

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

Non-Profit Org.
U. S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 662
Montgomery, AL

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MONTGOMERY , WAR OF 1812 - JNO. NAPIER I	
FALL MEMBERSHIP MEETING	3
OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE HORSESHOE	4
OLD CHIMNEY TORN DOWN	6
CHRISTMAS GIFT	6
THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S	7
OF TIME REMEMBERED - JIM BRITTON	9
HISTORY MUSEUM DONATIONS	14
IN HOUSE NEWS (MEMORIAL-HONORS)	15
YEAR END DONATIONS - 2012	16

THE HERALD

A QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER
P. O. Box 1829, 36102
512 South Court Street
Montgomery, AL 36104

PUBLISHED AS A SERVICE TO ITS MEMBERS BY EDITOR-STAFF

Phone (334) 264-1837 Fax (334) 834-9292

E-mail: mchs@knology.net.

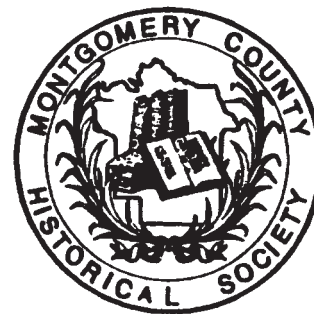
2012 YEAR END CONTRIBUTORS

THE SOCIETY IS MOST APPRECIATIVE FOR
THESE GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS. THANK YOU.

Mrs. M. Phyllis Armstrong
Dr. & Mrs. John M. Ashurst, Jr.
Ms. Barbara Britton
Mrs. Billie R. Capell
Mr. & Mrs. Jeff W. Davis
Mrs. Imogene F. Dillon
Mr. Bruce J. Downey III
Mrs. Elizabeth T. Emmet
Mr. & Mrs. John N. Figh
Mrs. Carolyn N. Fuller
Mr. James W. Fuller
Dr. & Mrs. James L. Guest
Mrs. Susan F. Haigler
Mr. Allen "Dubo" Harper
Mrs. Dorothy G. Hawthorne
Mrs. Fairley L. Haynes
Judge & Mrs. Truman Hobbs
Mr. & Mrs. William A. Hughes
Mrs. Karen B. Johnson

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. F. Joseph, Jr.
Dr. Rex Kennamer
Mr. & Mrs. Seabie Kennamer
Dr. Marti Lamar
Mr. & Mrs. James K. Lowder
Mr. Peter B. Mastin
Mr. & Mrs. Forrest McConnell
Mrs. Flora S. McCormick
Mrs. Dae H. Miller
Montgomery Genealogy Society
Mrs. Merlin Newton
Mr. Brad Norris
Mrs. Ruth Ott
Dr. & Mrs. Mervil V. Parker
Mr. & Mrs. Stuart W. Patton III
Mr. Michael J. Respass
Mr. & Mrs. Charles B. Savage
Mr. & Mrs. Ray Scott, Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. Robert E. Seibels III

Mr. James E. Sellars
Mrs. Chris C. Setzer
Dr. Paul M. Shashy, Sr.
Mr. Cecil C. Spear, Jr.
Mayor Todd Strange
Mr. & Mrs. Paul A. Sweatt
Gen. & Mrs. W. H. Tankersley
Dr. & Mrs. J. Mills Thornton III
Mrs. Helen A. Till
Mrs. Carol R. Toulmin
Mrs. John C. Tyson III
Mr. & Mrs. D. Lynold Vaughn
Mr. & Mrs. W. G. Ward, Jr.
Dr. H. L. Weatherby, Jr.
Mr. Thomas M. West, Jr.
Dr. Tommy H. Williams, Jr.
Mr. Paul D. Winn
Mrs. Marguerite Wood
Anonymous - 3



Montgomery County Historical Society HERALD



VOLUME 20 NO. 4

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

DECEMBER 2012

Montgomery: Born of the War of 1812

By John H. Napier III



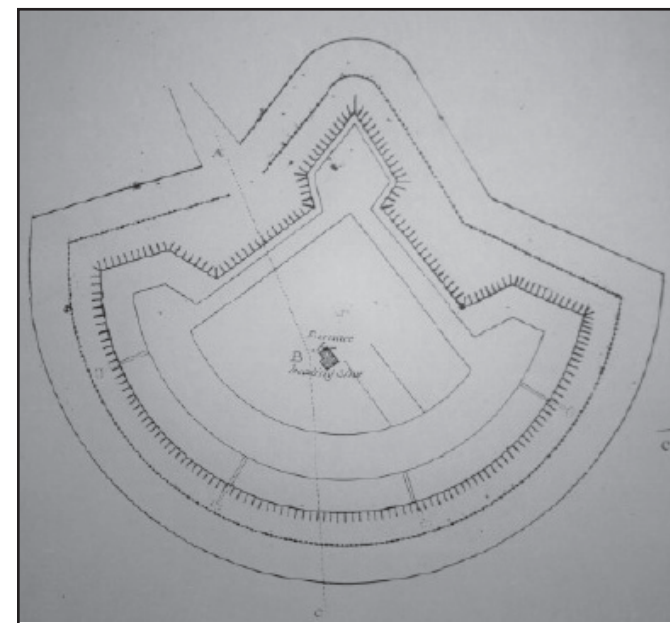
John Hawkins Napier III

This year of 2012 marks the U. S. Bicentennial Commemoration of our War of 1812 with Great Britain, sometimes called The Second War of Independence or the Forgotten War. Few Americans today understand its causes or consequences. Some say it settled nothing. Wrong.

Both were vitally important to our infant republic. That war was caused both by a commercial struggle in the Atlantic world and one to dominate North America. The British sought to make its former colonies an economic client state while the U. S. aimed at realizing an "American empire", to use the term of many of our Founding Fathers, including George Washington.

Between 1793 and 1807 the U.S. merchant fleet doubled and we became a major maritime rival to Great Britain while she fought a quarter-century global war against Revolutionary and Napoleonic France. War at sea saw the fledgling U.S. Navy winning some surprising battles against the overwhelming might of the Royal Navy.

On land the United States coveted Canada to the north, as it had in 1775, and Spanish Florida to the south. Our invasion of Canada was marked by ineptitude and failure but our campaigns in the South finally succeeded. I had four great-great-grandfathers who served, ranging from the Great Lakes to New Orleans. In both major theaters of war the British enlisted Indian nations to thwart Yankee expansionism. In between they invaded the Chesapeake and burned our new Capital at Washington, D.C.

