



PINTLALA HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



C/O PINTLALA PUBLIC LIBRARY
175 FEDERAL RD.
HOPE HULL, AL 36043

VOLUME 5, Number 4

OCTOBER 1991

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	Mary Ann Venable.....	288-3234

OCTOBER MEETING: October 20, 1991, 2:30 P.M. Place: Pintlala Baptist Church

NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT:

Greetings Members - Let's all plan to be at our October meeting. There will be a lot of important business that we need to take care of, with the election of officers for 1992. Be on the lookout for old articles on the history of the area. Just recently I obtained an article written by Mr. Peter A. Brannon on the history of Pintlala he had developed from interviews of people who had lived in the community. With our Association now looking for the original site of Manac's Tavern, any old information on Pintlala will be helpful and also will be put on file for future generations to read.

Let's make our October Meeting one of the best! See you there.

JIM EDWARDS, PRESIDENT

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GUEST SPEAKER: Our guest speaker at our October 20th meeting will be Lt. Col. John Hawkins Napier III, eminent scholar and historian. He is a resident of Ramer. He graduated from the University of Mississippi, received his Masters in history from Auburn, and did additional study at Georgetown. He served in the Marine Corps and U.S. Air Force with a distinguished career that spanned three decades. He was one of the Air Force experts on counter-insurgency and counter terrorism. He was a principal speech writer for the Secretary of the Air Force. He is a real expert on the history of Montgomery County where his great-grandfather, a Methodist Protestant minister, preached for a time. Colonel Napier is Lieutenant to the Chief, Clan Napier in North America, and is married to the former Cameron Mayson Freeman, now Bantiarna, or Lady of Cloghroe.

ETT

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FLAGS TEACH HISTORY: At our July meeting Bob Bradley, Curator of Collections, Alabama Archives and History, gave a fascinating history of Alabama Regimental flags used during the War Between the States. He told amazing stories of how many of the flags were found, returned to Alabama, and are now being preserved for posterity.

ETT

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TABERNACLE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION: Members of the Tabernacle Historical Association are selling chances on a beautiful quilt that has been autographed by President Bush. They are seeking funds to continue restoring the historic Tabernacle Church.

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HELP! We need anecdotes, stories, copies of memorabilia about our area during the War Between the States.

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MCGHEE'S POST OFFICE:

Postmaster
Thomas Stacy
Discontinued

Date
March 8, 1875
January 8, 1877

McGehee's was a settlement in northwestern Montgomery County, 6 miles southwest of the city of Montgomery. The site was formerly the large plantation of Abner McGehee. When the railroad first arrived here the station became known as "McGehee's Switch". Later it appeared on the state map simply "McGehee". It was named for Abner McGehee (1779-1855), planter, businessman, and the founder of the Alabama Bible Society. Courtesy of Laurie Sanders

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FROM ADVERTISER FILES 100 years ago (1891) - Yesterday, Mr. J.S. Sellers was in the city to confer with Judge Buckley about establishing a Post Office at his place. The necessary papers had been forwarded to him from Washington and yesterday he returned them with a petition from the citizens. The new Post Office will be called "Fleta." Copied

NEWS ABOUT FAMILIES:

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THE LUCKIE FAMILY

We have received for our files a history of the Luckie family compiled from information given in 1983 by Mrs. Blanche Mosley and Mrs. Julia Cleghorn Mosley. Besides Luckie, some names included are Atchison, Suggs, Cleghorn, Jordan, Taylor, Frymile, Chestnutt.

VICKERS FAMILY

Guy Vickers has sent for the files an interesting article, including pictures, on the Capitol Heights area in Montgomery. Until 1903, Capitol Heights was the 200 acre Vickers plantation, lying well east of Montgomery. Capitol Heights was an incorporated town and did not become a part of Montgomery until 1926.

