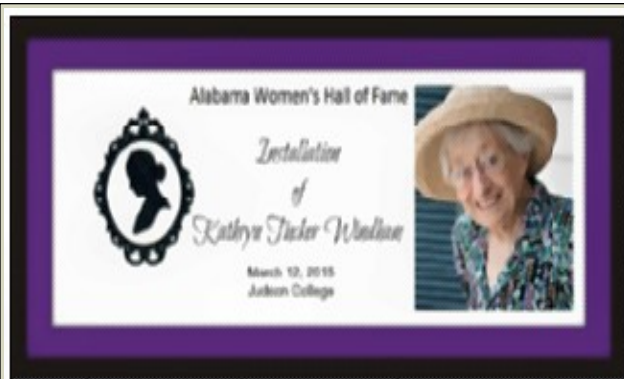


The April Meeting Tuesday, April 28, 2015, 3:00 p. m. The McMillan Museum Jefferson Davis Community College, Brewton

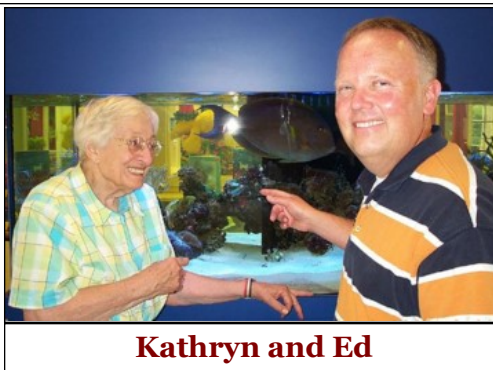


The Program

Ed Williams, Professor Emeritus of Journalism of Auburn University and a former Editor of the Brewton Standard will present the program "Remembering Kathryn Tucker Windham."

Kathryn Tucker Wyndham and Ed Williams

The following is a tribute to Kathryn that Ed wrote for the website he created commemorating the day he took one of his journalism classes to visit Ms. Windham at her Selma home:



Kathryn and Ed

"Alabamians consider Kathryn Tucker Windham the state's best storyteller. Public radio

listeners consider her a best friend. "They have found in her a loving companion who shares intimate, evocative memories of swimming holes, penny candy, eccentric neighbors, and lazy days spent

counting buzzards and stamping gray mules.

(Continued on page 2)

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The May Meeting, May 26, 2015

Matt Gage, who is the director of a project to excavate one of Tuscaloosa's oldest historic sites, the Bank of the State site, will present a program on the findings.

The project, sponsored by the University of Alabama Museum's Office of Archaeological Research (OAR), has found information about early Tuscaloosa life, including the history of the state related to the bank, a civil war prison, and a furniture manufactory.

Matt will bring artifacts from the site as well as information to bring the story to life.



Kathryn Tucker Windham
at Huntingdon College

Volume 42, Number 4

April 2015

Kathryn Tucker Wyndham and Ed Williams

(Continued from page 1)

“After graduating from Huntingdon College, Kathryn Tucker Windham became the first woman hired by the Alabama Journal in Montgomery. However, her journalism career began in her hometown of Thomasville, Alabama, where, as a

teenager, she wrote movie reviews for her cousin Earl Tucker, the editor of the local newspaper.

“Though it was a small town, she lived a large life and shares its wonders through her richly textured stories and essays.” €

Counting Buzzards, Stamping Mules, Good Luck, Bad Luck

From Kentucky Superstitions by Daniel Lindsey Thomas <http://www.forgottenbooks.com/readbook_text/Kentucky_Superstitions_1000746501/29>:

“Count the number of turkey buzzards you see flying. The number will be the number of years you will live”

“When you see a gray mule, make a wish, wet your thumb, and stamp your hand.”

From the New York Times Obituary for Kathryn Windham <<http://www.nytimes.com/2011/06>>:

“Ms. Windham tells why she always paused until a buzzard flapped its wings: ‘Cause everybody knows that if you see one buzzard, it’s real bad luck —

something awful is going to happen to you unless he flaps his wings.”

From the Tuscaloosa News for April 6, 1983 at <<https://news.google.com/>>.

Speaking at Shelton State Community College in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Mrs. Windham explained Rabbit Day:

“On the first day of every month, before you get out of bed holler ‘Rabbit, Rabbit,’ and you’ll have good luck all month. . . .It has to be the first thing before you move a muscle....The words can’t be said softly.”

She and her friends had a telephone chain for the last day of the month to remind each other that “Tomorrow is Rabbit Day.”

of the Selma Times Journal
had a social column, the
columnist might write next
Sunday:
Mr. Ed W. motored
over from Auburn Thursday
to dine with his friend
Mrs. K.T.W.