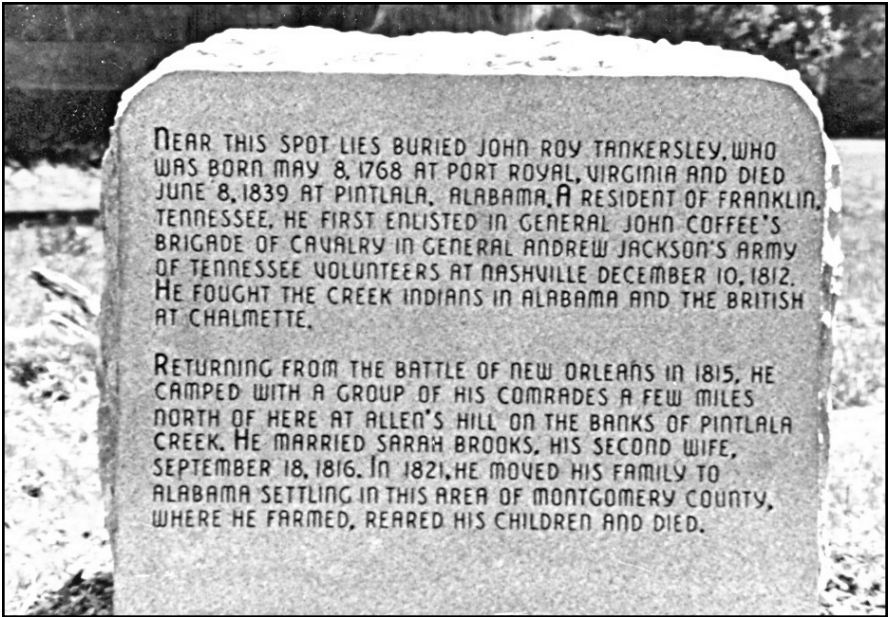


British Map and Plan of Fort Bowyer,
Mobile Point 1815

Ultimately, Maj. Gen. Andrew Jackson won two crushing victories in the South: first on March 27, 1814 over the Creek Redsticks at Horseshoe Bend and then on Jan. 8, 1815 at New Orleans. He thus made possible American settlement of what became Alabama. His dictated peace to the Creeks at Fort Toulouse, renamed Fort Jackson, opened nearly half of today's Alabama to American settlement, including present-day Montgomery County. It was so named in 1816 for Maj. Lemuel P. Montgomery, a Tennessean killed at Horseshoe Bend, with its first county seat at Fort Jackson. On Dec. 3, 1819 the seat was moved to the new town of Montgomery named for a Revolutionary War hero, Irish-born Maj. Gen. Richard Montgomery, who was killed at Quebec Dec. 31, 1775 in the first unsuccessful American attempt to take her Northern neighbor.

The war of 1812 stimulated U.S. nationalism, and until the Civil War, the Eighth of January ("St. Jackson's Day") was a patriotic holiday in the South, next to Independence Day and George Washington's Birthday. Here the town founders not only named most of their east-west streets for U.S. presidents but most of their north-south streets for heroes of their recent war. It is untrue that all were named for naval leaders. Besides Perry, Lawrence, McDonough, Hull, Decatur and Bainbridge, the next three streets east were named for generals — Brown (later Union), Ripley and Jackson. Maj. Gen. Jacob Brown was a senior U.S. army commander and Maj. Gen. Eleazer Ripley commanded in

the North. Some of Jackson's veterans settled here, such as Tennessee volunteer John Roy Tankersley at Pintlala, Will Hill Tankersley's ancestor.



1812 Veteran John Roy Tankersley's
grave site in Pintlala, AL
Courtesy of Maj. Gen. Will Hill Tankersley

Vital to the development of our River Region was the American takeover of Mobile. In 1811 dissident American settlers in Spanish West Florida, the Gulf Coast lands between the Mississippi and Perdido Rivers, had rebelled against tolerant Spanish rule and proclaimed the Republic of West Florida, the first Lone Star Republic. President James Madison moved quickly to annex it, including Mobile, the only U.S. territorial gain of the War of 1812. Soon afterwards, Andrew Jackson's campaigns resulted in American accession of East Florida in 1819, the present Sunshine State.

The last battle of the War of 1812 was fought on Alabama soil, a month after

Jackson's glorious victory at Chalmette Battlefield, and both after the Peace Treaty of Ghent. Not only was it the only battle fought between American and

British troops in Alabama; but it was also the last attack on American soil until Pearl Harbor. It was at Mobile Point at Fort Bowyer, which became later Fort Morgan.

En route to invest New Orleans, on Sept. 14, 1814 with a force of 730 British and Indians aboard, four men of war attacked Fort Bowyer, which was defended by Major William Lawrence's small garrison of 130 men and a few obsolete Spanish cannon. They repelled the invaders, destroying HMS Hermes, killing 162 and wounding 170, while suffering just four Americans killed and four wounded.

After their overwhelming defeat at New Orleans, the re-embarked Redcoats again attacked Fort Bowyer with 38

In House News

Memorials

Mr. Harry E. Allen, Jr.

Mr. & Mrs. Stuart W. Patton III

Mr. James J. Britton

Mrs. Karen B. Johnson

Gen. James E. Drumond

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Jo S. McGowin

Mr. Michael J. Respass

Mr. & Mrs. Paul B. Fuller

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Frances Harris Garrett

Sara and Woody Bagwell

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Helen C. Till

Mr. Norman W. Gayle, Jr.

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Jo S. McGowin

Mr. Dudley W. Griffin

Mrs. Anne S. Martin

Mr. Michael J. Respass

Miss Stannie Lamar

Dr. Marti Lamar

Peter B. and Carolyn S. Mastin

Mr. Peter B. Mastin

Mr. William H. McLemore

Mr. & Mrs. William F. Joseph

Mrs. Frances G. Moody

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mr. & Mrs. W. R. Rusty Gregory

Mrs. Jo S. McGowin

Dr. Harold L. Weatherby

Mr. Phil H. Neal, Jr.

Mrs. Marguerite M. Wood

Dr. Wesley P. Newton

Mrs. Merlin O. Newton

Dr. John C. Mathews, Jr.

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Margaret Pointz O'Donoghue

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Elizabeth N. Robison

Mr. Jay Ott

Mrs. Ruth M. Ott

Mr. & Mrs. Warren T. Savage, Jr.

Mr. & Mrs. Charles B. Savage

Mr. Winston Stevenson

Mr. James W. Fuller

Memorials Continued

Mr. James E. Thornhill

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mr. Luther H. Waller, Jr.

Mr. Paul H. Winn

Judge John C. Tyson, III

Mr. John T. Dale

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Anne D. King

Mrs. Jo McGowin

Mrs. Chris P. Setzer

Mr. Robbins Taylor

Mrs. John C. Tyson III

Miss Sara-Ann Warren

Honors

Dr. Edwin Bridges

On the occasion of his retirement

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mr. & Mrs. Taylor Dawson

Mr. & Mrs. William F. Joseph

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Carolyn N. Fuller

Dr. & Mrs. R. Arthur Hester III

Mr. & Mrs. William F. Joseph

Mr. & Mrs. Richard P. Hodges

On the occasion of their marriage

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Faye Holley

Dr. & Mrs. John M. Ashurst, Jr.

Mrs. Ann Lewis

Dr. & Mrs. John M. Ashurst, Jr.

Dr. Woody Lamar

Mr. Charles A. Stakely

Mrs. Judy Rhyne

Dr. & Mrs. John M. Ashurst, Jr.

