aside, hitched up a team of the fastest horses around and lit out for Florence with all the swiftness the throughbred could command.

Down Butler Creek road the four natives rode, talking all the while about the many heartless brutal murders committed by scalawag Clark.

"I hope they string him up" said Levi. "If they don't we just might have to break down the jail and take the law into our own hands. Clay Pruitt second-ed the motion — "By-grabs Levi I shore do agree with you. That fellow Clark has got to be brought to justice one way or another."

Thomas D. Pruitt, founder of Pruitton, as always, was a bit more level headed. "All right boys cut out that kind of talk. Mr. Clark will get what's coming to him. .make no mistake about it."

Meanwhile, just outside Florence the party was riding into town.. The marshals hustled the prisoners on toward the Florence jail as rapidly as possible. Many residents walked out on the porch and hurled profane adjectives at the robbers, including cries of "I hope they hang you Clark."

Every porch along the route was crowded with curious and sometimes angry spectators. Less than 100 yards from the jail a lady, who said her young son had been shot from a tree by Clark, came storming out of a small business establishment and hurled a rock at the villian. "You Devil you," she screamed, "hanging is too good for you, they ought to tie you up by the heels and let you die slowly."

A husky deputy pushed the woman aside, softly explaining "Let us handle it mam, we will see to it that justice is carried out."

But would it be?

Reports of KKK activity in the vicinity circulated throughout North Alabama. If Tom Clark and his companions lived through the night it would be a miracle.

There was considerable excitement in Athens...where a number of houses had been broken into the previous night.

The Sept. 6 issue of the Athens Post gave this account of the incident:

"The two burglars who passed through our town relieving some of our citizens of watches, jewelry, etc. were

"The light fingered gentry have put in an appearance with the advent of fall. Some eight or nine houses in this place were entered on Monday night and three watches, various articles were stolen. The bold manner in which this rascality was accomplished leaves the impression that experts alone could have done it. They are now leaving the northern cities and going south, and are paying their respects to many way stations.

"A double barreled shotgun with plenty of Buck feed should be kept close at hand with which to vaccinate" this species of migratory bird. Keep your doors and windows fastened and keep a sharp look out."

Apparently the Post editor did not realize that at that time the men were members of Clark's gang, for according to a story in the Florence Lauderdale News, a gentleman raced from Athens to Florence with a wild story about Clark and his gang being on the way... no one believed him.

Dr. Maurice Pruitt discovered the following account of Clark's capture in the Sept. 5 issue of the Lauderdale Times.

Headlines read: "GREAT EXCITEMENT IN FLORENCE ...Three Men Hung on One Tree .....Thomas Clark, The Notorious Outlaw, Executed... Robbers Captured And Hung By Outrag- ed Citizens."

The story read:

"We give below the facts as we gathered them, of the hanging of Tom Clark and the two burglars, in our town last night.

"Tuesday evening, a gentleman of Athens, came to this place and brought information that on the night previous, nine houses had been burglarously entered in the town of Athens, and much valuable property stolen therefrom. He stated that the parties supposed to have committed the burglaries were coming towards this place, and advised the citizens to be on the alert. But no one thought anything of it; and all retired as usual, little suspecting burglars in our quite town.

"During the night, the houses of Judge Allington, Jas. Hancock and R. T. Simpson were entered, gold watches stolen from the latter two.

"About half past two o'clock two men were seen on the streets driving a sorrell mare to a buggy - Suspicion was at once fixed upon these as the guilty parties, and at sunrise yesterday morning four men went in pursuit. It was ascertained that they had gone in the direction of Waterloo.

"The capture of the robbers was effected by Messrs. Wm. E. Blair (City Marshal), Wm. Barks, Wm. Joiner and W. B. Warson. The robbers had stopped for dinner and were about unhitching their horse near the residence of Esq. Pettypool, a few miles below Gravelly Springs. They offered little resistance, but expressed much surprise as Mr. Blair and others rode up, and the marshal demanded their surrender.

"A search of their persons discovering nothing, but on examining the buggy, the pin of a breastpin was observed sticking through the lining of the buggy top.

"The party immediately went "up Stairs," in the language of one of the gallant gentlemen, and found there eight watches, and handful of breastpins, etc. On opening a drummer's satchell, which was in the buggy, files, saws and other burglarious instruments were found, amongst which was a murderous slang-shot.

"At this part of the game the countenances of the robbers fell. They seemed to give up all thoughts of escape and to make up their minds to suffer the penalty of the law (if they could not by some ingenious trick manage to break jail). Their arms having been taken, they were placed in the buggy and with their captors, before and behind, turned toward Florence.

"Just above Gravelly Springs, the party was joined by one of the many ubiquitous candidates, now canvassing the country, and further on, by the marshal of Athens and his companion-the prisoners, who were elegantly dressed, expressed much annoyance at the heat and dust, seeming not to care much for anything else.

"Florence turned out en masse. As the party rode in town, much excitement prevailed.

"At night it culminated in the hanging.

"The jail being insecure, Sheriff Hudson summoned eight men, in addition to the jailer, to guard the prisoners. About midnight a great crowd came to the jail and demanded the keys. The guard refused to give them up, and fired on the mob. It is said that the fire was returned. At any rate, the jail doors were broken open, and the guard disarmed.

"The cells wherein Tom Clark and the robbers were confined were also broken into, and the three men taken out and carried immediately to an adjoining square, and hanged by the neck until they were dead. The three were suspended from a tree, which stands in the rear of the site of the old Masonic Lodge.

"In the morning the citizens found them there. One was identified as Tom Clark; one was a short, stalwart man, with the initials F. R. and a star in Indian Ink on his right arm, and the two hearts pierced by an arrow on his left hand; and one is supposed to be Gibson.

"We understand that one of the robbers directed his portion of the \$365 in money, which was found on their persons to be sent to his sister, Miss Kate Schillee, of Indianapolis, Indiana. The same man attempted to escape, was shot by some person, unknown, recaptured, and hung with the others. It is the opinion of Dr. Hannum, who examined his wound, that death would have resulted from the pistol shot.

"The younger robber marched boldly up to the tree and requested the executioners to hold him up and drop him instead of drawing him up. The prayers of Clark were agonizing, and were heard by the citizens living near. Clark is said to have killed sixteen men during his life.

"The indignation of citizens at the outrages of these men was so great the ladies of the community, and many of the colored people, requested the Mayor to have the bodies buried outside of the cemetery. Esq. Rice, in accordance with this request, has ordered that the bodies be interred in one of the old fields near our town.

"Messrs. Hancock and Simpson identified their watches among those found in possession of the burglaries.

"We hope that the people at a distance will not accuse our citizens of lawlessness for this act. We are as lawabiding as any people in the land; and only when driven by the highest law of nature's God, self preservation, would our community take the law in their own hands, and mete out to these murders and robbers the just punishment for their enormous crimes.

"If ever Mob Law was justifiable, it was in this instance. Tom Clark, who boasted that he had murdered, in cold blood, sixteen men, deserved hanging sixteen times over. The others, no doubt, would have slain their scores if they found it necessary to cover their villainy. They were murders at heart, and entered our dwellings with the formed design to slay every man who might be awakened, and attempt to defend his household.

"These men have only met their deserved end. Let all such take warning. This was no Ku-Klux affair, but simply the legitimate effect of an indignant and outraged public feeling. Fearfully and quickly has the hand of retribution overtaken them, but it was only justice asserting her claims upon three of the most heartless villains that ever cursed the world.

"We are opposed to mob law, but these men met a death richly deserved, and over their fate we shed no tears.

""The thanks of the community are due Messrs. Blair, Joiner, Barks and Warson, for their prompt action in making the Coroner Ed Brown capture. summoned a jury and held an inquest this morning. The verdict was that the parites came to their death on the night of the 4th inst., by strangulation by hanging at the hands of persons unknown.

Messrs. L. E. Powers, John T. Petty, Joseph Milner, Andrew Brown, J. T. Westmoreland and A. W. Porter, composed the jury.