LASSITER FAMILY REUNION

The family of the late Frank Grant Lassiter & Annie Merle Lassiter of Hope Hull, Alabama, met at the home of the youngest son, Glenn Allen and Jo Lassiter, sister-in-law, on Woodley Road in Montgomery, Alabama, on Saturday, June 29, 1991. There were 59 present: four sons, John Brady, William Clarence, Felix Gunter and Glenn Allen; one daughter, Annie Miriam, of the original family remaining; 17 grandchildren; 19 great grandchildren; and 4 great, great grandchildren. Two sons, Joe Frank and Jack and one daughter, Myrtle, having passed away leaving many fond memories of past family reunions when all were present with our loving and caring parents. Much time was spent visiting especially with those that live some distance away. We enjoyed taking pictures. We also enjoyed so many delicious dishes of food. All had a joyful time and we are looking forward to another family reunion in 1992.

Miriam Lassiter Williams

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WE WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Jordan, Route 1, Box 446, Hope Hull 36043
Marjorie and David Wright, 240 Bellehurst Drive, Montgomery 36109

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PHA MEMBERS GET ATTENTION:

The September 1991 issue of Auburn Alumnews featured Ray Scott. A copy is in our files. Ray says he never expected to be a "Cover Girl", but he makes a great one.

The June 28 issue of Dispatch, a Maxwell AFB publication, and the July 16 issue of the Alabama Journal had articles on Bill Carter and his fun work with Susan Broderick, who teaches the Fantastic Flight program for first graders at Head Elementary School. Bill helps 'teach' and coordinates the flights the children take to culminate their years' work. He quotes a letter to him from one student: "Thank you for letting me get off the Earth."

The September 22 Advertiser-Journal also had an article by Nick Lackeos on Bill about an interesting experience he had while flying in the Vietnam War.

John A Garrett, a Snowdown resident, well known for his many volunteer and philanthropic activities, received on September 22 a Golden Eagle Medal of Honor given by the Alabama Senior Citizens Hall of Fame. Congratulations!

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EDWARD MOSLEY

Edward Mosley and his wife, Winnifred Butler, came to Montgomery County from Edgefield District, S.C. in 1818 (one year before Alabama became a state). He and James McLemore founded Old Bethel Church and he was the first recorded member - Feb. 13, 1819. According to Mrs. Lula Davidson he "bequeathed the land for a cemetery-now known as Mosley-Tankersley-Luckie-Supple Cemetery. His wife, Martha, was buried there on June 18, 1831 and he, three years later, on May 19, 1834. Their graves are unmarked. Several of Edward and Martha's descendants feel that it is important and fitting that a marker be placed indicating their burial place. A suitable marker will cost about \$900.00. If any of the many descendants of Edward and Martha are interested in helping in any way, please contact me. ETT

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BUTLER'S MILL STONE

The mill stone which marked the grave of Mr. Butler has still not been located. If you have any clues please contact ETT.

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IN MEMORIAM

JOHN GLEN JOHNSON died on July 27, 1991. His wife, Claudia Taylor Johnson, is the daughter of Mr. Jessie Taylor who was well known and loved in Pintlala. Glen will be missed by many for his kind deeds and warm sense of humor.

CORRIE GARRETT KING died 28 July 1991. She was a long time, outstanding teacher in the Montgomery County School System who was born and grew up in the Pintlala Community. She was the sister of William Silas Garrett.

J. JULIUS SANDERS died 30 July 1991. He and his wife, Laurie, have done much valuable research for PHA especially concerning cemeteries and have donated a number of books containing pertinent information essential to our historical records.

STYLES HOPPING MURRELL - Many of us were fortunate to enjoy a PHA meeting last year when Styles Murrell and Jamie Henry reminisced about early times in this part of Montgomery County. We deeply regret the death of Styles on September 12. Jack Cates, the minister who conducted his funeral, and I agreed that it was not difficult to find words for the eulogy. Jack added, appropriately, that Styles had preached his own funeral. ETT