MCHS Board & Staff

Mrs. Chris N. Setzer

Mr. John B. Scott, Jr.

Mr. Cecil C. Spear, Jr.

Montgomery Museum of History

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

Miss Marjorie Wright has identified members of the **John Walter Morgan** family in a picture in front of their Pan-Am service station at Coosa and Bibb Sts.

Mr. Rusty Gregory has donated a copy of an article from the *The Weekly Messenger*, Boston, dated April 29, 1814.

Ms. Janet Waller has given us a collection of correspondence files that belonged to her uncle, **George Pratt Waller**, Ambassador to Luxemburg.

Ms. Barbara Britton has donated a collection of articles written by relatives such as: *Growing up in Montgomery*; *Thanksgiving at Grandma's*; July 4th Celebrations in 1906-14 and several photographs.

Mr. John P. K. McCall has donated a receipt for the sale of a slave dated in 1851 signed by **John Gano Winter** (his ancestor) executed for the Central Plank Road as President and purchased from **Benjamin Micou** for the amount of \$700.

Mrs. James (Leople) Peacock has donated a leaded glass, 5½ ft. circular panel that had originally been at the Exchange Hotel. This contribution was given through **Mrs. Robbie Barnes**.

Mrs. Laura McLemore donated a collection of 35mm slides of Montgomery scenes taken by **Miss Frances Tullis**.

Mrs. Peggy (Jerry) Rogers donated an Honor Certificate from Montgomery Public Schools for **Flurry Dowe** dated May 29, 1890.

Mr. Ralph Loeb and his wife Ellen, now of Austin, Texas, have donated an aerial photograph showing Norman Bridge Road, Fairview and Ponce de Leon taken probably in 1934 by Captain Petzing of Maxwell Field. He mentions a number of people who were living in the houses shown, among them: **Horace Davis, Dr. Bernard Mount, Fred Dreher, the McCrary family, E. J. Meyer, Sr., Judge Charles Kennamer, the Loeb and the Brewbakers** and the tree in their yard that became a lighted tree at Christmas each year. The Brewbakers moved in after the picture was taken as it was then the home of **John D. Roquemore**.

Ms. Maxine Smith donated a cookbook dated 1993, produced by the **Montgomery Curb Market**. In it is a photo of the old curbmarket and vendors on the southeast corner of Washington and Perry, next door to the old Post Office, dated in 1947, just prior to its closing.

Mr. Bill Duke donated a **Tom Conner** pen and ink drawing of the Drummond house on Wildwood Drive.

Mr. George Barnes, whose grandfather was **Prof. Elly Barnes**, has donated a photograph of a Barnes School Glee Club, date to be determined. Also a photograph of a group of boys in the Primary Department in a school play in 1931. Any parts that called for girls had to be done by boys.

Mrs. Fairley Lane Haynes has donated information on her family, the **Gunters**, along with others from Montgomery who moved to Brazil during the 1860's. This material will be the basis for a future article in *The Herald*. She also donated a Gunter Family scrapbook.

We have received an anonymous gift of a volume by **Mr. Peter Brannon**, *The Organization of the Confederate Post Office Department at Montgomery*. It is given in Honor of **Mr. John B. Scott, Jr.**

Mrs. Ollie Holbrook McAdam has donated a salad plate with the name **Pickwick**, an outstanding restaurant in Montgomery for many years. It closed in ca 1953.

We have received an anonymous donation including a Ninety-Fourth Anniversary Program of **The Thirteen**, sheet music for "It's a Long, Long Way To Tipperary," and a collection of clippings from *The Montgomery Advertiser*.

Mr. & Mrs. Michael Luckett have donated items from a scrapbook on **Col. Charles T. Pollard**.

warships that landed 5,000 troops. This time the beleaguered garrison, now 360 men of the U.S. 2nd Infantry Regiment, was overwhelmed (after killing 40 of the enemy and losing one soldier, on February 11.) The next day news of the peace arrived but the invaders did not leave until March 17. Their aim had been to hold the Gulf Coast despite the imminent end to the war.

One of Fort Bowyer's defenders was my great-great-grandfather Pvt. Daniel Burks, then a drummer boy who had his 10th birthday while he and his older brother were POWs aboard HMS Plantagenet when they were released. Also aboard was the body of Maj. Gen. Sir Edward Pakenham, preserved in a barrel of rum for return to England, but that is another story. He was the British commander at New Orleans and the Duke of Wellington's brother-in-law.

The two boys were discharged from the U.S. army in New Orleans July 7, 1916 and I have Daniel's discharge. They made their way across Lake Ponchartrain to settle in today's



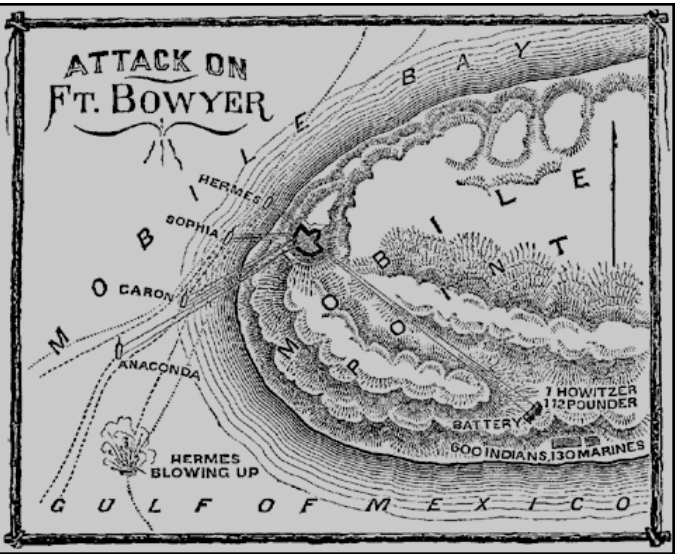
Society of the War of 1812
Insigne
Courtesy of John H. Napier III

Pearl River County, Mississippi. Daniel lived until 1886 and told his war stories to a young grandson (my Grandmother Tate's first cousin), who told them to me in 1952, 60 years ago. So I have them just at second hand.

After the War of 1812 the newly-founded Montgomery and the century-old Mobile formed the axis of the Ala-bama River-borne cotton trade that enriched both before the Civil War. "White gold" was shipped from here to the Port City and onward to feed the insatiable textile mills of Liverpool and Glasgow. Perhaps it is significant that the British-built commerce raider a half-century later would be named CSS Alabama, her commander Mobilian Raphael Semmes.

Thus it is that we can commemorate the war of 1812 that made Montgomery possible.

Sources: *Peter J. Hamilton, Colonial Mobile (Boston, 1910), 398-401, 430-37, 459; U.S. Army Honorable discharge of Pvt. Daniel Burks, 1st U.S. Infantry Regiment, New Orleans, LA., July 7, 1816, original in my possession; conversations and correspondence with W. Harvey Burks, Picayune, MS., Summer 1952.*



First on Attack on Fort Bowyer
September 14, 1814
Defenders Destroying HMS Hermes

MCHS Meeting of Membership on November 18th Big Success

The Rev. Gary Burton was the membership meeting speaker last month and the large crowd was delighted with his timely and fitting talk, "Why Local History Matters," followed by his recitation of "The First Settlers Story," "a heartrending and deeply touching story. One that tells how our words affect others."