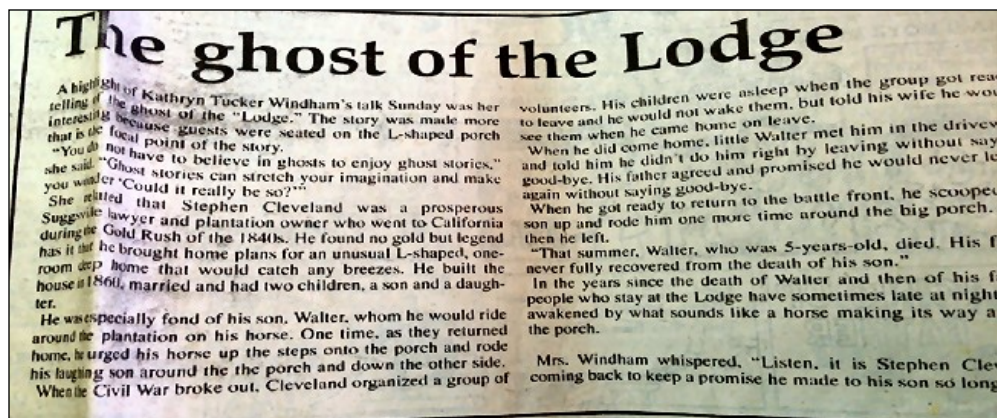
Note from Kathryn to Ed:
If the Selma Times Journal had a social column, the columnist might write next Sunday:

“Mr. Ed W. motored over from Auburn Thursday to dine with his friend Mrs. K. T. W.”



**Kathryn and Family
Kitti, Kathryn, Ben, Amasa and Diley, circa
1953.**

The Ghost of the Lodge



Ed Williams Recalls the Day He Drove Kathryn to Suggsville, Alabama
I appreciate Clarke County Democrat editor Jim Cox sending me this old newspaper from 1998 when Kathryn Tucker Windham spoke at the Clarke County Historical Society meeting. I drove her to the "Lodge" at Suggsville that rainy Sunday afternoon, lent her my Auburn umbrella and gave it to her as a parting gift that day.

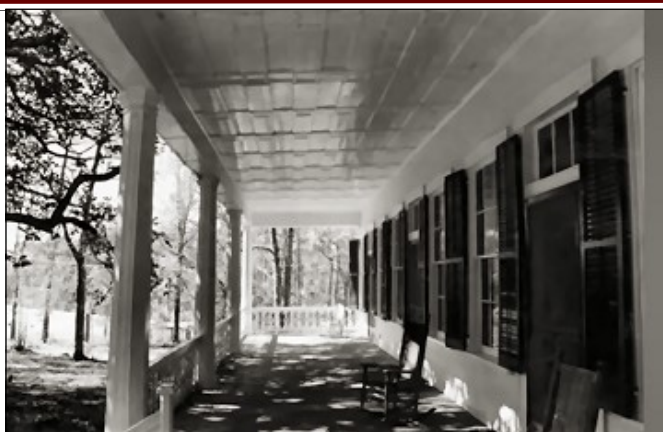
The following is the article from the Clarke County Democrat shown above:

A highlight of Kathryn Windham's talk Sunday was her telling of the ghost of the "Lodge." The story was made more interesting because guests were seated on the L-shaped porch that is the focal point of the story.

"You do have to believe in ghosts to enjoy ghost stories," she said. "Ghost stories can stretch your imagination and make you wonder, 'Can it really be so?'"

She related that Stephen Cleveland was a prosperous Suggsville lawyer and plantation owner who went to California during the gold rush of the 1840's. He found no gold but legend has it that he brought home plans for an unusual L-shaped, one room deep home that would catch any breezes. He built the house in 1860, married and had two children, a son and a daughter.

He was especially fond of his son, Walter, whom he would ride around the plantation on his horse. One time as they returned home, he urged his horse up the steps unto the porch and rode his laughing son



The Porch at the Lodge

around the porch and down the other side.

When the Civil War broke out, Cleveland organized a group of volunteers. His children were asleep when the group got ready to leave and he would not wake them, but told his wife he would see them when he came home on leave.

When he did come home, little Walter met him in the driveway and

told him he didn't do him right by leaving without saying good-bye.

When he got ready to return to the battle front, he scooped his son up and rode him one more time around the big porch. Then he left.

That summer, Walter, who was 5 years-old, died. His father never fully recovered from the death of his son.

In the years since the death of Walter and then of his father, people who stay at the Lodge have sometimes late at night been awakened by what sounds like a horse making its way across the porch. €

“Journey To Jack Springs” Field Trip

Tuesday, May 5, 2015



Steadham Chapel



Perdido Vineyards

Time: Meet at: 9:30 a.m.

Location: in front of the Atmore campus of Jefferson Davis Community College.

Directions from HWY 31, Simplest Way from Brewton: Drive south on HWY 31 into Atmore and at the intersection of HWY 31 and HWY 21 take HWY 21 North. Stay on HWY 21 until you have passed I-65. Look to your right to see the JDCC Atmore Campus.