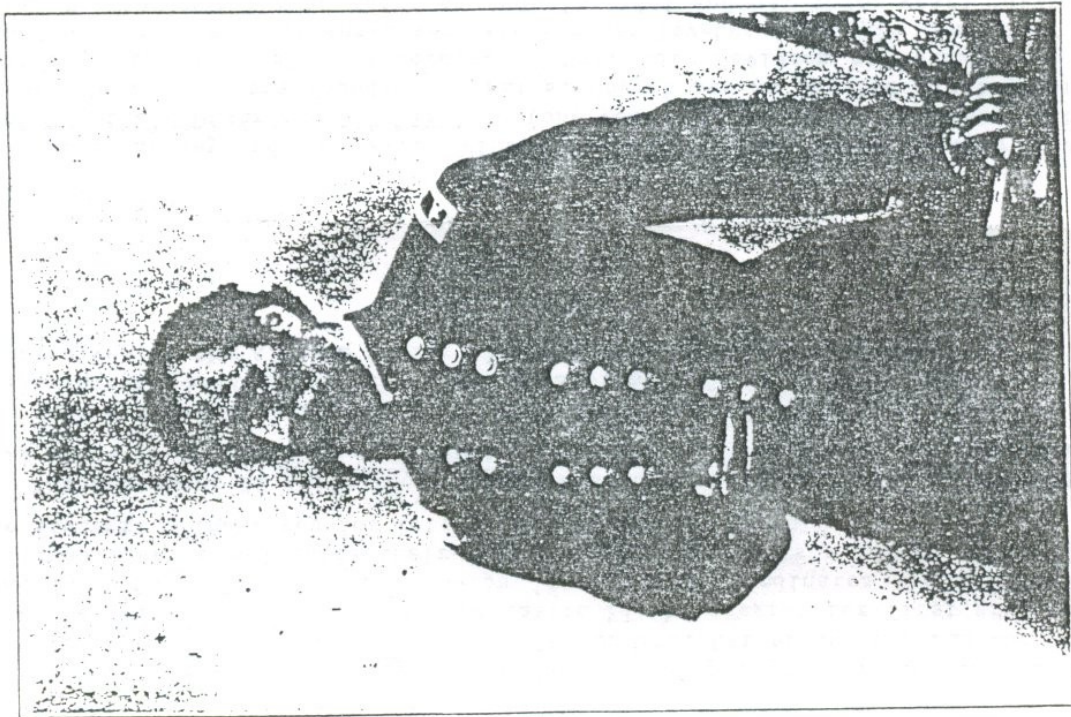
THE LAST CAMPAIGN

A CAVALRYMAN'S JOURNAL

BY

E. N. GILPIN,

THIRD IOWA CAVALRY.



*4th Div / 1st Brigade
1st Brigade*

BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

Major General U. S. Volunteers 1865-6 and 1868.

Reprint from the JOURNAL OF THE U. S. CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.

April 10th. Church Hill, Alabama.

The late rains had laid the dust, and it was pleasant marching. We passed through Benton. At this point skirmishing commenced. Where the roads crossed at a sharp angle, a regiment of cavalry were making a rush to get to the main road, and our boys at close range, poured a stream of fire from their carbines, so near that I could see the dust fly from their coats where the bullets struck. They were gallant fellows, as they rode at a gallop, their long hair blowing behind their little Secesh caps. As they leaped the fences, it was a goodly sight.

As we came to the hill, a Confederate officer lay dying by the roadside. Jim McCalmont had dismounted and was kneeling by his side taking a ring from his finger as I rode up. It was set with a stone, that in the morning light showed red as the blood that was flowing from a ghastly wound in his breast. A swift, vague impression of having somewhere seen his face, made me stop. He was holding Jim's hand as he told his name—Captain Henry Montford, and begging him in broken words to send the ring to his mother, who lived in Selma. Dismounting I went close to his side, but could catch only a word or two of what he was trying to say. In a minute he sank back on the ground, his face growing pale in the shadow of death, while Jim was praying. We marked his grave, and sent his last message to his mother.

This afternoon the Confederates were firing at us from the other side of a creek we could not cross. The steep clay bluffs were fifteen or twenty feet high, and eaten away by the current so that to ford it would be necessary to ride belly-deep thirty yards parallel with the bank before a turn could be made to ascend the further shore. General Upton galloped forward waving his sword and shouting at the top of his voice, so that the Confederates could distinctly hear: "They are flanking them on the left, Forward!" The ruse worked; I could hardly believe my eyes; they all lit out of there like a flock of wild ducks. There was nobody below the bend of the stream on their left but our headquarters bugler, blowing for all he was worth, and an orderly

raising the devil among the corn-stalks! A battalion of men behind a slight breastwork could have held it again; a brigade.

Camped at dark. Our new darkey foraged extensive and got us a good supper.