The meeting was opened with prayer by Dick Hodges and Ray Rawlings, followed by the Pledge of Allegiance led by Bob Seibels.

Following the talk, everyone enjoyed the refreshments and the main conversation topic seemed to be centered on Gary's impressive presentation.



Rev. G. Burton

Events of the War OFFICIAL ACCOUNT *Of the Victory over the Creek Indians.*

*The Weekly Messenger, Boston
April 29th, 1814*

*Milledgeville, (Geo.) April 2 [1814] The following very important dispatch from **Gen. Jackson to Gen. Pinckney** has this moment been received by Gov. Early; this last battle decides the fate of the Creek Indians.*

*(On the battleground, in the bend of the Tallapoosie,
March 28, 1814)*

Major Gen. Pinckney,

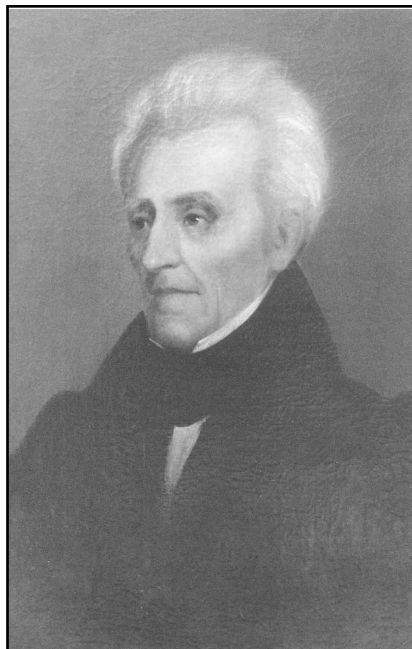
Sir — I feel particularly happy in being able to communicate to you the fortunate eventuation of my expedition to the Tallapoosie. I reached the head near the Emuc Fau, called by the whites the Horse Shoe, about 10 o'clock on the forenoon of yesterday, where I found the strength of the neighboring towns collected; expecting our approach, they had gathered in from Oakfuskee, Oakehoga, New Yaacua, Hillibeas, the Fish Pond and Eufalee towns, to the number it is said of 1000. It is difficult to conceive a situation more eligible for defence [defense] than the one they had chosen, or one rendered more secure by the skill with which they had erected their breastwork. It was from 5 to 8 feet high, and extended across the point in such a direction, as that a force approaching it would be exposed to a double fire, while they lay in perfect security behind. A cannon planted at one extremity could have raked it to no advantage.

Determining to exterminate them, I detached General Coffee with the mounted men and nearly the whole of the Indian force early on the morning of yesterday to cross the river about two miles below their encampment, and to surround the bend in such a manner, as that none of them should escape by attempting to cross the river. With the infantry I proceeded slowly and in order along the point of land which led to the front of their breast-

work; having planted my cannon, (1 six & 1 three pounder) on an eminence at the distance of 150 to 200 yards from it, I opened a very brisk fire, playing upon the enemy with the muskets and rifles, whenever they shewed themselves

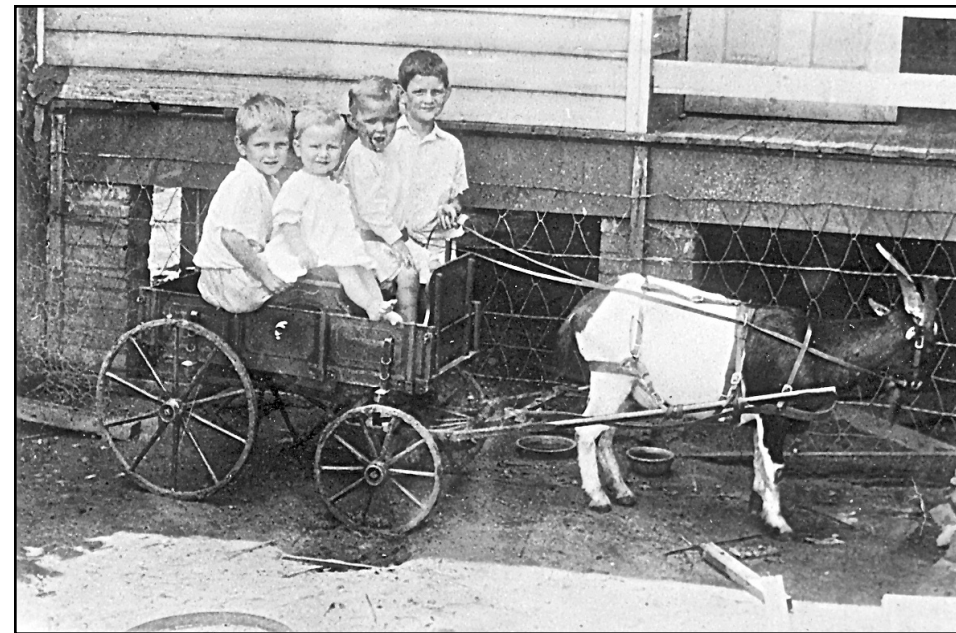
This portrait of **Andrew Jackson** was a gift from him to Col. Albert J. Pickett on the occasion of his visit in about 1851 to Tennessee to see the General.

The interview's purpose was to collect of information from the General on his memories of the Creek War for the Colonel's history of Alabama



beyond it; this was kept up with short interruptions for about two hours, when a part of the Indian force and Capt. Russell's and Lieut. Beach's companies of spies, who had accompanied Gen. Coffee, crossed over in canoes to the extremity of the bend, and set fire to a few of the buildings which were there situated; they then advanced with great gallantry towards the breastwork, and commenced a spirited fire upon the enemy behind it.

Finding that this force, notwithstanding the bravery they displayed, was wholly insufficient to dislodge them, and that Gen. Coffee had entirely secured the opposite band of the river; I now determined to take their works by storm.



The Britton boys in 1913:
Tom, Jim, John and Bill.

I do think we came out pretty well. Most of our parents were born within 10 to 15 years after the end of the Civil War and grew up in the post-war period. They married around 1900-1910 and began having children. In 1916, WWI found most of the parents too old (or they had large families) to be in the armed services.

After the war, there was an austere period in the early 20s. Life was not easy. The young ones were starting to go to college. How some of the families made it, I don't know.

The Depression of the 30s once again brought trying times, and as things were easing up, WWII broke out. Most of us, all but about two or three, entered the armed services, and most of us were married with several children.

So, in the life span of us and our parents, we emerged from the Civil War to WWI to the Depression and on to WWII. We had to start out again to make a life for ourselves. Some of us were caught in the Korean War and gone for another several years. In spite of the problems, most of us made it and have lived

to get our children on their various ways, and as the old saying goes, hopefully all of us "live happily ever after."

