

PINTLALA HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Next Meeting:
July 15th—2:30 p.m.
Pintlala Baptist Church



*c/o Pintlala Public Library
255 Federal Road
Hope Hull, Alabama 36043*

Volume XXVI, Number 3

www.pintlalahistoricalassociation.com

July 2012

Charles Chilion Davis Family, 1898



Seated (L-R): Lulla Adelle Cross Davis and Charles Chilion Davis Standing (L-R): Kate Davis, Tallulah Davis Sanderson, Richard Cross Davis, Nancy Davis Jefferies, William Augustus Davis, Johnnie May Davis Powell

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Addendum to Cover Photograph:

In the chairs are Lulla Adelle Cross Davis (1846-1920) and Charles Chilion Davis (1844-1923) (Chilion is in the Book of Ruth) both of them are buried in Hickory Grove Cemetery.

My Great-grandmother was the daughter of John Pipkin Cross and Ann Elizabeth Coleman Cross they are buried in Hickory Grove cemetery.

Standing left to right are :

Kate Davis, 1879-1956 Buried in Hickory Grove Cemetery

Tallulah Davis Sanderson 1884-1969 Her Husband was Francis Lynn Sanderson 1873-1921) He's buried Chesser Cemetery. She's buried in Greenwood cemetery.

Richard Cross Davis (1877-1966) he died in Salt Lake City and is buried in Mt Olivet Cemetery which is the only public cemetery created by Congress.

Nancy Davis Jefferies (1885-1969) married to John Douglas Jefferies both buried in Hickory Grove Cemetery

William Augustus Davis, my grandfather, (1876-1925) married Tekla Viktoria Lindquist of Sweden. He is buried in Loma Vista Cemetery Fullerton CA, she is buried in Rose Hills Cemetery Whittier CA. My father Col. Charles Chilion Davis was born there as well as my uncle Roy Cross Davis

Johnnie May Davis Powell (1874-1952) She was married to Dr. George Norman Powell both are buried in Hickory grove cemetery. Their son Charles Davis Powell wrote the "History of Hickory Grove". A copy is in the library at Pintlala.

The Davis plots are in the back right of the Hickory Grove Cemetery. The Moncrief family is to the east of them and that section is neglected and almost overgrown. I, Alan M. Davis am related to, either directly or by marriage, the Armstrongs, Colemans, Crosses, Moncriefs, McQueens and Williams.

-Alan M. Davis

President's Message - "An opportunity and Other Matters"

Few things energize me like the study of Pintlala-related history. It is heartbreaking to think that some residents live and die here without being aware of our rich heritage and history. George Santayana observed, "A country without a memory is a country of madmen." We are almost there. Elected officials, civic leaders, and other decision-makers are leading us into a future divorced from our past. Narrow agendas rule the day while the common good is ignored. All history, like politics, is local. We are privileged to live in an area ripe with the fruit historical significance. Please note the following matters:

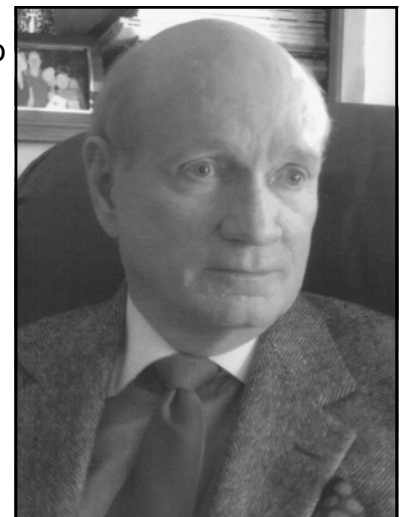
- The Pintlala Elementary School is in her 90th year. In partnership with others, the PHA will be planning an event to commemorate this year of significance. More details will be shared in our meeting this month.
- Alan Davis has provided the primary article for this edition of the newsletter. It will give insight and a flavor of a bygone day. The Charles Chlion Davis letter of 1893 is very instructive. Thanks to Alan Davis for his sharing the piece with us.
- We are still waiting to hear from the Internal Revenue Service regarding our application for tax exempt status.
- Jerrie Burton continues working on our behalf updating the website. Be sure to read Raven Christopher's report at the Alabama Historical Association's meeting in April concerning the archaeological explorations of the Moniac's tavern site on the Old Federal Road in Pintlala. The slides are online too. www.pintlalahistoricalassociation.com
- I can't wait for you to meet Edward Pattillo at our meeting on July 15, 2:30. Alice Carter has done it again and secured an incredibly gifted person for our program.

Gary Burton, President
 July 2012
garyburton1@charter.net

PHA Program for July 2012

Guest speaker for the July PHA meeting will be Edward McKenzie Pattillo who will discuss his 2011 book, *Carolina Planters on the Alabama Frontier: The Spencer-Robeson-McKenzie Family Papers*. Pattillo's research into papers and documents from the aforementioned three families produced a dramatic narrative of early Americans from the mid-eighteenth century to the years after the Civil War. Pattillo's presentation, based on a program given at the Alabama Department of Archives and History, is first of all thoroughly researched, poignant, sometimes humorous, and above all, an honest examination of his ancestors lives.

Please join the PHA for an interesting afternoon featuring one person who certainly understands the importance of preserving history. See you at the Pintlala Baptist Church Fellowship Hall, July 15, 2012 at 2:30 p.m.



Edward McKenzie Pattillo

Prologue Written by Alan M. Davis for the Charles Chilion Davis Letter of 1893

A copy of a letter written by Charles Chilion Davis in 1893 to his sister, Margarette Corinne Davis, which is published in this PHA Newsletter, was given to me, Alan M. Davis of Montgomery, Alabama by my cousin Norman Alford of Round Rock, Texas. The original 16 page, handwritten letter has been transcribed for this publication just as it was written by C. C. Davis in 1893. This letter can be found on the internet at www.murraycountymuseum.com under Murray County Memories.