On Sept. 13, 1872, the Athens post stated:

"The two burglars who passed through our town, relieving some of our citizens of watches, jewelry, etc., were taken out of the Florence jail and with a notorious outlaw named Clark were hung by a crowd of citizens on Tuesday night of last week.



"Thought we should have preferred that the law had taken its course, yet the people who knew the insecurity of Florence jail felt that little had been trumped in that little game, might again get at large and practice more of their rascality. Scoundrels who go prowling around at the dead hour of night entering dwellings, robbing the people and armed with murderous weapons with which to kill those who might wish to defend themselves, deserve such a fate, and we trust the example will deter others from ever coming in this direction. We shed no tears."



## **S. A. B. Rose Was A Scrappy Fighter During Civil War**

In the wee hours of a bitter cold December morning in 1862 a scrappy little redhead named Samuel Adam Burney Rose kissed his grieving mother goodbye at her modest Limestone County home, picked

up his few earthly belongings and struck out on foot to offer his services to Jefferson Davis' Confederate States of America.

Rose, like so many others, was more than willing to lay down his life for a cause which deep down in his heart he felt was right. Like many, he was sensible enough, to realize that chance of a Confederate victory was exceptionally slim, especially at this state after Rebel setbacks at Shiloh and Perryville.

But to a man with deep convictions it was a crime to set back and see neighbors and brothers fight the invading blue coats. To join the Union Army would be an unpardonable sin.

It was this spirit and devotion to duty that prompted the 5-4 redhead from South Limestone County to leave the comforts of home and strike out for the world of conflict.

Late in the afternoon of December 13, Rose overtook a squad of Rebels camped near Franklin. "Where is this here bunch called the fighting Alabama infantry located at?" Rose, yelled out to the pickets.

Laughter broke out all around. One shaggy sentry, stepped front and center, placed a ham like right hand on the prospective recruit's shoulder and asked, point blank. "Now boy, how the devil do we know you really want to sign up? You just might be another one of them thar spies that try to sneak through here."

Rose literally bristled. "Well, let me tell you, darn it, I'm here to fight them Yankees. Tell me how I can find the Alabama infantry."

"O. K. boy, O. K. if you really want to join us then we will see that you get to the right place... come along. But let me warn you, once and for all, if you don't want to fight like the dickens, then turn around and head back toward Alabama, cause in a few days there is going to be one more scrap up the road a piece."

Early next morning near Triune, Tenn., S. A. B. Rose marched into Co. C. Headquarters of the 16th Alabama Infantry.

An officer looked him over. "Well boy, you ain't too big, but we need all the help we can get. Want to fight, huh?. Well all right, you've come to the right place and the right outfit. Fighting is our business.' With that brief speech, Samuel Adam Rose, son of a Revolutionary soldier, became Pvt. S. A. B. Rose.

If Pvt. Rose came to fight then he could not have picked a better regiment. The 16th Alabama was assigned to the fiery Pat Cleburne's division. Cleburne, who, until struck down by enemy fire at Franklin in 1864, was forever on the offensive.

Pat Cleburne is the man who had the title Stonewall of the West bestowed on him by none other than CSA President Jefferson Davis himself, who expected, and usually got, the utmost in gallantry from his men. The 16th Alabama was one of his favorite regiments.

Private Rose, had only 17 short days in which to train and brood over the prospects of battle. On December 31, 1862, Confederate high commander Braxton Bragg sent his gallant army out after Union forces in the bitter struggle now known to history as the titanic battle of Stones River near Murfreesboro.

In later years Rose told friends that during the early morning hours while the 16th Alabama was waiting in reserve, listening to the constant roar of artillery, the nerve-racking musket fire and the pitiful screams of the wounded he felt like a helpless orphan. "Man it's almost unbearable, having to sit back and listen to the sounds of your comrades and not be able to do anything about it," he reportedly told a friend.

But Rose would not have to wait long. Before the day was over he, too, would know that General Sherman spoke the truth when he uttered those words... "War is hell".

Early in the afternoon the 16th Alabama was ordered to move up. S. A. B. Rose, only 17 days a soldier, was geared for the test.

The war for Rose came dangerously close to being over before it started. While on the march Union artillery exploded all around the regiment. As Rose's company moved into position a cannon ball exploded in the middle of a huge Limestone rock, sending fragments flying in every direction. A huge chunk of rock caught the Limestone native in the head, sending him reeling to the earth, as though shot between the eyes with a shotgun.

Years after the war when Rose was operating Lamb's Ferry in Lauderdale County he often joked about his first wartime experience. Said Rose:

"While I was lying there on the ground I was dazed but could still hear the men talking as they marched by. I will never forget the comment made by one commrade..."Well it looks like they got ole Rose."

"For a while I thought they had too," he added with a sly smile.

A letter from a Pvt. Weathers found in a home near Florence a few years ago, refers to the Murfreesboro battle. He does not mention Rose by name but his remarks concern the tide of battle and description of the soldiers make it obvious.

The letter, though extremely hard to read, tells of the horrors of battle and the bitter frustration of army life in those days.

It reads as follows:

"Last week there was one heck of a battle at a place called Murfreesboro. Just like at Shiloh we had'em whupped the first day then fooled round and let them come back and get the best of us the next day."

"Ole Bragg lost some of his best boys in the thick of these Tennessee Hills. During the first day it looked like we would push them-right straight to - . But we can't never seem to keep agoing like we ought to. I ain't no general but I think I could beat what some of these generals do. We need more men like old Nat Forest... He believes in driving'em all the time.

"About two weeks before the big battle at Murfreesboro a little redhead joined up. He wasn't no bigger than a tad pole but he shore did have a lot of spunk. All he talked about was wanting to fight them yankee's. We kept telling him all along that he would soon get his chance.

"Well you know sumpthing. I don't think he got to fire a gun before them devils got him. The last time I seen him he was lying sprawled out on the ground, dead I'm sure."

S.A.B. Rose was not dead, by a long shot. He lived to fight on through the swamps of Chickamauga, up the treacherous Lookout Mountain and a dozen other battlefields.

His brother Bennett Rose, was mortally wounded near Atlanta. When the bitter end came Rose was at Macon, Ga.

A tip off to the character of the Scrappy Rose is brought out by his action at the surrender.

At Macon, Rose, along with a group of other members of his Regiment, was marched up to the provost marshall's office to receive his parole.

When Rose stepped front and center the officer in charge blared out..."What is your name, soldier?" At this stage of the game Rose was in an angry mood. He rattled off SAB Rose in rapid fire order... Thus, his name is written at the top of the parole, as S. A. Berosé. The officer apparently thought he said SA BeRose. Rose signed it clearly S.A.B. Rose.

His parole is dated May 9, 1865, and reads as follows:

"I, the undersigned, S. A. Berosé, a Pvt. of the 16th Regiment of Alabama Infantry, do solemnly swear that I will not bear arms against the United States of America, or give any information, or do any military duty whatsoever until regularly exchanged as a prisoner of war. Description: Height 5-4; Hair Red, Eyes blue. Complexion, fair.

"I certify that the above parole was given by me on the date above written, on the following conditions: The above named person is allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the military authorities of the United States, so long as he observes this parole and obeys the laws which were in force previous to January 1, 1861, where he resided.

By order of Brevet Maj. Gen Wilson.

After receiving paroles each Confederate was given a supply of rations and sent on his way. As Rose stepped up to receive his supply a needling sergeant razed Rose.

"All right, shorty," said the loud mouth top sergeant, "you shine my boots are else you don't get any rations, you hear me?"

