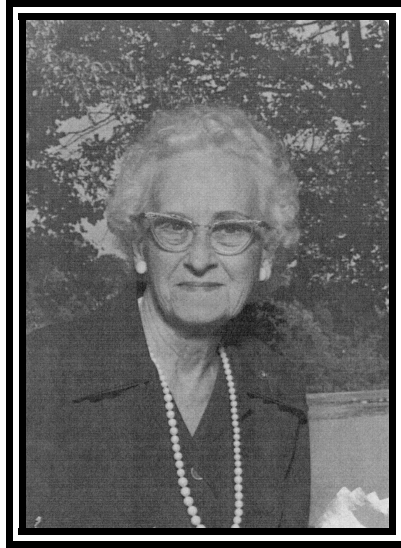


# *Memories of my Southland*

Altie Belle Doyal McWhorter



This book is being printed in commemoration of my mother's one-hundredth birthday, on September 5th, 1989.

These are memories of her childhood up to the time she was married in 1912. As I requested, she has written her memories of her childhood, living on a farm in northern Alabama.

Her ancestors came over with William Penn, from Ireland and Scotland, settled in Pennsylvania, and migrated down into the Carolinas and Georgia. When the government opened the Alabama Territory to be homesteaded, they came, cleared the land, built log cabins, made their furniture, thus settling their roots there. Many people made the trek together, and eventually intermarried.

Altie Belle's mother, Margaret, and her sister, Evalina, married the two brothers, Cicero, her father, and Ira Doyal.

Aunt Evie and my grandmother taught her to read and memorize the Bible, and to respect all reading matter available. This accounts for her unending pursuit of beautiful sentimental poetry, which she still remembers. Altie Belle was born in Collinsville, Alabama, September 5th, 1889. She taught school, Business College, and was the private secretary to the president of the hosiery mill in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Evangelina McWhorter Koch

Copied from the original book by Jeanne Park, June, 2000

## **Grandpa Doyal**

### **Edward Clark Doyal**

My grandmother's maiden name was Margaret Moore.\*\* Grandpa Doyal owned a ranch of many acres near Cordelle\*. It bordered on the Lookout Mountain and extended to the Tennessee River. There they lived and reared five sons: namely Clark, Gus, Ira, Charlie and Cicero, my father.\*\* They farmed; raising cotton, corn, sorghum, fruits, vegetables and cattle, which they fattened for market. In summer they cut logs for lumber, which they floated down the river to various lumber camps.

The Civil War interrupted and grandpa served his time, while my grandmother and the boys kept the home intact. Shortly after the war, grandmother died; not long after a new grandmother took her place.

The sons each left as they reached manhood; my own father followed the lumber camps and settled in Alabama where he met my mother. This was in DeKalb County, Alabama twenty miles from the county seat, which was and still remains at Ft. Payne, Alabama.

About this time grandpa sold his ranch and did extensive traveling until his funds were exhausted. My father then built a modest cottage for him and my step-grandmother. Grandpa raised tobacco to amuse himself. It was beautifully handled, cut exactly at the right time, and hung in the drying house to cure. It was then smoothed like tissue paper before making it into twists. The shredded part that came off the stems made the smoking tobacco. He sold some, but mostly it was his favorite pastime.

I shall refer back to the farm or ranch. Besides a good herd of cattle, he had many horses. Each animal had a bell. This was before the Stock Law, and horses were allowed to run at large. At twilight, I am told, they wended their way home and the sound of the bells was impressive.

The most that I remember of my step-grandmother was her setting a beautiful table. The china had bunches of violets on it, and the coffee looked so clear in those thin cups.

It probably is safe to say that both grandpa and grandma were over eighty years young at their passing.

## **Burl Verner Pace**

My grandmother's maiden name was Hannah Harding. At the time the government allotted land in Alabama to settlers who would claim the forty acres, clear the land, and establish home sites, my grandfather and grandmother were living in the Carolinas. Just a bride and groom, a horse and a covered wagon, they took all their belongings, which included a feather bed, homespun bedding, iron cooking utensils, and a supply of food, which they had from each household they left behind. It took many days to make this journey, and no time was lost in establishing a hewn log cabin. They lived in a covered wagon while grandpa cut the logs and cleared space for the house, yard, and garden. A most important item was a fireplace. It was built of sticks and mud. Layer upon layer reached far above the roof. A hearth was made by placing large pieces of sandstone close together. A hook of bended iron formed a place to hang a iron pot to cook meat and vegetables.. Bread was baked in an oven, which was a covered iron utensil with legs. Hot coals were placed under, and on top of the heavy lid. The breads were thick and the flavor unforgettable.