The letter dated March 2, 1893, Devenport, Alabama tells of a visit by C. C. Davis to Pleasant Valley (currently known as Eton), Murray County, Georgia after a thirty-year absence from his "old home place". Davis was born at Pleasant Valley on June 16, 1844. He would have been forty-eight years old when he wrote the letter. C.C. Davis was the only son of Alfred Jasper Davis (1818-1869) who was born in Roane County, Tennessee and Sarah Olive (Packard) Davis (1825-1908) who was born in Charleston, South Carolina. C. C. Davis died September 3, 1923 near Devenport, Montgomery County, Alabama. C. C. Davis had married Lulla Adelle Cross on June 11, 1871. Lulla Adelle, daughter of John Pipkin Cross (1809-1891) and Elizabeth Ann Coleman Cross (1826-1862), was born in Montgomery County, Alabama on September 20, 1846 and died December 26, 1920. C. C. and Lulla Adelle Davis are buried at Hickory Grove Cemetery, Devenport, Alabama.

Devenport, Alabama, March 2nd, 1893

My Dear Sister, (*Margarette Corinne Davis, near Staff, Eastland County, Texas*)

I got home last night at 8 O'clock, found letters from Uncle Lit, [*May be Littleton Horace Davis, C. 1815-1905 a Brother of A. J. Davis*] Rause (Ranse), & Lum Black. When they told me there was not one from you I was mad, but Cross [*Richard Cross Davis Nov. 10, 1877- Mar. 13, 1966*] is just back from the office and brought one from you, and now the mad is all gone and I am writing an answer in half a minute after I got it. I had to stop and wipe my eyes two or three times to finish reading what you said about Henry [*Lee Henry Davis Mar. 3, 1872- June 15, 1955*]. Yes, I have unbounded confidence in my dear boy. Now it's no use in talking, it would take a ream of paper to tell about my trip but first. I got no information on the pension matter and I think now I was mistaken about the back pay, The lawyers McCamy and Jesse Glen say the pay will begin at the date of the passage of the bill last July [*INDIAN WARS Claim of Widow for Pension under Act of July 27, 1892*] but the other part of my trip was surely a success. I left here Tuesday 14th, Feb at sun up. Took the train at Sellers, got to Montg'y at 10 A.M., examined the different routes and decided to go by Atlanta. I left Montg'y at 11³⁰ got to Atlanta Wednesday morning about sunrise. It rained all the way. I had to wait an hour so I walked to the Capitol (said to be one of the finest in the South). I could scarcely see it from the street, 40 ft. away on account of the dense fog. I got on the Western & Atlantic train headed for Dalton at 8³⁰. Soon after it commenced to move a man walked in and took a seat just opposite me. I looked at him, stepped over and said to him, "Isn't your name McDonald?" "Yes" "J.D.W. (*Walker*) McDonald?" "Yes" who are you?" "My name is Charley Davis, a son of A.J. Davis." "Well, well, Charley, is this you? I never would have known you. I am glad to see you, sit down and tell me all about the folks." So we talked together all the way up to Dalton. He helped me eat the last of my cakes + custard and sandwiches. We got off at Dalton about 12 and walked up to Hamilton Street and turned north up the street. He showed me John Black's hardware store. I stepped in, walked to the back, and met a clerk and asked him, "Is John Black in here?" "Yes, he is back there in the office." There were several in the office just behind the railing, in hearing of my inquiry. As I stepped to the door a great big

230 pounder met me and offered his hand. I took his hand and he looked at me some time and said, "Charles Davis, as sure as I am alive." Then he mirrored and finally introduced me to two of his sons, Wm (William) Alexander and Colquitt Carter and his clerk George Keith, (a son of Rube Keith), then his partner and brother-in-law, Joe McEntire. I said, "Is this the boy I gave Buck and Cry to?" He said, "This is the boy you gave Buck and Cry to and they were the best two dogs that ever barked on a track." Then I turned to John and told him about getting his letter and said, "No man can write me such a letter as that without having me to feed." He said, "Just step under the umbrella with me and we'll go to the house right now". "Here, Bun, take this valise." So we went down the street turned east across the R.R. struck the street at the foot of Fort Hill and turned in at a low one story house with more rooms in more different directions than any place I ever saw. John's wife soon came into the parlor. She said she did not need an introduction to me. Well to make it short they all did their best to make me enjoy myself and were abundantly successful. I got there on Wednesday and did not get over into Murray till the next Thursday week on account of so much rain and when John and I started that morning we broke a buggy trace before we got two miles. The roads were just awful. John walked up nearly all the hills. I didn't think the road ever got as bad but the deep freeze and continuous rains just knocked the bottom out. We stopped in Spring Place. It looked just like it used to only they have a nice new Court House much larger than the old one that was burned. I went into the Court House. Circuit Court was in session. I went into the office of the Ordinary and introduced myself. I asked him if the records were burned. He said, No, they had been saved. I then asked to look at marriage records for 1842. He turned to it and I read, "*Alfred J. Davis and Sarah O. Packard were married August 18th, 1842 by William P. Swanson.*" But long before we got to Spring Place, the old Cohuttah and Fort Mountain loomed up in all their glory. Now nobody in this country can imagine how I felt. Maybe you could, and maybe you would have felt as I did if you had been there. Nothing that I ever saw can begin to come up with the grandeur of those old mountains as they loomed up before me in silent majesty. I stood and gazed and drank in all the splendor of the view. It would be worth the trip to a stranger, but think of it to me, after an absence of nearly 30 years with all the associations. It filled me full to overflowing. I can't begin to tell it. But I am getting ahead of myself. Spring Place was full of people. John commenced calling up men, members of Co. A, and asking them if they knew this man. Not one of them recognized me but I knew nearly every one of them the moment I laid eyes on them. There were Ben Hemphill, Bill Lacky, Joe Terry, George Montgomery, Amos Keith, and then those not in our company, Lum Loughridge, Jim Loughridge, Sam Trimmier, Melvin Whittimore, Sam Harris that boarded with us in Pleasant Valley, Gid Jackson, Elisha Bond, Monroe McGee, and so on. While I was standing there trying to talk to all of them at once, a little fellow came up and introduced himself as Peeples. I asked him whose son he was, He said John Peeples. It was Harry, the little fellow who used to stand up and fight for his little sister. I think he said there were only two of them in Murray, he and Bill who has been teaching and is now going to school about Edmondson's Camp Ground. Harry told me he was going to marry soon to a Miss White. He had got it into his head that I was his uncle. We went over to the little hotel and got as good a dinner as I ever saw. There was the only place I found crout. We hitched up after dinner and headed South east for Dock McEntire's, John's brother-in-law. He lives at the old Bill McEntire place on Sugar Creek. It is one of the finest places I ever saw. About half way we came to a nice creek. I said, "John, what creek is this?" "Why this is Holly Creek." We went down the edge of the water 200 yards forded this prong and crossed the main run on a bridge. We went 2 ¼ miles and came into the old Federal Road at the old Hawkins place where Knox Ramsey now lives. We turned down the old Federal Road about a quarter passed a black smith shop on the right. As we were