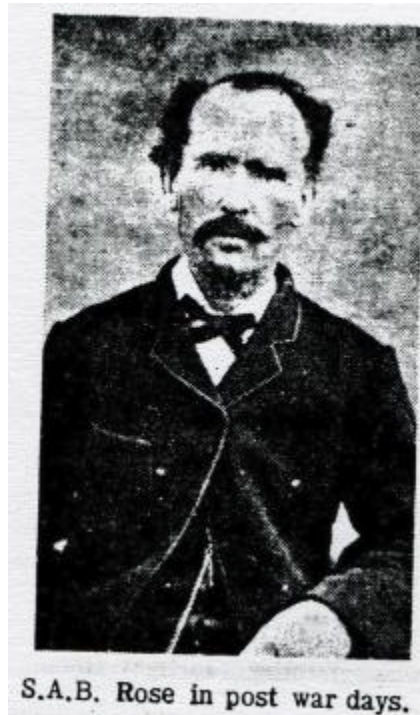
Rose would have none of this malarky. Athens was a long way from Macon, but he was not about to shine a Yankee's boots. Rose, cursed the top sergeant, told him where to go. He was then refused rations. "You can starve to death you little Red-headed devil, for all I care," was the sergeant's parting words. To this Rose fired back with "I would starve smiling fore I would polish any blame Billy Yank's boots."

As Rose was departing on a long journey without food, a Confederate lieutenant walked alongside, saying..."Rose, I sure appreciated the way you cursed out that Yankee. I'm going your way, so just walk along. As long as I have food you won't go hungry.

Rose married Elmira Alemeda Hargrove at Lentzville, Sept. 12, 1867. They had 17 children.

For a time Rose taught writing at a Lentzville school.

Pvt. Rose died Jan 13, 1913  
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## **Hunger And Torture Can Break Even The Strongest**

A crisp north wind brought tears to the eyes of three men in gray as they sent their horses galloping out of Wayland Springs, Tenn., in a southern direction. Pruitton, Ala., and home for two of them was some five or six miles away.

After six days of riding hell- bent-for-leather through the dense Tennessee wilderness in search of Wayne County Tories, the friendly faces of loved ones and fresh bacon would be a most welcome sight indeed.

A mile out of Wayland Springs, Wes Reynolds, riding side saddle and overjoyed at the mere thought of returning home remarked to a comrade, John Howell: "Well, John, I hear tell that part of our command is camped down near Bainbridge watching a group of them shabby Yankees who've been raising the devil near downtown Florence fer the past month or so. You know, they say that them - have been going all about the county stealing and robbing helpless women and children. I think after we stop at home and freshen up a bit, we ought to go on down there and see what we can do to help out. You hear me, John ? Wadda' bout you, W. G.?"

-  
John Howell, a veteran of many battles, first as an infantryman and then as a member of Forrest's famed horse soldiers, nodded his approval. W. G. Billingsly, a native of the Mt. Zion Community, not far from Florence appeared to be in a daze and said nothing.

Reynolds, thinking that the younger Billingsly was paying no mind to his request to fight a hated enemy, became extremely angry. "What the — is wrong with you Billingsly? Don't you give a darn about your family? Don't you know that at this very moment some of them blue coated son of a guns may be at your house doing every kind of evil known to man?"

The latter remark broke the spell which had been cast over the thin Confederate, for he cut loose with some of his true Southern lingo spiced with the familiar ring of profanity.

"Why, you devil you," he said, "I ought to blast your brains out and send you to eternity for even mentioning such a thing. You know blame well that no man ever walked the face of this here earth who hates Yankees mor'n I do."

Then, with the quickness of a cat, Billingsly drew his trusty pistol and took aim on his comrade in arms.

"Know dadblast your soul, don't you ever accuse me of being a coward or not caring bout my family again. didn't hear an answer,' he demanded a second time.

Reynolds was dumbfounded. He hadn't meant to enrage the fiery Rebel. His remarks were only intended as a joke and he tried to make Billingsly believe this. But his first answer did not satisfy the enraged chap who only moments before was a seemingly uninterested warrior.

John Howell, who up to this point had thought the whole matter to be nothing more than a crude joke, on the part of both his friends, moved in to settle the issue.

"Now, W. G., you fool, put that gun away. Iffen you gonna do any killin; for God's sake use them bullets on Yankees, cause we shore as the dickens gonna need all the help we can get fore this here war is over. You jest a bit jumpy son, that's all in the world is the matter with you, so put that gun back where it belongs and lets get a move on fer who knows, some of them yankee scouting parties may be high tailing it through here any minute?"

Howell's cool head and thoughtful remarks saved the day, for Billingsly put his pistol away and smilingly told a much relieved Reynolds that- "things are tough all over, I suppose I have already had

too much of this war." Then turning to Howell he said... "Thanks, John, for stepping in, cause if you hadn't I would've done something that I'd been sorry for the rest of my life."

"Awe that's all right, fellow. Jest get hold of yourself and don't let this sort of business come up again. We got to think straight in this day and time or we won't come out of this thing alive."

The feud now settled, the three soldiers again struck out. Home was only a short hop away now. Smoke from a distant chimney brought a smile to all. Little did they realize that this would be the closest they would be to home for years.

At the exact moment the three gray clad soldiers descended a hill near the creek a voice from the wilderness broke the silence."Reach for the sky Rebs and don't try no funny stuff or we will blast your stupid brains out of your thick skull?"

Billingsly, wheeled his horse around and attempted to escape but a sharpshooter of the 18th Mo. cut his horse from under him. Now there was no avenue left but to surrender.

"All right Rebs, barked a top sergeant. We are members of the 18th Mo, under the command of Col. Miller. You are now prisoners of war, and will be treated as such unless you choose to sign the oath. What outfit do you fellows belong to?"

Reynolds, acting as official spokesman for the threesome, at first acted dumb. . . "Why, Sarge, what difference does that make? What the heck do you care whose command we belong to? you got us no matter what."

"All right wise guy," the Sarge fired back, "I ought to drill you right 'tween the eyes, then tell my superiors that you tried to escape. Now you tell me what outfit are you from."

Howell, decided that it was time for him to intervene in Reynolds behalf again.

"O. K. Billy Yank jest hold your gunfire and yore temper and I'll tell you who we fighting with. We've been riding for sometime with old Nathan Bedford Forrest the bravest man ever to shoot a yankee. Yes, suh, we belong to old Nate more'en anybody else, now what do you say to that?"

Just what I thought, was the Yank's reply. Well, let me tell you this: unless you sign the oath quickly you will not receive any favors of any kind, for there is no more hated man in gray than Forrest or any of his men. Not many of his cutthroats are exchanged.

"Therefore, I warn you that a very unpleasant stay in prison awaits you."

"We don't expect anything else from Yankees" was Howell's sarcastic comeback.

"All right," said the Sarge, "take them away."

Early the following day the troopers, along with a host of other prisoners captured during the week,were marched into Federal Headquarters at Pulaski.

On Dec. 11, acting on orders from the War Department, prisoners were dispatched to Louisville, Ky. The weary and sickly troops arrived at Military Prison, Louisville, in the

early evening of Dec. 16.

For a scene of what took place in the Kentucky stockade this information which has been handed down from one generation to another is revealed.

"We were marched into the 'stockade up there like a bunch of beef cattle. The Yanks cussed us, spit on us, and humiliated us in every possible way. It was a miserable rotten place every way in the world. Many died during the train ride and as they were being buried a lot of them Yankees sang songs about there goes another Reb who'll never fight another day fer the good old solid South.

"It was such treatment as this that caused me to swear that I would never or let any of my friends wear anything blue of any kind as long as I lived.

"When we pulled into the rat hole at Rock Island it was, to tell the honest truth, nothing but hell on earth. We had to sleep on the cold hard floor with hardly no cover at all, and we didn't have hardly anything to eat, jest a few crackers and a little bread per day."

Meanwhile, the harsh treatment took its toll. Many sick and half-starved troops took the oath.

One of those who gave into the torture was Pvt. W. J. Billingsly, the Lauderdale County native, who came dangerously close to shooting his commrade a few minutes before being apprehended.

Billingsly, weak-kneed and pale from lack of food and exposure to the cold north weather, on Dec. 18 asked for per-mission to talk to the provost marshal office. His request was granted.

Upon entering the Marshal's office, Billingsly simply stated that he desired to return to his native Alabama and be loyal to the Union. He apparently convinced the Yankee authorities that his days as a loyal Rebel were over, for his case was referred to Washington for consideration.

April 11, 1864, Billingsly, his body racked with pain and fever, was admitted to the prison hospital.

On May 12, 1864, the following dispatch was sent to Col. A. Johnston, Comdr. of Rock Is-land Barracks.

