

## The December Meeting The Christmas Party Friday, December 11, 4:00 p. m. The L House



**Once the Book and Bean, Now L House**

**The Christmas Party:**  
Come and Enjoy  
Good Food, Fellowship,  
the Christmas Parade,  
Christmas Carols, and  
Family Stories

**Location:** 131 St. Joseph Ave., Brewton. You may remember L-House as the former location of the Book and Bean. The lower floor is used for events, parties and the upstairs is the site of Clay Lisenby's Photography Studio. The building is next to

the Ritz and next to the Ritz is the Bank of Brewton.

**Parking:** Parking and entrance are in the back of the building as shown above. Entrance to Parking is from St. Nicholas St./Hwy 41.

**Food:** ECHS will furnish a ham and beverages. Bring your favorite holiday dish to accompany.

**The Christmas Parade:** begins at 6:00 and we can watch from Up or Down Stairs at L-House. Large windows on the upstairs floor give us a perfect view of St. Joseph's Ave. and the Parade Route.

**Christmas Carols:** Enjoy Singing Favorite Carols with Piano (Keyboard) Accompaniment after the Parade. Singing the carols will give time for the traffic to clear out of downtown. Copies of the words to carols will be available.

**Stories:** Story time similar to Show and Tell if you have a memory or story you wish to share with the group. €

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**January Meeting a good time to pay ECHS Dues.**

## The January Meeting Tuesday, January 26, 2016 3:00 McMillan Museum

### The Program

ECHS member Charlie Ware will present a program on Macedonia. He describes the program as: "A brief history from the days of Alexander the Great, Roman and Turkish occupation, its incorporation into Yugoslavia, and finally, its emergence as an independent nation.

"I'll also talk briefly of how Macedonia avoided the recent wars that plagued all the other countries of the Balkans and some of my experiences while working for NATO in Macedonia." €



Entrance to L House

## Celebration of the 35th Anniversary of the Solon Dixon Forestry Center



**Members of the Charles Dixon family in attendance are shown with Martha Dixon, seated.**

**They are (from left) John Vick, Patricia Vick Moody, Scott Moody, Glenn Leuenberger, Charles Roland and Dillon Roland.**

**Charles Dixon was Solon Dixon's brother and business partner in the Dixon Lumber Co.**

**Solon's brother, Charles Dixon, and his wife Thelma were also noted philanthropists, giving to schools and libraries not only in Covington County (the Dixon Lumber Company was located in Andalusia), but to educational institutions throughout the state. For example, there is a Dixon Wing at the Huntingdon College Library in Montgomery and a Thelma Dixon Building at the Ludwig von Mises Institute (Institute on Economics) in Auburn.**



**At the Right, ECHS President Sally Finlay at the Reception**



**Members of the Solon and Martha Dixon Foundation were on hand for the celebration. Shown are (seated) Martha Dixon and Foundation President Doris Tyler; (standing) Philip Jones, Rhett Johnson, Trippy McGuire and Louisa Baker.**

The Dixon Center, a 5,300-acre learning facility and outdoor classroom, was established in 1978 with a substantial donation and gift of land to Auburn University from Solon and Martha Dixon.

This summary from the article "UA's 'Discovering Alabama' Receives Foundation Gift" on the Solon Dixon Foundation's contributions: "Solon Dixon was a forestry leader, conservationist and farmer and was known for his dedication to education. He and his brother, Charles, developed and managed Dixon Lumber Co. in Andalusia.

"The family's acquisition of forestland began in the 1920s and peaked in the mid-1970s with about 90,000

acres. Solon Dixon died in 1986. His wife, Martha, and the Foundation's board members, have continued his philanthropic support of education through the Foundation" (<http://uanews.ua.edu/2002/07/uas-discovering-alabama-receives-foundation-gift/>).

A Reception, organized by the Auburn University School of Forestry and Wildlife Sciences, celebrated the anniversary of the center and also honored Martha Dixon who celebrated her 100th birthday in September.

