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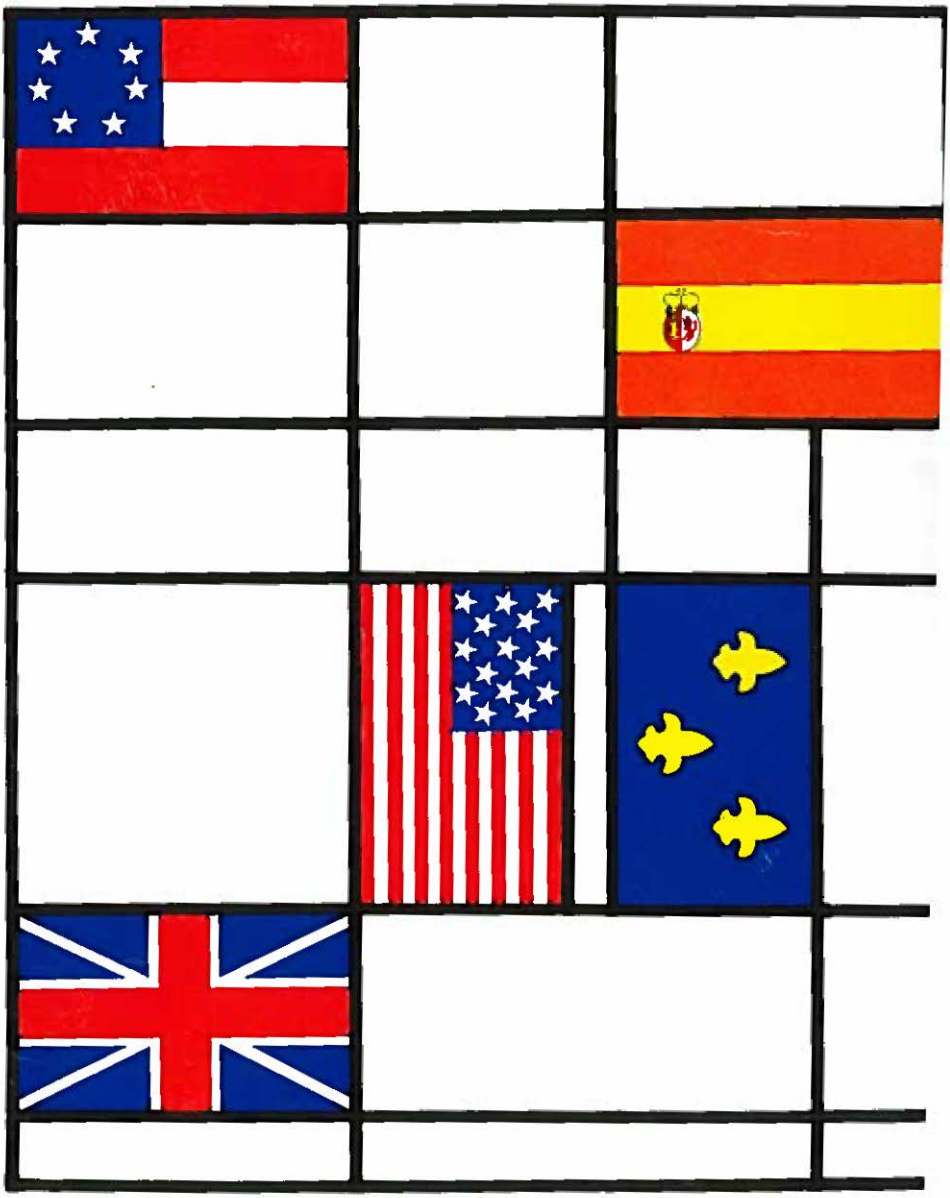

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From the Editors. . . .

Each issue of the *GCHR* has been something of an adventure for the editors and this, our fourth, is no exception. We certainly want to assure our contributors and readers that our reaction to these adventures has been overwhelmingly positive, but there have been adventures none the less. In this issue we are trying several new things. We are publishing an excerpt from Charles Sullivan's latest book *Hurricanes of the Mississippi Gulf Coast* because we think his account of Hurricane Camille will especially interest readers all along the Gulf Coast. They might not know about the volume otherwise. Sullivan's account combines his own personal experience with extensive research to produce an exciting narrative.

We are also bringing you the report of a pioneering survey of the architectural heritage of Alabama's Mobile and Baldwin counties. What was done in those counties surely needs doing elsewhere and "Understanding Southwest Alabama's Architectural Heritage" shows why.

No one should suppose that we have abandoned "traditional" history. In fact "James Copeland and Sheriff Pitts" shows what a trained historian, James Penick, can do when he examines a local legend from a fresh perspective and goes back to primary sources to do his research.

In our *Features* section we are bringing you an essay of historic photographs taken around Biloxi, Mobile and Pensacola after the hurricanes of 1906, 1915 and 1916. They suggest that Camille's depredations were not without precedent in the "good old days." For the first time we are taking the opportunity to print a reader's commentary and a response from the author of an article which appeared in our last issue. Incidentally, we appreciate all the nice things many of you have written us about the journal and have taken to heart some of the criticisms you have offered. So, keep those cards and letters coming in....

Of course no issue would be complete without our book review section which examines five new volumes of interest to our readers. We conclude with our regular, "From the Archives...." In it we offer you a chance to puzzle over the Civil War era "Preamble and Resolutions." This document, written to uphold the honor of the Confederate garrison at Fort Gaines, raises at least as many questions as it answers, but Jack Friend guides us skillfully through the maze of charges and counter-charges. After reading his essay look over the document itself — you be the judge!

It's a full issue; we hope you enjoy it!

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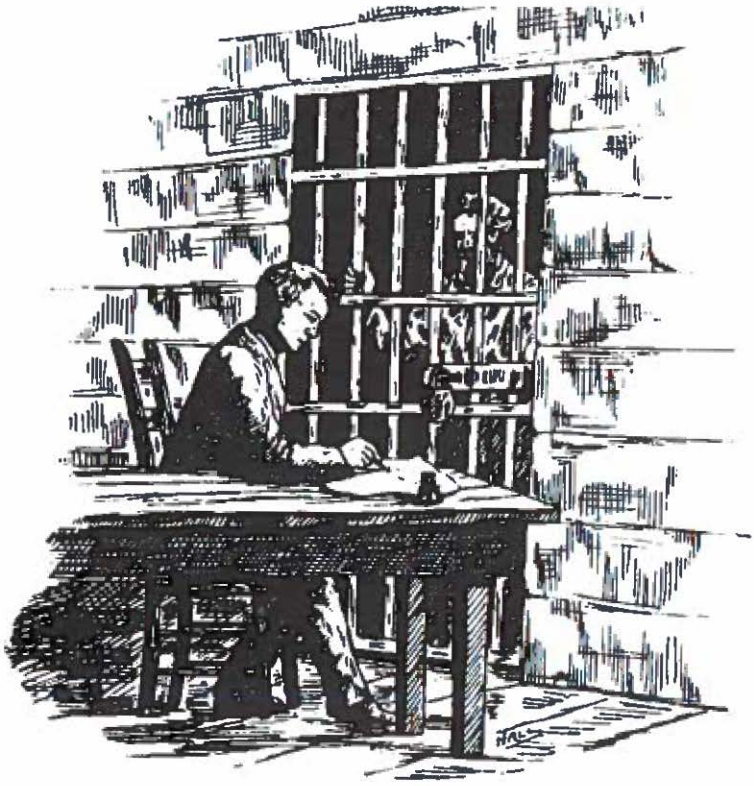
James Copeland and Sheriff Pitts: A Gulf Coast Legend

James Penick

In September 1858, a young man of twenty-five, "small, pale-faced, and dressed like the country people usually are," came to Mobile, Alabama to complete some business. He was James Robinson Soda Pitts, Sheriff of Perry County, Mississippi. His business was to arrange for the sale of a pamphlet he had written, 5,000 copies of which were printed for him in New Orleans. A Mr. Weams agreed to display and sell the pamphlet for seventy-five cents. Weams sold over 1,100 copies in the next few months (some portion of the remainder was shipped to Pascagoula, Mississippi, for sale there). His business concluded, Sheriff Pitts returned to Augusta, Mississippi. [1] When he visited Mobile again he would be under arrest.