"Office of Commissary Gen-eral Of Prisoners, Washington, D. C., May 12th 1864.

"COLONEL:

"I have the honor to request that W. G. Billingsly, a prisoner of war at Rock Island, may be informed that his case has been submitted to the Secretary of War, by whom it is ordered to be held for future consideration. In the meantime he will not be sent South for exchange against his consent.

"Very respectfully, "Your obedient servant "H. C. Coffman, "Colonel 3rd Infantry "Commissary General of Prisoners.

Apparently the gruesome prison life took its toll on the prisoners, for records show that on Oct. 13, 1864, Billingsly enlisted in the U. S. Army at Rock Island for frontier service.

Reynolds and Howell were confined in prison and not put up for exchange because their homes were inside Federal lines.



# Monument To "Doc" In Minds Of His Many Patients

Approximately 10 miles West of Lexington, a simple wooden homemade sign, badly weather beaten and partially hidden by rapidly growing underbrush, reads: "Slow - Doctors Office and Children's playground ahead." One hundred yards ahead stands a quiet, almost deserted old fashioned two-story building.

A stranger passing through this isolated Lauderdale County neighborhood would never suspect that this peaceful looking area was once the combined home and office of one of the grandest of the grand old time country doctors, who have all but faded from the American scene.

On the front porch of this mansion, Dr. H. L. Stutts, whose long dedicated career which began in the rough and rowdy horse and buggy days and continued into the jet age, received his many patients. The big front yard served as his waiting area, and until a few years before his death in 1963, the space was always full seven mornings a week. The doctor had a set practice in his later years of seeing patients in his office during morning hours only. Afternoons were set aside for house calls.

Henry Lee Stutts, was born in 1873 the second son of John Ritter and Margaret Jones Stutts.

A cousin recalled some years back that "Lee made up his mind at an early age that nothing would stop him from becoming a doctor. That was his only ambition."

Sometime in 1890 he went off to medical school in Mobile. Near the turn of the century he returned to Lauderdale County with a diploma under his arm and built what turned out to be his life-long home and office on Goose Shoals Road.

His practice grew by leaps and bounds with the setting of each sun and in short order his patients were scattered over a 200 square mile area in North Alabama and Southern Tennessee. In those early days it appeared to many that the "good doctor", as he was fond-ly called, was forever on the move and never slept. But, according to an elderly resident who remembers those good ole days — the Doc slept quite a bit— in his buggy.

It seems the doctor's faithful horse always knew the way home without being directed. It was not uncommon, according to the gentleman, to see "ole Doc Stutts" slouched back in his buggy, his arm resting comfortable on two large medicine bags snoring away.'

During his long career he delivered hundreds, perhaps thousands of babies, doctored a cut or burn, pulled teeth and amputated legs and arms.

Legend has it that one stormy winter day a patient needed a leg amputated and there was no time for delay. Acting quickly Dr. Stutts dispatched a youngster to a nearby store to "fetch" a new handsaw, Within minutes the lad returned and Stutts heated the saw, scrubbed a kitchen table and with the help of a Dr. Mc- Maclin, amputated the limb and saved the patient's life.

His life, they say, was full of emergencies of all types. Once during a smallpox epidemic, a victim of the dreaded disease was buried in a shallow unsafe grave. Authorities asked Stutts to go and disinfect the grave. Within minutes after receiving the message he picked up a jug of disinfectant, jumped in his buggy and hurried to the grave site.

After carrying out his duties he headed back home. A mile down the road he became thirsty, reached for a jug and took a king size swig of what he thought was water. As soon as the liquid reached his stomach, he realized that he had made, perhaps, a fatal mistake - picked up the wrong jug and swallowed the disinfectant used to make the grave safe. (He always carried a jug of water in his buggy as his travels carried him to many places where water was unsafe for drinking. This time he absent mindedly drank from the wrong jug.)

Luckily, he knew every family for miles around. He whipped his trusty horse into a fast pace...At the first house on the road he jumped from the buggy, ran quickly across the front yard, pounded on the front door and yelled to the lady of the house. "This is Doctor Stutts - Murry up and get me lots of eggs, and don't take time to get dressed - I'm poisoned." She responded at once and he quickly swallowed raw eggs by the dozens until he vomited.

A bit later he judged himself safe and went on his way back to his many duties.

It was during this same epidemic that he almost met death at the horns of an enraged bull which apparently thought he was a bull fighter. He said his long gown, which he attributes for saving his life, gave him that appearance.

During his long and eventful career it is a known fact that Dr. Stutts never once bluntly told a sick person that he was not taking any new patients. He never asked a new patient where he worked or how much money he earned a week or month before treatment was administered.

However, he had a very set pattern. Nothing seemed to excite him regardless of how many sick folks might be waiting to see him. If, for example, a youngster came to see him he would sometimes sit for half an hour asking questions like this:

Whose boy are you? How's your Dad doing? Where do you go to school, who is your teacher, how are your grades and etc?

The yard was always full of people waiting to see the Doc but he would take his good easy time before finally asking: "Now, son what did you wish to see me about?"

He was, in the words of one resident, very stubborn about answering house calls. He would always, it seems, go to the person who called him regardless of what happened on his route...Always very reluctant to stop and see anyone else, even if they were on the route back home before he called on the next person on his list. An East Lauderdale County lady tells a story which offers a perfect example of the above:

"One day my son suffered a nasty cut over his eye in a farm accident. It so happened that Dr. Stutts was at a house less than a mile away. We quickly loaded our son up in a wagon and rushed over-getting there just at the moment the doctor was walking out the door." The excited mother raced up to the car and exclaimed- "Doctor will you please look at my boy, he is hurt badly."

To this the doctor, In his soft mild-mannered voice, replied- "Well, lady bring him over to my office in the morning and I will treat him I have three more patients on my list who must be seen this afternoon.

"It took a heap of pleading" in the mother's words, to get the doc to treat the wound, but he finally relented to her humble pleas.

The doctor seldom wrote prescriptions. He did not have to. He carried his own drug store in his two giant-sized medicine bags. After diagnosing a patient's ailment he would reach for this medicine kit, have someone bring him a spoon and three or four glasses. He would then pour 30-40 spoons full of water in one glass, 85-90 in another and perhaps a hundred in a third, then dig out so many spoons of power and some pills and mix it all up right then and there.

When this was done he would "fetch" a composition book and write in longhand orders for taking the drugs.

Dr. Stutts had few hobbies. His demanding job did not permit them. But he was very fond of animals and birds and always kept an ample supply of both the premises. Passing motorists would often be forced to stop in order for his large flock of peafowls to cross the road.

People here still chuckle about the time Dr. Stutts operated on two of his dogs. This happened back in the early forties when several hundred dogs in the county died after being inoculated with spoiled rabies vaccine. His skill once again paid off-the dogs lived.

He also built a dam and powerhouse which furnished electric lights for his and all his tenants' houses. Dr. Stutts married Clara Simms, daughter of Judge Simms, Lawrenceburg, Tenn. "Miss Clara," as she was called by school age youngsters, taught school in the Greenhill community until her husband's death.

The doctor died in El Repose Rest Home, only a short distance from his home in 1963.

His brother, Jesse Stutts, a well-known Florence druggist. He operated a drug store on the corner of Tennessee and Court streets for many years. He also patented a number of medications — including a widely used poison ivy killer.

There is no way to determine how many patients Doctor Stutts treated in his career. But a few years before his death, many of the persons he brought into this world gave him a party. No official count was made, but it is a safe bet that the crowd ran well over a thousand and that was nowhere near the entire crop.

Today, a weather beaten sign and an empty yard is the only monument left in the tribute to the man who aided thousands. Many never paid him a red cent.



## **Allen Park Near Lexington Is Rich In Folk Lore**

CENTER HILL, Ala. — If Capt. Henry D. Allen could have been here Sunday afternoon a mile wide grin, no doubt, would have broadened his rugged face from ear-to-ear.