Directions from Interstate 65: JDCC's Atmore Campus, is north of the intersection of Highway 21 and I-65. (This is the same exit for Wind Creek Casino, but one turns south to go to the Casino) The JD Campus is on the right after you turn onto HWY 21.

Carpooling from JDCC Atmore Campus: ECHS Members may want to carpool at this point.

Carpooling from Brewton JDCC Campus: Rather than drive to the Atmore Campus and then carpool, arrangements can be made to car pool from the Brewton campus. Those wishing to carpool from Brewton would need to be at the Museum on the JDCC campus and ready to leave no later than 8:45. Arrangements can be made at the ECHS regular meeting on Tuesday, April 28, or call 251-363-4252.

Lunch: You should bring a picnic lunch and drinks.

The Tour to the Steadham Chapel: We will begin a driving tour that will take us up to the **Huxford area** and on parts of the **Old Federal Road** and then eventually to the **Steadham Chapel**

and **Cemetery** on Taylor Circle which is near McCullough, Alabama. The Chapel is also near **Jack Springs**.

Our Hosts at Steadham Chapel: They will be descendants of John Victor and Mary Virginia Steadham. The Steadham family can trace their Alabama roots to Edward (Ned) Steadham and Jesse Steadham, survivors of the 1813 massacre at Fort Mims. John Victor Steadham's wife, Mary Virginia McGhee, was a Creek Indian princess.

The Tour to the Perdido Vineyard: The group will then travel parts of the **Old Stagecoach Road** into **Baldwin County** through the community of **Lottie** and on to the **Perdido Vineyard**, which is Alabama's first Farm Winery.

The Vineyards are located at 22100 County Road 47, Perdido, Alabama (I-65 Rabun-Perdido Exit No. 45). For more info, go to www.perdidovineyards.com.

Jim Eddins, owner, is a Steadham descendent. His Mother, Rachel Steadham Eddins, worked to build the Steadham Memorial Chapel. Members will have their picnic lunches at the Perdido Vineyard.

Tour after Lunch: After lunch, there is an optional tour of a nearby **Victorian farm house** which is on the historic register.

Background Information on Planning a Field Trip to Jack Springs, Alabama



**Jack Springs in Escambia County Alabama, circa 1930's-1940's
Picture Courtesy of Alabama Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, Alabama**

By Ann Biggs-Williams

If you grew up on Jack Springs Road, wouldn't you be curious about where Jack Springs was located and what significance the springs had in history that led the springs to have roads named for them?

There are residents of both northwestern Escambia County, Alabama and northeastern Baldwin County, Alabama who have a Jack Springs Road address associated with their mailing address with Atmore, Alabama.

According to Annie C. Waters in The History of Escambia County, Alabama, "Jack Springs is believed to be the earliest community established in what is now Escambia County." (This area was part of Baldwin County before Escambia County was created). There are a number of nearby small communities and some of these communities are no longer found on maps: Booneville, Durants, Hadley, Huford (Also known as Weatherford in 1895 and Local in 1928), Lottie, McCullough, Magic City, Mortimer, Poarch, Redtown, Steadham, and Steadham Station.

Jack Springs was mentioned in "The History of Atmore Through 1942" by William Hugo Yancey as part of his partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Degree of Master of Science in History at Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn, Alabama in August of 1943.

Mr. Yancey writes, "Jack Springs, about one mile from McCullough, and the oldest place in Escambia, was first known to the Indians years ago. The spring

was used as the center of their camping grounds because of its wonderful flow of fresh water. It was here that Andrew Jackson camped a week after the war with the Creek Indians."

Mr. Yancey continues, "Jack Springs was the only known center in Escambia County at an early date. It was named for Andrew Jackson and Jack Keller, who was the first stage coach driver. A large log building was erected which served as an Inn for the weary travelers, who at times stayed over until the next trip... Jack Springs was the old voting precinct in Escambia until many settlers established their homes there. It was so far to the voting place for many of the voters that they established another precinct for those of the eastern part of the county to vote at Canoe...." Mr. Yancey continues, "The spring is all that is left to mark this historical place."

According to Yancey, Ward Taylor and Company were mail constructors at an early date, though Major James Thompson was a partner in the original company with Patrick Byrne, to open a line of stages twice a week between Montgomery and Mobile to transport eastern mail into New Orleans. The coach ran to Montgomery by Greenville, Tensaw and to Mobile. In 1832, the traveler changed coaches at Greenville. In 1838, the coach went through from Montgomery to Mobile and changed horses every sixteen miles.

Years before this, the roads were so rough and muddy, the horses were changed every five miles, but

(Continued on page 6)

Background Information on Planning a Field Trip to Jack Springs, Alabama

(Continued from page 5)

later the roads were improved enough that the horses were changed to ten miles, then later to sixteen. According to Yancey, there were three stops in Escambia County: at Jack Springs, Lomax's Homestead and Cruit's Homestead.