ECHS members attending the reception included Sally Finlay, Jacque Stone, Carolyn Jennings, and Ann Biggs-Williams. €



## Snapshots of the ECHS October 2015 Meeting



**Guest Speaker Jay Lamar and ECHS President Sally Finlay**



**Tom McMillan and Darryl Searcy**



**Sally Finlay and Jay Lamar Visit the McMillan Museum**



**Brewton Mayor Yank Lovelace**



**Charles Ware (back to camera) Visits with Jay Lamar**



**Enjoying Refreshments in the Elvira McMillan Parlor after the Meeting**



## Snapshots of the ECHS October 2015 Meeting (Continued)



**Lydia Grimes on the Left.**



**Refreshment Table**



**Jeff Ross, Left, Visiting with Charlie Booher**

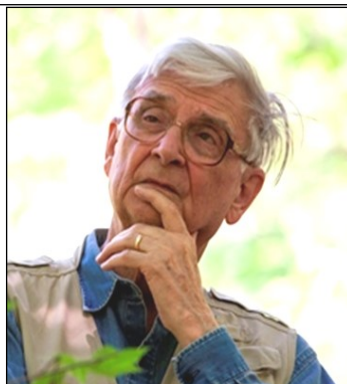


**Sally Finlay on the left, walking in. Museum Coordinator Don Sales, middle, visiting with Charlie Ware (back to camera).**

## E. O. Wilson to Be Honored as Distinguished Alabama Writer

Noted biologist and two-time Pulitzer Prize winner Edward O. Wilson has been selected to receive the Harper Lee Award for Alabama's Distinguished Writer of the Year for 2016.

The award is made to a living, nationally recognized Alabama writer who has made a significant, lifelong contribution to Alabama letters. Wilson will receive the honor during



the Awards Dinner at the Alabama Writers Symposium in Monroeville, Alabama, on March 31, 2016.

"Although—perhaps because—I'm primarily a scientist, I'm doubly honored to receive the Harper Lee Award, in recognition of the literary side of my life," said Wilson. "Actually, triply honored to have it come from the state and region I love and have tried to honor in works of both fiction and nonfiction." €



## Snapshots of Field Trip Following Federal Road in South Monroe County



**Lunch at the Masonic Lodge at Perdue Hill**



**Our Guides: Shannon Jones on the left and Steve Stacey on the Right**  
Shannon and Steve are giving the group information about interesting places on the Old Federal Road.

The group had driven on the Stagecoach Road, parts of which are the Old Federal Road, and are at Enoch Church.



**Inside the Masonic Lodge at Perdue Hill**

The group is listening to Steve Stacey on the history of Old Claiborne, Early State Capital and Perdue Hill

Old Claiborne is now abandoned because of flooding from the Alabama River. Several buildings were moved from Claiborne to Perdue Hill.



**Mike Edwards, on the left, talking with Steve Stacey, on the right, during visit to the Masonic Lodge.**

**Look for more pictures and a narrative on the trip to the Federal Road in South Monroe County in the January 2016 issue of ECHOES.**

# Christmas Cards Tell Us about Senders and Receivers

*In formation in the text of the cards on this page from "Happy Holidays' Not New to 2005, Alabama Archives Show Range of Greeting Cards," Decatur Daily News, December 2005, By M. J. Ellington at <<http://legacy.decaturdaily.com/decaturdaily/news/051222/cards.shtml>>.*

