



HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

C/O PINTLALA PUBLIC LIBRARY
255 FEDERAL ROAD
HOPE HULL, AL 36043

Founded in 1987

VOLUME XV, NUMBER 1

JANUARY 2001

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE: I hope that each of you had an excellent Year 2000, and a wonderful holiday season! Now the presidential election is finally over and we look forward to a great 2001! Be thinking about projects you would enjoy during the coming year, and bring your ideas to our January meeting.

JACK HORNADY
President, PHA

JANUARY 2001 PROGRAM: Pintlala Historical Association will meet at 2:30 on Sunday, January 21, 2001 at Pintlala Baptist Church. Our program will be a working one - we will be the program! Please be thinking of your memories and facts about country stores in the area. If you have a particular store in mind, investigate a little before the meeting and establish a founding date for the store, successive owners and most importantly, pictures. Lassiter's, Davis Shackelford's, Crenshaw's, Nell Hamil's, Seller's Stores are a few of the businesses from the past that we can research. There are others that you will know about to be included. Talk to neighbors and family members to get their information and encourage them to come to the meeting. Who knows what might develop from this pooling of information! See you on the 21st at 2:30!

HISTORY OF PINTLALA MOSLEY'S STORE UNDERTAKEN: The process of accumulating information about Mosley's Store is underway. After several weeks, the task of writing the history of this colorful landmark will begin. Help is needed in the following areas:

Photographs. Originals will be scanned and promptly returned to the owner. Especially needed are photos of the structure before the fire of 1930 (or late 1920s).

Factual information. Dates, names of proprietors, etc.

Persons to contact who might have memories, anecdotes about Mosely's Store.

Information about the Bonham store which seems to be the forerunner of Mosley's Store.

Responses should be sent to: Gary Burton
13812 U. S. Highway 31
Hope Hull, AL 36043
Phone: 334 288-7414
email: 71173.161@compuserve.com

PAINTING OF FRED SELLERS' STORE: And speaking of stores, Pintlala artist New Park has completed a beautiful acrylic painting of that unique structure that so long dominated the intersection of the Pettus and Union Academy Roads! The store not only served as the "Fleta Mall" for many decades, it also hosted (on the second floor) meetings of the Masonic Lodge members, and provided the community a voting place. A picture is truly worth 1,000 words!

THE THOMAS RANDOLPH CARTER FAMILY: Thomas R. Carter, born in 1820, came to Montgomery County about 1843 and located near Hope Hull. He and his first wife, Lacy J. Bozeman, had at least eight children, but only three reached adulthood. He and his second wife, Mary J. Hereford, had one daughter. Thomas R. Carter died in 1892 and is buried near his first wife in the Carter Cemetery off the McLean Road. *(Many thanks to Clarence C. Bearden, Jr., Montgomery, Alabama, for sharing his research on this family! Mr. Bearden has written an article about this family for the Montgomery County Heritage Book, and has compiled a list of the descendants of Thomas R. Carter, which will be available in the Historical Section of the Pintlala Library.)*

IN MEMORIAM: The community lost two lovely, gracious ladies early this year, Mrs. Beatrice Walden Garner, on January 3, and Mrs. Constance Renfro Fulmer on January 6. We are very thankful for their countless contributions throughout the years. Tragedy struck on January 10, when Gary Padget was tragically killed in a Florida accident. Our prayers and heartfelt sympathy are with the families of these persons.

WELCOME! Warmest welcome to new member:

Elaine Lassiter
1937 Vaughn Lane
Montgomery, Alabama 36106
Phone: 272-3313

WELL WISHES: Heartiest get-well wishes to James McGinty, who is recuperating at home after surgery, to Robert Sharpe and Buck Boyd, both also now at home, and to Jim Lewis, who is in a local hospital. We hope that you fellows feel MUCH better!

PHA 2001 MEMBERSHIP DUES. It's time to renew our PHA membership for 2001. Please bring your payment to the January meeting or mail it to the Treasurer, Thomas Ray, 2995 Pettus Road, Hope Hull, Alabama 36043. Thank you very much!

PHA OCTOBER PROGRAM: Alice Carter always prepares and presents a wonderful program for PHA members, but she really "outdid herself" for the October meeting! PHA members took a memorable "short cut" through the back roads of Montgomery and Lowndes Counties to the beautiful, stately home, "The Hill" at Collerine. We arrived at the two-story 5,000 SF mansion well before dark and experienced the breath-taking view from the spacious grounds.

Our hostess, Mrs. Becky Pickens, graciously served a delicious gourmet meal (I had never before eaten a pomegranate salad) in elegant surroundings, but it was her "whopping helping" of local history that I most enjoyed!

During the Civil War, the home was used as a convalescent hospital for wounded Confederate soldiers, who were well cared for by the residents and other family members. Rumors of the "Hospital House" reached the Yankees and the house was unsuccessfully searched by a contingent of the infamous Wilson's Raiders. Between 20 and 30 soldiers were secreted away behind a hidden trap door in a closet in the upstairs west bedroom. All who visit seem fascinated to look into the "hole where the soldiers hid."