So where exactly is the spring? Presently, most folks place the spring near the Corinth Primitive Baptist Church. In 1850, Mr. Yancey writes, that a large group of Primitive Baptist moved into this remote wilderness; they preached in the shades of the branch trees, sawed blocks from pines and laid planks across these for the members to sit on. There they exhorted their faith and droves of people from the surrounding country gathered and held meetings. They built a new church in 1875 on the same site and although it has been remodeled several times, it still stands today."

With permission from the Alabama Department of Archives and History, ECHS is publishing a photo taken circa 1930—1940's as part of the Alabama Writer's Project.- of what was then known as Jack Springs.

Norris Wasdin and Bob Stanley operated a cotton gin at Jack Springs. In 1916, the Jack Springs School, a two-teacher school, was consolidated with the McCullough School.

In the 1940 census, among the 40 inhabitants, the following surnames were listed at Jack Springs:

Quaker (Guaker), Hall, Jones, Kendrick, McGhee, Mullins, Prestwood, Seal, Stallworth, Taylor, and Wilson.

ECHS member Paul Merritt added greatly to the knowledge about Jack Springs in an article he prepared for The Heritage of Escambia County, Alabama book published in 2002. Connie Baggett tried to locate Jack Springs, Alabama and recorded her experiences in an article for The Mobile Register in 2005.

I spoke with Dr. Gregory Waselkov from University of South Alabama about his thoughts of whether Andrew Jackson camped at these springs. His conclusion is that we don't know for sure that he did, but we do know that Andrew Jackson was at Montpelier in Baldwin County, a place we visited on the ECHS Tensaw field trip, and we do know that Jackson went east. So the possibility exists that Andrew Jackson camped there, even if there is no proof.

This writer felt compelled to organize this field trip to Jack Springs as a natural follow-up to the Tensaw field trip. By 1836, the Tensaw settlement was well populated and the timber companies had already purchased large tracts of timber land. Settlers moved to the area of Jack Springs and Huxford.

Jack Springs was so important at one time, that signs throughout the county would state how many miles to Jack Springs. The journey continues... to find Jack Springs. Come join us... €

News and Announcements

May 3, 2015 Meeting at Steadham Chapel

The descendents of John Victor and Mary Virginia McGhee Steadham will meet Sunday, May 3, 2015 at 11:00 at the Steadham Chapel, located at 987 Taylor Circle, near McCullough. Following the meeting, a pot luck lunch will be served.

Bring your favorite dish along with pictures, articles and stories of your ancestors. All relatives and family friends are encouraged to attend. You may contact Elaine P. Brooks at 251-267-3442.

West Florida Genealogical Society

Meeting Date: Saturday, May 2, 2015

Place: West Florida Genealogy Library. 5740 N. 9th Ave, Pensacola, FL [850-494-7373](tel:850-494-7373)

Time: 10:00 AM

Topic: My Genealogy DO-Over - A Year of Learning from Research Mistakes

Speaker: Thomas MacEntee (via internet blog)

Thomas MacEntee started his own genealogy-related business several years ago, following a 25-year career in information technology. We will follow along as he leads us through the process of "starting

(Continued on page 7)

News and Announcements

(Continued from page 6)

over” with our genealogy research. No, you don’t have to throw out everything you’ve done — just “pretend” you’re starting again, using what you know now about better ways to research, better methods to document your findings, better sources to use. He provides new templates, tools, and the latest technology to help us create a better body of family history research.

MacEntee’s “DO-over” procedures should enable each of us to make our family history journey easier, quicker, and more thorough than we ever thought possible.

Members and guests are welcome to attend. Refreshments will be available at 9:45. Meeting begins at 10:00.

Contact Charlotte Schipman [850-477-7166](tel:850-477-7166) cschipman@mac.com

Donation of Annie Waters Materials to Alabama Room

Annie Waters’ granddaughter, Gail Waters Marsengil, wants to donate some of her grandmother’s research materials to the Alabama Room. Annie, of course, is the author of A History of Escambia County, Alabama.

ECHS Librarian Barbara McCoy has been in correspondence with Gail and plans are that Gail’s husband and son will bring the materials on the day of the May ECHS meeting.

4th Annual Sawmill Day and Car Show May 2 2015 Alger Sullivan Society 610 Broad Street Century, Florida

Flag Raising at 8:30 a. m.
Car Registration at 8-11:00 a.m.
Car Show Points counted at 1:00 p.m.
Awards at 2:00 p.m.
Cat Registration Fee \$25.00

Enjoy live music, dance, seeing old 100 locomotive, free tours of the society’s museums.