This was late fall, and they had to clear land of trees in order to have land to till early next spring. It was a warm winter with no snow and no freezing, so the two worked from daylight to dark. The cabin was sound, at least twenty feet long, and twelve feet wide, with mud piled between those logs, and it was comfortable.

This survived for a time, while they made furniture. Beds, of solid walnut, no springs, just ropes across and fresh hay and corn shucks for mattresses, then that wonderful featherbed on top.

Homemade tables, of course, then a beautiful cradle with rockers. This cradle served for generations, and how I wish my own grandchildren might use it also. It might look good in my own daughter's household, or mine. Oh, yes, time for more rooms as these youngsters came along, so grandpa piled logs on the wagon and away to the sawmill for lumber. Pretty soon a kitchen, a porch, and small rooms to the side for youngsters. Two boys and three girls. The oldest was Dock C., the next was Telitha, Isabell, Cobb, Evelina, and Margaret, my mother.

It was an event that my mother remembered, that of saying good-bye to her father when she was four years old, when he was drafted into the Civil War. He fought in the battle of Chickamauga.\*\* He did not return. By this time, with the help of these children, grandma carried on and became quite an accomplished citizen. Each year she bought acreage. All she could pay for. It was two dollars an acre. When each child married she gave him forty acres of land, a cow, a feather bed, and a horse. That was living!

### **Hardships During the Civil War**

People of the South faced famine during the Civil War. Storing food in hiding places proved a solution. Enough to last only a few days was left in the kitchens and pantry, because all was taken when a band of soldiers came through. Gardens were cultivated as camouflage, deep trenches were dug, lined with straw, and canned foods, hams, and dried fruits and lentils were stored there. On one occasion my father asked the General, who was drying his wet boots, after taking everything from the smokehouse, to please not take his dog. One of the soldiers stuck his bayonet through the dog, slung it across his shoulder, for food, just in case.

Yankees! We loved them!

Growing up, things that I remember seem to be sort of a story book, things that had been transpiring from the time of settling in Alabama.

Sheep raising was a must, of course, as the sheep were sheared each spring. The wool was washed, dried in the sun, carded, spun, and made into thread. Sox and mittens were made, carpeting and wool blankets, and material for dresses were woven on the loom.

The loom was the essential piece of furniture in every household. This was, of course, in the main big room where the fireplace gave heat. Incidentally, my grandmother boasted of each daughter's proposal. It took place on the bench of the loom. The shadows on the walls from those burning coals furnished romance, and there was romance, even in those days.

## Hobbies of my Mother

Homemaking on the farm takes much time of a farmer's wife. The days are taken up in preparation of foods for winter use. A beautiful pantry was my mother's pride and joy. A beautiful table, which was kept set, and hospitality that was her heritage, made her outstanding to neighbors and friends, newcomers all, offering them something good to eat.

Many beautiful rugs, made on the loom, homespun, and bed spreads, made from the wool of our own sheep, made her outstanding in crafts. Many designs of quilts, including the "Wedding ring", "Double wedding ring", "Sunflower", "Ways of the world", "Texas star", and many others which have escaped my memory. Each winter night after supper she would be piecing quilt squares, doing drawn work, knitting, etc. Never an idle moment.

She was a marvelous cook. Always there were pies, cookies, ginger bread, etc. We, too, picked out hickory nuts, walnuts, etc. to be ready for cooking.

All of our clothes were made by her with no patterns. She cut by holding a piece of newspaper, and designing each individual pattern as we grew up. Neighbors from miles around would come to have her cut patterns for their children's needs.

Married at the age of sixteen, she had a son at the age of nineteen. We all followed three years apart. There were six of us in all. The youngest son, Byron died in World War I. That was her saddest day.

At Christmas, packages for unfortunates were assembled, and given to those near us and on the farm. There was bacon, cooking meat, dried beans and peas, dried apples and peaches, jelly, and everything that we had was divided for a taste on that Holy Day for those who were unfortunate, or mostly too lazy to work. "Anyway," as she would say, "they are hungry." Then we always enjoyed ourselves after others were looked after.