The house was built around 1836 by John May Pierce. Other owners were John May Pierce and Estate, 1836-1896; Mrs. M. V. McGough, 1896-1901; Isaac Niles Lyon, 1901-1911; Oliver Perry Woodruff, 1911-1921; Isaac Niles Lyons and Estate, 1921-1991, and Thomas Rex Pickens, Jr., 1991-present. *(This information is from Mrs. Pickens' guided tour of her home, and from a detailed article she has written about the house that is published in "Lowndes County Landmarks". jch)*

40 YEARS AGO, Jan 1961 PINTLALA BREAKS GROUND

Ground-breaking ceremonies for the Pintlala Mission of Ridgecrest Baptist Church, Montgomery, were held recently at the site of the proposed \$35,000 education-worship building. In addition to the pastor, Rev. Robert Lowery, a student at New Orleans Baptist Seminary, those participating in the program were: Rev. Lewis Marler, pastor of the sponsoring church; Rev. J. Frank Hixon, superintendent of missions, Montgomery Baptist Association; Curtis Massey, chairman of the building committee; and Gus Boyd, Sr., the eldest member. Members of the fast-growing rural congregation plan to hold their charter service in the near future to organize formally as a

Southern Baptist church. Meetings are now being held in the century-old Grange Hall. (*Many thanks to Lurline Hall for sharing this item from her January 11, 2001 "Historical Highlights" in the Alabama Baptist magazine. And to Pintlala Baptist: "Congratulations! You've come a long way, Baby!"*)

Many of us intently observed history being made in our recent presidential election, and have been greatly bewildered by the turmoil surrounding those events. But we can take comfort in the these words that depict our President's thoughts some 140 years ago. This is an excerpt from an article in Delta Airline's November 2000 Sky Magazine.

THE BOSOM OF ABRAHAM Lincoln's Last Words to his Illinois Neighbors

Few life stories are more heavily shaded by hindsight than Abraham Lincoln's. His remarkable passage from young hick in high-water jeans to stovepipe president-elect to Great Emancipator has by many retellings been worn smooth as an old penny.

It's a great story nonetheless. And drat the man - not only was he the finest writer we've ever sent to the White House, he also had an uncanny habit of supplying his own foreshadowing. When he left Springfield, Illinois, on February 11, 1861, this, according to the notes he made afterward, is what Lincoln said to the crowd, speaking from the rear platform before his train pulled out. He was on his way to the presidency and the Civil War; he came back in 1865, in a coffin.

"My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried.

"I now leave, not knowing when, or whether ever, I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of the Divine Being, who ever attended him, I can not succeed. With that assistance I can not fail.

"Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you and be everywhere for good let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

STORMY, GO HOME!

In the bitter cold dawn, the day before Christmas eve, I vainly searched the barn and surrounding area. Stormy (like her owners) possessed a voracious appetite, and never missed a

meal. In her younger days, she was inclined to be entirely too fat, and frequently had to be "reduced" before a competition. But at age 36, although she ate heartily, she had become so emaciated that I had almost expected some well-intentioned but unknowing passer-by to file an animal neglect complaint.

I found her prone in the garden, her dark form sharply contrasted in the heavy white frost. She appeared to be dead, but when I spoke to her, she struggled in vain to get up. I hurried back to the house to get my husband, but he had already left for the pastures. Careful not to wake the grandchildren, who were leaving that morning to celebrate Christmas at home in Louisiana, I called a veterinarian. Unwilling to let her endure another terribly cold night, I had already decided what to do. Of course, the vet office was not open that early, and I decided to call back a little later. Several times I returned to the garden to try to make her more comfortable, and each time, she fought in vain to get up. I tried to call the vet again around 7:30, time for the staff to be on duty. It was only when I again got the answering machine that it occurred to me that the staff would be not be working a regular shift on Saturday.

Walking back to the fallen mare, I reflected upon the many wonderful years we had enjoyed. One special ride I recalled vividly. Looking for cows, I became lost in a flooded swamp and dark was overtaking us. I had thrown her the reins, and commanded "Stormy, go home!" Always obedient, the valiant little mare carefully picked her way, through water above the stirrups, back to the trailer. Suddenly, I thought "That's it!"

As she was frantically struggling, I stroked her gaunt neck and thanked her for all the beautiful colts she had raised, and for teaching so many little children to ride. As hot tears splashed on her no dull coat, I told her "It's time for you to go - you have fought a good fight, you have run LOTS of good races, you have finished the course. Stormy, go home!" Soon, almost miraculously, she began to relax. I had a major flood in her empty stall, then went to the house, found the rest of the household getting up, and told them that Stormy was dying. The children were sad as we ate breakfast after my husband returned, and as they left for home.

After they were gone, he said "You stay here, I'll go do it."

"No," I replied. "I've already told her good-bye and I won't cry any more. I'm going with you."

The cold steel in his hand seemed somehow to promise relief. I told him not to talk, so she wouldn't hear us and struggle to get up. But when we arrived her warm body was already lifeless. She was an obedient little creature! Such a wonderful Christmas gift! *Julianne Hataway*