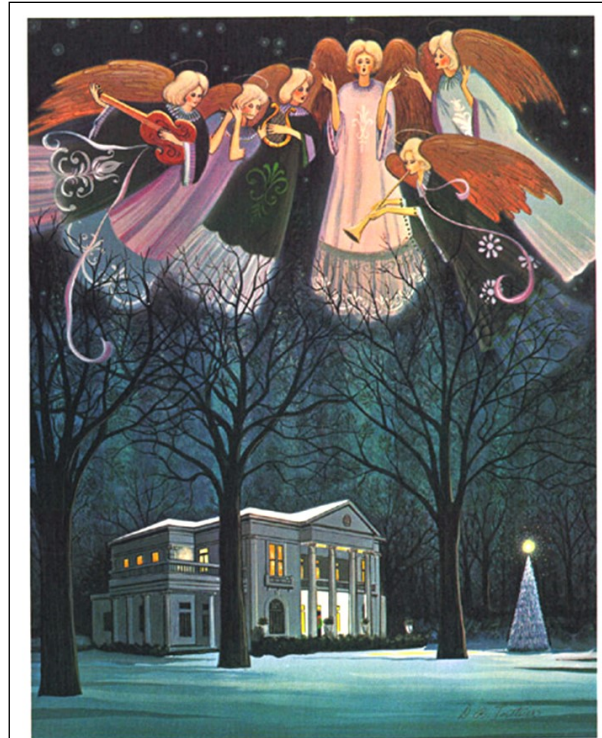


Ed Bridges, former Director of the Alabama Department of Archives and History (ADAH), now retired, says that Christmas Cards tell us about the person who received the card and the person who sent it.

He comments that "A favorite at Archives is a 1951 card sent by the still growing family of Gov. James E. 'Big Jim' Folsom. When the Archives displays Christmas cards, the Folsom card is included, usually prominently."

The card front shows an illustration of the Folsom family's house in Cullman. Inside the card, a cartoon drawing of a convertible automobile with sled side panels surrounds photos of Folsom, his wife, Jamelle, and four Folsom children: Rachel, Melissa, "Little Jim," who would follow his father into the governor's mansion, and "Little Jack."

With the state Capitol behind the car, Folsom is driving the family toward Cullman behind a reindeer hood ornament with a horizontal Christmas tree to guide them.



*Alabama Executive Mansion*

Ed Bridges says of the cards of four-term Gov. George C. Wallace that they reflect a range of greetings from the generic "Seasons Greetings" to the religious. He refers to the one shown above as the most dramatic, "a night exterior illustration with four angels flying overhead to guard the inhabitants of the mansion below. The angel card was from 1972, months after Wallace was paralyzed below the waist by sniper gunfire."



The simple photo card of the family of Gov. Albert Brewer, shown to the left, is said to be similar to thousands of other "Seasons Greetings" pictures other Americans sent during the 1950s and 1960s.



## Christmas Cards Tell Us about Senders and Receivers *(Continued)*



The Christmas card above featuring a patriotic illustration by P. Prud'homme was sent by Montgomery native Penrose Vass Stout when he was stationed in France in 1917 to his mother Zemmie Stout Lawton of South Carolina.

During World War I, Stout was a pilot, eventually serving as a lieutenant in the 27th Aero Squadron, First Pursuit Group.

Postcards and texts on this page and the following page are from the online article "31 Vintage Christmas Cards Sent in Alabama from 1900-1970, Plus a History of Holiday Cards" by Kelly Kazek ([http://www.al.com/living/index.ssf/2014/12/31\\_vintage\\_christmas\\_cards\\_sen.html](http://www.al.com/living/index.ssf/2014/12/31_vintage_christmas_cards_sen.html)).

The Christmas card, below right, was sent in 1944 from T.K. Bruce to the Letters from Home program at the WSFA radio station in Montgomery.

The card is filled with drawings.

Letters from Home were weekly newsletters sent to Montgomery County men and women serving in the armed forces during World War II. (Contributed by Alabama Department of Archives and History).

The envelope, shown left, also features drawings.

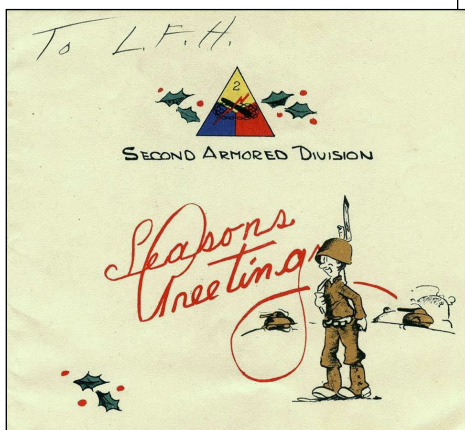


To be present as it were in every age, to extend and stretch life backward from the womb, and thus extort from unwilling fate a certain forgone immortality.

Milton

Arnold Carl Klebs, who worked as a sanitarium director and tuberculosis specialist in the early 1900s in Citronelle, Ala., designed this Christmas card, according to <historical.medicine.yale.edu.>

The card features one of Klebs' favorite quotations by Milton: 'To be present as it were in every age, to extend and stretch life backward from the womb, and thus extort from unwilling fate a certain foregone immortality.'