More about Grist Mills

Prompted by the article on grist mills in the last newsletter (ECHOES for March 2015), Wilellen Elliot has given us this information about a local grist mill.

The mill in East Brewton that Wilellen remembers going to in the late 1930's as a child was she said owned by Gus and Addie McGowin. Wilellen and her brother would take a little wagon and take their corn there to be ground into meal. She said the McGowins had a cement pond. She said it was on the street before Dailey Street as you come from Brewton. Wasn't sure of the street name but thought it was Gillis Street.

Ann Biggs-Williams contributed this information:

This also reminds me to tell you that Mike's grandfather, Andrew Robinson Williams operated a mill at Teddy, Alabama. When we visited Miss Hattie Gray of Marietta on her 100th birthday, she told me that she and her sister got up really early to walk to Teddy to have corn ground into meal.

The scariest part for Miss Hattie as a child was crossing the bridge over the Conecuh River at the spot that is now McGowin's Bridge. Miss Hattie said it was a wooden bridge with planks and you could look down and see the water though the openings between the planks and that was scary to her. They had to leave early in the day to go and get back by nightfall.

Mike's cousin Roddy Williams of Jacksonville, Florida recalled that when he would go visit his Grandpa Williams that the folks coming in to get corn ground would sit on a bench and move down as each was served and as a child he would sit at the end to hear them talk and moved each time they moved. €

Snapshots from the ECHS March 2015 Meeting



Snapshots from the ECHS March 2015 Meeting



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The ECHS *Journal* Section

A Lucky Find



From left to right, my (Susan Crawford's) Grandmother, Bessie Mae Pringle her baby sister, Dovie Ruth Pringle and her older sister, Jessie Pringle.



Picture to the left is Susan's Aunt Dovie in her graduation dress

Bottom picture is Aunt Dovie in her graduation robe.



By Susan Crawford

Browsing and shopping in antique stores has always been an interesting hobby for me and one that led to a really lucky find. I have a baby picture of my husband that is framed in an oval frame with a curved glass front. I thought it would be nice to find a similar frame for my baby-picture and hang them in the bedroom over our bed. Antiquing I did go.

After several years of hit and miss searching I finally hit pay dirt in a little shop in Milton, FL. The shop had not one but three frames which would suit my needs. For some inexplicable reason I felt drawn to one picture in particular so I purchased it and took it home. It lay on the shelf for a couple of years and like a lot of other projects was soon forgotten about.

One day as I was cleaning up, I ran across the

picture and decided that it was about time to finish the project. I turned it over to the back, intending to take the brass dustcover off, when I noticed the inscription on the brass cover. It read, "Her High School Graduation Picture, 17 Years Old, 1916." I took a good look at the young woman all gussied up in her graduation dress and decided that I just could not take her out of the frame. This was her graduation picture and it was a fine one. I hung the picture of the unknown girl on the wall in the guest bedroom and forgot about that project, again.

Several years later my Aunt, Martha Fitzgerald Pearson had broken up housekeeping and gone to Little Rock to live with her son, Robert. Her sons found a box of family pictures in her attic and Larry

(Continued on page 12)

The ECHS *Journal* Section

A Lucky Find

(Continued from page 11)

brought then to my house for safe keeping. He told me to be sure and make any copies that I wanted while I had them. I was making some copies of them one day while my Mother, Elizabeth Fitzgerald Parker, was visiting. My heart started beating rapidly as I picked up one of the pictures. It was of a young woman in a graduation robe and it was dated 1916. It was the same woman that was in the larger, color picture that I had bought in Milton. It was hard to contain my excitement when I called to Mom and asked her who the woman in the little picture was. "Oh, that's Aunt Dovie," she replied.

Well, Aunt Dovie was Davie Ruth Pringle and she was the younger sister of my Grandmother, Bessie Mae Pringle Fitzgerald. I only knew Aunt Dovie when she was in her eighties so I had not recognized her. I have no idea how her picture got to an antique shop in Milton, FL for she had never lived there. She

was living in the home of her brother, Benjamin Pringle, in Pollard, AL in her later years. I remember her as a very strong, independent old lady who enjoyed working in her yard even in her seventies and early eighties.

The picture of the three little girls was taken from a tintype and they are from left to right, my Grandmother, Bessie Mae Pringle, her baby sister, Dovie Ruth Pringle and her older sister, Jessie Pringle. This was the only picture I had of Aunt Dovie before finding the graduation pictures. The small black and white picture is Aunt Dovie in her graduation robe, and the larger color picture is Aunt Dovie in her graduation dress.

I feel very lucky that my find in an antique shop rescued a beautiful picture of a family member and it still resides in the place of honor in my guest bedroom. I just hope future generations will treasure my lucky find as much as I do. €

Jack Springs

By Paul Merritt

No book about Escambia County would be complete without a Story about the county's earliest community, Jack Springs. The town was located about two miles west of where McCullough is today. It was on the old Federal Road and grew up around a stagecoach, freight-wagon stop for the Montgomery to Mobile line, the stop being established about 1820. Eventually the stop had a stable, inn, saloon, and dance hall, and was near some springs where cool, fresh water available for the people and horses.