My family consisted of my three brothers, Bill, Tom, John, and myself. My mother and father came here from Natchez, Mississippi in 1911. My father was a Gulf Oil agent for Central Alabama, later doing the same work for Standard Oil Company.

In 1921, he borrowed the money to establish a small oil distributing company. In a few years, he repaid the debt and bought out those who had invested in the corporation.

Some 18 years later, his was the largest independent oil company in Alabama. The company is still operated profitably by members of the family. My father was a car buff in the middle 1930s. He bought an "Auburn Cord" Phaeton.

Bill, the oldest, finished school and went to work in the oil business. Tom finished college and joined the business. John and I both finished law school. All of us married and had homes on 6th Street.

During WWII, Bill was in

the Army Air Corp. With the knowledge of radio he had gained from G. St. George Rathbone, he was assigned to a special mission to establish short wave communications at the former Japanese airfield on Guadalcanal — with the Pacific Fleet and

Pearl Harbor — so that the campaign for repossession of the South Pacific could begin. Tom was in Army Artillery; John was in Naval Intelligence, and I went in the Army as a private assigned to the Corps of Engineers — Combat Engineers. We all served for the duration of the war.

During that time, the City of Montgomery recognized that all four sons were in the Service and all had homes on 6th Street. The Mayor changed the name to Britton Lane.

Returning from the service, my two old brothers joined the oil company -- later John and I joined. My father retired and turned it over to us. While the others stayed on, I went with the American Petroleum Institute, representing the industry in Alabama for 17 years. Later I moved to the Alabama State Chamber of Commerce [Executive Director].

My father, not unlike some of the other fathers in the neighborhood, had received a limited education. He worked hard and long — it was not easy, but he made it. I admired the tenacity and courage of them all, to chisel out a place for themselves and their families in a world that was going through unprecedented turmoil. I am sure many other families and neighborhoods here and elsewhere have gone through similar circumstances.

But this one I knew and honor them all for their accomplishments.



studio. He married and had a large family, made a good living, and, at one time, organized an orchestra.

The William Brannons lived next to the Hesters on Mulberry. He was a lumberman with Vesuvius Lumber Company, one of about four lumber companies at that time. There were two sons, William and Charles. William was in medical school at Tulane when Charles was a freshman at the University of Alabama. When WWII started, Charles joined the Aviation Wing of the Navy and became a pilot on an aircraft carrier. As a bomber pilot in the Pacific, he and the members of his torpedo bomber squadron took on the Japanese Navy at Midway — sinking a carrier or a battleship. It was reported that Charles released his torpedo at close range and disappeared. He was presumed lost in action. William practiced internal medicine in Montgomery and is now retired.

The George Gills lived next to the Brannons. Mr. Gill was a rather reserved person and was an employee of ATT. He was a lineman and, apparently, a good one. His son, George, was my age — a smart student but did not go to college. He went to work for ATT in Montgomery and became very active in the Communication Union (C. W. A.) later moving to Atlanta. He became one of the top officers in C.W.A. To his credit, he was one of the more conservative members of that group, so I've heard.

On the corner of Mulberry and Carter Hill Road was the home of the Files Crenshaws. He was a prominent attorney and, with Ray Rushton formed Rushton Crenshaw Law Firm. Later one of our 13 members, Marion Rushton joined the firm—Rushton Crenshaw Rushton — and still later, David Stakely (13)

joined the firm. The sons, Files and Jack, and daughter, Hathaway, were older than most of us in the neighborhood, hence we had very little contact with them at that time. The sons became lawyers, and Hathaway married an Admiral who was outstanding in aviation at Pensacola Naval Base.

The Crenshaw home was a large, white, antebellum-type house, surrounded by a wrought-iron fence. The fence, with its sharp-pointed pickets, was indicative of the communication between the two boys and the rest of us.

During the time of WWI, there was not much recreation for us. Our play was simple and quiet, but once the war was over, we were more active. We played the usual games of baseball, football, and basketball. We had seasons to play certain games — summer was for baseball, swimming, camping, and fishing. Around Christmas, we were into roller skating by the hours and days. There was a short-range season where we played marbles and spun tops. When we got into bicycles, we really took off. Oak Park was a center for swimming, picnics, etc.

Camping was a big item in spring and summer. We got hold of surplus army pup tents. My father bought us a surplus pyramid squad tent. It was large and put up on an empty lot next to our house. We used it for a daily meeting place for all the kids up and down the street.

Later, we were into hunting — mostly with single shot 22 rifles. Rabbits and squirrels were our specialties, and it is interesting where we hunted. There were woods only three blocks away on the old Tyson property, known to us as the “1st Woods.” There were rabbits, squirrels, and possums,

and maybe a blackbird.

The “2nd Woods” were a little farther out, over near the Central of Georgia railroad tracks. The “3rd Woods” were in and around the old Rosemont Gardens greenhouses, now Rosemont-Myrtlewood.

The “4th Woods” were over beyond the old Masonic Home. The trees were mostly hardwood-oak, hickory, etc. The property owners didn't seem to object to our wandering around, and we were careful where we shot and did no damage to the land. The woods, for all intents and purposes, were ours to wander around, camp, hunt, and hike in.

Later we became interested in tennis. We made a tennis court on an empty lot and played many matches. Later still, we took up golf and made a small course in an empty pasture. Boats took up our attention. I found a small bateau on some property on Mulberry, and we bought it for a dollar. We sealed up the cracks in the bottom with roofing tar and called it the JAP, for the initials of the three of us who worked on it. Ironically, at that time, we did not know that people of that name would become our enemy.

Very few of our activities were structured or organized. They just evolved, and we kept busy doing things on our own. Our parents were interested, and we had chores to do in the yard and house, but they left our activities to our imaginations, being sure that we were well-behaved.

It was not always peace and light in the neighborhood. We had our ups and downs and differences with parental limitations, but it worked out in the long run, and I think that we were probably not unlike any other neighborhood at that time. But considering the times, the economics of living and working,

The men by whom this was to be effected had been waiting with impatience to receive the order, and hailed it with acclamation.

The spirit which animated them was a sure augury of the success which was to follow. The history of warfare I think furnishes few instances of a more brilliant attack: the regulators led on by their intrepid and skilful commander, Col. Williams, and by the gallant Major Montgomery, soon gained possession of the works in the midst of a most tremendous fire from behind them; and the militia of the venerable Gen. Doherty's brigade accompanied them in the charge, with a vivacity and firmness which would have done honor to regulars. The enemy were completely routed. Five hundred and fifty-seven were left dead on the peninsula, and a great number were killed by the horsemen in attempting to cross the river; it is believed that not more than twenty have escaped.

The fighting continued with some severity about five hours, but we continued to destroy many of them who had concealed themselves under the banks of the river until we were prevented by the night. This morning we killed 16 who had been concealed. We took about 250 prisoners, all women and children, except two or three. Our loss is 106 wounded and 25 killed. -- Major M'Intosh [the Cowetau], who joined my army with a part of his tribe, greatly distinguished himself. When I get an hour's leisure I will send you a more detailed account.