None of this first printing has survived, but, according to an indictment handed down by a Mobile grand jury, its title was *The Life and Career of James Copeland, the Great Southern Land Pirate, Who Was Executed at Augusta, Mississippi, October 30, 1857, Together with the Exploits of the Wages Clan.* [2] Pitts modestly claimed to be only a transcriber of the words of Copeland, whom Pitts himself had ushered into the next world by way of the scaffold. This was too modest by half for there was as much of Pitts as of Copeland in the pamphlet. For instance, the title, substantially different than that of later editions, suggested an attempt to exploit an association between Copeland and the most celebrated Southern criminal of the antebellum period, John A. Murrell of Tennessee, the "great western land pirate." The suggestion became explicit in the text. Copeland's "Wages Clan" was identified as the remnant of Murrell's "Mystic Clan of the Confederacy," and references to him occurred throughout. Yet Murrell's clan was itself a fiction, and belongs to the legendary rather than the historical Murrell. [3] It is possible that Copeland sought the association with Murrell to inflate his own importance, but circumstances suggest that Pitts deliberately distorted the story to produce a copycat of Murrell. Extensive comparison with Murrell is thus essential to understand the Copeland legend and its significance for Gulf Coast (especially Mobile's) history. Because the significance of the legend is closely tied to the vicissitudes of the author of the *Life and Confession*, Pitts is as much the focus of attention as Copeland.

The name Copeland is hardly a household word today; for that matter, it never has been. But in Mobile, and along the Gulf Coast, newspaper stories about his career still appear periodically. [4] Invariably they are based on Pitts' pamphlet, although sometimes only loosely. Certain universal



Pitts transcribing Copeland's Confession Life and Confession

tales have also attached themselves like barnacles. It has even been said of Copeland "that he stole from the rich and gave to the poor," which would certainly have surprised the outlaw himself.[5]

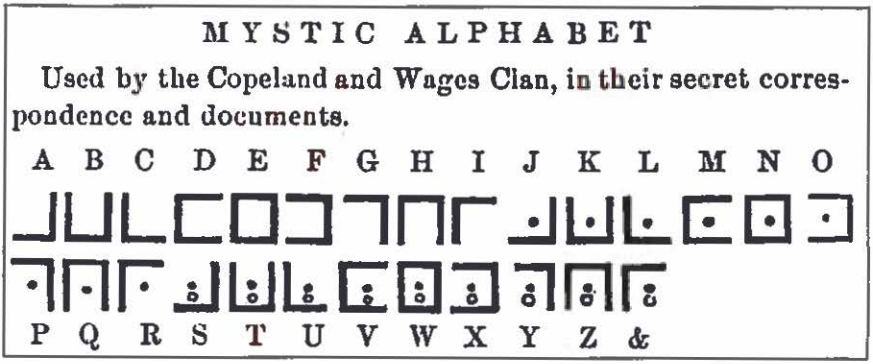
However, it is the Gulf Coast legends, especially those involving south Alabama and Mississippi, which have contributed most to the persistence of Copeland's fame. In fact he was probably a common criminal who was hardly unique, but of a type found in every time and place. He owed his rise from obscurity to celebrity status to the enterprise of Pitts while continued popular interest derives from two legends associated with the Copeland name since the publication of the pamphlet.

The first legend revolves around three whiskey kegs, which Copeland and his confederates allegedly filled with gold coins and buried in a swamp. Ever since the *Life and Confession* publication, treasure hunters have pockmarked the supposed haunts of Copeland and his associates with holes looking for these kegs. [6] According to Pitts this treasure eventually fell into the hands of George A. Cleveland, one of the triumvirate of

Burying gold in whiskey kegs Life and Confession

Mobile lawyers — the others were Gibson Y. Overall and Cleveland F. Moulton — who subsequently sued Sheriff Pitts for libel. Pitts alleged that he came into possession of the gold because he could read the secret alphabet in which the instructions on Copeland's maps were written. He could read this cryptic writing because he along with Overall and Moulton were members of the same secret criminal organization (called the clan) to which Copeland had belonged. Pitts insisted in later years that prosecution for libel was a convenient way to suppress the book. This became the nucleus for the second legend, namely that prominent Mobilians, ancestors of old families whose members still influence civic affairs, conspired to silence Pitts to hide their own criminal involvement with the Copeland-Wages clan. [7]

There was doubtless a good mixture of intentional harassment in the prosecution. The grand jury returned true bills in October 1858, and in February Pitts went on trial in the Overall case. He was found guilty of libel and sentenced to jail. The remaining two cases never went to trial. Year after year they were continued. They lingered for nearly 20 years before being dropped from the docket. Meanwhile, Pitts was forced



The mystic alphabet

Life and Confessions *(1874), Caldwell Delaney Collection*

to attend court in every term, employ legal counsel, and when he failed to reply when his name was called during the war years (he was in the army), his bond was forfeited. There is every reason to believe that a trial was never intended for the remaining cases; the sole purpose was to make life unpleasant for Pitts. [8]

The offending passage, as it appeared in the 1858 edition of Pitts' book would be lost today but for the grand jury's indictment in the Overall case. It is copied in the court records apparently verbatim. According to this version, Copeland spoke of having to support "a parcel of our loafing and starving clan in Mobile such as G. Cleveland and C. Moulton and G. Overall and some others of less importance. . ." (Later editions reduced the size of the burden by removing mention of Moulton and Overall.) A longer passage discussed the activities of G. Cleveland, who travelled extensively and "in style," with two "large leather trunks" packed with "spurious money." There was also a complaint that "Cleveland and his concern" (Overall and Moulton took this reference personally because they occupied space in Cleveland's Conti Street office) were responsible for Copeland's conviction for larceny in 1849. They took his money, he said, promising a jail cell would never claim him, but from then until his execution eight years later, he was never free again. The Copeland confessions ended with a partial list of clan members, in which the names of the Mobile-three were prominent. [9]

The plaintiffs may have decided to go to court with the Overall case first because it was the strongest. Overall was able to prove that he was a school boy in Columbus, Mississippi during the time when Copeland claimed he was a clan member in Mobile. [10] This fact naturally weighed heavily against Pitts.

However, when Overall arrived in Mobile as a young lawyer just beginning his practice, Copeland was still active. Entering into a partnership

MEMBERS OF THE COPELAND AND WAGES CLAN.

J. Baker,	S. S. Shoemake,	A. Brown,
C. W. Moore,	J. Gillet,	D. Brown,
W. W. Ratlief,	W. Brown,	N. McIntosh,
G. Buskings,	J. Taylor,	E. Myrick,
J. Harper,	S. Teapark,	J. F. Wright,
J. Bowings,	J. Pool,	J. Dewit,
J. W. Westly,	John Copeland,	W. Ross,
J. Whitfield,	T. Copeland,	W. Sanford,
J. Whitlom,	Henry Copeland,	J. McClain,
J. Porter,	Wm. Copeland,	S. Harden,
J. Butler,	J. Elva,	J. Harden,
J. Hopkins,	H. Sanford,	J. Waters, Jr.,
J. Harper,	R. Cable,	G. Clealand,
W. P. Hobs,	J. Hevard,	— Moulton,
W. C. Whelps,	G. Daniels,	— Overall,
Jasper Whitlow,	G. H. Wages,	G. Young,
E. Sharper,	C. H. McGraffin,	Thos. Hix,
T. Powell,	Chas. McGrath,	J. Alfred,
J. Doty,	J. Welter,	J. Kelly,
D. Doty,	G. Welter,	A. Watson.

NOTE.— If the guilty should not, by any means be screened, yet if positive doubts exist, the suspected should have the benefit of such doubts. Accordingly the initials to the names of Moulton and Overall have been omitted; as the jury on "trial" expressed doubts as to what particular parties Copeland referred to in the names given. There are many by the same name, and even part of the same initials, yet have no affinity in anything else. It is said that "public sentiment is seldom wrong, and never wrong long;" therefore with all the circumstances before it, it is requested that the public will approach the subject with an unprejudiced mind, and decide faithfully and justly to all parties concerned.