## Christmas Cards Tell Us about Senders and Receivers *(Continued)*

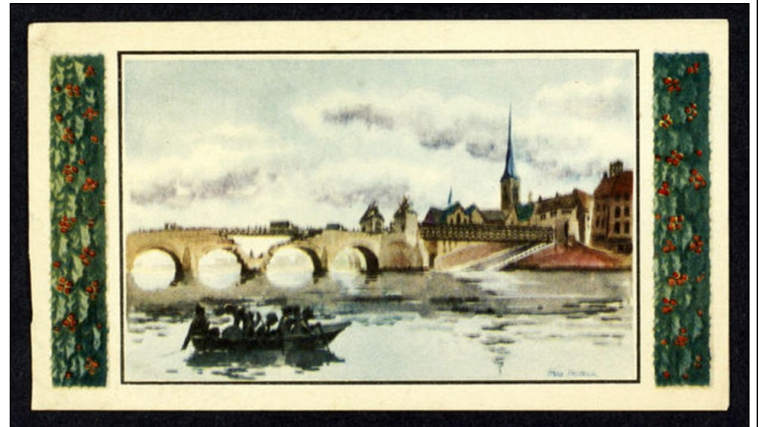


*Always a cozy corner for You.*

This 1911 card from Mr. and Mrs. John Hugh Means of Wisconsin to J. H. Woodward had this sentiment inside:

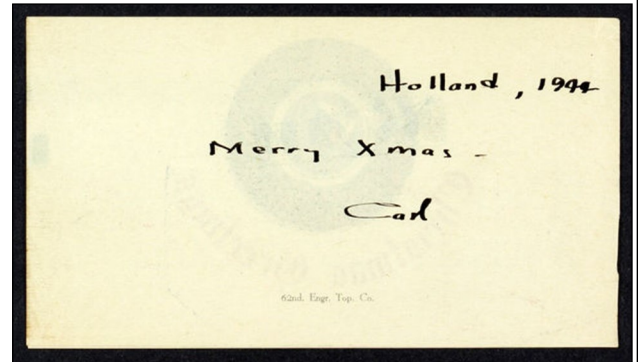
'Health and wealth, with wisdom to use them/Joy and peace with love to diffuse them/Books the best, with leisure to read them/Lots of friends and never to need them.'

*(Contributed by The University of Alabama Library).*



The card above and the envelope to the right were sent from Holland by Carl T. Jones of Huntsville to Pauline Jones Gandrud of Tuscaloosa in 1944.

*(Contributed by The University of Alabama Library).*



Mrs. William A. Derby sent the Christmas card to the right above to Eugene B. Sledge on Dec. 25, 1947. Mobile native Sledge was a combat infantryman in the U.S. Marine Corps and fought in the Pacific during World War II.

In the 1940s, Sledge corresponded with several mothers whose sons were killed in the Battles of Peleliu and Okinawa, according to Auburn University Libraries. The mothers wanted to know more about the battles that killed their sons.

Sledge had corresponded with Mrs. Derby about the Battle of Peleliu, in which her son, Sgt. William E. Deggs, Jr., was killed.

The interior of Mrs. Derby's card is shown to the right.

*(Contributed by Auburn University Digital Libraries).*





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# The ECHS *Journal* Section

## Fly Paper - Who remembers?

By Darryl Searcy

Having flies in the warmer months is a constant battle. No matter what kind of fly you have - be it fruit flies, house flies, or any of the other 16,000 kinds (in North America alone)-they make their surroundings seem unclean and unpleasant. They buzz around your head, knock against windows, parade all over your food, and land repeatedly in the same place after being shooed away. They can also carry whatever pathogens they pick up on those hairy legs after a nice traipse through the trash or a hike on animal waste.

In short they're gross, bothersome, and infuriatingly hard to deter, which makes it tempting to reach for chemical fly sprays. Oh, but we couldn't afford fly spray in those days, even if it were around - certainly compounds like aerosol sprays weren't sold off the counter of the local general store - but you can be sure the rolling store had these neat little boxes of fly strips. They not only harm the environment, they're bad for you and anyone else around you who breathe it in. It's really very simple to come up with your own method of getting rid of the nasty buggers, including making your own sticky fly paper.