Alma Chanson of Huxford told the writer that her great grandfather, Sidney Lomax, was a stagecoach driver on this line and he said the drivers were first attracted to the springs when they noticed Indians camping around them. The Indians reportedly believed the waters had healing properties. In addition to Sidney Lomax, a man named Jack Keller (a.k.a. Hank or Henry Keller) used to drive the stage that went through Jack Springs. Some say the town was named for Jack

Keller. Others say it was named for Andrew Jackson, who is said to have camped nearby.

Still others say it was named for a bandit named Jackson, who was shot by a lawman and buried at Jack Springs. Legend has it the gravedigger removed a rose pinned to the bandit's bosom and stuck it in the ground, resulting in a beautiful rose bush.

When the railroad was completed between Montgomery and Mobile, in the 1860's, the stagecoach and freight wagons that plied the federal road quite running and the town of Jack Springs nearly died. But the timber and cotton businesses were starting to boom, so the town became a timber and cotton town and lived on.

In the late 1880's, the lumber company at Wilson Station (Nakomis) built a narrow gauge railway up to Jack Springs. Mr. Johnny Presley of Atmore, age ninety-three, remembers this narrow gauge railway and so does Mrs. Opal Drew of Jack Springs/McCullough. Mr. Presley says the little steam engine had a nice whistle and the engine was called the

(Continued on page 13)

The ECHS *Journal* Section

Jack Springs

(Continued from page 12)

“Peter C.” It pulled about three long, thin cars of logs, going about as fast as a little boy could run.

Mr. Presley also told the writer that his grandfather used to operate one of the “pole” railways that were set up on temporary, wooden tracks. They were used to bring logs to the narrow gauge line that took them into the mill. Mrs. Drew remembers how as a girl she and her sister used to run across the train trestle crossing Wasdin Branch, running to make sure the train didn’t catch them on the trestle.

As Jack Springs is mentioned so prominently in 19th century newspaper articles, official documents, election results, maps and letters, the writer became interested in trying to locate the exact site of the old town. Fortunately, he met a lady who had grown up in the western part of Escambia County and was able to lead him to the site of the spring and the old town.

On an Escambia County Historical Society outing in 1999, Mrs. “Sissy” (Kathryn Louise) Dukes Horton of Brewton took the writer on a visit to the spring which some consider to be “The Jack Springs.” Sissy’s father, Dr. James Ellis Dukes, was for many years a veterinarian in western Escambia County. Because he had to visit most of the farms to treat the livestock, Dr. Dukes knew all of the backroads and most of the people of the area.

Sissy, who grew up in Atmore, knew about one of the springs because of her fond memories of her father taking her and her siblings (Jimmy, Frank and Marty), swimming at Moniac (many spellings) Bridge where County Road I crosses Little River. Sissy remembers how they would sometimes stop to visit what her father called Jack Springs, out behind the Corinth Primitive Baptist Church. Buford Coon, who is a native of the McCullough/Jack Springs area



View of the Tavern Site at Jack Springs, Looking South.
Photo from Dec. 15, 2010. Text and photo from Archeological Survey of the Old Federal Road in Alabama
<<http://www.usouthal.edu/archaeology/pdf/fr.pdf>>.

but now lives in Atmore, says his father, Jonah Coon, also referred to this particular spring as Jack Springs.

On our outing Mrs. Horton parked beside the Corinth Church and the writer and she walked through the brush behind the church and down the hill to find a ravine filled with rubbish, but with evidence there was still a spring flowing underneath. Sissy remembers there had once been a well-defined path from the edge of the church grounds down to the spring.

This particular spring bubbles up and flows down the hill, creating a small

branch, which flows into Wasdin Branch, then into Long Hollow Creek, and eventually into Little River. Years ago there was a large pool where this spring surfaced and the Corinth Church built some steps and partially bricked the sides of the pool to provide a nice baptismal pool. Today there is not enough water flowing to support a pool, and the remains of the baptismal are collapsed into the ravine. As there are other springs in the area, we cannot be sure if this particular spring is the Jack Springs of if the name was intended for the several springs in the area.

In inquiring about other remains of the old town, the writer learned from Scott Brooks of Jack Springs where the railroad trestle remains are still located, about 350 yards downstream from County Road 1, where what remains of the trestle crosses Wasdin Branch. Kenneth Wasdin of McCullough related that the grinding stones for the old gristmill have never been recovered and are still lying somewhere under the ground, out where the millpond was once located.