passing, a man walked out bare headed and John stopped the horse and said to the fellow, "Hello, come out here. Do you know this man in the buggy with me?" He looked at me and said, "No, I never saw him before." John said, "O yes, but I know you have". I looked at the fellow and said, "John, who is it?" "Why this is Washington Strawn, Luke Strawn's oldest boy." I looked at him and said, "Sure enough that is Washington". He was one of the boys who stole father's blacking line at Holly Creek when his mother said to father, "I can clear them of that". We drove on down the hill, crossed Rock Creek fresh from the mountains, clear as crystal, singing and dancing down from rock to rock, the emblem of joy and gladness. One and half miles further down, we drove up to Dock McEntire's just at dusk. He lives in a nice new house on the left of the road just opposite to where the old residence was burned down. Dock's wife died, and his youngest sister, Miss Mattie, is keeping house for him. He has one little boy two years old. I walked out on the east piazza after supper and listened to the roaring of the creek, the first time I had heard such a thing since I left there and it was music to my ear. Next morning we walked around, looked at a big drove of sheep and young horses and mules, the immense barn and stables and sheds, ate breakfast at which was biscuits from wheat raised on the place and ground at the mill close by. We hitched up, drove back to Spring Place, stopped a few minutes and then turned the horses head north east by the old Seay place, took the left hand road, went on by the big pond, Gid Jackson's, Enoch Cobb's place and came into the old Federal road, turned north, went a few yards, and stopped in front of the old Berry Jackson house. Every thing there is just like it was when we left that country. John sat in the buggy. I got out, opened the gate and walked in. The door was open and I saw two ladies in the room. I walked from the piazza into the room and said, "I want to see Liddy Jackson, and this is she. I recon you don't have any idea who I am. She looked at me and said, "That is Charley Davis." She is the only one that recognized me beside John. I told her that when I left home I told them that Liddy Jackson was one person I was bound to see. She was mighty glad to see me. I had to sit down and tell her all about the folks. Who the girls married, and etc. She made me tell it over two or three times. I finally got away from her by promising, if possible, to come back. We went on up the road, passed the old Bank's place and came in sight of the old Pleasant Valley home. It made me feel glad and sad too. It looked just like it did 30 years ago. We drove on past the old jug factory on the right, went on up the road to the corner of the wet lot on the right. The fence is exactly at the same place and the woods this side looks exactly as it used to. The old black smith shop is gone but the two black persimmon trees stood at each end of the shop are there yet. There stood the old store house on the right and just beyond in front of the house stood the two Osage orange trees which I remember seeing Father plant. The one furtherest north is 2 ½ feet in diameter. The other about half that big. It blew down, was set up again and did not grow much after. We got out, hitched the horse and went in. The front, in fact all the fences about the house are just where they used to be. There are the same black locust garden posts that were put there about the time or before I was born. A few of them have been replaced by others. There at the south side of the garden are the same raspberries that were planted there when I was a little boy. There are some of the same old apple trees that grand father (Henry Davis or Chilion Packard) planted in the orchard. We went to the old brick house. I looked up at the top of the north chimney and saw W.D. Davis 1850. (May be William Dobson Davis born C. 1830, brother to A. J. Davis) It was very dim but yet legible. I looked at the dining room and kitchen, went round and into Anty's room, then round into uncle Hape's room. The floors were nearly gone out of those two rooms. We went around to the north side, looked into Hannah's room and Jinny's room then went upstairs and into every room. It all looks just like it did when we left it, and has the same roof that was first put on it. We then walked down the same old path to the Spring. The