It is gratifying to have had a wonderful mother and father, and it makes one wonder if some of their goodness might have made me a better mother. Anyway, I'm just me.

## Hobbies of my Father

Other than the country store, my father had many hobbies. One of these which always frightened me was the making of caskets, coffins, mostly for people who could not afford to buy a commercial one. This included the poor, and especially the Negroes who lived on our farm or community. These coffins were made of pine. Each spring a load of tall straight logs was taken to the sawmill to make the lumber for this purpose. It was stacked and allowed to season. The person for whom the casket was to be made was measured for length, etc. Each piece of lumber was planed to a smooth surface, rubbed and made much like a piece of furniture, covered with black or white cloth depending of course, on the age of the person. Black was for the elderly and white for younger persons and children. After they were assembled, my mother did the inside work, which was a lining of china silk and a row of lace on the edge. This makes a cozy bed for that last and final resting place. All of this procedure had a frightening effect upon me. I remember being treated to lumps of brown sugar, cheese and crackers from the store, which was in front of the shop, and sitting in the doorway scarcely breathing with the fear of the dead. Then my saddest experience came when little Sambo passed on. He was one of the twins who sat on a quilt while his mother did the family wash, and I was allowed to play with him. Much whispering went on while his little coffin was being made, and I refused the treats, and didn't eat for a time, but sat in silence while the little fellow was carried away in the buggy and buried upon the hill.

His carpentry of making wagon wheels always intrigued me. The long bars of steel were hammered hot, applied to the finished wooden wheel, which would catch on fire; then immersed into a tub of water. This welded it securely. The entire wagon was designed, cut and assembled, painted red, and looked beautiful. He also made scrolls of wooden ornaments for our house, which made the big porches look dressed up.

He was a good guy, although he drank his coffee in his saucer, for it was hot. He had a nice mustache, which he kept trimmed, and once decided to cut it all off. We would not go to Sunday School with him, so, soon he grew it all back and we were all happy.

## Food

First, there was the smokehouse. It was shaped like a Christmas tree. A heavy beam extended in the middle to the top with a heavy canvas fastened securely which would close with a drawstring at the bottom. The meat was placed on the limbs to smoke with a fire built underneath of hickory wood. It would smoke at intervals, and then draw a time by lifting and lowering the canvas. This process took months. A half of a beef, for dried beef was a must. Pork sausage enclosed in the shuck of an ear of corn, pork shoulders, ham, spare ribs and sides of bacon. All good eating? [Ask a Southerner}. Then, for war duration, sausage was fried, packed in jars, or crocks, and the hot fat pored over to seal with wax. This could be put in the garden, hidden from those Yankees.

## Preserving Food

Early spring came those luscious strawberries. Strawberry pie of course. Strawberries and real cream, all you wanted. The preserving kettle to make the jam. Dozens of jars, on a big shelf in the smokehouse. Then the canning of green beans, even pickled beans, which had that sweet-sour flavor.

Cabbage? Yes, sour kraut, cut up in a wooden tub with a very sharp hoe, then placed in barrels, or crocks, a layer of cabbage and a layer of salt. A white clean stone on top, and the fermentation.

Piccalilli, now known as relish. It had peppers, cabbage, cucumbers, spices, cider vinegar, onions, all cooked to a nice consistency, and put in sterilized jars for winter.

Cucumbers, various kinds of pickles, dill, sour, sweet, and some packed in sorghum, had a little bit of kick, like wine.

Besides canning, a pit was dug in the garden to store sweet potatoes, beets, cabbage, turnips. A few of the turnips were cut off to allow sprouts to form. The sprouts were white and crunchy and tasted much like celery. Collards, a winter cabbage, not good until after frost, and remained in the garden all winter. The color was like that of spinach. It was delicious cooked with bacon or ham.

Beans: navy , which were a vine that climbed onto the corn stalks. These were allowed to dry on the vine. Picked, and shelled by hand beside the fireplace, and then placed in cloth bags, or flour sacks to dry in the sun.

Dried fruit; apples, peaches and pears. All dried in the sun on scaffolds and then put into bags for winter use.

Berries; blackberries, and dewberries, raspberries, much used as strawberries, but harvested in the very hottest of June or July.