Johnny Presley (who remembered the narrow gage railroad) told the writer that the remains of the stage-coach inn and stable were still visible when he was a

(Continued on page 14)

The ECHS *Journal* Section

Jack Springs

(Continued from page 13)

boy. He said they were out in the field to the south of Taylor Circle Road, out in front of where Opal Drew and Scott Brooks live today. On one visit to the area, Scott Brooks took the writer to another spring out behind his house which would have been closer to the old stage stop than is the spring behind the Corinth Church. Perhaps that spring is the one that supplied the inn.

Johnny Presley also told the writer that the road from Jack Spring to Atmore used to leave the existing road (County Road 1) just north of the Indian Reservation and come catty cornered across the fields from the southeast, running right into where the stage stop was located. Mr. Presley also said the old stage road coming from Lottie ran just north of where the Steadham Cemetery and Chapel are today, then on east to the stagecoach inn. It then continued east for a short ways before turning north towards Jumping Gully and Huxford, crossing what is today the Booneville Road, not too far east of the existing Corinth Church.

Another indicator of the existence of the old community is a well-hidden small cemetery across the



Note by Paul Merritt:

This picture from the 30's is of a spring in the area known as Jack Springs. The area known as Jack Springs is an area with many springs and this writer feels that no one spring can be call the Jack Spring's spring.

This picture could be the remains of the spring beside the old inn or it could be the spring behind the old church or even of any of several springs in the Jack Spring's area. No way to tell from the picture which it is.

However, what is of historical interest is the location of the inn which served as a stop on the Stagecoach Road. There was surely a spring next to the inn as the passengers as well as the horses needed water when the stage made a stop. The challenge today if to discover the location of the old inn.

Many people will tell you that the spring out behind the old church is the Jack Springs. That is likely not so. Instead, about 3/4 of a mile south of the church there is a spring out in a cotton field that was likely the spring used by the inn. That location will be pointed out on our upcoming trip to Jack Springs

county road from the Corinth Church, so overgrown that any visitor would have trouble finding the remaining graves. The family names on the only remaining graves are Boon and Godwin. Locals say the cemetery was much larger years ago, extending under where the county road is today. Both Audrey Weaver, who lives near Booneville on County Road 1, and Buford Coon related that the Jack Springs School was located near this cemetery, on the south side of the county road.

The town of Jack Springs peaked in the 19th century, when it had a gristmill, a cotton gin, stores, a school with nearly a hundred students, and several churches, including the existing Primitive Baptist Church and the Mars Hill Baptist Church (Mars Hill Church was served in the 1880's by a circuit rider from Wilson Station, the Reverend Sam W. Jones, about whom there is a story in the [Escambia County Heritage Book](#)).

Jack Springs was dealt a blow when the virgin timber was completely cut out by 1825. The town struggled as a cotton town for a few years, but eventually even the gin was moved to McCullough to be closer to

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Jack Springs

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the Frisco Railroad. Thus, Jack Springs passed into the history books.

The town is gone but the cool spring behind the Corinth Church still flows, even if it is just a trickle. And, they say if you listen carefully on a quiet, foggy morning, you can still hear a team of stagecoach horses galloping, and the faint sound of the driver's cow-horn bugle sounding the arrival of the next stage.

Sources: Lucy Weaver (granddaughter of Audrey Weaver; the Atmore Advance, Sept. 30, 1976; Annie Waters' A History of Escambia County, Alabama.

Falling off the School Bus

By Darryl Searcy

Being a kid just isn't easy. Ask any kid and you'll learn the class system is very much alive, well, and living within the school building walls. Despite parent and faculty desires otherwise, intelligence, wealth, athletic ability, and social status always seem to be the distinguishing factors in determining the groups within the class system. Everyone wants to have friends, and secretly everyone wants to have cool friends. It seems the kids who like you aren't the kids you'd like to hang around; meanwhile, the kids you want to be friends with really aren't people you'd like if they didn't rate highly in the class system. To make matters worse, normal kids with average intelligence, from average income homes with average athletic ability don't fit neatly into the predetermined categories.

This was definitely the case with me in the stressful, social grades of middle school. I didn't fit into any of those categories because I was blessed with



1945-1950's School Bus

an exposed blood vessel at post-nasal and the slightest bump, sneeze, or rise in temperature sent me into a violent nosebleed. Like every other adolescent on earth, I just wanted to be liked. Unfortunately, on the school bus it was hard to be liked; I was too nice for the rough kids, too dumb for the smart kids, and too klutzy for the cool kids. The rough kids were the ones who made life diffi-

cult because they were constantly on the prowl for unsuspecting prey to torture. A normal kid who was shy and slow with smart-aleck comebacks made the ideal prey.

At the time, I didn't realize that they too were living within their own miserable form of class system and rowed with the same oars as I. From where they were sitting I seemed to rate higher because I lived in a fairly large home with lots of big brothers. For some bizarre reason, the cool kids were never the targets. I assumed their trendy clothes and quick wit must have intimidated the brawny, socially challenged rough kids. Oh, how I wanted to be one of the cool

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kids.