My granny, God rest her soul, cut some strips of strong brown paper, like from used brown grocery wrapping paper, about 6-10 inches long. The length is really up to you. At the top of each strip punch a hole and thread a piece of string through it, tying it off to form a hanging loop. In a saucepan, mix 1 part water, 1 part honey, and one part sugar, and heat until it is well combined.

Let the mixture cool a little and then dip each paper strip into the syrup, coating each side well. Suspend the strips over a baking tray and leave to drip. When they're dry, your sticky fly papers can be hung anywhere you need them. Be warned, though, these do catch flies, and they will fill up in a hurry. It's a rather nasty sight to see fly paper at full capacity, but granny used good judgment as to when the strips should be changed.



Fly Paper

Granny was always careful not to hang these where people passing by can get them caught in their hair. If she were hanging one at the entrance to a doorway, she cut shorter strips. Imagine the fun getting yourself tangled up with a sticky piece of fly paper that is laden with dead pesky critters.

Pests can be prevented by natural means just as they can be with toxic sprays, but the former outweighs the latter by far in benefits. Having the instant result of a fly dropping dead on the spot is

not worth the lungful of fumes you get with your next breath, nor is it kind to the environment. Whenever possible, make your own means of deterring common household pests. If you find yourself with a spider problem in particular, try making your own spider repellent to keep them away.

Flypaper was also known as a fly ribbon. These ribbons were the latest in fly-killing machines made of paper coated with a sweetly fragrant, but extremely sticky and sometimes poisonous substance that traps flies and other flying insects when they land upon it. Fly paper is still sold today as an excellent pest control device in the barnyard, and today is subject to regulation under the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide, and Rodenticide Act.

The poisons used in some older types of flypaper were potentially toxic to humans and other animals. Historically, metallic arsenic was used, so far be it a piece of the ribbon was left laying loose where baby's first instinct was to put it in its mouth. So well known were the toxins used in flypaper, criminals knew precisely how to extract the poisons by soaking flypaper in water and lacing food and instruments with the brines.

No doubt, a few enterprising housewives knew the technique as well when a wayward husband became unmanageable. Among the most notorious convicted murderers in the early 1900s were Frederick Seddon and Florence Maybrick. Not to worry now-a-days as the most modern brands of flypaper contain no poison, but only a non-toxic adhesive such as rosin

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# The ECHS *Journal* Section

## Fly Paper - Who remembers?

(Continued from page 10)

I suppose my granny would tell you that flypaper was the most effective product around to control flying insects. Of course, in later times methods involving insecticides or bug zappers came into play. However, a twisted strip of flypaper hanging from the ceiling was considered by many, rich or poor, to be far more acceptable than some other methods, such as fly swatters or tiny bows of sweet coffee and honey.

Flypaper is no longer common among rural or city dwellers since the advent of screened over doors and windows. But way back yonder, some formulas for flypaper was a must, as they had scented odors like jasmine and lilac, while others had a slight but potentially disagreeable odor, depending on what it was intended to trap. Handling and disposing of flypaper was awkward at best because it was so sticky. Quite often lard or lamp oil was used to remove the adhesive.

Flypaper strips were useful for short periods as they not only became caked with little insects but they dried up or became covered with dust, and had to be replaced regularly. And, of course, like so many other things, location was primary so that wherever the little ribbon twisted and swayed with the breeze, it was paramount that it always be in a strategic area of the room.

I remember that grandpa kept flypaper hanging from his fig trees, from rafters over his back porch, where those annoying little candle flies “hung around” doing laps in about a three foot diameter area. They liked the “still air” and hung out there, especially when there was a wind drifting across the yard. I agreed with grandpa in that when sitting in an easy chair or rocking on the porch I didn’t want those little flies hovering in my view.

Sporadically grandpa hung a “fly paper tape” thing from the overhead and let it catch them. Some times he just liked to use a fly swatter that, when swung fast enough, even a miss created enough turbulence to send the pest fluttering to the ground and you



**Fly Ribbon**

knew that at least one of them will be walking from here on out.