### **Fruits to Can**

Peaches, apples, pears, and berries of all kinds were canned for desserts and pies. Sauces, butters, and jellies were a must for winter. Apple marmalade was made from the tart apples, sugar added with spices and allowed to simmer several hours on the back of the range to a thick consistency, sliced and eaten with hot breads, or as a sauce with pork or chicken.

Pears were canned, and also made into pickled pears by adding cloves, and drying in the sun on scaffolds the same as peaches and apples.

Grapes made the best jelly. High in pectin and jelled quickly. It was strained after boiling until seeds all collected in the bottom of the pan. This made a very clear jelly. The pulp and hulls were ground to make marmalade. One variety of grapes grew in the woods in tall trees and known as Muscatine. The hulls were very tough, the juice extra sour, but with a wonderful flavor. Jelly and preserves were made of these, same as ordinary grapes. Wines were made by allowing mashed grapes to ferment, then strained, sweetened and sealed in earthen jugs. The wine for communion was unsweetened.

Citron was a melon of a greenish color resembling a watermelon. It was not eaten as watermelon, however, being very tough, only the outer rind was sliced, cut in pieces, sugared overnight and made into preserves. Sometimes spices or bark from cinnamon was added for flavor.

Rind from watermelon was also made into preserves and spiced pickles as well.

Sugar cane was grown on each farm. It grew with a tall stalk much like corn, but had a head at the top, which were the seeds. This was cut off after the blades were stripped, and cut down with a scythe and ground to remove the juices. The juice was then boiled, strained, the scum removed, and the result was a finished product of sorghum. Sorghum was used as a sweetener in preserving. A syrup pitcher was on every table, and it was used on pancakes, biscuits and griddlecakes etc.

Delicious gingerbread and cookies, filled with black walnuts or hickory nuts. These went into that little lunch bucket and off to school with calories galore. A big baking soda biscuit filled with smoked ham or sausage made the sandwich. A few slices of dried fruit, each item coming from hard work with a view to healthy bodies, to bed at dark, up at dawn, a good Southern heritage.

Barter; butter, chickens, tallow and bees wax were exchanged for sugar, coffee, spices, black pepper and salt.

Grandmother traveled by horseback twenty miles to Gadsden, Alabama for these items. Leaving home at four o'clock in the morning and returning after nine o'clock at night. No good roads, merely trails. The trail bordered on the end of Lookout Mountain, which ends at Attalla, Alabama. We listened for the sound of horse's hoofs by the fireside, hoping Gran was OK. She was.

## **Corn**

Corn was gathered in late fall when the stalk had dried out, two kinds of corn, one speckled, called Indian corn, and a white variety, used mostly for cornmeal, but was also fed to cattle, horses and hogs. Indian corn was mostly ornamental.

The process of making cornmeal was as follows; shelled from the ear, bagged, taken to a stone ground mill and ground [between two large flat stones] propelled by a water mill. The husks were removed, which was bran, and this was also fed to the cattle and hogs.

Delicious roasting ears were ripe when the tassel began to turn from green to yellow. It was also good when cut from the cob and fried. Canning corn was a tedious job since it must be cut from the cob and boiled and sealed in cans. It took many ears to fill one can.

Everyone raised popcorn. Popcorn furnished many happy hours around the fireside in winter, and on rainy days.

Peanuts grew without much work, and the yield per vine was astonishing. They were sun dried on the vine then picked off, washed and sunned, then bagged.

Pumpkins were very important. Many varieties were grown. The most common was a watermelon shaped melon with very dark skin. They could stand frost, but not freezing weather. This variety of pumpkin was boiled for vegetable use and for making pies. A mixture of pumpkin and apple made a most delicious butter with added spices and half molasses and sugar as a sweetener. Squash, closely related to the pumpkin, played its part in the store away for winter parade, baked, fried, and for pies.

### **Cotton Fields**

Harvesting began in September for cotton. About six weeks was required for the harvesting of snow-white cotton. It had to be cut for a sample and judged before buying. The last of the harvest was for quilt cotton and for warp, which was used in the looms for making rag rugs. All old and discarded clothing was also used for this. It was a yard wide and in strips. It was sewed together to fit a room. The rug was put down in winter and taken up in spring; sunned and stored for the next winter. All floors were scrubbed with sand and beautifully white and clean. This procedure began with the early settlers and continued through the next generation, which was that of my mother and father.