Headquarters at General Robinson's, who owns a fine plantation. He is in the Confederate army. His darkey had taken all the horses and mules, and hid in the swamps.

Writing late to-night orders of march for to-morrow, and an order for the punishment by flogging of a soldier of the command. When preparing General Upton's explanation to the soldiers, I made bold to say to him, that discipline was necessary, but I thought it should be lawfully enforced; if we all got our deserts none of us would escape whipping. "The man," he explained, "had broken into a house, threatened the women, and stolen jewelry. Such things were not to be tolerated by Christian soldiers, and he intended to make an example of him. We could and would take the last pound of food if it were needed, but *thieving* must be stopped." I then had a copy of Burns in my pocket that I had "confiscated," and felt very uncomfortable.

April 11th. Lowndesborough, Alabama.

Our division marched at daylight. The provost marshal led the soldier out with a detail to flog him. In attempting to tie him, he broke away. A party mounted and pursued him a quarter of a mile, overtook him and brought him back, tied him to a tree and gave him forty lashes upon his bare back, as the column was passing; then his hands were tied behind him, and a placard placed upon his breast, upon which was written in large letters: "Flogged for Stealing." He was made to face the command till all had passed.

These great forests of long-leaf pine, through which we march in a semi-twilight, are cushioned by the fallen needles, deadening the beat of hoofs; and a low continuous murmur is rising and falling around us like the sound of the distant surf.

We had not marched far before we came to Big Swamp River; here we rested for an hour while the engineers were repairing the corduroy road, and then we began navigation

swampward. Of all the swamps I ever experienced, this is the swampiest. Majestic trees with hanging moss, tower above the gloomy waters, while a rank growth of juniper, nightshade and all manner of climbing and creeping shrubs and vines choke up the road and render it almost impenetrable. The country around is low and marshy, often flooded for miles by the rising river, which, when falling, leaves a bed of quicksand and morass, broken and tangled weeds and vines, twined fantastically about the gnarled roots, making the somber forest sublimely dreary.

Our division was all day crossing, and when halted upon the opposite side, presented a muddy spectacle.

After leaving "The Big Swamp" we came up into some very fine country, where we halted upon a rich plantation and rested for two hours. At 4:30 P. M. we reached the beautiful little town of Lowndesborough, finely situated upon the mountain, and surrounded by lovely and picturesque country.

We camped near town, while the pioneer corps is bridging a bayou ahead for our march to-morrow.

The citizens tell us that General Lee telegraphed that he had evacuated Richmond and was moving in the direction of Danville. The news was announced, and the whole army is cheering.

April 12th. Montgomery. Our division marched at daylight. The Confederates in advance destroying bridges and throwing up obstructions in our road; and at every convenient position skirmishing, losing two or three men on each side.

To-day we built a novel bridge over one of these creeks. Our artillery mired down, and it was impossible for a column to ford. General Upton ordered every trooper to carry a fence rail on his shoulder, and when we came to the crossing we found a couple of heavy artillery caissons in mid-stream, for a foundation, and on them rested two forked pine trees for piers, across which ran sapling stringers; every man threw his fence rail for a flooring, and swaying, and swinging the command crossed the rude bridge. I do not believe anybody ever saw that done before; it held all

right, and with drawn sabers we deployed and whipped the Johnnies in the open.

Plantations we have passed to-day are fenced with Mexican rose-hedges, that offer almost as much *defense* as the osage orange. Now that they are blooming, it is a beautiful sight to see them, as far as the eye can reach, in long red and white lines. As they run parallel with the road the gates and bars opening through them at intervals, served well as places of ingress and egress for our flankers.

Passed forts and rifle pits; making a wide detour to avoid the intense heat of burning mountains of cotton, we ascended the hill overlooking the city of Montgomery.

General Wilson came up just as we were entering. There, before us was the State capital, the first capital of the Confederate States; now, from the dome, floated the "old flag!" In a moment every hat and cap flew off, and three cheers, loud and long, were given! The town took up the echoes as old familiar sounds; and the people seemed to live as of yore, under the "Stars and Stripes!" The town was surrendered to General McCook; General Wilson and other officers went to his headquarters and had a jovial time. Colonel LaGrange, whose brigade has been temporarily attached to our division, had a slight engagement and captured a number of prisoners and battle-flags from General Adams and Buford. They did not offer much resistance, but they do not intend to make a stand until they reach Columbus, where they are concentrating their forces.