List of the members of the clan — Life and Confession *(1874). Caldwell Delaney Collection*

with his older brother, John W. Overall, he must have known more about the outlaw than he indicated in his testimony because his brother was well acquainted with Copeland. John W. Overall had moved to New Orleans by the time of the libel trial, but returned to testify. He acknowledged that he "knew James, Henry and Isham Copeland and their mother," and that he had represented various Copelands in three different cases. John W. Overall was James Copeland's attorney in 1849 when he was imprisoned. [11] The offending passages in the *Life and Confession* seemed better descriptions of him than of his younger brother.

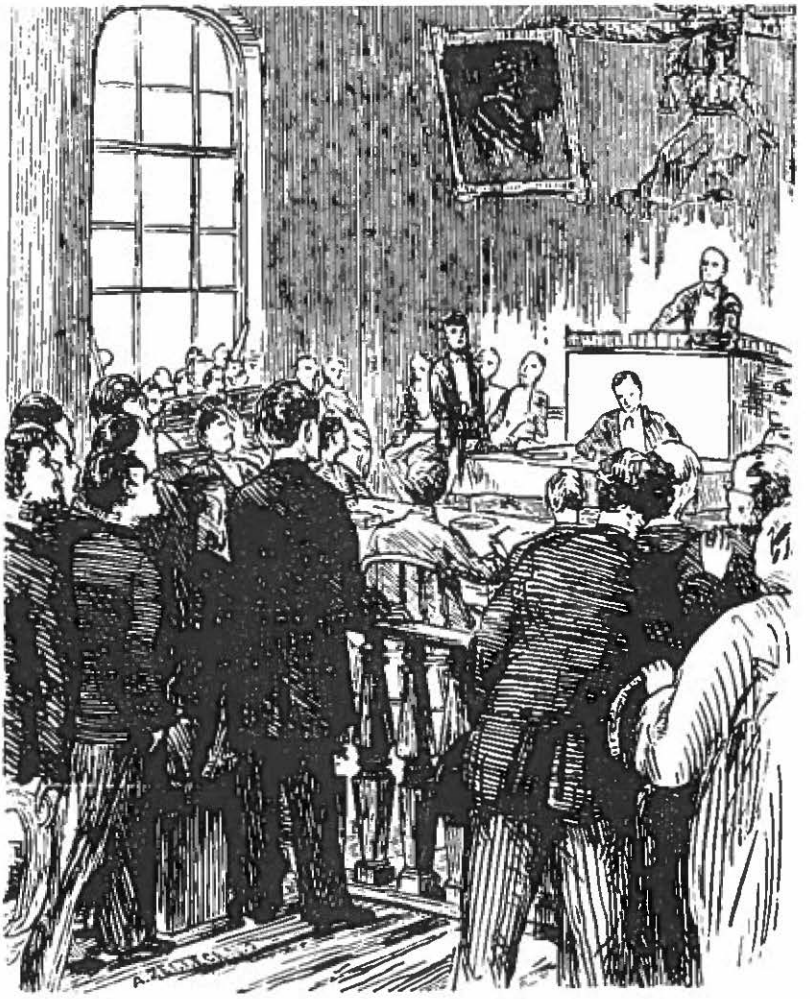
Of the "aggrieved" parties, Gibson Y. Overall had the best public record, which may also have had influence on the decision to prosecute

his case first, and, ultimately, to allow the other two cases to die. His partner after his brother left for New Orleans was Cleveland F. Moulton. Both Moulton and his uncle George A. Cleveland, in whose office Overall and Moulton had quarters, had dubious backgrounds. George A. Cleveland was indicted for extortion in February 1859, the same month Pitts was tried for libel. Though he was a justice of the peace, he often appeared in the criminal records in the role of defendant. Some offenses were minor, such as "gaming." Others were more serious. He was accused of using his office as justice of the peace to line his pockets. Some offenses were also violent. He and his nephew Cleveland F. Moulton were indicted for "assault to murder." Though found not guilty, Moulton was convicted of the lesser offense of assault and battery and fined $1000, a very steep fine for the time. He was also indicted for embezzlement. Nor were their other associates any better. Augustus Brooks, who sometimes posted bond for them and was often himself in need of bond, was repeatedly fined for selling Negroes without a license. He may have been trafficking in stolen slaves. [12]

Despite their record of mischief, malfeasance, and mayhem, Overall, Moulton, and Cleveland seemed to be well connected politically. A relative of Moulton and Cleveland, W.T. Cleveland, was Mobile's sheriff for a while. Also, the presiding judge, Alexander McKinstry, clearly favored the prosecution. Pitts had ample reason to complain of the conduct of the court. McKinstry routinely overruled defense objections and sustained those of the prosecution. He kept the jurors sequestered for six days after they had announced that they were too divided to reach a verdict. Exhausted, they eventually found for the prosecution, but awarded only $50 in damages — a mere slap on the wrist. The judge, exercising his prerogative to imprison, then sentenced Pitts to three months in city jail which led to a post trial mutiny by several unhappy jurors. [13]

Nothing so demonstrated the political clout of the three attorneys as the events leading to the extradition of Pitts. Extradition to Alabama was necessary because he was a resident of Mississippi. This was accomplished by an order of Mississippi's governor, William McWillie, dated December 27, 1858. It was addressed to "the Sheriff of Perry County." "Whereof," the order read,

> "the Governor...of Alabama has made known to me that James R.S. Pitts stands charged with having committed libel in...Alabama...and whereas it appears that said James R.S. Pitts has fled from justice and is now to be found in the State of Mississippi where he has taken refuge, and whereas the governor aforesaid has demanded of me the arrest and delivery of said James R.S. Pitts to S.S. Scheumack



Pitts' trial in Mobile, 1858

Life and Confession *(1874), Caldwell Delaney Collection*

> [*sic*] and A.L. Spears, whom he has appointed agent to receive and convey the said James R.S. Pitts to the jurisdictional limits within which he stands charged...,"

the sheriff of Perry county was ordered to deliver Pitts to "Scheumack" and Spears. [14]

Inaccuracies and irregularities abound in this document. Though he may have been acting in good faith based on what he had been told by the governor of Alabama, McWillie apparently was not even aware that Pitts himself was the sheriff of Perry county, or that of the two men — one had a dubious reputation and was himself a Mississippian.

The most glaring inaccuracy was the characterization of Pitts as a fugitive from justice. He had visited Mobile in September to arrange for the sale of his pamphlet. How such an ordinary business trip was transformed into a flight from justice is instructive. Gibson Y. Overall acknowledged in his trial testimony that he himself had written the three indictments of Pitts. He also admitted drafting the letter to Alabama's Governor Moore. In this letter he characterized Pitts as a fugitive, because, Overall said later in his trial testimony, "he had been informed that Pitts was here on the arrival of the books and had left immediately thereafter." [15] But, of course, Pitts was not then being sought by anyone in authority.

Clearly none of this could have occurred without collusion by officers of the court and other officials of Mobile's criminal justice system. The indictments, formal charges, the letter to the governor, all would normally have been written by the city solicitor. ("He was busy," Overall said.) To misrepresent Pitts as a fugitive who had taken "refuge" in Mississippi, it was necessary to forego all of the formalities, including sworn affidavits which would have clearly established fugitive status. It was also necessary for the Governor of Alabama to acquiesce in this. There is no evidence to prove whether he did so from carelessness or by intention. [16]

A mysterious participant in this affair was S.S. Scheumach, one of the men ordered by McWillie to take Pitts into custody. Overall had summoned Scheumach from his home in Kemper county, Mississippi, for reasons that remain obscure. Scheumach's name appeared in the pamphlet, barely recognizable as "Shonesmack" (Pitts never did get the spelling of this name straight; in later years he spelled it "Shoemake"). At first, he was presented as another aggrieved party. Overall drafted a sworn affidavit for Scheumach charging that he had been libeled by Pitts. The grand jury failed to bring in a true bill on the charge, perhaps because Scheumach was a resident of Mississippi. Soon he was given another task. Overall asked the governor to name Scheumach, a gambler who played the ponies and ran a faro bank of unsavory repute, "as the officer to arrest Pitts." Overall personally provided Scheumach with a "conveyance" in which to return with Pitts, and with Moulton and Cleveland paid all of the expenses the arrest entailed. [17]

Exactly what the purpose was in calling Scheumach all the way from Mississippi to undertake this task is not clear. But it is worth considering Pitts' contention that Scheumach's real mission was to assassinate him, under the pretext that he had resisted arrest or attempted flight. Whether or not this was true, the people of Augusta believed it. A fair number of the able bodied men of the town turned out as an escort to ensure that Pitts arrived safely in Mobile. [18]

Given the background and associations of the story's principal characters, it is at least plausible that Pitts was, as he claimed, the victim of a criminal conspiracy to silence him and destroy the credibility of his pamphlet, and that the perpetrators were themselves former accomplices of James Copeland. However, there are good reasons for not believing this. It requires one to accept the existance of a ubiquitous and all encompassing criminal conspiracy which, according to the *Life and Confession*, had its origins in John A. Murrell's Mystic Clan of the Confederacy in the 1830s. [19] But the Mystic Clan itself never existed.