### **Spice Wood Tree**

The spice wood tree was a beautiful tree, tall and very bushy. The twigs were cut after the leaves had fallen and made into small bundles and kept for tea for winter use. The flavor was that of mixed spices.

Sassafras roots were dug in the fall and cut into small pieces. They were tied into bundles and kept for winter use. Just one or two of those roots made a delicious pot of tea.

Sage was harvested in the fall and allowed to dry. Sage was used for tea also and a must for seasoning cornbread dressing. Southern? "Yeah!"

## **Tallow and Bees Wax**

Tallow was fat from sheep and goats. It was rendered by boiling or frying the fat and allowing it to form a crust on top when cool. It was then reheated into small containers to be used in candle making and lubrication for harnesses. A small jar of it was handy to soothe chapped hands, etc. You did not mind the odor at all.

Every home had several bee gums and honey was used in cooking and was delicious on biscuits and hot rolls etc. All surplus honeycombs were squeezed out by hand and the comb was heated and formed into cakes for market. It was clear, and beautiful candles were made from it. By adding a sprig of balsam from the hillside, a delightful odor could be obtained.

The bee bonnet was a very important item. To rob the bee one must wear a bee bonnet or get stung. It was a flour sack with a piece of window screen inserted as a window. A tightly wrapped roll of rags, when lit, would smoke and take care of the fighting bees.

## **The Ash Hopper**

The ash hopper was made of boards about four feet long forming a hopper. Into the hopper went all of the wood ashes that had been saved. The ash was wet down and the lye would drain off into a little trough. The lye was kept in crocks until time to use it. Soap was made from all the grease and bones accumulated over winter. Lye was added and boiled to a soap like consistency. It was then stored in kegs or jars, tightly covered and used until time to make more for another year.

Making hominy was a laborious job. Corn was shelled from the cob and placed into an iron pot outside. A certain amount of water and lye added and boiled for hours before becoming tender. The husks had to be removed and blanched in cold spring water and soaked in a hickory wood basket until each husk was floating down the stream. We called the husks sail boats. The hominy was now ready to cook by browning in butter, adding water, and simmering to make a good vegetable dish or a casserole. Some folks used sugar and cream as a breakfast treat.

I am reminded of the spring. There was a spring at grandma's house at the foot of a little hill. Water, beautiful and bubbling, came through white sand. The water was as clear as the sky and so cool and refreshing. A post inserted by the side had hooks for one or more gourds for drinking. An unforgettable refresher; better than "Coke".

## Crafts

The most important craft was the jug factory. The factory was located at the foot of Sand Mountain, so that sand could be dug that formed the clay. A kiln was dug back under the sandstone. The pottery was turned on a wheel, smoothed off with wet clay and then fired. The main articles turned out at the factory were pitchers of various sizes to hold milk, large jars to preserve foods, bowls of many sizes, etc. Large crocks for the fermentation of grapes for wine were also made at the jug factory.

Dolls made from the stalks of corn were very clever. The body was made from the stalk and the arms and feet were made from the stiff outer strips cut into various sizes. Many kinds of animals were also made from the stalks. The tall giraffe was one we remembered and the long German dog, and many kinds of bugs and bees etc.

Of course, rag dolls were always a nice gift for Santa to bring. The dolls were dressed in bright colors and made a little girl most happy. Cutouts from the peel of pumpkins served to make cute dolls and animals.

The indigo plant was cultivated for dye to color the lining of quilts. The plant was boiled, strained, and finally made a beautiful blue. By varying the strength of the dye, one could have many different hues. The tops of pine trees were also boiled for dye, a nice green color. By experimenting with plants and bark from trees many colors could be obtained.

Broomcorn grew tall and had a stiff brush like tassel or head that was harvested when dry. It contained tiny seeds that had to be removed and then combed. The tassel was then ready to be dipped in boiling water and nailed securely to a broomstick tied with heavy twine. Making brooms was a chore each fall, but one or two brooms lasted for a year.

Basket made from hickory provided baskets for gathering cotton. The hickory was split and soaked in water before weaving. The average basket held one hundred pounds. There was always a big dinner basket to take on picnics. The picnic basket was strong and would hold a lot of food. Nice smooth handles made the basket easy to carry.