According to my original purpose, I commenced my return march to Fort Williams today, and shall, if I find sufficient supplies there, hasten to the Hickory Ground. The power of the Creeks is I think forever broken.

I send you a hasty sketch, taken by the eye, of the situation on which the enemy were encamped, and of the manner in which I approached them.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON,
Major General.

[To] Major Gen. Pinckney.

(LETTER FROM GEN. PINCKNEY TO GEN. JACKSON)

Headquarters, 6th and 7th Districts, 7th District, Fort Hawkins, April 2, 1814.

Sir -- I have the honor of enclosing to your excellency the official account of a decisive victory over the hostile Creek Indians, achieved by the military talents and enterprise of General Jackson, supported by the gallant troops under his command. While the sigh of humanity will escape for this profuse effusion of human blood, which results from the savage principle of our enemy, neither to give nor accept quarter: — and while every American will deeply lament the loss of our meritorious fellow soldiers who have fallen in this contest, we have ample cause of gratitude to the Giver of all victory for thus continuing his protection to our women and children, who would otherwise be exposed to the indiscriminate havoc of the tomahawk and all the horrors of savage warfare.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your excellency's most obedient servant,

THOMAS PINCKNEY,
Maj. General U. S. Army —
His Excellency Gov. Early.

Officers and Board Members

Executive Director	James W. Fuller
First Vice-president	W. R. "Rusty" Gregory
Second Vice-president	Richard Hodges
Secretary	Chris N. Setzer
Treasurer	Ray D. Rawlings
Editor —The Herald	JWF
Directors:	
Elizabeth S. Godbold	Susan F. Haigler
Frances H. Hill	Luther L. Hill
Seaborn Kennamer	Mary Lynne Levy
Jo S. McGowin	Charles C. Nicrosi
C. C. Jack Owen	Robert E. Seibels III
C. Winston Sheehan	Helen C. Wells

Directors Emeritus
Henrietta H. Hubbard — Charles C. Hubbard

Office and Membership Manager
Mrs. Betty Pouncey

Collections Data Processor **Archives Volunteer**
Ms. Shara Green Mrs. Billie Capell

Herald Copy Editors
Julia P. Oliver Dr. Harold Weatherby

OLD CHIMNEY, OLD LANDMARK, IS TORN DOWN

Probably *The Montgomery Advertiser*

An old brick chimney, landmark of a former day, which stood in north Montgomery, near the water's edge, on Chandler street, has recently been torn down.

The old chimney was the highest known at the time of its building, standing more than fifty feet high and about 15 feet at its base.

The chimney seemed to stand there without bearing on any building or industry adjacent and was the acuse [cause] of much speculation as to the whys and wherefores of its existence.

Some older citizens declare that the chimney was standing there in days long before the war and was made use of during the civil war, while others state that it was in preparation for the civil war, when a shovel factory was built that the chimney was constructed.

On the river bank, near what is now Chandler street, was once located a shovel factory, where shovels were manufactured for the use of the Confederate army.

For more than half a century after the buildings were destroyed, the old chimney continued to withstand the onslaught of winter winds and of summer rains and was seemingly just as strong as when builded [built], a silent sentinel which afterwards became a guide post to travelers, who were told to go to the right of the Chimney, or "keep on past the chimney," etc.


It was at the water's edge near the old chimney, where the Confederate Steamship Montgomery was built.

This steamship was afterwards taken to Selma and rechristened the Texas and was sunk by Admiral Farragut in Mobile bay.

Another industry, playing a prominent part of the civil war, located at Montgomery was the old roller mills on Water street, which were located where the present railroad tracks come into the Union Station.

The Steamship Montgomery was brought down the river to the wharf, where it was to be manned with the assistance of the machinery of the roller mill. This machinery being inadequate for the purpose, the boat was sent down the river to Selma, where it was manned and rechristened.





Christmas Gift

Why not give a membership to the Historical Society as a Christmas present?

If you give us a call, we can tell you if that person is already a member.

Select the Catagory for your gift.

SUPPORT OUR EFFORTS TO
SAVE THE HISTORY OF OUR
COMMUNITY

MEMBERSHIP CATAGORY

Benefactor	\$1,000.00
Sponsor/Corporate	\$500.00
Sustaining	\$250.00
Contributing	\$100.00
Supporting	\$50.00
Family	\$35.00
Individual	\$25.00

and we would choose sides and play baseball. During the spring and summer, he would load a bunch of us in his "moon", a two-seated open car (motor meter was a half moon), and take us to either the Fishing and Gun Club lake on Wares Ferry Road or to Speigner lake at Speigner Prison in Elmore County. We didn't catch many fish, but we sure had a good time. There were three or four catalpa trees in his yard. During the summer, they were covered with catalpa worms. He'd tell us that if we'd gather up some of the worms, he would take us fishing on Saturday. We picked up a mess of them and didn't miss the fishing trip.

The Coopers were good parents and friendly to the rest of us. She always had an enormous garden of blooming flowers. In addition to the flowers mentioned, she had lots of roses, poppies, sweetpeas, and a large wisteria on an arbor.

Mr. Cooper was a successful architect and put his children through college — all of them going on to do well. The two sons, John and James, served in the Army and Navy. James returned to head the Jenkins Brick Company. John was successful in business, and Carolyn lived in Montgomery and is married to B. Jordan.

On the corner of Walnut and Carter Hill Road were the John Tullises. He was a well-to-do insurance broker and had little to do with the neighborhood. I remember he played golf, and I caddied for him once. That was enough.

Across the street on the corner were the David Croslands. He became Probate Judge of Montgomery in the early 20's, also Imperial Potentate of the Shriners. Their sons, David and Edward, went to college and both became

lawyers. David later became a judge in Montgomery. Edward served in the Army at the Pentagon as legislative liaison to Congress. I visited Edward and our former member of the 12, Col. Marion Rushton, at the Pentagon during WWII.

Edward later worked at ATT in New York, and still later became General Counsel for ATT. No small achievement! David served in the Navy and later became a city judge and district attorney.

Across from the Coopers on Walnut Street was the G. St. George Rathbone family. The Rathbones were both English and must have come to America to work for ATT. He was an expert on radio and communications. He built the first radio in Montgomery. People from all over the city would visit him to hear radio programs which were mainly broadcast from station KDKA, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. You had to wear headphones, and the signal was weak at times, but everyone was fascinated by it. Mr. Rathbone built his set in his basement. He later was transferred to Atlanta by ATT, probably in research. A brilliant man, he was very austere, "veddy" English, but friendly in his own way. His wife was quiet, and for lack of a better word, very sweet and self-contained. They had two daughters, Jean and Marjorie. Jean was artistic and went to art school in New York in the late 20's and early 30's. She was a student and later protégé of Georgia O'Keefe, going to Arizona where O'Keefe established her studio. Jean has since made a name for herself and her paintings have been sold in art stores across the country.