That the three lawyers were damaged by the allegations in the pamphlet is beyond question. Their own behavior in response to its appearance suggests this, and it is also understandable, quite apart from the truth or falsity of the allegations. The pamphlet was printed by a law enforcement officer. The appearance of names in it left no doubt who was intended. Only first initials were used, but there were no other Overalls, Clevelands, or Moultons living in Mobile at the time. The fact that the pamphlet was published under the "auspices" of Sheriff Pitts gave it a "tone of creditable authenticity," the *Mobile Register* said, which "excited the public mind and caused certain persons in this city to occupy an unenviable attitude." [20] But the fact that their characters were questionable, or that their reaction to the pamphlet was unscrupulous, does not necessarily makes its allegations true.

Pitts always insisted that as the resident of another state, and as a stranger to Mobile who had no prior knowledge of the persons involved, he could not have invented the roles assigned to Overall, Moulton, and Cleveland by Copeland. And even had he had such knowledge, he maintained, he had no motive for implicating the lawyers. [21] Neither claim is strictly true.

Although he had a good education for the time and place, and was already recognized as a young man with a future, at the time he wrote the Copeland pamphlet Pitts was a relatively unsophisticated rustic. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have sought the assistance of an older and more experienced man. This collaborator was Samuel A. Carpenter, a lawyer living in Augusta when Pitts was sheriff there. The exact nature of this collaboration is unclear; Pitts would admit no more than that Carpenter had copied the manuscript into a readable script to prepare it for a printer. However, his role seems to have been much more important. For instance, after Pitts left Mobile in September 1858, it was Carpenter who appeared to collect the money from sales of the pamphlet. Carpenter himself was very well known in Mobile, having lived there before moving to Mississippi. While Pitts may not have known about Overall, Moulton, and Cleveland, Carpenter would have, including,

presumably, the connection any might have had as counsel for various Copelands. However, he might have been confused about which Overall brother to name as his description more closely fits John W. [22]

As for the motive for implicating the three with Copeland, Pitts himself pointed to the best of all: financial gain. He wrote the pamphlet to make money and even noted that it contained the names of three prominent Mobilians. As he went from printer to printer he was careful to point out that "there were names in the manuscript...that would give the book a great sale — certain big men in Mobile." [23]

Everything about the pamphlet suggests that Pitts was something more than a transcriber of a verbatim confession, although he certainly built on what Copeland told him. Pitts had a good eye for little touches likely to increase the pamphlet's salability. One such touch was calling Copeland "the great southern land pirate," which immediately invoked associations with Murrell, the "great western land pirate." Thus Pitts invited comparison with Virgil A. Stewart, the author of a pamphlet printed in 1835, which revealed Murrell's "system of villany" [*sic*] to the world. Superficially the two men seem to have little in common. Stewart came

Murrell shooting a traveller

J.R. Howard, The Life and Adventures of John A. Murrell *(New York, 1847), Special Collections, Hill Library, LSU*

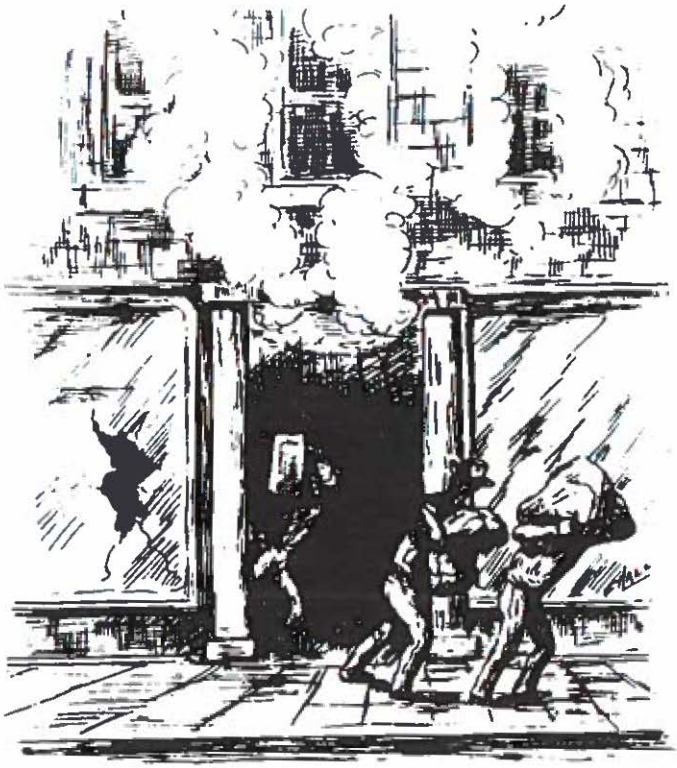
from a family of professional criminals and was almost certainly an accomplice of Murrell before turning informer. For a short time he was treated as a savior of his community but soon drifted off under a cloud of suspicion and recrimination. He was later killed in a saloon brawl. Where Pitts was generally acknowledged to be mild mannered and gentlemanly, Stewart was ignorant, vindictive, paranoid, disputatious, and envious. [24]

Yet as authors, Pitts and Stewart had much in common. Basically, each created his outlaw. Murrell was virtually unknown outside of his home district before publication of Stewart's narrative. Before Pitts published his pamphlet, Copeland was even more obscure. In Mobile and the Gulf Coast counties of Mississippi, people assumed that Copeland was notorious, his name a byword, before Pitts' account was published in 1858. Although this assumption was made even in 1859 at the time of the Pitts libel trial, it was not true.

Copeland's active criminal career as described in the *Life and Confession* dated from the burning of Mobile in 1839 to his conviction for larceny in 1849. He was behind bars from that time until his execution in Mississippi in 1857. At no time during his life was he ever regarded as much more than a local nuisance. The *Mobile Register* had no comment at all to make when he was sentenced to four years in the Alabama penintentiary in 1849 (although it kept an eye on the sessions of City Court for matters of general interest; it printed the entire testimony of the Pitts libel trial, ten years later). [25] In 1849 Mobile seemed blithely unaware that a ten year reign of terror had come to an end. But quite apart from the question of libel, the town became very interested in Copeland once his *Life and Confession* was published. One of the things he confessed was his responsibility for the great fire of 1839. Because it cleared up a long standing mystery, the admission was accepted at face value. Having accepted that much it was a short step for some to believe that Mobile, the Gulf Coast, and even the lower Mississippi valley or the entire Southwest, had been terrorized for ten years, even if most people had not realized it at the time. This belief lingered on; WPA interviewers unearthed it among the country people of southern Mississippi in the 1930s: "there was hardly a happy day or a restful night, so wrought up with fear and dread were the people... ." [26]

Arson was an important ingredient of the Murrell story. Supposedly, the outlaw conspired to instigate a rebellion of the slaves throughout the South, during which he and his bands would loot and commit mayhem. As an additional diversion cities and plantations were to be fired. Murrell expressed a desire to burn New Orleans personally. This was all a fantasy invented by Stewart. [27]

Arson in the Copeland story seems more a believable explanation of events that actually occurred at an earlier time; but Copeland's own account does not bear up under close critical scrutiny. The first fire occurred when Copeland was a young boy under indictment for stealing a neighbor's pigs. It was Wages' idea to burn the Jackson County, Mississippi courthouse "and so destroy the indictment." [28] Courthouse fires were extremely common in the nineteenth century South. Of Mississippi's eighty-two county courthouses, nearly half have burned, some more than once. The situation is much the same in Alabama, where 47 percent of the courthouses have burned down, the majority in the previous century, many in antebellum years. In all but a few cases the destruction of records was total. Jackson County is thought to have had only one fire, and at a much later date than that allegedly set by Copeland and Wages; but destruction of records was complete, and evidence of the earlier fire may simply not have survived. Newspapers in the county from that period do not exist. Whether such



The Copeland gang looting Mobile during the 1839 fire

an arson incident occurred is entirely problematical. [29] If it occurred, it is difficult to see how such a scheme could have worked, though Copeland pronounced it a complete success in the *Life and Confession*. The victim was still available to press charges, and nothing prevented a grand jury from handing down another indictment to replace the one which had burned.