only change there is that the whole thing has got higher. The water was clear but was nearly half way to the top of the rock and the rock we used to walk down on to the spring, which had the tracks in it, is all covered over with dirt, settlings from the creek. We went down the creek to the old fish trap place across the ditch that drained the pond in the horse lot. That ditch is now 15 ft wide. The pond had disappeared. The old barn, crib and sheds are there just as we left them, the same stables also. The trough under the shed that runs east and west that father had made of hewn logs bolted together is there as good as it was the day it was finished when I was a little boy. John said he thought his father hewed the logs of which it was made. We saw two women in the back yard looking at us as we were going around the old horse lot. We went back to the house and found it was Mrs. McDonald and her daughter Avie Cowan. We introduced ourselves and told our business. Then Avy took me all over the house and up into the garret (probably a room in the attic). Mr. McDonald and his wife are parted, he occupies the south rooms and they were locked. Mrs. Mc lives on the Bank's place. I think it belongs to Avy. Ma's room looks just like it did when we left there. It has the same paper, not discolored a particle. I looked around at the walls then went and looked at the old mantle piece which old Cary Jackson made. I believe it is the best piece of carving I ever saw. Do you remember how flared the fireplace is in that room? Avy then opened the little room door and said, "I think this was your room was it not?" I said yes, and showed her where the little table stood, where I hid sugar under the table cover and would slip in and lick the sugar. Ma saw a lump under the cover and raised it up and found my deposit. The old portico is gone and a new one with a roof is in its place. At the south side of the front yard stands the same cedar which I remember seeing planted when I was a little boy. On the north side is a white pine 40 feet high which Mrs. Mc says was planted by Willie McDonald. Willie is dead. We got into the buggy, drove up the road, crossed Mill Creek, turned to the left up the lane to the old Pleasant Valley Church and school house. There is not a vestage of the old school house or church. But on the exact spot of the old church stands a nice, new white church with a steeple and bell. A little north and this side (east) is being erected a large framed school-house. I think it is two stories. School is going on there now. They have a hundred or more students. We turned around in the old play ground and came back to the big rocks, stopped and got out and went down the bluff to the old school house spring, and there it is boiling up as big as my hat. Only the boil has moved about three feet from where it used to be by the side of the rock. Those rocks in that bluff have turned out to be fine black Marble. Mill Creek has changed its run there. It now runs straight west of the old ford. We went back across Mill Creek, turned east through a lane, struck the foot of the little mountain, turned up between the mountain and Mill Creek, turned up dry creek, went through the gap and across the old Elijay road where Uncle Charley Keith used to live. We turned to the right and soon came in sight of the old Strawn place but instead of the old Strawn house there stands on the site of the old kitchen, a nice, new modern well finished house, a large barn just south of it and four big fine mules walking about in the lot. A good reaper and other agricultural implements plentiful and a general look of prosperity about the place. Nancy lives there with her two youngest, Lum & Pearl. Lum is about 18 and Pearl younger. Rob died seven or eight years ago. We spent the night and I heard Holly Creek roar. Next morning we went down by our place on Holly Creek. It looked about as it did when we left, went on by the old Stewart place, turned east to the creek. John walked the foot log and I drove through the creek. Can you imagine how I felt driving through the clear limpid water of Holly Creek? We crossed Holly Creek bottom to the old Joe Terry place, got a drink of water there, went by Oat's old mill. Just beyond that is Fort Mountain P.O. There we saw a man sitting in the door. John said, "That is Bill Knick." I said, "Stop, I have got to talk to him." He came to the buggy, did not know either of us. I introduced John and

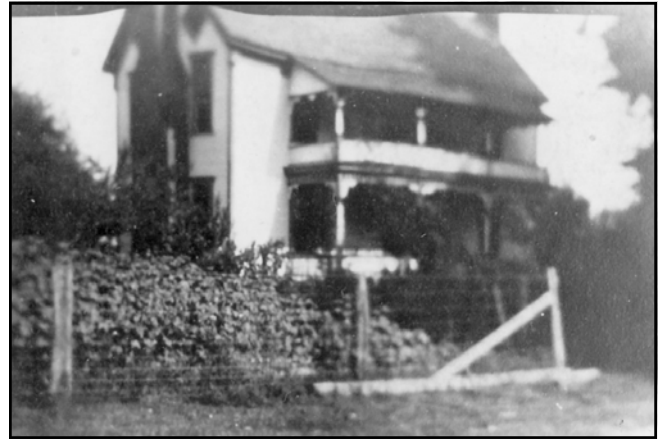
told him who I was. He said, "You must go home with me. I have got as good beds as you ever tumbled. My wife is as good a cook as you ever saw. We've got the best fruit that ever grew, she has plenty of it canned. You must go and stay with me!" "Why", he said, "Your father was the best friend I ever had." He then told me about father letting him have some hogs to fatten on halves and he and Ma spending the day with him when the hogs were killed and how father would not have anything but half of the clear meat giving him all the heads, etc. And how Father helped him out of the scrape when he shot a horse for one of the Carders because they were plowing up his wheat. Do you know him? [C.C. is talking about Bill Knick] He is the man that gave me Cry. We bade him good bye and turned down into the old Federal Road at Holly Creek Church where Lewis Roper won a hat from father one night on Joe Terry being a bigger fool than Dunk. We turned up the old Federal and crossed Holly Creek again. The water came over the hubs of the buggy and I couldn't stop talking about how pretty it was. We came in sight of Russ Peck's turned left for Spring Place, passed through took the upper road to Dalton crossed the Conna-sanga at Treadwell's Mill came by McCurdy's old mill on Coahulla near there on the road is a black marble quarry. We got back to Dalton Saturday at 3 P.M. On Sunday evening John and I walked out 1 ½ miles west of Dalton to our old camp where we were in winter quarters 30 years ago next winter. The mounds of our chimneys are plain to be seen. We found the exact spot where our cabin stood. We knew it as it was the last one in the line. John cut me a nice hickory stick on the spot and I have it here now. (next) I forgot to tell you. At the old place in Pleasant Valley they have torn away the brick smoke house and the little brick house at the South west corner of the garden but the old hen house is still there. Avy went with me south west of the garden and showed me two grapevines that grandfather planted before I was born. I brought eight cuttings from them and they are planted in the garden from the gate to the scuppernong vine. John also gave me 20 cuttings from 10 varieties of the finest grapes he ever saw. Also two extra fine roses. I got in Dalton a map of Murray County which beats anything you ever saw. It is laid off in squares each ½ representing the land lots which contain 160 acres or ½ mil square. The nine precincts are of different colors. Every road, river, creek, branch is laid down. Every man's house is indicated by a black square and his name perfectly legible printed by it. Every church and school house is laid down. Even Ross Bate's barn is laid down on the right of the road just south of his house. It also has figured in different places showing the altitude above the sea. On Holly Creek just opposite Fort Mountain is 800 and at the old fort 2827. That makes the Fort 2027 feet higher than Holly Creek bottom. Bald Mountain 7 ½ miles N.E. of the old Fort has an elevation of 4150 ft. They are working a Soap stone mine now on the side of the old Fort. The same farms we used to see on the side of the mountain are there in cultivation now and making good crops. Before I went to Murray, Bill Field, our third Lieutenant, came to Dalton with a load of hay. I got on his wagon behind a fine pair of mules and went home with him and spent the night. He brought me back in the morning on a load of hay. He lives 7 miles N.W. of Dalton in the Mississippi Valley. The water from his place runs into Tennessee. We passed through our old battle line, and not far from where our regiment fought on Rocky Face. The old breastworks are there plain to be seen yet. I brought the cabinet photographs of John, his wife, Mary, William Alexander, and Colquitt Carter, John's three oldest children. They are all good looking. They are all Episcopalians. I spent one night with Bob McCamy, had a pleasant time. His oldest daughter plays well on the piano, his second draws very well and rides a bicycle. His children are full of life and noise. Bob looks exactly like he used to and so does Bailey Keith. Bailey is yardmaster of the R.R. at Dalton. Sam McCamy lives in Dalton. I took dinner with him one day. He married the first girl I ever walked up by the side of, Kate Carter. That event (the walk) took place at Summerour's Chapel. [North of Pleasant Valley- Eton] Sam has