We captured a dispatch from Jeff Davis, which read: "Governor Watts asks help at Montgomery. Says, with the troops that can be spared from Georgia, he can save Montgomery, retake Selma and save Mobile!" All this might have happened, but it didn't! Before His Excellency left his capital, he had seen the handwriting on the wall.

April 13th. Montgomery.

We remain in camp here all day. It is a beautiful city on the high banks of the Alabama River. Early in the morning I employed my leisure in exploring. In a fine old church I found a darkey sweeping and made him pump for me while I played the organ. It sounded magnificently!

one who cannot strike a dozen notes in order, and as there was no one there but the darkey to comment, I ran my fingers up and down the key-board in lively style, then pulled out the stops and let it have it, rolling out billows of sound that made the old church tremble. It brought the darkey up with eyes rolling: "'Deed, suh, dat's sutlinly dif-funt fum any playin' I *evah* heard!" "That's a cavalry fugue with artillery accompaniment," I said, "and the only one of the kind." "Golly, Gosh, Massa Captin', how yo done fool pore ole Ben."

The Confederates, before they left, set fire to an immense amount of cotton to prevent it falling into our hands; but very much remains stored, because the blockade has been effectual.

We burned the nitre mills and all government stores, but as the town was surrendered, no private property was disturbed.

Our headquarters at a country villa a mile from town. Magnificent gardens and groves surround the house, and beautiful flowers bloom everywhere. The negro cabins, barns, stables, cribs and stacks are scattered profusely for miles over the land adjoining, and the happy, jolly darkeys come in groups to wonder and gaze. This evening our band began playing. At the first toot here came the darkeys, all ages, sizes and complexions, from a deep black to a light saddle-color, swarming with open eyes and mouths, crowding along the fences on tip-toe. To-night is a jubilee in their cabins. We can hear them dancing, fiddling, singing and laughing. They make a curious musical instrument of "cane reeds," and the darkey that performs the loudest, is the grand mogul of the assembly.

We are ordered to march to-morrow.

April 14th. Cowles' plantation.

Marched at daylight, Second Brigade, First Division, in advance. Colonel LaGrange looks natural, and has the same determined style of riding. Our regiment and the First Wisconsin were at one time brigaded together under General George E. Waring, and were almost like brothers on our raids through Missouri and Arkansas. Met an old friend,

now adjutant of the regiment, who tells me there are only a few of the old First Wisconsin left.

The Confederates have been throwing up rail piles and brush defenses every few miles; when our boys come within range, they begin firing, and then run and join their command; another party takes their place, and so the thing goes. We had five men killed to-day.

April 15th. Buchanan's plantation.

Marched at 5 A. M. over some very fine country. Came through Tuskegee, a beautiful town situated up among the hills. The principal citizens came out and surrendered the town, and their good ladies and daughters came thronging out to see us and were quite friendly, surprised and thankful that we did not charge upon them with our sabers, yelling and swearing, as they expected us to do from all reports.

The Confederates in our advance are burning bridges and piling rails as usual. We saved the most important bridges by charging down before they had time to fire them. We are camping to-night on a fine plantation owned by an old Confederate. Plenty to eat, drink, and make merry over.

Coming in from detached duty with Colonel Benteen, the Third Iowa was deployed on the crest of a hill beyond which they were skirmishing. Benteen had his leg thrown nonchalantly over theommel of his saddle, sitting like a Centaur, heedless of the bullets that cut the bark along side, when Captain Morse of the staff came tearing past us down the hill, his black, rawboned horse unmanageable, and the gallant captain part of the time on his neck and part on the crupper, his military cape flapping about his ears, still further frightening the animal he bestrode, like Irving's headless horseman. "Stick to your critter!" Benteen, a true son of Missouri, called after him. Then some one in the line sang out, "Grab a root!" which was taken up by the others—"Grab a root!" in all the tones voices are capable of producing, Pete Lunford's high piping treble rising above all the rest, "Wait, darling, till your Mummy comes!" as horse and rider shot by and disappeared in the bushes. Benteen laid back and yelled with laughter. Of course it was against