Copeland recalled that Mobile's 1839 fire occurred "late in the summer or early fall...when most of the inhabitants had left the city." Close enough — it was in October, at the height of one of the Yellow Fever epidemics which periodically afflicted the city; anyone who could afford it or had a place to go had fled. Major fires were a common event in Mobile; there were nine between November 1838 and October 1839. But two in the latter month, so close together they were considered one fire, were conflagrations. Arson was suspected even as the fires raged, and with good reason. Endemic through much of the antebellum South, arson may have been the most pervasive crime in the section apart from theft. Vagrants were rounded up, and attention fixed on the "low Irish" who lived near the harbor; both groups were synonymous for many with the criminal element. Not until 1843 was the possibility raised that disaffected or resentful slaves — an ever-present category that helped make arson more common in the South than the rest of the nation — had set the fires. Confessions by escaped slaves placed blame on rebellious blacks, who supposedly abandoned a plot to murder the few whites still in town for a plan to burn the town to the ground. Finally, in 1858, with the publication of Copeland's *Life and Confession* the mystery of the fire's origin seemed to be solved; it is common today for historians to accept Copeland's admission as the most plausible explanation. [30]

Nevertheless, the coordinated conspiracy described in the pamphlet seems overdrawn, especially when the quality of the conspirators is considered. Copeland claims that his gang held an entire city hostage with impunity and completely undetected until he confessed to the deed nineteen years later. Yet nothing else undertaken by his motley collection of thieving misfits was of this magnitude, or even close. [31] On the other hand, fires are notoriously rich opportunities for looting and plundering. With so many people absent from the city it is likely such activity was even more pronounced. Quite possibly Copeland's "conspiracy" accounts for the second conflagration which began so soon after the first, as he and his criminals set new fires to keep a good thing going.

Seeking to increase sales, Pitts sought to associate Copeland with the more celebrated Murrell, but he did not say that one was much like the other. The association lay mainly in the descent of the Wages clan from Murrell's old organization, the use of Murrell's secret cipher, and

the salting of old Murrell associates throughout the text. There was also a broad similarity in the kinds of criminals and crimes described by Pitts and Stewart.

Yet their respective outlaws were quite different. The legendary figure who stalked through Stewart's narrative was a master criminal with a grand conspiracy. He was moved by a basic passion, namely, vengeance against the entire world of respectability. People from this world had flogged and imprisoned him as a youth, and he vowed to get even. Stewart's Murrell aspired to a magnitude of villainy that Pitts' Copeland could scarecely imagine. The whole tone was different. Both pamphlets described heinous murders, but Murrell gloated as he recounted the details to his "biographer;" Copeland shuddered and confessed to nightmares and a bad conscience. Sheriff Pitts, in keeping with his role as a watchdog of society, offered a conventional moral drama: the doleful tale of what

Murrell robbing the mail Life and Adventures, *LSU*

happened when a young boy acquired bad habits and fell in with evil company. There is no trace of a grand conspiracy; the Wages clan was allegedly a tight knit criminal fraternity, but it had no scheme for toppling society; neither Wages nor Copeland were motivated by revenge and a hatred of all respectable society. They were opportunists picking up what they could as they grazed over the countryside. [32]

The Murrell known to Pitts and his contemporaries was a legendary figure, largely the invention of Stewart. There was another Murrell, the figure behind the legend, of whom little was known, except to people in his home district in Tennessee. Between this Murrell and James Copeland, there were striking similarities. The parallels are closest in their family backgrounds, and in the profiles of their criminal careers. They reveal something about the character of crime and criminals in the Old Southwest of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi during the 1830s and 40s.

Both Murrell and Copeland had honest, hard working fathers, yeoman farmers who had achieved some economic security, slaveholders on a small scale, who stood by their sons when they got into trouble, and who watched in anguish as their hard won margin dwindled under mounting court costs and fines. Jeffrey Murrell was a Revolutionary War veteran who farmed five hundred acres of hilly land in middle Tennessee's Williamson County in partnership with his brother Drury. He owned three or four slaves — a moderately prosperous, self-sufficient farmer, who had "acquired the little property he" had "by his industry," as he said in a court deposition, only to see it threatened by "his son John," who had "always been an expence [*sic*] to him" while contributing "but little." His anxiety was well founded. After his death the land and other property were lost, and the Murrell family moved to west Tennessee, where they settled down together in miserable poverty. John did not precipitate this decline single-handedly. He had three brothers and four sisters. All of the brothers were law-breakers — counterfeiters, horse thieves, pimps, perjurers, slave stealers. Mean, but cowardly, they never were associated with violent crimes but, as small time felons, they were adept mainly at getting caught. Jeffrey stood by them all, providing bail, legal fees, and court costs, not without some complaint. His daughters apparently walked a straighter course, although the husband of one, Leanna, was an occasional confederate of John A. Murrell. [33]

Stewart's Murrell sneered at Jeffrey: "my father was an honest man I expect, and tried to raise me honest; but I think none the better of him for that." Copeland was somewhat more deferential: had he but followed his "good old father's advice," he said, his life might have taken a different course. [34] Pitts, who lived in a neighboring county and had

the opportunity to know the Copeland family by reputation, described this parent.

> Isham Copeland was a farmer in easy circumstances, with a good farm, several negroes, plenty of horses and mules and other live stock; and, in fact, he might be said to have everything about him that a family in moderate circumstances could require to enable him to live comfortably. He was the father of several sons; but, alas! this, which is by most men deemed a blessing, proved to him a curse; and after encountering many trials in youth and manhood, just when he thought to enjoy the peace and repose of old age, his son's misconduct drew on him many severe reverses of fortune, and finally drove him to the grave broken hearted. [35]

Pitts' description was quite accurate. Isham Copeland was a veteran of the War of 1812 whose farm near Pascagoula River in Mississippi's Jackson County prospered mightily. In 1820 he owned no slaves, in 1830 one, in 1840 ten. His farm was in the region known as the Piney Woods, which stretched from western South Carolina to eastern Texas. Often unsuitable for cotton cultivation, it was therefore not congenial to large scale slave ownership. The number of slaves Isham owned was impressive in this setting. [36]

"Live stock," which Pitts said Isham also possessed in abundance, was of central importance to the economy of the Piney Woods. It is significant that in his first foray into crime James Copeland rustled a herd of hogs belonging to a neighbor, Peter Helverson. When he tried it a second time, he was charged and indicted, although Helverston was related to the Copelands. The *Life and Confession* is full of references to cows, hogs, horses, and other stock. [37]

Pitts was correct, also, that Isham's sons proved to be a mixed blessing. He had nine sons and four daughters. At least seven of the sons ran afoul of the law; most of them apparently became professional criminals. Besides James, Henry also went to prison. Isham, Jr. avoided imprisonment by the simple expedient of jumping bail, which his father had posted and had to forfeit. The crimes include the usual list: grand larceny, burglary, perjury, resisting arrest, obstruction of justice, and fighting in public places. In contrast to the Murrell brothers, none of the Copelands engaged in counterfeiting. James expressed a positive revulsion for it. They were also far more violent than the Murrells. Isham and James were indicted for the murder of Elisha Palmer, a suspected informer. James readily admitted to the deed in his *Life and Confession* and named other victims. Thomas resisted arrest; John, Isaac, and Lorenzo were charged with assault to commit murder. [38]

Like Jeffrey Murrell, Isham Copeland did what he could. Court costs and legal fees fell heavily on him. By 1850 he had lost his farm. According to James Copeland *Life and Confession*, he moved his father and family to a location in a swamp twenty-five or thirty miles from Mobile, shortly before he went to prison in 1849. [39] This was more filial piety than was ever shown by a Murrell.