The craggy old warhorse who served under the immortal Gen. Andrew Jackson at the historic and decisive battle of New Orleans would have chuckled at the sight of youngsters paddling and splashing water in cool and comfortable Blue Water Creek. He might have raised an eyebrow or two in amazement at the new tunes being picked and sung by a band directed by one of his ancestors, only to pat his foot in approval when his great-grandson Granville Allen directed an old fashioned type band in a snappy ditty called Possum Rag, or something on that order.

He would have laughed til his sides hurt as his great- grandson W. T. Allen, now a spry 88 years young, did a buck dance while the band played. And he just might have had a few choice remarks concerning a few shapely built girls wearing tight slacks.

But Capt. Allen, being the proud old soldier that he was, would have snapped to attention and stuck out his chest with pardonable pride when Granville stepped front and center to read the by-laws of Capt. Henry D. Allen Park and conduct an election of officers for the sparkling picnic and recreation area located only a few hundred yards from Capt. Allen's home place.

Yes, Sunday, August 25, 1968, was indeed a memorable day for approximately 600 members of the famous Allen clan, now scattered from Idaho to Indiana.

The gang has been gathering on this date for more than two decades but, reunions held at Davey Crockett Park, Lawrenceburg, Tenn., could in no way compare with this day on this site which happens to be rich in American heritage. It marked the first time that many Allens had laid eyes on the spot which was founded by Capt. Allen in 1815, less than a year after the war of 1812 and three years before Alabama became a state.

For W. T. Allen, fourth generation of Allen's to own the land, and the man most responsible for Allen Park becoming a reality, it was another milestone.

"Old Uncle Bud," as he is fondly called in these parts, was first hit with the brainstorm of building a park in memory of his famous great-grandfather in the summer of 1966.

Allen immediately went to work and contacted other nearby members of the family. In rapid fire order donations began to drift in from far and near and within weeks various members of the family started chipping in with long hours of back-breaking work, clearing and bulldozing the land.

In the fall of 1967 the place began to look more and more like a picnic area.

There was ample parking space and a giant shed with tables equipped to hold enough food to feed an army.

The place was still far from completion but Chief W. T. Allen decided to open the park on Thanksgiving Day, rather than wait until the annual reunion date...and he did just that despite a chilly breeze and ankle deep mud that made walking difficult.

Since the grand opening, numerous improvements have been made on both the picnic and playground areas. In addition to all this, more land has been deeded for the purpose of enlarging the recreation area.

The land on which the park is located is rich in history. It has been the property of the Allens for 153 years. Capt. Allen, a native Virginian, who drifted off first to North Carolina then to Tennessee, finally settled down on the banks of Blue Water after returning from the war. Capt. Allen, according to reliable historians, was with General Jackson when Old Hickory marched his troops from Nashville to New Orleans...cutting the right-of-way as they went.

Legend has it that Capt. Allen helped clear the right-of- way for what is now known as the old Jackson Highway which is only four or five miles west of here.

He apparently liked the area, for it was only a year after his last battle at New Orleans that he returned to the vicinity with a son and daughter and built a dwelling a few hundred yards up the hill from the park.

At that time Lauderdale, Limestone, and Madison counties were a part of the Southwest Mississippi Territory.

He died in 1873 and is buried only 200 yards up the hill in Allen Cemetery which overlooks the park.

Sunday, a good time was had by all...Old folks discussed the crops and those gone-forever old days, admired new babies who had come into the world during the last year and talked in hushed tones about those who were no longer with us. Teenagers talked about school days, ball games, etc. And of course, a chosen few sat in awe at the entire show. However to a man, all agreed that Allen Park is something special.

In the latter case the Allens are not alone, by a Kentucky Derby longshot. Many church and civic groups are constantly making inquiries about securing the park for an event.

With this thought in mind newly elected President Granville Allen appointed Otis Allen as park scheduler and Opal Springer as assistant scheduler. Any group or organization desiring use of the park must see one of them.

Thirteen of Luke Allen's children, Henry D. Allen's oldest son, were on hand for the historic occasion Sunday. They were:

W. T. Allen, Alonzo, Ida Smith, Cleve, Rob, Buford, Almon, Nola Davis, Pear Killen, Harrison, Dalton, Ottis and Clara Green.

Trustees elected Sunday were Ceath Allen, Jess Allen, and Hershel Davis. Assistant trustees are Johnny Allen, Howard Davis and Cleave Allen.

Granville Allen is president and secretary. Otis Allen is the treasurer.  
Like country music, Allen Park is here to stay.



Allen Cemetery — Overlooking historic Allen Park near Lexington, Ala.

## Historic Grist Mill Brings Back Fond Memories

Z. K. Goode opened a side door leading to an ancient waterpowered grist mill on the banks of Blue Water Creek near Lexington, mustered all the strength his 84-year-old legs could supply and leaped inside.

Once under the roof he gazed around the now abandoned shack and with a voice choked with emotion exclaimed; Boy! this place sure brings back fond memories - you know, son, all this old machinery here is very much a part of me.

Indeed it is. This 79-year-old mill was first purchased by Goode's late father way back before the turn of the century. "Days when a buck was worth a buck and not two bits, or days when a boy knew what a day's work was like and times when men toiled from sunup til sundown," was the way he summed it up.

Goode, a retired railroad worker and now a resident of Decatur, Monday jumped at the opportunity to take perhaps one last look at a piece of property which furnished him his first employment and branded a lasting impression for years to come. He was sitting in a cafe in Rogersville when this reporter asked him if he would like to ride over and see if the mill was still standing. Goode must have set some sort of record for drinking a cup of coffee and gobbling up a piece of pie. In other words, he did not have to be arm-twisted.

The mill has changed hands several times since Goode's dad in 1888. At that time a wooden wheel supplied all the power for both a grist mill and a cotton gin which was located upstairs.

"People think they have it rough now," said Goode. "Boy, I tell you they don't know how lucky they are. In those days it took us all day to gin three bales of cotton and it took all day to travel to Florence." According to Goode only three men worked at the gin. His daddy took the cotton out of wagons and placed it in stalls (Cotton came in much faster than it could be ginned in those days) and looked after the weighing. Another employee did all the bailing by hand and I had a very light job-feeding the hopper and taking seed out every 15-20 minutes.

Back then in Goode's words, "cotton seed was not worth a plug nickle and we had a rough time getting people to pick them up. We would plead with them every time they came by to please take them home, but they seldom did... had no use for them, he added.

Goode's grandfather, Danny Morrison, a cabinet-maker by trade, built all the wooden wheels which propelled the gin and grist mill in the early days.

These wheels lasted only four or five years and had to be replaced. During summer months when not in use the wheel would idle at all times to prevent drying out on one side. When Morrison became unable to build the wheels an iron one was ordered from somewhere in Pennsylvania in 1900. It has been in use ever since.

A trip to Lexington and seeing the old mill again brought back many other pleasant memories to the jolly Goode. He remembers when Oliver was bustling with activity every Saturday and Sunday and days when he and his brother Juddie attended the annual goat stews at Popular Springs. Goode's first job after leaving the mill was at a store in Oliver. He worked there for four years (1905-1909.) From here he "wandered" off to Limestone County and as he explained it - "Picked up a job as a clerk with Louis and Estes. I worked with these fellows for two years then landed a job with the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and stayed with it for 42 years.

Getting back to the grist mill, an Oliver resident, David Chandler, who was one of the last men to work at the mill in its original location, said that, in 1933 with backwater from nearby Tennessee River forced Paul Massey to sell out some fellow from Loretto, Tenn., bought the place and moved away.



Some years later Andrew Springer purchased it and moved it to the present location. Springer kept the mill in operation until his death three years ago. A Limestone resident, William Eaton, now owns the property.

## **Arthur Bayles Is A Man About Lauderdale County**

"You become a part of all you meet - and all you meet becomes a part of you."

This number two golden rule at the University of Alabama many years ago left a lasting impression on a young student named Arthur Bayles. Since that bygone day at the Capstone, Bayles, educator, humanitarian and self-styled world traveler, has become a part of at least 3,000,000 Americans scattered across the United States from Maine to California and from Miami to Seattle.