something like a dozen children and Kate is more than a head taller than she was when I walked with her. My stay in Murray was not half long enough. There were a good many people I wanted to see whom I did not get to see. I thought I was obliged to come back home but now I wish I had stayed another week. Well I boarded the train in Dalton at 6:30 A.M. Tuesday 28th Feb with a ticket to Birmingham Ala. which cost \$5.00. She rolled out toward Chattanooga, passed through the gap of Rock Face Mountain, passed Buzzard Roost, went through the tunnel, passed Ringold, Chickamauga, and into Chattanooga. Now let me tell you Chattanooga is all over the face of the earth. When I was there during the war it was a little one horse concern; now it stretches itself clear out to Missionary Ridge. I wanted to stop and look at the old battle field, but there was a stronger feeling pulling me back to Ala. The conductor by courtesy to John Black (he lives next to John in Dalton) stopped $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from his terminus and put me off in half a block of the A.G.S. depot where I boarded the train for Birmingham at 9. I stood out on the platform as we went round the Lookout Point, which I passed around so often during the war, but it was so foggy I couldn't see much. We left the old route at Wauhatchie, turned S.W. down Wills Valley, with Lookout Mt on our left and Raccoon on the right, passed through the corner of Ga. and into Ala. We soon came to Fort Payne where is the Keely Institute for the cure of drunkenness, which is making wonderful success. Fort Payne is the prettiest place I ever saw. It lies on each side of the R.R. which runs midway between two mountains about $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ mile apart. The streets are very wide and extend away up on the sides of the mountains. Every house looks fine and neat. I don't remember seeing a single shanty about the place. We came on by Attalla and got to Birmingham at 2¹⁰. Coming in I saw immense sheds, from whose numerous smoke stacks were belching out volumes of black smoke and flame and underneath I could see streams of red hot iron or something like "Shoots of flame on Midnight pall." We soon rolled into the car-shed and I walked up to the French restaurant and set down with a man I struck up with in Chattanooga that morning. When we got done eating, he picked up my check and went and paid it in spite of me. His name is J.D. Hand. He runs a big saw mill in Jemison, 1st station south of Calera. I intended to stop and take in Birmingham but I thought of home and when the train started at 3³⁰ I was on it and standing up, for it was jammed. I got a seat after we passed the 1st station, stopped at Elmore and spent the night with Shack Forniss came to Montgomery next morning, took the 4 o'clock train for Sellers, came on a wagon with Ed Moore to Mt. Carmel and footed it home by 8 P.M. Yours C.C. Davis (*Charles Chilion Davis*)

P.S. John sent Dell a \$2.50 carving knife & fork. Be sure to show this letter to Henry and Kiss him for me. Nannie says save us some land out there. If you are not gorged you can't be. I think you will have to dismiss school to read this letter.

Affet Delle (Lula Adelle)

The first image is of the home built in the late 1830s or early 1840s by either Henry Davis or Chilion Packard, ggg-grandfathers of PHA member, Alan M. Davis. The house was inherited by Alfred Jasper Davis, son of Henry Davis. Alfred Jasper Davis married Sarah Olive Packard. They sold the home, located south of Eton, Georgia in 1864 to a McDonald family, once prominent in the local area. The McDonalds deeded the home to Mrs. Bryant (Sally) Russell in 1889 and she sold the home to T. A. Pannell, Sr. in 1910. The current owner is his son, Federal Judge Charles A. Pannell. Alan M. Davis and his wife Darlene met Judge and Mrs. Pannell a few years ago and were given a tour of their ancestral home. The first and second floors of the home were near their original appearance. Additions were made to the home in the 1950s along with some remodeling which included lowering the roof. Judge Pannell believed the home originally consisted of four bedrooms, which make up the front of the home. A kitchen, dining room and servant's quarters were located northwest of these four rooms in another brick building.



Davis-McDonald-Pannell house built in the late 1830s/early 1840s

The included photographs and comments were submitted by Alan Davis.