The mothers of both outlaws were reputed to have had criminal associations, and each man attributed the beginning of his criminal career to his mother's influence. This maternal role derives entirely from the pamphlet accounts of Stewart and Pitts. The record otherwise has little to say about the character of either woman. The profile that emerges is similar in both cases: Copeland is perhaps slightly more detailed.

> Whenever I had any difficulty...my mother would always protect and indulge me in what I would do; and being so indulged and protected, this excited me to commit crimes of great magnitude. And I am

Copeland writing to his mother from jail

Life and Confession

> frank, here to say, that my mother has been the principal and great cause of all my crimes and misfortunes, by stimulating me to the commission of those deeds that have brought me to what I am. [40]

A major difference was in tone. Murrell spoke admiringly of his mother, Zilpha, who, he said, "was of the pure grit." Copeland, on the other hand, wrote an embittered letter to Rebecca Copeland on the eve of his execution laying blame for his predicament squarely at her feet. [41]

There is as close correspondence between the patterns of their criminal careers as between their family backgrounds. Both men, for instance had criminal mentors — Daniel Crenshaw in the case of Murrell, Gale Wages for Copeland — who introduced them to a life of crime. Each was first a friend of the mother, by implication a lover, and each replaced the father, taking over the role of guiding the boy into adulthood. [42]

Pitts most obviously invoked the Murrell legend in the story of Copeland's initiation into the Wages gang. Even the name of the criminal organization, "the clan," was bestowed by Murrell. According to Pitts, the Wages clan was actually a remnant of the very same organization forged by Murrell. In both the Copeland and Murrell stories an older man introduced a youth to his accomplices, forced them to accept him, and initiated him into the mysteries of a criminal conspiracy. The greatest of these mysteries was a secret alphabet "invented by the notorious Murrell of Tennessee." [43]

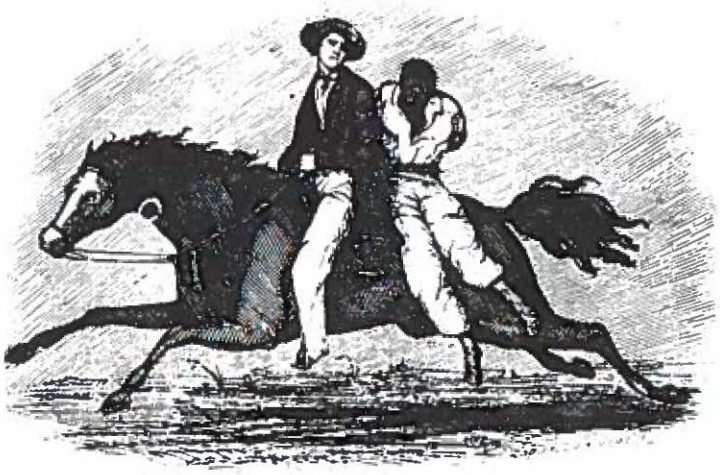
In each case the older man was later killed by vigilantes, Crenshaw after Murrell had already gone to prison. Wages, on the other hand, died when Copeland was free and at the peak of his powers. His death provided the occasion for Copeland's downfall. With a small group of accomplices he set out to ambush the regulator leader, James Harvey. Instead their presence drew the regulators out in force, a gun fight ensued, and Harvey was killed. Copeland was later executed for the murder. [44]

Stewart and Pitts each described their outlaws as having engaged in much the same kind of criminal activity. Murrell and Copeland were both peripatetic, wandering over great distances committing crimes. Some of this crime was of the opportunistic highwayman variety. Some entailed more planning. In general both men stole the same things, when it was not just money in a bankroll. Livstock, of course, as already mentioned; but also slaves. Slave stealing figured heavily in both stories. As the cause of Murrell's downfall it is the consistent thread in Stewart's narrative. It was stolen slaves that put Stewart on Murrell's trail. Copeland was active in this line, too, and he used the same lure, freedom. Neither man

The gunfight that killed James Harvey

Life and Confession *(1874). Caldwell Delaney Collection*

liked to leave witnesses, and both admitted to many murders. In general, though, Copeland was somewhat less bloody minded. Of the two, only Murrell's slave stealing invariably ended in murder of the poor duped victim, who had allowed himself to be repeatedly sold in the expectation that the money would be used to pay his passage to freedom. [45]



Murrell stealing a slave Life and Adventures, *LSU*

Counterfeiting was a common offense in the 1830s and 1840s, as might be expected with so many different kinds of currency in circulation. It figured in both stories, but in different ways. In the case of Murrell, there is reason to believe that this was his main activity, and that slave stealing, for which he went to prison, was just an occasional sideline along with murder, robbery, and various forms of larceny. Perhaps because Stewart was a counterfeiter himself he did not play up this aspect of Murrell's career, not wishing to call unnecessary attention to it. [46]

Though counterfeiting was central to the real (as opposed to legendary) Murrell, it was not central to Copeland's story. Copeland himself was a reluctant counterfeiter. He refused to follow Wages into this new enterprise, which was apparently the brainchild of James McArthur of Hancock County, Mississippi, otherwise known as Calico Dick. Copeland's judgement proved to be sounder than his leader's. Exposure of the counterfeiting ring created an unstable situation. Wages and his friends had to prepare to leave the country, and this decision led directly to the incident in which he lost his life. Copeland's attempt to avenge his chieftain's death led ultimately to his own execution. [47]

It is in the use of disguises that Stewart's superior imagination was best demonstrated. Copeland and his friends used them, but they were of heavy-handed false mustache — eye patch variety. On the other hand Murrell displayed considerable versatility in this area. He was preacher, lawyer, doctor, professor, all with equal ease. The false preacher was active in both stories, but Murrell assumed this role himself; in the Copeland story it was played by a colleague, Charles McGrath, for whom it was a kind of specialty. [48]

The great difference in the use of disguises was that Murrell used the change of identity to play tricks, and although the ostensible motive was robbery, pulling off the trick successfully was the main point. Murrell the trickster had continuity with universal themes as old as the art of storytelling. But in Stewart's tale the joke was that the trickster had the tables turned on him, and in the end the real trickster was revealed to be Stewart himself, who, though an undercover agent, passed himself off with Murrell as an aspiring young criminal who only wanted to sit at the master's feet. The gullible Murrell then told him all of his secrets. Pitts, on the other hand, did not trick Copeland into revealing his story. He did so voluntarily, apparently from a desire to make a deathbed confession, and also to provide a moralistic tale to prevent other boys from going astray. [49]

A few inferences, necessarily tentative, about crime and criminals in the Old Southwest, emerge from this blend of history and legend. First of all there is the settled location and family life of both outlaws, which seems to have been typical of rural criminals of their time and place. [50] They were born into families which had been respectable and hard-working for generations; then, in one generation all of the male offspring turned bad and became lawbreakers. Hard-earned gains were swept away. The record has little to say about the sudden emergence of these criminal inclinations. Conventional environmental explanations based on poverty and other forms of deprivation do not apply; both families were moderately prosperous. Even emotional deprivation is difficult to discern in the scanty evidence; the families were tight-knit, even clannish. But the role of the mothers in both legends, which may well be factually based, suggests the effect a bad marriage could have by introducing an unscrupulous and dishonest parent into the family.