The Dowdells lived next to the Rathbones. Mr. Dowdell

was an attorney. He was a frugal man, as I recall. He rode the street car to town and back, leaving home at precisely the same time each morning. You could set your watch by his departure, walking to the corner of Mulberry to catch the street-car. Before that, about 6 a.m., he would get up, open his bedroom window, sneeze very loudly two or three times, and then do sitting-up exercises (no aerobics then). They had two sons. The family moved to Miami when Mr. Dowdell was appointed to a Federal Judge-ship. I suppose the sons went on to college, and I know that James served in the Army or Navy during WWII.

On the corner of Walnut and 6th Streets, a Brewer family lived and moved on. Theo Copeland and his wife, Mary Lou, moved in about 1936. Theo was a real estate dealer, and they had three sons, Albert, Ted, and Frank — also a dog named Dude who barked 24 hours a day. The boys all finished college and have done well in the real estate business and law. They were the friendliest neighbors anyone could ask for, younger than the WWII age.

Next to the Copelands, and close friends, were the Hesters. Mr. Hester was a cotton grader for Weil Bros. Cotton Brokers. They had three children - Arthur, the dentist; Hortense, a teacher; and Jane, teacher and housewife. They worked at being good parents, and the result showed it. All of the Hester offspring finished college.

Across the street, and before the Hesters moved to the neighborhood, was the William Pinkston family. He was a pharmacist on Mulberry Street and had two children, Nell and William. William was a very talented boy who later taught music, then opened a dance

coal burning potbelly stove. Drinking fountains were faucets in the front and back of the building. There may have been two toilets, all-told-a ram-shackle building we called the "Chicken Coop." Somehow we managed to attend classes, took our lunches in brown paper bags, and made do.

About a year and a half later, Forest Avenue School was opened. It was luxurious by comparison. One of our neighbors, Mr. Carl Cooper, was the architect. The two-story brick building had an auditorium (new to me), a lunchroom, and spacious playgrounds. There were even restrooms on both floors -- for boys and girls!

When I read complaints about the temporary school rooms now being used, I cannot feel sorry for those who have to use them when I think of the "Chicken Coop."

After finishing grammar school, we attended Cloverdale School. Later we were T'd off because we had to finish high school at Lanier — the much-hated rival in football.

The makeup of the neighborhood was unusual: The J. Z. Rolands had three children — two boys and a girl. Mr. Roland was in the heavy hauling business on Bell Street. He was a hard-working man. He drove a buggy to work each day, including Saturdays. He left for work at daybreak and came home at dark. His was one of about two or three hauling companies. He had a large array of wagons, drays, horses, mules, and oxen. He sent all of his three children to college, and each of them did well in adult life. He left his family financially comfortable.

In the late twenties, Mr. Roland bought a car — a Model T Ford. His two sons, James and Zack, graduated from col-

lege, in Engineering, and served in the Army and the Navy in WWII. His daughter, Jessie Mae, married the postmaster, I think, in Miami, Florida. The Rolands had a large open porch on two sides of their house. It made for a nice place to play or gather on rainy days or hot days. Like everyone else, they had a big swing.

On down Walnut Street were the Claude Rays. He was in the coal business. To my knowledge, there were only two or three coal suppliers in Montgomery, and tons of coal were consumed in the 20's. In the summertime, Mr. Ray bought and sold hay -- a big item as there were many horses and cows in the city. He did well by his family; and his two sons, Alva and Gene, graduated from the Army during WWII. The daughters, Elizabeth and Claudia, married and moved from the city.

An amusing story about these families, enjoyed by their neighbors, was that during the summertime when all the windows were open, Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Roland both played the piano, in competition. One would start, and the other would hasten to compete. The air was alive with the sound of music! Mrs. Roland played gentler selections such as "Glow, Little Glow Worm," while Mrs. Ray pounded out the more lively pieces such as marches like "The Saints Come Marching In."

The Rays were successful and raised a family of five. Most of the children went to college. He had a farm out on Vaughn Road. During hunting season, he would take us rabbit and bird hunting. He had a fine array of shotguns and 22 rifles and taught us the proper use of them.

Dr. W. B. Fleming was one of the few veterinarians in Montgomery. He and his wife,

Sailor, were firm believers in good behavior, but friendly to us kids. He took care of every cat and dog we ever owned. His main business was treating horses and cows, and there were many at that time. He also took care of Dr. John Blue's bird dogs. A number of doctors at that time were hunters and all owned bird dogs. The doctors, in turn, took care of the Flemings.

Doc Fleming was a Scotsman by birth and looked the part. He drove a buggy to work everyday, including Sundays. His clinic was on Lee Street, about where the One Court Square parking garage is now. When we went to his clinic, he always took us around to see all the animals — cats, dogs, horses, mules, and cows. He was a kindly man, and I shall always remember him on a summer's evening, sitting on his big front porch swing, smoking his pipe. You knew he was there as the pipe fumes wafted across the neighborhood.

"Sailor" was a very handsome woman, tall and with coal black hair which she wore in long braids, informally, and in a huge bun when dressed up. She had a fine voice and sang for weddings and funerals and for her church. They were good neighbors and loved children. Their yard was abloom with cannas, cosmos, zinnias, hollyhocks, etc.

The Carl Coopers had five children -- Elizabeth, Carolyn, John, James, and Frankie. He was an architect and drew the plans for many schools, churches, homes, and public buildings. He was a friendly person and very active in civic and church affairs. He loved to play baseball and fish. Almost every Sunday afternoon, he would gather all the boys,

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S

By Louise Mickle Cooper
1900 - 1908 Approx.

This article donated by Barbara Britton, was written by her great-great aunt.

Maybe I should not risk writing about the "good old days" when I was a little girl. My grandsons turn their hearing off when I try to tell them about the long ago.

However, you might like going back with me to the wonderful Thanksgiving days that we celebrated. As you already know, I attended a one-room school house, and we had only one day for the holiday.

The Wednesday night preceding Thanksgiving, there was always a program by the students, usually recitations. I was often required to learn a long, appropriate one, songs by the whole school, sometimes a one-act play, "Little Theatre" in the making.

Before daylight the next morning, the men would go off into the abandoned corn fields with shotguns to shoot the doves that came there to feed. Birds were plentiful so it did not take long to get enough of them to supply the main dish for the traditional bird supper at a later date.

Family and friends came from town (Montgomery) to enjoy the day. Aunt Wat, Kells, and several girls came. Aunt Wat brought "light" bread, fresh cranberries that had to be cooked with sugar and water to make the delicious, ruby-red sauce to be eaten with the turkey. She also brought the celery — a 'must' for the holiday.

Before all of the fun, there was lots of work to be done. Cooking occupied most of the time for several days. Aunt Mamie and Sister were really "home on the range". A trip to the potato bank, which was a small hill in the garden where they were stored for the winter,

would yield the necessary 'taters for baking in the wood-burning stove, and the delicious candied ones all buttery, syrupy, and, sometimes spicy — never any marshmallows.

Greens from purple-topped turnips (grandma's favorites), and collards that were favorites of us all, were gathered, carefully inspected leaf by leaf to be sure that no bugs were hiding on them. Then they were washed in several changes of water — very clean. The greens were so fresh and tasty due to the cold, frosty weather, and the cooking with home-grown bacon cured as only grandma could do it.