Pannell House, Eaton, Georgia, 1980s. Photo scanned from *Murray County Heritage*, 1987 by the Murray County Historical Committee, Tim Howard, Chair-



Pannell Home Prior to 1954

Pannell House prior to its 1950s remodeling by Judge and Mrs. Charles A. Pannell. Photo scanned from *Eton: The Past to the Present* by the Whitfield-Murray Historical Society, Eton Preservation, 2007.

PINTLALA FLOAT IN BIG EDUCATIONAL PARADE RECEIVES EXTRAORDINARY COMMENDATION FROM THOUSANDS

Confederate Veteran and Wife Carry Battle Flag of War of Sixties; "Lest We Forget" Banner Impresses Throngs Who Line Streets To See Gigantic Procession Pass Down Dexter and Commerce.

One of the prettiest and most significant floats seen in the mammoth school parade of the great Alabama historical festival and pageant at noon was that arranged and designed by the Pintlala school of Montgomery county and bearing the words "Lest We Forget." The float was last in that part of the parade given over to the Montgomery county public schools.

Decorated entirely in red, white and blue buntings with the stars and bars attractively arranged on the sides, the float presented a picture of gorgeous and impressive beauty and design, while the 12 Pintlala school children, dressed in white, added greatly to the scene.

The significant part of the float was the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Brady, aged couple of Mt. Carmel in beat 16. Mr. Brady, dressed in a Confederate uniform, sat at the front end or unit of the float and his wife, dressed in white, slightly in the rear. The Confederate battle flag of the Second Alabama infantry, later the Sixty-Third Alabama, was held in the second unit by Miss Florence Sellers.

Mr. Brady is 87 years of age and saw active service in the war, serving in Company E, 33rd Alabama infantry. He enlisted at Greenville, Ala., on March 12, 1862 under Captain H. H. Norman. At Franklin, Tenn., he was captured by the Union forces and imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio, for six months, and with the exception of this time and one day, he was fighting for a cause that shall live forever.

Mr. and Mrs. Brady have been married for 59 years and have lived at their present home for 41 years. Both are natives of the state. Mrs. Brady is 77 years of age.

Miss Aileen Williams was seen standing at the front unit of the float, directly behind Mr. Brady. She was beautifully gowned in a dress of white. Seen standing at the front were Miss Mattie Ruth Moseley and Miss Velma Carr. Miss Moseley carried the banner bearing the words "Lest We Forget."

Seen kneeling were Misses Shirley Reed, Johnny Lynn Campbell, Isabel Fry, Hilda Reynolds, Nell Rowe and Miriam Chestnutt. Standing back of Mrs. Brady were Misses Cleo Suggs and Miss Margaret Guy.

The Confederate flag in the float was captured by Sergeant George W. Rebman, Co. B. 113th Illinois infantry Volunteer Regiment at Blakely, Ala., on April 9, 1865, and returned by the United States war department on March 25, 1905.

The flag was loaned to Superintendent A. F. Harman for this occasion through the courtesy of W. C. Fuller and of Peter A. Brannon, state department of archives and history.

The county school part of the parade was headed by Eugene Ballard, Jr., of the Cloverdale school. He was dressed in white and bore the banner bearing the word "The Modern School." Following in an automobile were members of the county school board of education, Jess W. Hearin, president; J. M. Hobbie, vice-president; Simon Gassenheimer and P. N. McIntyre.

Thirty-five trucks of the county bearing more than 1,000 school children followed the car occupied by the board members. Each bus bore on the top a large sign with appropriate inscriptions. The busses participated in the parade as they were purchased. E. W. Collier, head mechanic, followed in the car in which he uses to visit the vari-

ous stations.

The floats followed in the order names:

Vocational Home Economics, arranged by the Ramer school; Home Demonstration., Catoma school and Mrs. Mamie C. Thorton, county agent, cooperating; Vocational agriculture, Pike Road; Health, Capitol Heights and the county health department, cooperating; Athletics, Cloverdale under direction of Syd Johnson; Spirit of Play, Pine Level; America First, Chisholm, and Lest We Forget, Pintlala.

Following the floats was Miss Louise Ingram, teacher of the Cloverdale Elementary school, dressed in white and holding a banner bearing the words "Teachers Maximum Training - Hard Work - Minimum Pay For the world's Greatest Job." In automobiles following were the teachers of Montgomery county school, coming in alphabetical order. The last automobile was occupied by Superintendent A. F. Harman, T. L. Head, assistant superintendent; Miss Cora Pearson, superintendent of elementary schools; Miss Agnes Brindley, secretary, and Miss Bessie Smith, assistant secretary.

Those seen on the American First float, which drew much favorable comment from onlookers, were Mrs. Annie Belle Shipley, as the Statue of Liberty; Grace Singleton, Mary Wooley, Cecil Dowdell and Willie Ray Thompson.

The following inscriptions were seen on top of the school buses: No. 1, "Every Child An Equal Chance;" No. 2, "No Equal Chance Without Consolidated Schools;" No. 3, "No Consolidated Schools Without Transportation;" No. 4, "No Transportation Without Good Roads;" No. 5, "We Have Them;" No. 6, "Our Motto, Safety First;" No. 7, "These Busses Stop at all Railroad Crossings;" No. 8, "This Bus Has Gone 50,143 miles;" No. 9, "These Busses Have Gone 1,240,743 Miles;" No. 10, "This Bus Has Served Eight Years;" No. 11, "These Drivers Have Been Selected Carefully;" No. 12, "No Serious Injury to any Child;" No. 13, "No Child Remains Away from Home Over Night."

Bus no. 14, "Transportation and Consolidation Cost Money;" No. 15, "Our Children are Worth the Price;" No. 16 "Poor Schools are Dear at Any Price;" No. 17, "An Equal Chance Means A modern School Building;" No. 18, "An Equal Chance Means Adequate Equipment;" No. 19, "An Equal Chance Means Trained Teachers;" No. 20, "For An Equal Chance 1,640 Children Ride to School;" No. 21, "For An Equal Chance We Ride 51 Miles Per Day;" No. 22, "An Equal Chance Means a Nine Months Term;" No. 23, "All Schools in Montgomery County In Session Nine Months;" No. 24, "Supervision Means Better Teachers."