Much of the criminal activity described was anything but unique to the South. Counterfeiting and horse stealing, which often went together, were national problems. Only slave stealing could be considered peculiarly Southern. There is nevertheless a strong regional flavor to all of the crimes described. Western Tennessee, northeastern Arkansas, western Mississippi, and the Piney Woods of southern Alabama and Mississippi were wild primitive areas of swamp and forest at the time. Even settled parts of the South seemed to retain the shaggy appearance of a frontier longer than other sections. [51] The towns were also comparatively primitive. In the decade before the Civil War, even cosmpolitian Mobile's main streets were unpaved while out in the countryside, roads were poor, sometimes little more than rustic paths; farms were scattered and isolated. [52]

These were conditions made to order for men such as Murrell and Copeland, and a rich variety of criminal enterprise flourished. With so

few opportunities for social interaction, the church was an important institution; yet clergymen were scarce. The itinerant preacher was always welcome. Murrell and Copeland's colleague Charles McGrath found the sermon a useful way to engage the attention of congregations, while confederates made off with the horses. [53] Throughout the region there were uninhabited places to which access was difficult or forbidding, and ideal for manufacturing counterfeit money or harboring stolen horses and slaves. For outlaws who knew the territory, the swamps and sloughs made movement easy and facilitated escape from pursuing posses.

The conventional law-enforcement machinery was often inadequate. Lawmen were frequently outgunned by bold and determined criminals. Even when arrests occurred, breakouts from the primitive jails were common. The elemental state of law enforcement, coupled with a strong desire to recreate a version of the communities the trans-Appalachian settlers had left behind, produced the regulator tradition. Regulators figured heavily in both the Murrell and Copeland stories. Neither would have been complete without them. Every river town had its vigilance committee, which routinely subjected strangers to close scrutiny. Composed often of the most respectable men in the community, they occasionally used torture to extract confessions and carried out sentences of whipping, branding, and even death. Execution

Murrell in custody of the Regulators

Life and Adventures, *LSU*

was swift and barbarous. The vigilantes were a strong remedy, but they belonged as much to the setting as did the Murrells and the Copelands. [54]

After his incarceration for libel, Pitts entered medical school in Mobile and went on to a long career as a physician. He became a pillar of the community in Waynesboro, Mississippi, at one time or another serving as county superintendent, state legislator, presidential elector, and

Execution of James Copeland

Life and Confession *(1874). Caldwell Delaney Collection*

postmaster. He had many children. [55] But he would today be entirely forgotten had he not in his youth been midwife at the birth of the legend of James Copeland which has survived as a regional phenomenon, enduring because of the interest of two different groups. First, there have been the treasure hunters, optimistic souls who continue to hope that Pitts was mistaken in his claim that Cleveland dug up the fabled whiskey barrels long ago. The second group is larger and more amorphous. Its numbers share a belief which has long been prevalent in Mobile that a small group of old families has a stranglehold on the town, presiding over its stagnation, and preventing it from taking its rightful place as queen of the Gulf. It is possible that this feeling has even grown in recent years as the town expanded outward from its decaying downtown. The Copeland story

James Copeland Life and Confession

surfaces periodically as an expression of a long standing division and mistrust. It suits the purpose admirably: Mobile, it implies, is still controlled by a small clique, descendants of prominent citizens who were members of the clan. Unmasked by Pitts they went to extraordinary lengths to suppress his book and retain control of their town. And their descendants are still at it today. Copies of the *Life and Confession* do not long remain on the shelf of the public library; they mysteriously disappear, stolen, many believe, by irate descendants of clan members, as unscrupulous as ever in their desire to suppress the Pitts' revelations. [56]

For a legend so firmly lodged it will make little difference to its survival to point out other interpretations. For instance, Samuel A. Carpenter, as a former Mobilian, was in a position to salt Pitts' narrative with real Mobile names, including those of lawyers who had defended the Copelands, to add spice and increase sales. In any case, there is no evidence to establish whether or not the Mobile trio were criminal associates of James Copeland. It is clear that Pitts, perhaps with the aid of Carpenter, sought to capitalize on the fame of Murrell. If Pitts made James Copeland a Murrell copycat, he copied an insubstantial fiction. But there was a genuine parallel between the real Copeland and the historical Murrell who lay behind the fictions invented by Stewart.

Notes

[1] *Mobile Daily Register*, February 26, 1859.

[2] City Court, Final Record and Judgements, 1854-1858, 339-341. University of South Alabama Archives, Mobile, AL (USA Archives). There were two later editions, in 1874 and 1909. The title was changed to *Life and Confession of the Noted Outlaw James Copeland* and will be cited in this article as *Life and Confession*. All notes refer to the recent reprint edition edition of this work published by the University Press of Mississippi in 1980 with an introduction by Dr. John D.W. Guice. Edward Cain, *Four Centuries on the Pascagoula: History and Genealogy of the Pascagoula River Country* (Spartanburg, SC, 1983), vol. 2, 50, refers to the 1909 edition as the "expurgated" edition, although the two later editions appear to be identical. However, the portion of the original edition copied in the grand jury indictment shows that material was expurgated in the later editions. References to two of the men who sued Pitts for libel were expunged from the text, but not from the list of "clan" members in the appendix.

[3] On the historical basis for the mystic clan see James Penick, *The Great Western Land Pirate: John A. Murrell in Legend and History* (Columbia, MO, 1981), 55-81.

[4] The Local History division of Mobile Public Library has a reasonably complete collection of newspaper and magazine clippings which have appeared over the past twenty years. This material will be cited as the Copeland Folder, MPL.

[5] Works Progress Administration (WPA) for Mississippi. Source material for Mississippi history. Harrison County. Interview with Ada Spikes Levins. Mississippi Department of Archives and History (MDAH).

[6] J.R.S. Pitts, *Life and Confession of the Noted Outlaw James Copeland* (Jackson, MS, 1980), 99, 107. Legends surrounding this treasure can be found in Copeland Folder, MPL; for instance, Leonard P. Kiedrowski, "Louisiana's Treasure Island," *True Treasure*, July-August 1969. Also WPA material for Jackson, Hancock, and Harrison counties, MS, MDAH. Treasure hunters are still actively searching for this gold. I encountered one while researching this article.

[7] Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 162-165. Articles in the *Mobile Press Register* play upon this theme; see Copeland Folder, MPL. See also, Cain, *Four Centuries on the Pascagoula*, vol. 2, 49-50.

[8] City Court, Criminal, Final Record and Judgments, 1854-1858, 229-341, has the indictment in the Overall case; the other two have not survived. For the trial in the Overall case see City Court, Criminal Minute Book, 1857-1859, 441-443. See also Criminal Minute Book, 1859-1854, 620, and Criminal Minute Book, 1864-1868, 58-59; City Court, Civil Record and Judgement Book, vol. 16, 152-159, USA Archives.

[9] City Court, Criminal, Final Record and Judgements, 1854-1858, 339-341, USA Archives. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 98-99.

[10] The most complete testimony in the Overall case may be found in *Mobile Daily Register*, February 25, 26, 27; March 3, 1859. Testimony of Gibson Y. Overall is in February 26 issue.

[11] For testimony of John W. Overall, *Mobile Daily Register*, February 26, 1859.

[12] City Court, Criminal Minute Book, 1850-1852, 9-10, 138-139, 143, 168. City Court, Criminal, Final Record and Judgments, 1854-1858, 145, 177, 202, 254, 257-258, 327, USA Archives.

[13] *Mobile Daily Register*, February 25-27, March 3, 1859. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 178-188, 210-211.

[14] Governor's Records, RG 27, Executive Journal, vol. 43, entry dated December 27, 1858, 139, MDAH.

[15] See cross examination of Gibson Y. Overall, *Mobile Daily Register*, February 26, 1859.

[16] *Ibid.*

[17] Pitts, *Life and Confession. Mobile Daily Register*, February 26, 27, 1859.

[18] Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 153-158.

[19] *Ibid.*, 37. References to Murrell are frequent.

[20] *Mobile Daily Register*, March 3, 1859.

[21] Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 17.

[22] *Mobile Daily Register*, February 27, 1859.

[23] *Mobile Daily Register*, February 26, 1859.

[24] The title of the Stewart pamphlet was a jawbreaker. The short title is *A History of the Detection, Conviction, Life and Designs of John A. Murrel* [sic] *the Great Western Land Pirate* (1835). The name of the author, Augustus Q. Walton, Esq., was fictitious. For the full citation and a list of the other sources connected with the Murrell story, consult the bibliography and footnotes of Penick, *The Great Western Land Pirate.* For Stewart see 90, 158-167, 169.