So just a few days ago I hung one. It was an old one as the last time I did this was a couple summers back. As the ribbons get old and the “goo” thickens, often to the point where attempting to deploy it causes the paper to rip, then it might be time to hail the rolling store and buy, barter or trade for some new stuff. Even in these modern times you feel the need to go primitive and you pull out the old fly ribbon. A little goo might get on your fingers accidentally and that’s not easily cleaned off. Other times, like now, I got a lot of goo on my fingers as I was manually unwinding the paper. Mind you, the

goo is damn near impossible to wipe off, wash off, or otherwise remove, unless you have a hefty supply of solvent sitting around.

Dare I say the Peoples Republic of California, having decided that only industries that pay large fees ought to have access to “chemicals”... especially those that work..., would not have ready access to good solvents, so using flypaper in that lofty western environment would be a definite “no-no.” But consider this you high and mighty Californikers, if the end result is having both hands covered with more Goo than you’d think possible from a little old fly tape and the paper towel and soap is just not getting it done... well, necessity being what it is, step off into the canyon and find a twig of witch-hazel and hold it in your palms and then rub them together, giving the heat and oils time to vaporize the goo. Another remedy is to head to the kitchen and grab a box of baking soda (sodium bicarbonate) and sprinkle a generous amount onto your hands; rub it around a bit and then wash it off. Your hands will be sparkling clean and smelling fresher than a litter box. €



# The ECHS *Journal* Section

## Brush Arbors and Country Preaching



**Brush Arbor at The Old Camp Ground, Fentress County, Tennessee**

**Photo courtesy James Alvin Brown, Allard Township, Tennessee  
(The site of this community brush arbor eventually became home of the Barger School at Allard)**

### By Darryl Searcy

In the fall of 1975, Donna Scott published an article in the Springfield-Greene County, Mo. Bulletin, *Bittersweet* -- "Brush arbor meetings are an American heritage that has always been cherished as a right of religious freedom. Americans have always been free to gather together to listen to the Word of God. For the early rural folks it was not a difficult task, for the people lived in close communities centered on a Christian belief. But as the frontiersmen moved farther west, people moved farther away from a community life, becoming semi-isolated from their neighbors and the outside world. Still, the people longed for fellowship and a place to worship together. 'Hear ye, hear ye, citizens take notice, they're building a brush arbor.'"

Brush arbor meetings were religious affairs where old-time revivals were big events in rural south Alabama after "laying by and gathering" times.

Who among you will remember the fiery sermons of Sister Ida Mae Rutherford? The woman could sing, shout and quote from the Bible in a booming

voice that reached through the darkness to those living nearby, she keeping time with a tambourine while her daughter, Luverne, plucked the strings of a guitar. Neighboring families who chose not to attend a sermon often sat on their front porches in the evening to hear what the good woman had to say.

Sister Ida Mae and her husband, Shirley Jackson Rutherford, raised a family in the Atmore area and both are resting today at Pine Level Cemetery. She traveled far and wide to deliver the Word of God to the farmlands of rural Escambia County. It mattered not to Sister Rutherford whether she was given a pulpit in a fine house of worship, or if a community threw up a brush arbor - all she asked in return was a place to rest and eat for the few days that she took the gospel to farmers and city folks alike.

Sister Rutherford was Pentecostal-Holiness, the only denomination at the time that allowed women to take the pulpit - a position that she treasured with such fervor and enthusiasm that local Baptists and Methodists were quick to occupy the brush arbor benches to hear her message.

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# The ECHS *Journal* Section

## Brush Arbors and Country Preaching

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Times were hard then, as the United States had just left one war and another was brewing in Europe. Food and other commodity rationing was a daily stretch. So dedicated were country preachers that they spent their last pennies to buy a couple gallons of gasoline and they traveled far and wide over hard clay roads to conduct a funeral or visit a sick friend in need.

To buy a rubber tire and inner tube was virtually impossible in those days as everything was dedicated to the needs of our "boys over seas." Local citizens came to the meetings by mule or horse drawn wagons for lack of money to travel by auto. Every vapor of gasoline was needed for carpooling the men folk to and from distant jobs.