Everyone ready to go to Grandma's for Thanksgiving, but Old Buddy can't go.
Photo courtesy of Walker Farms

The really big event was selecting the large, Tom turkey, capturing him after a lot of effort, chopping his head off and then removing the first joint of his wings which had beautiful, long, colorful feathers. They were spread out with a heavy object to hold them that way, and dried to use later as fans. Grandma covered the bony parts of the wings with colorful material to create a handle. The fans were very nice to cool one in the summer, and to keep the flying "critters" away, also.

Grandma made boiled custard, which consisted of whole, rich milk, lots of eggs, pure vanilla, and liberally seasoned with nutmeg. It was slowly cooked to thicken, then poured into an earthenware pitcher that was placed in

a bowl of cool water from the deep, artesian well. No ice, but refreshing and delicious. No alcoholic drinks.

In the meantime, the kitchen was the setting for baking buttermilk biscuits, and eggbread that would be used for stuffing the big bird's cavities. Also, mince and sweet potato pies were in the making.

Our table was set with a white table cloth, white napkins, antique dishes, and silver, and flowers from the yard.

Grandpa always wore a dress shirt, tie and coat. He was adamant about the men wearing similar attire. The food was served family style, literally covering the whole table.

Since the weather was very cold — sometimes snowy — most of the activity was inside. Large, hot fires of logs in grandma's and Aunt Mamie's rooms were wonderful places to gather, laugh, talk and play games. Aunt Wat was so full of fun, and made the day really exciting for all of us.

Early Thanksgiving morning, the bird was prepared for baking. The cornmeal dressing, with homemade butter, onions, spices, and stock from the giblets, were all combined to make a delicious stuffing. He was baked to a tender, juicy, golden brown, and was a culinary delight.

We had homemade gelatin that grandma concocted by boiling pig's feet, thereby extracting the gelatin. It was

flavored with lemon juice, and served with rich cream poured over it; the cream was not whipped. The cooks back then were very ingenious and served delicious food.

Sister made Waldorf salad with apples, nuts, celery, raisins, and cooked dressing, not mayonnaise. The nuts were scaly-barks from trees that grew in our locality. They were round and flat, and, if cracked on the side, would produce a half-kernel that was delicious and unique tasting. We also had black walnuts that were tasty, but hard to crack. Grandma made ketchup that was flavored with the green outer shells of the walnuts.

A friend wants some of the recipes, but, like the small boy who said that he helped his father plant trees, and was asked what he did, his reply was, "I sit under them." I just ate them. I wish I had learned the secrets of their success.

The traditional dessert was ambrosia made from fresh, Florida oranges, and home-grated coconut, truly food fit for the gods.

One thing that stays in my memory is that in the midst of all of that preparation, serving, and cleaning for that large gathering, not one person, except Aunt Wat, gave anything for the meals or offered to help with the work. Good old Aunt Mamie and sister did it all, with never a word of complaint.

The real high point came in the evening when the store closed, and the young bachelors came, bringing a

band of black musicians to play for the dancing. The back parlor was cleared, and the fun began. The waltz, two-step, and the Virginia Reel were enjoyed until midnight when the band played "God Be With You 'til We Meet Again", which was danced as a waltz with no sacrilege intended.

I sincerely wish that such pleasant memories will be with you.

Someone from St. John's

Back in May the Historical Society was the host for an evening covered dish supper for the members of St. John's Episcopal church.

One kind soul at that occasion gave me a handsome silver spoon, a souvenir of the Armistice of World War I, as well as a brochure of the York Rite Bodies of the Masonic Temple. I did not, regrettably, mark the name of the donor.

Please give me a call to let me know your identity so I can give you proper credit.

Thank you.

New Members

- Mr. Mark Bullock**
- Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Edmunds**
- Mr. John B. Pugh**
- Mr. Thomas G. Ragsdale ***
* Deceased

Of Time Remembered

(A Montgomery Neighborhood of the Early 1900's)

This paper was presented on November 4, 1993 to [Men's Club], The Thirteen.
by James J. Britton

This article was donated by Barbara Britton who is the niece of James J. Britton.

It all began for me in midsummer of 1913. The doctor who attended my birth, and signed my birth certificate, was Dr, Fred Wilkerson. So I've had a long-time relationship with a Fred Wilkerson, then and now.

One of my early memories, at age five, was riding on a dray wagon, with large wheels on front and small wheels on back to allow easier loading and unloading. I rode on the buckboard seat with the driver — a black by the name of Mack who worked for my father for some fifty years. We were hauling the furniture and furnishings to our new home on 6th Street. The street was part of a square block of recently built homes in the eastern part of the city. The streets on the block were 6th Street, Walnut Street, Carter Hill Road, and Mulberry Street — all gravel.

There was nothing east of this block but fields and woods. It was what you would call a middle-class neighborhood, made up originally of a dozen families. The area was, and is, on the plat book at the courthouse [known] as "Elmhurst," the name due to a line of English elms along the streets and the back property lines.

Another of my first memories, also at age five, was sitting on top of a wooden fence in our yard watching the artillery unit stationed at what was known as Remount Camp. The camp was located at what is now Ann Street and East 5th Street.

The unit came down the Remount Road (5th Street) each morning, wheeled their horse-drawn caissons and 75 mm guns into a line, unhitched the horses, moved them to the back of the field, rolled up the ammunition lorries, placed them by the guns, and simulated loading and unloading the guns. This was World War I, and I was there! The Remount Camp was an adjunct of Camp Sheridan on the Wetumpka highway.

Another memory I have of World War I was going down to the street car stop on Mulberry and Remount Road to pick up the tin foil and lead foil that the soldiers dropped on the ground while

waiting for a car to town. The foil was the wrapper for the smoking and chewing tobacco they used. We gathered the foil, and each week or so, my father delivered it to the collection station to be used in making material for the war — a sort of an early recycling project, this time for war purposes.

In November of 1918, I remember my father and the other men in the neighborhood going out in the backyard and firing one shot in the air — celebrating the Armistice on the 11th. I remember the feeling of joy and relief on everyone's part that the war was over.

Soon after the war, we were visited by an aunt from Indiana. On a Sunday afternoon, she walked with us up the Remount to the abandoned camp site. On crosses which were sticking up here and there was a sign "Old Latrine." My aunt was deeply touched that the soldiers would name and mark the graves of their departed horses. Of course, we know the Army requirement that all former slit trenches be marked after closure.

Most of the kids on the block were within a few years of each other. Each of the dozen families had two to five children. To my knowledge, all went to the same grammar school -- Highland Avenue School. It is still operating and will hold its 90th anniversary November 7th of 1993. It was the only school east of downtown. For two years, the school system opened a school on the corner of Carter Hill road and College Street. It was an old farmhouse, sitting on two to three acres of land. It was a wood frame house, heated with a



James J. "Jim" Britton
Photograph by Karen B. Johnson