THE CIVIL WAR: CROSSROADS OF OUR BEING

SPONSORED BY THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES

1991-2 DATES FOR MODERATED SESSIONS
TO BE HELD AT

THE ALABAMA DEPARTMENT OF ARCHIVES AND HISTORY
624 Washington Avenue
Montgomery, Alabama 36130

"MODERATORS: BOB BRADLEY and MIKE BREEDLOVE

Topics to be announced, sessions are on Sundays at 2:00 PM
at the Milo B. Howard Auditorium

October 6 - Introductory session with Dr. Leah Atkins of Auburn University, particularly concentrating on causes

October 20 - Episode 1: "The Causes" - 1861

November 3 - Discussion of Two Roads to Sumter to be led by Humanities Scholar Joe Harrison

November 17 - Episode 2: "A Very Bloody Affair" - 1862

December 8 - Episode 3: "Forever Free" - 1862

January 12 - Discussion of The Private Mary Chestnut to be led by a Humanities Scholar

February 2 - Episode 4: "Simply Murder" - 1863

February 23 - Episode 5: "The Universe of Battle" - 1863

March 8 - Discussion of An American Iliad to be led by a Humanities Scholar

March 22 - Episode 6: "Valley of the Shadow of Death" - 1864

April 5 - Episode 7: "Most Hallowed Ground" - 1864

April 26 - Discussion of Civil War Women to be led by a Humanities Scholar

May 17 - Episode 8: "War Is All Hell" - 1865

June 7 - Episode 9: "The Better Angels of Our Nature" - 1865

June 21 - Discussion of Reconstruction After the Civil War to be led by a Humanities Scholar

The following article was written by Jim McGavran, senior editor of the Columbus Dispatch. It has been reprinted in several genealogical publications, but possibly unseen by our readers.

"CHANGES IN ATTITUDES MAY UPROOT GENEALOGY"

Right now, I lie awake worrying about the future of genealogy. The way we are carrying on, no one will be able to find his or her roots a hundred years from now. They might not be able to find me. I think that's too bad. Genealogy is a hobby that anyone can enjoy. It is fun, and it doesn't cost a lot of money or require special equipment, such as golf or skiing do. It beats collecting things, such as salt and pepper shakers, which have to be dusted. Up until now, it has been fairly simple. All you had to do was check old census records or hunt for wills, deeds, marriages and births. Or you could spend a pleasant vacation tramping through old graveyards.

All this is changing. Old cemeteries won't help if people choose cremation over burial. Where will you look for information about an ancestor whose ashes were scattered over the Pacific Ocean? Census records are becoming worthless. People don't stay in one place more than a year or two, let alone from one census to the next. Forget the courthouse, too. Why look for an ancestor's will if he or she bought a book on how to avoid probate and succeeded in doing so? Current lifestyles render courthouse records obsolete. What will be the point of looking for birth and marriage records if one's great-grandmother insisted on having all her children out of wedlock? What if she did get married but kept her maiden name? Or suppose she had children by three legal husbands so that all her offspring had different last names?

I can envision someone searching for roots in the year 2086. I see this individual entering the Bureau of Vital Statistics, approaching the computer and pushing the ON button.

"May I help you?" the screen will respond.

"I am looking for my grandfather's birth certificate," the latter-day genealogist asks, one letter at a time.

"Name Please?"

"Harley Solo, Mother Mary Solo. He was born April 4, 1992."

Lights flash, clicking and humming noises are heard as the computer conducts its search. A green light appears on the screen.

"Mary Solo gave birth to Harley Solo on April 4, 1992. The rest is classified. Please consult Headquarters."

The future genealogist goes to Headquarters and weeks later returns with the access code. He punches it in. More lights flash. Bells ring. This time the computer has the decency to blush.

"Mary Solo, spinster, was impregnated with material from a sperm bank. Donor's name unknown. Hair and eyes brown. Medium height and build. Tendency to early baldness. No congenital deformities. Said to be musical."

And there goes someone's search for roots. I know it's silly of me to worry about it, but it's things such as that which keep me awake nights.

What are we doing to our future genealogists, our own descendants?"