Bus No. 25, "Teachers Deserve Better Salaries;" No. 26, "Every School A Fit Place to Live;" No. 27, "The Public School - The Hope of Democracy;" No. 28, "Every Child Has the Right to Play;" No. 29, "Senior High School are Fully Accredited;" No. 30, "Our Schools Nationally Recognized;" No. 31, "Books Do Not Make a School;" No. 32, "Teachers and Children Mean A School;" No. 33, "These Are Your Schools;" No. 34, "Administered By a Board Elected By the People;" No. 35, "Better Schools For All Alabama."

Each automobile of the county unit of the parade carried two pennants to the upright supports of the windshield, one on each side.



Flag of the Thirty-Third Alabama.
Photograph courtesy Alabama
Department of Archives and History



Flag held by Miss Florence Sellers on the
Pintlala School Float. Photograph courtesy
Alabama Department of Archives and His-
tory

COMMENTARY ON ROBERT ALLEN BRADY AND HIS CONFEDERATE SERVICE

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Robert Allen Brady was eighty-six years of age when he was honored as a veteran who fought for the Confederate cause during our nation's civil war. In 1926 he and his wife, Cymphronah, were the central figures occupying the Pintlala School float as it was driven along Dexter Avenue in Montgomery. At the time of enlistment in 1862 at Greenville, Alabama, Robert Brady was a young 21-year old with bright blue eyes. The boyish private served in the thirty-third Alabama, Company E. He signed up for three years or for the duration of the war. Through the summer and fall of 1863 Brady was detailed as a wagoner and teamster.

A few months before the war ended, Robert Brady was captured by Union troops at Franklin, Tennessee on December 18, 1864. For the next two weeks he remained in the custody of Union troops until he was taken to a military prison in Louisville, Kentucky. After one week, he was transferred to Camp Chase in Columbus, Ohio arriving January 14, 1865. Here Brady remained until the close of the war. Now a young man, twenty-four years of age, Robert Brady signed the oath of allegiance to the United States on June 11, 1865. He had not been home in three years. A free man, he headed straight for his family and friends in south Montgomery County, Alabama.

Robert Brady could have written the regimental history of the thirty-third Alabama because the regiment was formed in Pensacola a month after his enlistment. With the exception of his POW experience the last few months of the war, the thirty-third Alabama was his venue of service for three years.

The initial shock of the war occurred at Perryville, Kentucky. Fighting commenced on the morning of October 8, 1862, and the Confederate troops sustained unimaginable losses with 532 killed, 2,641 wounded and 228 captured/missing. Terrible losses were also endured at Murfreesboro. The 1862 winter was spent near Tullahoma. After the long summer of 1863 the thirty-third Alabama suffered very heavily in the Chicamauga Campaign on September 19-20. However, at Ringgold Gap only one man was lost as the Federal troops were held in check during the northeast Georgia conflict on November 27, 1863.

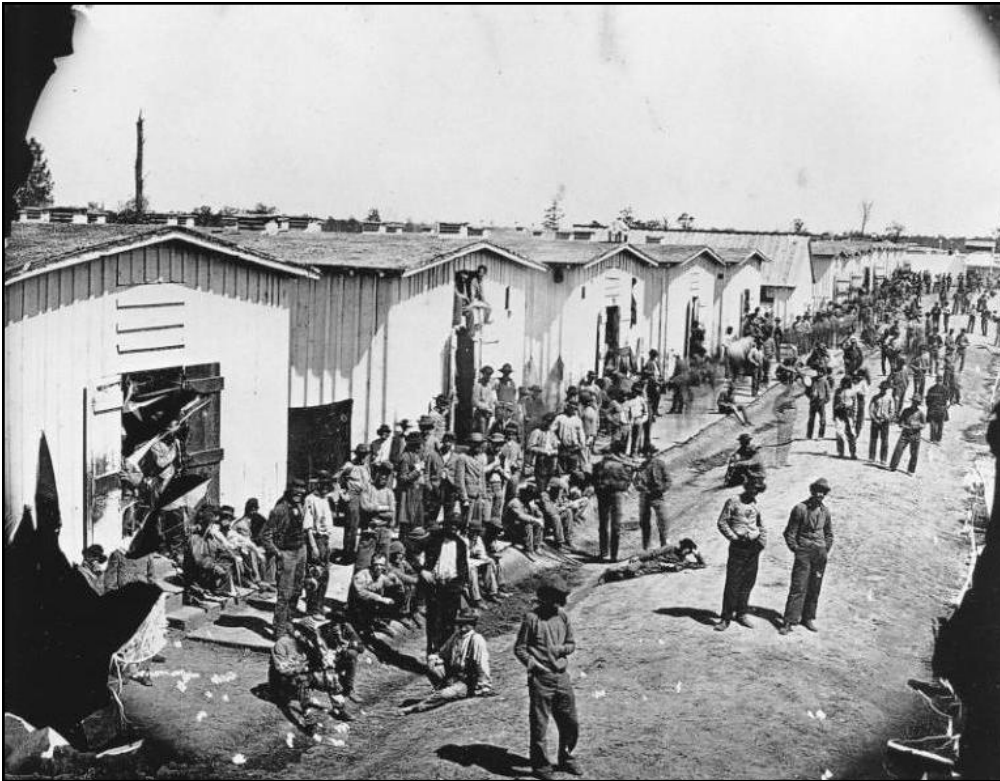
Still with the thirty-third Alabama, Robert Brady's third winter away from home was spent near Dalton, Georgia. From Dalton to Atlanta the battle seemed incessant at times with no end in sight. Fighting during the day and entrenching themselves at night, severe casualties were sustained at New Hope and around Atlanta.