Willow was used to make the finer baskets. This was a slow tedious job but was nice work under a shady tree. When the basket was finished it was allowed to season and then varnished. The basket then became a special gift for the older people who liked a roomy sewing basket.

The most beautiful of all crafts was made from the shucks of corn. The shucks were dipped in boiling water to make pliable and then cut in strips and braided. Mats, purses, hats, picture frames, and many little gadgets could be made from the braid, including Christmas tree ornaments. Fruit from the moss rose, wild berries, and haw tree apples all added charm to these little ornaments, and the cost was nothing. Cornucopias, lanterns and too many things too numerous to mention were also made from the shucks.

Bed spreads; tablecloths, and laces for scarves and napkins were crocheted. Even the ruffles of our drawers [panties to you] were also crocheted.

Knitting: wool sweaters, scarves, and my own pride and joy was a pair of mittens for my grandmother. It would have been nice had I passed on some little object to my own grandchildren. But, may I say, a “lotta” love goes to them just the same.

The most popular craft was the patchwork quilt made of scraps from our sewing basket. Neighbors even exchanged colors. The pieces of scrap were mounted on a square of muslin, the edges were turned under and most tedious of all was the briar stitching with many different stitches made the color scheme elegant. The squares were all assembled and a beautiful quilt was the result.

## **Fixins for Christmas**

There was the Christmas cake made with a dozen eggs, filled with hickory nuts, two layers, filling, tooti fruiti and icing. Rose leaves and berries from the holly tree were the decorations for the cake.

Fruit cake with sun dried fruits, black walnuts and a glass of Muscatine jelly.

A rich and fluffy chocolate cake with a quarter inch chocolate filling, three layers and butter chocolate icing.

Sugar cookies, molasses cookies were made full of raisins and nuts. Gingerbread, homemade bread, hard rolls and corn light bread was also prepared.

Hickory smoked ham, roast turkey, roast hen, spiced sausages, souse meat and all kinds of jams, jelly and honeycomb.

The Christmas tree was cut from the hillside and decorated with popcorn strings, red haw berry strings, and hand made candles. Gifts were tied on the tree because we got no tricycles, bicycles, or Volkswagens. Stick candy, colored cornucopias made from paper and filled, and a bird or two made by folding paper always made a nice setting. Dried pods from the fields gave it that blended look which we now recognize as “art craft”. “Dig”?

## Home

The plot of ground, which was a gift from my mother’s mother, and the spot where we were born, was a pleasing remembrance to me. This spot was at the foot of two ridges with heavy timber and a small creek flowing down through the meadow. These hilly ridges were terraced with fruit trees such as apples, peaches, plums and grapes. The soil was clay and had to be fertilized in order to produce the crops necessary for our living needs such as corn, cotton, potatoes.

My parents built a small house to begin with and added rooms as needed. There was a huge fireplace in the main living room, which was also a bedroom. The other adjoining rooms had fire grates. It was a chore to keep enough wood cut for all of the various fireplaces.

At the beginning of their marriage my mom and dad had in their favor health and youth. Mom was 16 and Dad was 20 years old. My oldest brother was born when Mom was 19 and then following three years apart were Daisy, Gracie, myself, Ruth and Byron.

When I was twelve years old we moved to another farm, which we bought, and built a large house. Each one of us lived there until we were all educated and married. It was the home that my mother and father lived in for the remaining years of their lives.

## **Our First School Days**

The “Little Red Schoolhouse”? Yes. About three miles from our home and about an hour’s walk was the school. We waded pure clay mud and rain with a little book satchel around our shoulder and a little tin bucket with our lunch. The clay was sticky, but we had good homemade shoes, which withstood the weather. At night, after our shoes were dried out, they were saturated with a good coat of tallow, which prevented water from entering them.

In those days children who were big enough to help out on the farm did so and the terms of school had to be adjusted accordingly. One term began in November as soon as the harvesting was done and lasted through March when the planting began. After crops were laid by the second term would begin and last through the summer. If the chosen teacher was from a far neighboring community, plans for his care was a must from Monday to Friday. As a rule the teacher was taken care of in our home. That brings to my mind an incident, that of Captain Beeson, your grandmother McWhorter’s dad, who received his commission as Captain in the Civil War right after the battle of Chickamauga. He taught school immediately after the war was over. The Captain boarded with Grandmother Pace Monday through Friday for one dollar a month. Grandmother was proud of a good warm feather bed, good food, a well-packed lunch and of giving each of her children an education.