Bayles, a former Rogersville High and Anderson Junior High School principal, Monday reminisced for more than two hours with this reporter about these days- some thrilling, some humorous and still others heartbreaking.

The still very active Bayles readily admits that he never met a stranger in his eventful life. He says that his mother often told him that he was the biggest talking little boy she had ever known. And more than 70 years later he is still going: strong.

During his many adventures across country Bayles has met and become friends with people in all walks of life. "I have become close friends with multi-millionaires and others who did not have a nickel but if he were a friend of mine the money part meant absolutely nothing," was the way he explained it.

Bayles' first teaching job was in Monroe County, two miles from Excel, Ala. This is the same town which many years later produced a rawboned youngster named Leroy Jordan, who put Excel on the map with his brilliant line- backing for Alabama's Crimson Tide, and now with the Dallas Cowboys.

From Excel, Bayles went to Mobile for an eight-year tour of duty. While at Mobile he married Robbie Roberta Cockerall.

During his eight years at the port city, Bayles' basketball teams racked up a five-year winning streak. He did not go to Mobile as coach but soon became dis- enchanted with the field general's lack-luster way of getting the job done and took over the coaching duties and put the ex-coach in a classroom. "I learned all I know about coaching from Wallace Wade and Hank Crisp at Alabama," he said with a mile wide grin.

After a few years of ill health Bayles came to Rogersville as principal of LCHS in 1940. At LCHS, he also taught English, social studies and history. He set up the first student council at LCHS and adopted

a program whereby any student when sent to his office, had the right to ask for a trial by jury made up of members of the student body.



ARTHUR BAYLES — A favorite souvenir from his many travels.

He remained on the job at Rogersville for six years.

After leaving the LCHS staff in 1946 Bayles said offers came from many schools across the country. However, he elected to remain in Lauderdale County and accepted a position at nearby Anderson Junior High School. "Because it was dear to my heart. Money does not mean a thing to me when it comes to teaching. I love to help people who need help."

An Anderson native had this to say about the former educator:

"During Mr. Bayles 10 years here it is a known fact that none of his students went cold or hungry. I would say that he spent at least \$500 a year out of his own pocket buying shoes, clothes and food for needy children."

The recent Old Time Fiddler's conventions in Lime- stone County brought back many pleasant memories to the gay Bayles. He scoffed at all the ballyhoo made over the fact that these were the only events of this type carried on in North Alabama. "Man, we conducted a fiddlers convention for nine straight years while I was at Anderson."

According to Bayles the conventions were always big hits with large crowds turning out each year. He brought in top bands from many southern states and remembers that one year six radio stations, including Athens' own WJMW, carried live broadcasts of the show.

The Bayles name is very big in the Anderson community. His late brother, Dr. L. E. Bayles, donated the land for the baseball park and managed the team for many years.

Dr. Bayles and Aaron Hammonds deeded the land for a park and playground which is located directly in front of the Anderson school. They did this with the understanding that it would never be sold or used for any other purpose.

According to Bayles, a few years ago many people became interested in purchasing the land for the purpose of building houses. The school board was ready to do business, but this in Bayles' words was straightened out in a hurry. They soon found out that it could never be sold.

During Bayles' travels across country, he has accumulated many items of interest. An author could write a book in short order on his many adventures. One of Bayles' most prized possessions, oddly enough, is an old homemade hickory walking cane that was given to him by an elderly gentleman in Kentucky many years ago.

The stick, which was carved out of a Kentucky tree is at least 150 years old. Today, Bayles, who says that he has never loved money but enjoys helping people, "especially his little darlings," (small children), is living in retirement at his Rogersville home.

Mrs. Bayles is still teaching at Rogersville High School. A typical day will find Bayles making the rounds of his beloved Rogersville. He makes all the stops each day then motors back home to watch his favorite T.V. programs.

One could go on and on with the Arthur Bales story, but neither time nor space permits this reporter to go into his many journeys.

In summary, Arthur Bayles has rambled, taught school, coached football and basketball, been a soldier and conducted fiddlers conventions...to name a few.

Yes! Arthur Bayles has lived a lot in his time, and he loves it.



WADDELL HOME IN 1919 — Dr. and Mrs. John R. Waddell are shown here with Catholene and Elston, two of their seven children. Their home (above) only contained three small rooms at that time.

# East Lauderdale Couple Recalls "The Good Ole Days"

Way back, one short week before the gay nineties gave way to the 20th century - December 24, 1899, to be exact - a 28- year-old Lauderdale County native named George Franklin Michael, who was, by his own admission, a rough neck with a well established reputation as champion logger, fiddle player and square dancer par excellence, turned his back on those wild and wooly ways, and married a shapely built 19-year- old Southern Belle, Emma Chandler.

From the moment the Rev. Marion Posey uttered those immortal words which have sent butterflies trickling through the stomachs of countless millions of newlyweds since the beginning of time - "I now pronounce you Iman and wife" the self- proclaimed roust-a-bout vowed that his carefree days were a thing of the past. From then on he would be a dedicated family man with only one thought in mind- earn a good honest living for his family.

Sunday afternoon -68 eventful years later the now grand old couple sat by the open flame fireplace in their modest frame house on the banks of Bluewater Creek and reminisced with children, grandchildren, great- grandchildren and friends about those sometimes troublesome but golden days of yesteryear... days when a dollar was hard to come by and grand days when a man's word was good as gold.

Even though their long married life has been marked by many pitfalls and severe adversity which no doubt would force many lighter hearted souls in this push button jet age to the breaking point, both agreed there was so very much to be thankful for in his festive holiday season. Without hesitation both said they would dearly love to go back and live it all over again.

Sunday afternoon, Uncle George, as he is fondly called throughout Lauderdale County, cast his gleaming eyes toward the blazing fireplace and with a little prompting from his young- youngest son, John, and grand- daughter, Mrs. Rawleigh Nix, began to recap his long ad- venture-filled life. He opened up his favorite topic of conversation with a- musing incidents that took place during his early childhood. His first story should make every youngster in the car free sixties sit up and take notice of just how lucky he really is.

George Michael was only nine years old when his daddy, Bee Michael, hired him out to an uncle to make a crop. For his six days a week sunup til sun- down labor he was paid a grand sum of seven bucks per month. Somewhere along the way he picked up the nickname, 38- Cents-A-Day Michael - a name which would stick with him for years to come.

Talking at a record clip without pause, "Uncle George placed emphasis on the day he departed from his uncle's labor camp, walked home and in no uncertain terms told his Pop, "I quit, I am not working another day."

Now, admittedly, this is a rather strong statement for any lad to exclaim to his dad and even more so in a day when a peach tree lim or a wide leather strap were chief means of cutting a youth down to size.

But George had no intention of going back...He had a heap of fishing to catch up on and to his way of thinking there were four other Michael boys laying around the place doing nothing who should be put to the task of harvesting crops. At first the elder Michael attempted to soft talk the rebelling son out of his stubborn "foolishness." When all this failed, Pap Michael prepared to use other means of persuasion.

At this point, in George's words, the big boss (his mother) came to his aid and in effect saved his hide. The kind- hearted mother agreed that one of the other boys should toil the remainder of the year...Come Monday morning, said Uncle George with a chuckle, I pick- ed up my best fishing gear and rambled off to the creek to catch up on my favorite past- time.

Emma Chandler Michael, oldest of eight children born to Bethel and Rebecca Chandler, recalls that much of her early childhood was marred by constant sickness in the family. She remembers well the days when Dr. Bill Harris rode horseback to the Chandler home twice a week from Pen Hook to treat various members of the clan.

George Michael, now a gay 96 years young, with a sly boyish grin admitted that thoughts of matrimony never entered his mind until "old man Chandler's good looking daughter caught his eye. But, from the moment I laid eyes on her I made up my mind to latch onto her," was the way he summed it up.

Apparently it did not take him long to win her heart. The wedding was planned for some- time during the summer of 1899. However, illness forced a postponement.

Finally, on Dec. 24 the long awaited event took place at Green's Chapel not far from the Tennessee state line near Lexington. George Michael, the confirmed bachelor, had at long last been hooked. The Rev. Posey's fee for ser- vices rendered that day amounted to \$1. When asked if he didn't think the preacher charged a bit high, Michael candidly remarked - "You darn right he did but I was not kicking about that I wanted that gal."