Announcement of a coming revival was by word-of-mouth, but the community was ready for it and much planning went into the event. Children's clothing got washed afresh, starched and mended. New shoe soles were tacked on and otherwise calloused feet were securely shod in anticipation of a country preacher's coming to bring the gospel to folks whose major sin was no more than hard work. The seasonal event was usually on a small scale often held in sparsely populated areas, where the brush arbor revivals took place around turn of the century - 20s, 30s, and 40s.

The advent of WW-II brought tremendous changes to the countryside, as well as villages and cities. Communities did not always have the resources to build a small plank or block edifice to house local

preachers, so they erected brush arbors under which there was considerably less comfort when sitting and listening to sermons that often went on for several hours. Nevertheless, it mattered not one's religious orientation so long as the sermon dealt strictly with the Message of God.

The brush arbors were not constructed to support grape vines, running berry bushes or flowers, but were constructed for crude shelter from the weather while the community worshiped as one, or sometimes to shelter a family where no enclosed dwelling was available. As to worshipping and expressing one's faith, a brush arbor was a temple equally as sacred as any cathedral sanctuary. They were usually built when settlements were being formed into viable communities as temporary residences, and later converted to outdoor churches when a need for spiritual enlightenment was deemed necessary by the community elders.

Contrary to popular belief, brush arbors were usually the first crude means of shelter to be thrown up in the wilderness areas of south Alabama and the surrounding states to ward off the elements until land could be cleared, trees felled and lumber sawn, and dwellings could be constructed before winter set in.

The site selected for a brush arbor was usually in a centralized grove of young saplings with as many trees in a straight line as possible to minimize having to dig additional post holes. The arbor would be laid out so as to be about 20 feet wide and 25-30 feet long with a slight pitch to the roof to aid water runoff. The

(Continued on page 14)

### Old Brush Arbors

**Lyricists: Gorgon Ardis and Darrell Edwards**

**Recorded by George Jones in the 1960's**

I remember them so clearly  
Mom and dad loved them so  
dearly  
Old brush arbors by the side of  
the road.

Where I learned about salvation  
From the book of Revelation  
And in arbors by the side of the  
road

Old brush arbors by the side of  
the road  
Where a sinner could lay down  
his heavy load  
It was in those old brush arbors  
Troubled souls found peaceful  
harbor  
Brush arbors by the side of the  
road.

Many times I had departed  
From the way of life I started  
In them arbors by the side of  
the road  
But each time the devil caught  
me

I remember what they taught  
me  
In brush arbors by the side of  
the road.

Old brush arbors by the side of  
the road  
Where the mighty light of  
God's great mercy flowed  
There was praying, shouting,  
singing  
Till the country side was ring-  
ing  
Brush arbors by the side of the  
road.



# The ECHS *Journal* Section

## Brush Arbors and Country Preaching

(Continued from page 13)

saplings selected as posts to hold up the roof were cut off about 10 feet high and matching forked limbs were left in place to support cross timbers to hold up the roof. About 16 saplings or poles were sufficient to provide the necessary roof support, along with five or six cross bars.

Most natural roofing materials used were different native varieties of bay or magnolia trees, as the broader the leaf the better rain water would run off, which included many different species, including one called a cow-cumber magnolia. If the brush arbor was to be used as a place of worship, the entire floor was hoed totally clean of all vegetation whatsoever; sawdust was spread and the area was rigorously swept with a gall-berry brush broom prior to every service.

The pulpit was usually a round slick hickory post set in the ground near the front of the arbor and standing about four feet high. A section of a split log or a wide board was nailed to the top of the post with the surface meant for the preacher to pound a fist to make a point against sin. Benches for the congregation were made of split logs, or rough lumber rubbed smooth with sandstone rock. Quite frankly, all that labor still

didn't make them any more comfortable.

Notches were cut along the front edge of the bench to mark off the seat widths, and the benches were placed only on one side of the arbor covered area. The women usually sat in cowhide bottomed chairs that not only provided added comfort in the wagon on their way to the service, but upon arrival at the arbor site the chairs would be placed on the bare side of the arbor for the ladies to sit in during the service. Any woman with a nursing child would usually bring her rocker, along with an extra flour sack diaper which she draped over her shoulder should the baby feel the hunger urge.