The trip to and from school was often made unbearable by the rough kids who liked to display their stupidity so no one could confuse them with the smart kids. Without fail, my only hope in escaping harassment was to maintain a low profile, find a seat, slump down, open a book to read and blend into the vinyl until the bus reached our house.

One afternoon our substitute driver, a man barely out of high school himself, decided to declare a race against an imaginary driver of an imaginary bus, thus fully illustrating the reason why post high school boys do not drive school buses today. As luck would have it, the race began as we left the school grounds. Unfortunately, a stop at our house only served to interfere with the driver's desire to win the race. He carefully instructed me to stand on the bottom step, and when he slowed down, he would tap on the breaks, have the door open enough to allow me a chance to hop off without his having to stop. Then the bus could roar away at a whopping speed passing the invisible checkered flag of the imaginary school bus that was now in the lead. Ignoring the stupidity (and danger) of the entire request, I wanted to appease the driver and the entire busload of students who shared his enthusiasm to win. Everyone was chanting, and this was my one chance to shine -- and earn a spot with the cool kids.

As the bus approached our mailbox, the driver pushed open the big metal arm holding the bus door in preparation for my carefully choreographed escape. Unfortunately, when the driver tapped the brake, I lost balance and did a somersault out of the bus and into the grassy ditch! I landed headfirst into a big patch of ragweed and sandspurs, while my papers, books, and pencils went flying through the air landing several feet distance from me. A bit dazed from the entire experience, I had to blindly feel my way through the tall grasses and horrible prickles to retrieve my belongings, including a prized zoo-zoo.

When I was finally able to pluck the grass and sandspurs out of my eyebrows and get my bearings, I looked up to see that the bus had stopped. Every window was down and every kid was staring, as my face

was a big bloody mess. There was a momentary period of silence while the driver politely confirmed that I wasn't seriously injured, and then the entire bus erupted in howls of laughter. This was one of those self-conscious moments where there was no way to recover with any dignity. So I gathered my books and strode away in total humiliation, picking weeds and burrs out of my hair, dusting dirt off my knees and making a valiant effort to staunch the blood flow.

To put the final touches on the entire hideous experience, an older brother was sitting on the front gallery. He leapt to his feet and rushed to me pretending that he didn't notice the red clay dirt stains on my elbows or the sandspurs still stuck to my entire frontal. He was more concerned about the nosebleed. I was such a klutz and knew in my heart that every kid on that bus would long remember the calamity. How could anyone fall through a wide-open door? I had fallen off a public school bus, because a careless driver was determined to win an imaginary race that should not have been in his bird-brain head in the first place.

I just knew that gone were my chances of being accepted by the rough kids; gone were any chances of escaping daily ridicule; and gone were my chances of ever becoming one of the cool kids. Falling off a school bus is one of those defining moments everyone tends to remember; and for some reason, cool kids never do that! I just knew that for the rest of my life, kids from every group in the entire class system were going to have a life-long laugh at my expense. Yelling, "Don't jump, Don't fall," as I exited the bus. Every single day from this one forward would be a guaranteed reason to point and snicker.

Looking back as an adult, I don't know why I ever cared what anyone else thought. I don't know why I wanted to be a part of a group with a name. I don't know why I wanted to be friends with unlikable people. My friends were kids just like me who didn't fit into a category. Those were the people who mattered. In hindsight, I now have more respect for the kids who didn't fit than I ever had for those who did. As a somewhat mature, somewhat intelligent, somewhat cool survivor of the middle school class system, I'm glad my misfortune created a

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way for those misguided youngsters to come together and be one big, happy group.

To my surprise, having long left that school and built a reasonably successful career, the old school held it's first reunion at the 50th year of our graduation. I was asked to give the keynote speech.

Oh, who am I kidding...I still don't like that rotten bunch of kids...and I can't believe I fell off a school bus! I never found my prized whirligig either! What a nerd! €



**Wooden Carinal Whirligig by
<[CDSblair](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/ZooZoo) at [en.wikipedia](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/ZooZoo)>
From [Wikipedia](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/ZooZoo)**

**From Wikipedia at
<<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/ZooZoo>>**

A whirligig is an object that spins or whirls, or has at least one member that spins or whirls.

Whirligigs are also known as pin-wheels, buzzers, comic weathervanes, gee-haws, spinners, whirlygigs, whirlijig, whirlyjig, whirl-ybird, or plain whirly.

Whirligigs are most commonly powered by the wind but can be hand, friction, or motor powered. They can be used as a kinetic garden ornament.

They can be designed to transmit sound and vibration into the ground to repel burrowing rodents in yards, gardens, and backyards

ECHOES
THE NEWSLETTER FOR
THE ESCAMBIA COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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