Their honeymoon? — an ex- tended buggy ride through the country.

A few weeks later George hitched his mules to the wagon, gathered up his life savings roughly \$100, picked up Bob Allen, who later would become his brother-in-law and set out on a day-long journey to Florence...The mission? - buy a wagon load of furniture to set up housekeeping.

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A good indication of how far a dollar went in those days is crystal clear in the following paragraph. The Michaels tell it in their own words.

"Me and Bob walked in Rogers Department Store and started gathering up all sorts of furniture (Bob, a merchant with a good head on his shoulders, had a good idea of how much we could purchase with \$100). I' never will forget the young clerk, Alice Hyde, who waited on us that day. She simply couldn't believe that one man would buy such a large supply. Her first question was - "What are you going to do, open up a store some place?" She then explained that it was indeed a rare occasion when an individual spent that much money at one time.

Mrs. Michael's biggest complaint during the early married years centered around moving from one community to another. It seems that George was quite a trader and would sell a farm at the drop of a hat if there was profit in the deal.



According to the lady of the house the Michaels lived in Rogersville 13 of the first 20 years on two different farms. In between were stops at Lexington and William's Mill. They finally settled down at the present location in 1919. "But," said Mrs. Michael, "if I hadn't put my foot down there is no telling where we would be now. Many would-be buyers came by the farm on Highway 64, Very few even got around to talking business with George because I would run them off, I was tired of building up a place then moving off and leaving it."

Adversity and heartbreak first struck the Michael family when their oldest son, Roy was stricken with dreaded typhoid fever. Doctor bills mounted to a then staggering sum. The young father was never pressured by attending Doctors H.L. Stutts and Walter Daniel to pay the bills, but as he put it- "I meant to pay them off if there was any way possible."

The only way possible, as it turned out, was to sell all his stock and farm equipment. This he did. When everything was gone except three barrels of corn \$20 was still owed to Dr. Danly.

Still determined, Michael sent the following message to Dr. Danly: "I have three barrels of corn left...don't have a way to haul it to you but if you will send someone to pick it up, it's all yours."

Danly, along with Stutts, recognized as one of the best doctors of that era relayed this reply:

"George: Keep your corn, if you have a good crop next year, settle up with me if you wish, but if you never pay me another cent it is all right. You have proven, to be, above all, honest."

George somehow got hold of a pair of oxen the next spring and turned out a bumper crop that fall...the debt to Dr. Danly was paid in full.

"From then on," said Michael, things began to look up for us. We moved to the Romine place at Rogersville, later sold it for a nice profit and moved back here."

However, though he didn't mention it, things have not always been peaches and cream. One day while scrambling around in the barn loft a lantern exploded and ignited a flame which destroyed the barn. Michael was extremely lucky to escape. Michael was badly burned when a kerosene lamp exploded and sent flames raging through a nearby store which she operated.

All the bad times were forgotten though last Sunday. The 96-year-old George Michael and 88-year-old Emma Chandler looked back on 68 years of unbroken marriage with nothing but pleasant memories.

What advice would a still active 96-year-old gentleman give up-and-coming youngsters.

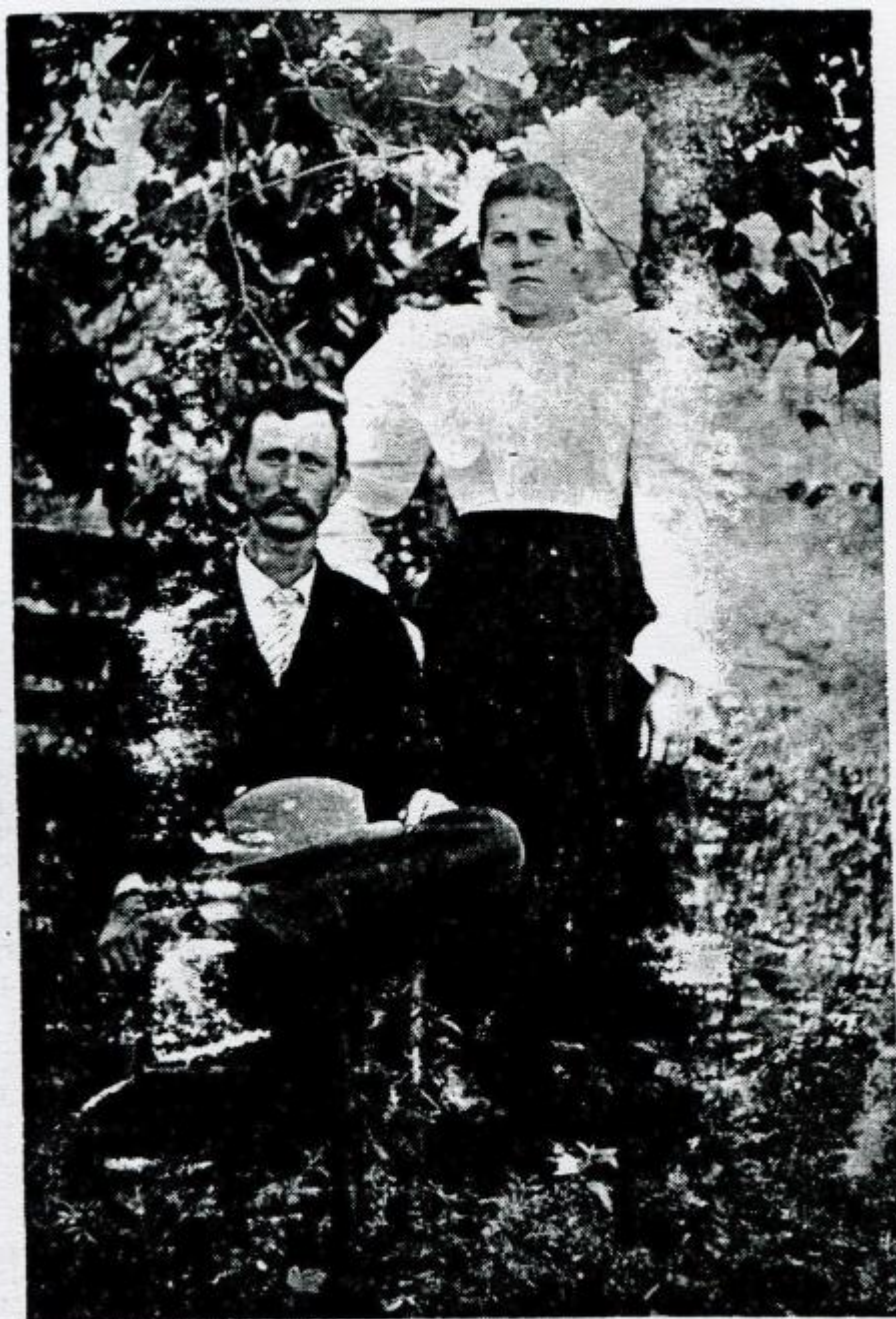
Without hesitation he fielded the question like this:

Get an education, in spite of everything. Now, I never went to school a day in my life, my daddy said I was too smart anyway. I have managed to get by without it but it won't work in this day and time. If a boy does not have an education today you might as well knock him in the head. He don't stand a chance of getting a job without book learning.

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He also gave a bit more sound advice to all - "Be a man of your word A man's word means everything. And, work like the dickens but don't kill yourself at it.

Pretty sound advice from a man who labored fulltime for more than 70 years and up until two years ago drove a 1951 Dodge all over North Alabama ...Don't we agree?



George Franklin Michael and his new bride.



# A Ride Thro ugh Hist oric Lexi ngto n Virg inia



Lexington, Va. — Last week this reporter, while motoring "Nawth" paid a brief visit to this historic and friendly little city nestled in the heart of two of the nations giant mountains.

While here it was indeed a pleasure to visit two of the South's oldest and most respected schools of higher learn-ing — VMI and Washington and Lee University — and find that not all colleges and/or univer-sities are what certain tele-vision commentators would have the general public to believe.