Sunday school sessions divided into groups and held classes under shade trees which usually brought on a good supply of tick and redbug invasions to the participants, causing an excessive amount of scratching during the main service. Following the Sunday school lesson, the congregation reassembled under the brush arbor for the regular service, which often lasted an hour or so because everyone's guts would go to sounding off, including the preacher's.

And, of course, there was the need for comfort breaks behind curtains of quilts and blankets hung

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**From "Are Old Time Tent Revivals Still Around?" By Jean Butterworth (<http://daysgoneby.me/old-time-tent-revivals-still-around/Jean-Butterworth>).**

# The ECHS *Journal* Section

## Brush Arbors and Country Preaching

(Continued from page 14)

from temporary clothes lines. And, while the sun was high and the winds were brisk, there were camp fires where food was heated, for a community “dinner-on-the-grounds.” These delicious enticements were quite enough to cause the preacher to shorten his/her sermon.

A nephew, James Lozano, tells of a time when growing up in Port Arthur, Texas his parents often attended Sunday services where community dinners were spread. From time-to-time his folks traveled considerable distances to attend outdoor sermons as well as to taste the goodness of country cooking. On one such occasion while attending a meeting at Vidor, Texas his mother prepared a plate of food for him making sure he ate something other than sweet stuff. She had piled on the food, including chicken with dumplings, which dish he promptly unbalanced and spilled onto his Sunday best.

Being some miles from home his parents couldn't rush back to change his clothes, so the best mom could do was scrape off whatever food stuff she could. The little fellow was obliged to wear the soiled clothing for the remainder of the day, but as the

summer heat progressed, the food on his entire frontal area began to exude an unpleasant aroma. He vows to this day he well remembers the situation and the mere mention of dumplings of any kind starts his innards to boil.

In closing a sermon, the preacher invariably taught from the Book of Daniel admonishing the gathering “Repent brother! Repent! Come up to the front and ask forgiveness. God will write your name in His Eternal Book. The Lambs Book of Life will hold your spiritual birth certificate with your new name so you will be assured a place in Heaven.”

People came to spend the day, so for the evening service, the sole interior illumination was a pump-up type kerosene lantern hung forward for the preacher's benefit. When the wick on the lantern began to dim and flicker the reverend knew it was time to end the service.

Some of the mischievous boys in the congregation would volunteer to pump up the lanterns prior to the service, and they would purposely pump them to less capacity, so as to cut down on the preaching time. With the service ended, it was time for the congregation to begin picking up their lighter-pine torches and pumping up the lanterns for the long walk home. €



**Worshipping the Old Fashioned Way  
Longeville, Louisiana Pentecostal Church  
Celebrates Its 80th Anniversary with Brush  
Arbor Revival**

[https://in.pinterest.com/source/  
longvilleupc.org/](https://in.pinterest.com/source/longvilleupc.org/)



**SHADED SHELTERS.**

**Brush Arbors Used by Civil War Soldiers**  
"If the camp was not in the woods, it was common to build a bower of branches over the tents, to ward off the sun"; illustration of a Civil War shade. Billings, Hardtack and Coffee (<http://www.libertyrifles.org/research/camcampaignshelters/.html>).



**ECHOES**  
THE NEWSLETTER FOR  
THE ESCAMBIA COUNTY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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We're on the web!  
[www.escohis.org](http://www.escohis.org)

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	<b>Mailed</b>	<b>Regular</b>
<u>Headstones and Heritage</u>	\$20.00	\$25.00
<u>Escambia Historical Society Cookbook</u>	\$10.00	\$15.00
<u>Wildflowers of The Escambia CD</u>	\$10.50	\$15.00
<u>History of Brewton and E. Brewton (sc)</u>	\$35.00	\$40.00
<u>Flomaton Centennial Scrapbook</u>	\$30.00	\$25.00
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<u>Headstones &amp; Addendum Together</u>	\$40.00	\$50.00

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*ECHOES, The newsletter for the Escambia County Historical Society, a 501 (c) (3) corporation, is published monthly except November. Comments are welcome. You may email the Society at [escohis@escohis.org](mailto:escohis@escohis.org) or call 251-809-1528.*

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