The Battle of Franklin ensued on November 30, 1864. The Confederate assault took place with eighteen brigades of almost 20,000 men. What followed was utter devastation to the Confederate troops and to Confederate leadership. Fourteen Confederate generals (six killed or mortally wounded, seven wounded and one captured). Fifty-five regimental commanders were also casualties.

Robert Brady was captured. As a POW he served out the remainder of the war in Camp Chase near Columbus, Ohio. In later years Brady may have chosen not to speak of his experiences in the war, but if he did speak, surely his accounts were dramatic and graphic.

Camp Chase, Franklin County, Ohio

Camp Chase was a Civil War camp established in May of 1861 on land leased by the U.S. Government. The main entrance was on the National Road four miles west of downtown Columbus, Ohio. Named for former Ohio Governor and Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, it was a training camp for Ohio volunteer army soldiers, a parole camp, a muster outpost, and a prisoner-of-war camp. As many as 150,000 Union soldiers and 25,000 Confederate prisoners passed through its gates from 1861-1865. By February 1865, over 9,400 men were held at the prison. More than 2,000 Confederates are buried at the Camp Chase Cemetery.



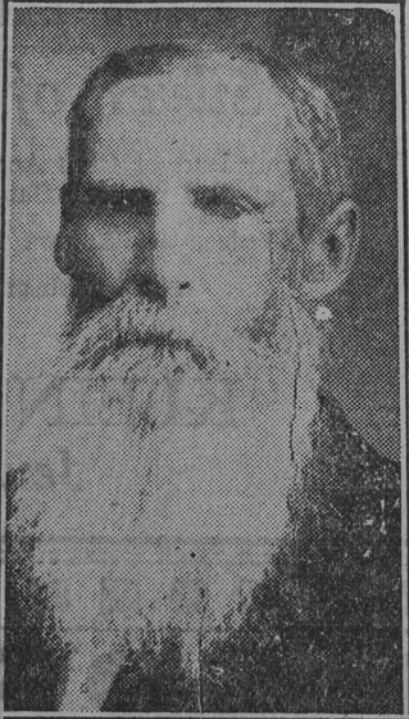
Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio

Robert Allen Brady's Family

James Allen Brady, a grandson, states that Robert and Cympronah Brady were the parents of Alma Brady, Lillian Brady Watson, James Alfred Brady, Pearl Brady Guy, Joseph Jackson Brady, and Carleta Brady McCall. Robert Allen Brady and Cympronah Phelps Brady are buried in the Mount Carmel Cemetery, Montgomery, County..

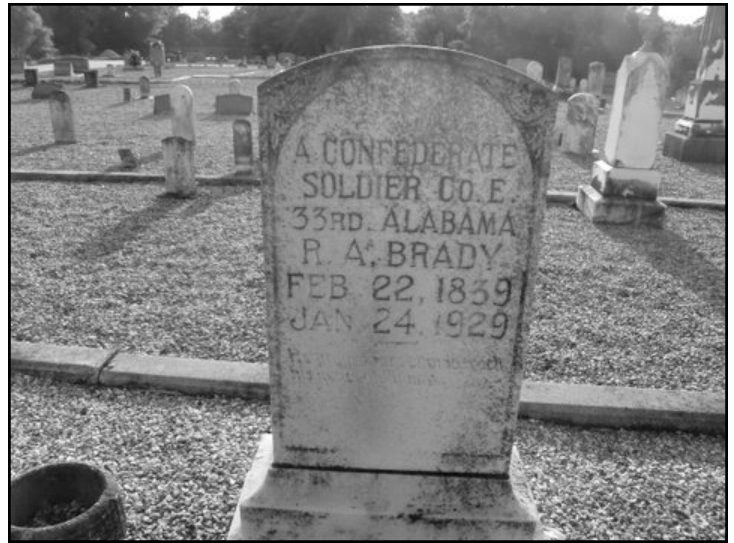
When Robert Brady mounted the Pintlala School float in 1926, memories swirled in his head. Recalling the carnage and suffering caused by war, friendships formed, and a three year absence from family and friends, this old soldier was proud of the regimental flag and the plaudits of the crowd and the banner, "Lest We Forget," as it was read by hundreds in attendance.

Aged Confederate Veteran Now Sleeps In His Native County



R. A. BRADY
 A Montgomery county Confederate veteran, R. A. Brady, 90, this week sleeps in his native soil. Mr. Brady died at his home in Mt. Carmel last week and was buried in the cemetery there. He had lived in that section for 44 years and was one of the most widely known citizens in the Mt. Carmel and Sellers vicinity. He leaves two sons, three daughters, 25 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

AUDITORS LIVE



Mount Carmel Cemetery, Montgomery County, Alabama



Mount Carmel Cemetery, Montgomery County, Alabama

Alabama Journal and the Times, January 26, 1929

Sources

Robert Brady file shared by Lurline Hall

Alabama Journal and the Times, January 26, 1929

Information regarding Camp Chase: <http://www.civilwarhome.com/campchase.htm>

Willis Brewer's *Alabama: Her History, Resources, War Record, and Public Men, From 1540 to 1872*



**PINTLALA HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION**

*c/o Pintlala Public Library
255 Federal Road
Hope Hull, AL 36043*

NEXT MEETING

JULY 15TH, 2012
2:30 P.M.

PINTLALA BAPTIST
CHURCH

Join the Pintlala Historical Association
Please mail completed form & dues to:

**Pintlala Historical Association
Ina Slade
15212 Highway 31
Hope Hull, Alabama 36043**

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Areas of Interest _____

If you are interested in genealogy, please indicate family surnames _____

\$15.00 Annual Dues