At a critical time in our nation's history when the world of modern T.V. is forever focusing its electronic eyes on draft dodgers and beatniks who stage "sit-ins" and hold the presidents of such famous old institutions as Columbia University hostage, it is both rewarding and refreshing to find that there are still alert, clean cut young college students with a ready smile and a keen sense of responsibility.

One could not help but take notice of the friendly atmosphere that prevailed on the grounds of VMI and Washington and Lee. As my wife and I walked up the shady streets leading to famous Lee Chapel, where the remains of General Robert E. Lee and his family rest, a clean-cut young gentle-man asked a question seldom heard in this hurry-here and hurry-there jet age..."Could I help you folks in 'anyway," he asked.

A little later we visited VMI's impressive museum. Here it seemed a bit odd, in the light of recent events across the land, to see clean shaven, neatly dressed young cadets addressing visitors with a polite — "Good morning." We became so impressed with the friendly attitude of the students that for a brief moment, our purpose for being in Lexington, which was to visit an old Navy Pal of mine and to see Stonewall Jackson's home was forgotten.

A little later we got on with the intended purpose of our visit. First we went through VMI and observed with interest the many historic items...such as letters written by General Jackson to his superior officers and a battered old raincoat he was wearing on that fatal night in 1863 when the Southern General was cut down by the mistaken fire of his own troopers in the wilderness at Chancellorsville. Downstairs, the general's faithful horse, Little Sorrell, is resting in air tight glass cage.

We retraced our footsteps and walked back down the hill to Lee Chapel which faces Washington and Lee campus. This ancient looking building was built during Robert E. Lee's administration. Completely renovated and restored in 1963 by a grant from the Ford motor Company.

The building houses the Valentine recumbent statue of Lee and a crypt in which are buried the incomparable Southern General and other members of his family. In the basement also are Lee's old office and the W&L College museum.

While walking up Washing-ton Street toward the only home ever owned by the ledgendary Stonewall Jackson one could not help but be conscious of the fact, that he was walking in the footsteps of two of the nation's most heroic military men.

Jackson lived here for 10 years, while superintendent of VMI and Lee came to the city after the war to become president of then Washington College.

Any trail tike takes there is a constant reminder that hoof-beats of rich American history are being retracted.

On the corner of one street is an antique shop...among the many items is a picture of the unveiling of Jackson Statue near what is now the visitors' center.

Then, there is Lexington Presbyterian Church located in the center of town. This place of worship was first organized in 1819, and the present building has been standing since 1843. It was here that Jackson first became a member of the church and later a deacon. He founded and taught a Sunday School class for Negro members of the congregation, a fact that to this day many northern politicians find hard to believe.

On to Memorial Church where, following the War, General&Lee was senior warden of Lexington's Grace Episcopal Church, the name of which was changed in 1886 to honor him. Only a few days before his death, Lee, in one of the last official acts of his eventful life, • approved plans for the present stone.

A few steps away is the Washington and Lee P resident's House which was designed by General Lee and built during his administration as president in 1869. His wife was confined to a wheelchair, and a large porch was built around the en-tire house. Since then it has been the home of W&L pre-sidents. In the backyard is the stable of General Lee's famous warhorse, Traveler.

From here on to the Lee-Jackson House. In this big two-story building, Stonewall Jackson married Miss Elinor Junkin, the daughter of W&L President George Junkin. The Jacksons lived for a time in the east wing. Elinor Junkin's older sister, Margaret Junkin Preston, a famous Civil War poetess, also lived here for awhile, General Lee called this place home from 1865 to 1868.

Our next to last stop was VMI Barracks. Here in 1839, one Professor Francis H. Smith was called to the Lexington Arsenal to organize the Virginia Military Institute. Its Gothic barracks located on a huge bluff over the Maury River have for the past 125 years become a familiar sight to cadets and visitors from all over the world. This leading military college's alumni list includes such famous names as George C. Marshall, Thomas T. Handy, George S. Patton, Lemuel C. Shepard, Randolph Pate, Richard E. Bird and Charles E. Kilbourne.

Still backtracking, I drove down U. S. 11 south...A few blocks down, I pulled to a halt in front of Stonewall Jackson Cemetery. I walked through the shot a picture of Jackson's statue then drove onto Interstate 81 and north.

While in Lexington, I purchased a book like none I have ever read concerning the life of a veteran of one of the nation's most talked about and written about wars.

Probably no soldier in history had more stories written about them than did Lee and Jackson. History often refers to the stern Jackson as the "immortal Jackson, old Fire and Brim-stone himself," and the like.

We need not recap any of the events of Jackson's incredible stand in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley in 1862...history has taken care of that.

But, a few items which I ran across in his native Lexington perhaps may bring out the true character of the famed Rebel leader.

Like many famous men he was not popular with all his sub-ordinates. One General Ewell, had this to say to a fellow officer. "I tell you, sir, this man is crazy and I will just march my division away from here. I do not mean to have it cut to pieces at the behest of a crazy man."

Later to a member of his family, Ewell wrote, "I have spent two weeks of the most unhappy I ever remember... At Richmond, they want me to be everywhere then call me off, when, at the same time, I am compelled to remain until that enthusiastic fanatic (Jackson) comes to some conclusion.

"The book which I referred to is an authentic account of the war written by Stonewall's youngest staff member, Henry Kyd Douglas—entitled "I Rode With Stonewall. (Fawcett Publications, Inc. 1961)

A few paragraphs from this book are just too good not to pass along to Civil War buffs who may not have had the opportunity to read this hard-to-locate masterpiece.

During the Fredericksburg campaign Douglas penned this:

"The success at Fredericksburg was attained with so little effort and loss that Jeb Stuart was evidently the only one who appreciated its extent. He believed we should take the aggressive without delay. Naturally he looked first to Jackson for concurrence assistance and he approached him first. That he

satisfied Jackson of his correctness there can be little doubt, and it is not likely the impression that Jackson wanted to attack is erroneous. It was said that Lee had a council of war on the subject that night, that the majority thought Burnside would renew the attack the next day, that Stuart did not think so, that Jackson proffered no advice and, half asleep, said nothing until Stuart aroused him by name, when raising for a moment, his tired eyelids from tired eyes, he simply said, "Drive'em in the river," and relapsed into silence."

The fact that Jackson was a stern disciplinarian is brought out on page 78:

"The General rode up to an officer whose brigade had been divided into two or three parts. Colonel, why do you not get your brigade together, keep it together and move one?"

"It's impossible, General, I can't do it."

"Don't say it's impossible, turn you command over to the next officer. If he can't do it, I'll find someone who can, if I have to take him from the ranks."

Before the war Douglas wrote — That he asked a fellow named "Bath Terrill about then major Jackson.

He got this reply: "Old Jack is a character, a genius or just a little crazy. He lives quietly and don't meddle. He's as systematic as a multiplication table and as full of military as an arsenal. And by Jupiter, he teaches a nigger Sunday School. But mind you, if this John Brown business leads to war, he'll be heard from."

A few months after Jackson's death and a day before the battle of Gettysburg, Douglas tells a rather amusing story.

"While we were near Chambersburg a little incident happened which indicated what a tender memory and stern sense of duty General Jackson had left behind him. Captain Sandy Garber, assistant quartermaster of the Second Corps, had been spending the evening in Chambersburg and was returning late at night to his camp. He was halted at the out-posts.

Having neither pass nor Countersign, in his dilemma he produced an old pass signed by General Jackson from his pocketbook and handed it with great confidence to the sentinel on post.

"The trusty fellow managed to read it by the light of a match and lingered over the signature. Then, as the light went out, he handed it back and looking toward the stars beyond, he said, sadly and firmly:

"Captain, you can go to Heaven on that paper, but you can't pass this post."

That was stone wall Jackson... stern, fire and brimstone... but worshipped by the men who fought under his give'em the cold steel — drive'em in the river leadership.

Yes, a stopover in historic Lexington, as we said earlier, was both rewarding and refreshing. It enabled this reporter to live a little in the past and at the same time discover that there is still much hope for American Colleges.