## **Family Life**

Our family life was pleasant. We all enjoyed music and our first instrument was an organ. Our Mom first learned to play hymns and taught each of us as we grew up the knowledge she had. Our Dad excelled in the harmonica and mouth organ. My oldest brother, who we called Colonel, began to play the violin and he actually made his banjo. He would salvage the hog’s bladder with which he made the head of the banjo. He would stretch it to the wall to dry and then he began rubbing and polishing until it was a beautifully transparent piece of material.

The bladder was then stretched over the head, clamped with frets, strings attached, keyed to tune, and all homemade except for the strings and frets. We all played some part to make our little band a success. My part was the guitar. The piano was our largest instrument, and most of us learned to play it, but Grace and Ruth made a thorough study of the piano. Grace taught music for a time. The hoedown music was, of course, our favorite and the square dance and Shocmoma Lou our best amusement. My brother was, of course, a genius with that old fiddle and banjo.

Standards in education in my time in the country were low. Anyone who had finished eighth grade and who wished to become a teacher was allowed to take a state examination. If you passed the examination you received a third grade certificate and if needed you could become an assistant teacher. If you continued study in a state normal school during the summer months you could again take the state examination and if passed receive a second grade certificate. If all the certificates were obtained you were qualified to teach in any rural school. My first school paid me thirty dollars a month. The teaching salary almost paid for my business education at the Chattanooga Business College where I taught for a while before becoming a stenographer. I followed these lines up to an important adventure—that of 1912.

Bye now,  
Mom

These are Altie's own words, as she wrote them many years ago. I changed only a couple of words and perhaps five punctuation marks, just to clarify for today's reader. Any other errors are mine: forgive them.

Jeanne Wainwright Park 6-15-2000

NOTES (Added at various times by Jeanne Park)

The following notes are to clarify:

On the front page, in notes written by Evangeline, the origins of her ancestors through Pennsylvania are not proven, but may refer to the Doyal ancestry. This family, Doyall, Doyell, Dial, Dowell, Doyle--many spellings came in and settled all around the Chesapeake Bay. We first pick up our known Doyal family in Isle of Wight/Southampton Co. VA in early 1700's. Although there were many Quakers in the area, at least some of these Doyle/Doyals were Baptists.

Our Pace family has its origin at Jamestown, VA at least by 1619. Richard Pace was the ancestor who rowed across the James with an Indian boy to warn the settlers of the planned Indian attack of 1622. Some came into North Carolina including our ancestors John and Sarah, whose son was Burrell Pace. Jonathan was son of Burrell and it is one of his sons who moved to Alabama. Our Pace branch moved into DeKalb County—Burrell Verner Pace and his wife Hannah Hardin, along with some of her Hardin siblings.

Cordelle\* is in Alabama, not Georgia. All of this geography is in a corner where Alabama and Georgia lie on the Tennessee border.

Edward Clark Doyal's first wife and the mother of his children was Eliza W. Moore, not Margaret Moore, born in North Carolina. In 2005, we realized that her maiden name was Moore. We have researched this Moore Family. She died before Aunt Altie ever knew her, thus mistaking her given name. His second wife was Martha Voigt. In addition to the five sons named, there were two older daughters. Nancy Ann and Julia. All of this is proven.

By 2006 I had traced the last of EC's children and have good family information for each of his children.

Although Aunt Altie spelled his name "Burl", this was not the family spelling. His grandfather was Burrell, and the name appears in other lines of this family. Our Burrell Verner Pace had both a grandson and great grandson named and spelled Burrell. Aunt Altie did not mention another daughter, Malinda, who grew up and married, but died young.

Burrell Verner Pace did not fight at Chickamauga Creek as far as we know. Burrell was a member of Capt. Wiley Pace's Home Guard and was captured in November, 1864, transported to Camp Douglas in Chicago where he died as a prisoner in January, 1865. Yankee activity was frequent in the area, and Burrell was captured near his home, soon after he left his family for patrol duty.

As I copied the narrative, I admit that I left out one phrase, "our parents saw that we each got a college education", because I knew that was not so. Since then, I have read enough to understand that the term "college" was often applied to any education beyond the basic primary school. Public education in North Alabama developed slowly and unevenly. In the area where they lived, a third grade education was considered adequate for the girls.

JWP