[25] Many issues of this newspaper have been badly mutilated. Many years ago before it was microfilmed, someone with a razor blade had removed articles and columns from the originals. A few unharmed years in the 1840s and 1850s are available in the library of the Alabama Department of Archives and History, Montgomery. Bound volumes for 1849 and 1859 were available there. All of the articles relating to the Pitts libel trial were intact; they were missing altogether from the microfilm copy. No references to Copeland

were found in any newspaper for the 1840s and 50s, before the libel trial in 1859. As complete a run of the *Mobile Register* as is available on microfilm is at the University of South Alabama.

[26] WPA for Mississippi, Jackson County, 243.

[27] Penick, *Great Western Land Pirate*, 49-54.

[28] Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 34.

[29] Information on court house fires is available as reference material in the libraries of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, Jackson, and the Alabama Department of Archives and History, Montgomery. See, "Survey of Mississippi Court Houses," a house reference document at MDAH, and "Alabama Courthouses Destroyed by Fire" at ADAH.

[30] Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 38-41. William F. Cheek, *Black Resistance Before the Civil War* (Beverly Hills, CA, 1970), 20. Caldwell Delaney, *Craighead's Mobile* (Mobile, 1968), 81. Harriet E. Amos, *Cotton City: Urban Development in Antebellum Mobile* (University, AL, 1985), 152.

[31] Pitts, *Life and Confession.*

[32] Penick, *The Great Western Land Pirate*, 32-54. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 55, 89-90, 103.

[33] Penick, *Great Western Land Pirate*, 9-31.

[34] *Ibid.*, 171-172. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 139.

[35] Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 28.

[36] Census schedules, 1820, Jackson County, MS, no pagination; 1830, Jackson County, MS, 2; 1840, Jackson County, MS, 270, MDAH.

[37] There is a growing literature on this subject. The best book is Terry G. Jordan, *Trails to Texas: Southern Roots of Western Cattle Ranching* (Lincoln, NB, and London, 1981). Reliance on cattle raising, hunting, and subsistence farming was giving way to the expanding lumber industry in the 1840s. Thomas R. Cox, et al., *This Well-Wooded Land: Americans and Their Forests from Colonial Times to the Present* (Lincoln, NB, and London, 1985), 94. There is no hint of this in the Copeland pamphlet.

[38] Mobile City Court, Criminal Minute Book No. 1, 1846-1849 (page numbers begin anew with each term in this volume), November 1847, 15; February 1848, 22, 30, 34; June 1848, 31; August 1848, 8, 9; February 1849, 4; April 1849, 10, 11. Mobile City Court, Criminal Minute Book No. 1A, 1849-1850, 26. Mobile City Court, Criminal Minute Book No. 3, 1853-1855, 31, 505. Mobile City Court, Criminal Minute Book No. 4, 1855-1857, 376, 393, 404-405. Mobile City Court, Criminal, Final Record and Judgments, 1854-1858, 140-141. USA Archives.

[39] Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 122-123.

[40] *Ibid.*, 32.

[41] Penick, *Great Western Land Pirate*, 172. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 139-141.

[42] Penick, *Great Western Land Pirate*, 7, 21-22, 72, 142. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 34.

[43] Penick, *Great Western Land Pirate*, 41. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 36-37.

[44] Penick, *Great Western Land Pirate*, 142. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 114-125.

[45] Penick, *Great Western Land Pirate*, 44-48. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 71-73. There is evidence apart from Pitts' narrative that several of the Copelands committed violent crimes, including murder, whereas there is no evidence apart from Stewart that Murrell ever killed anyone.

[46] Penick, *Great Western Land Pirate*, 66-67.

[47] Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 103-105, 109.

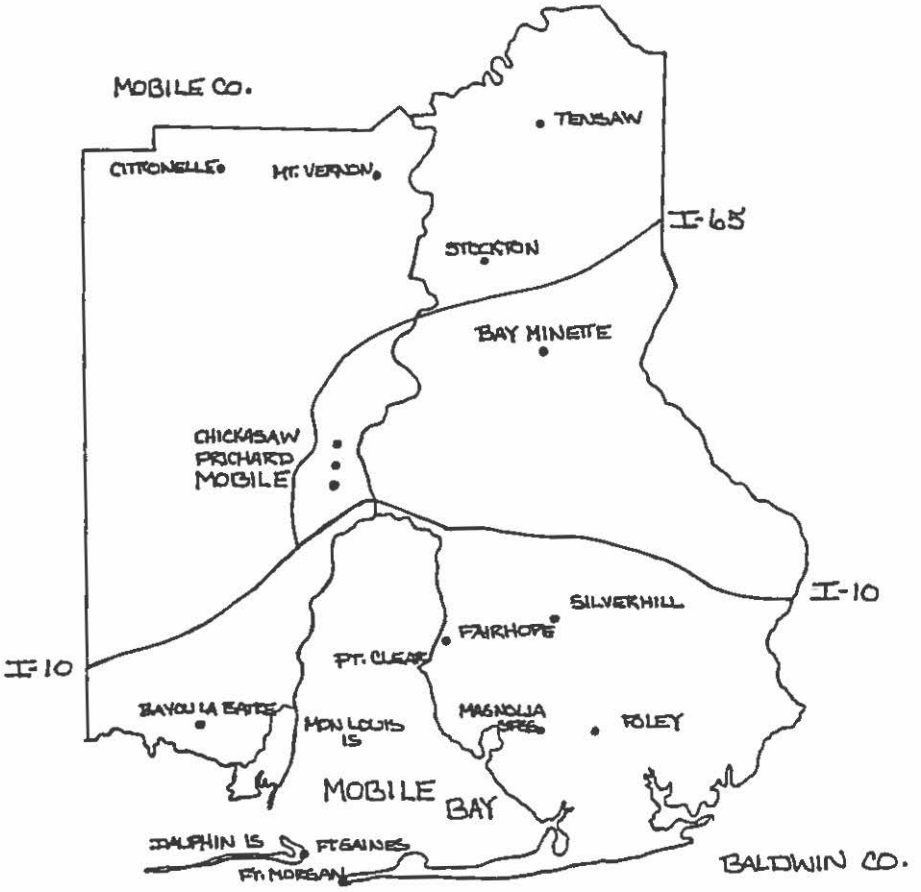
[48] Penick, *Great Western Land Pirate*, 42-43. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 38.
[49] Penick, *Great Western Land Pirate*, 44, 52-53.
[50] *Ibid.*, 80-81.
[51] Frederick Law Olmsted, *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States* (New York, 1856), 65-66. See also, his *A Journey in the Back Country* (New York, 1860).
[52] John Hope Franklin, *The Militant South, 1800-1861* (Boston, 1964), 20, 22.
[53] Malcolm J. Rohrbough, *The Transappalachian Frontier: People, Societies, and Institutions, 1775-1850* (New York, 1978), 303. The "reformed gambler," Jonathan H. Green, said "many suspicious characters travelling under the disguise of clergymen" preyed "upon the unsuspecting." See Green, *Gambling Unmasked* (Philadelphia, 1847), 194.
[54] A good study of the regulator tradition is Richard Maxwell Brown, *Strain of Violence* (New York, 1975).
[55] Census Schedules, 1880, Wayne County, MS, MDAH. Post Office Department, Record of Appointments of Postmasters, 1832-1971, Wayne County, MS, MDAH. Pitts, *Life and Confession*, 9.
[56] This theme emerges from the most cursory examination of the popular press. For instance: "Apparently they [the clan] had great political cooperation, for virtually no public records are available today on their activities, and still pages are being torn out of the few books remaining which list members of the original gang." *Mobile Press Register*, May 14, 1967. "According to our files, information on activities of the Copeland Gang is hard to find. Some say this is because many old Mobile families had connections with the band of outlaws and they and their descendants destroyed all documents they could obtain. The files say in 1967 every copy of the book which contained James Copeland's (the gang's leader) confession began mysteriously disappearing and many books with the pages on which the data was printed are ripped out." *Mobile Press Register*, September 24, 1979. See also, Copeland Folder, MPL.

Dr. James Penick is Professor of History at Loyola University in Chicago. He has published books on the New Madrid (Missouri) earthquakes and on the bandit Murrell

Understanding Southwest Alabama's Architectural Heritage: Mobile and Baldwin Counties

Devereaux Bemis and John Sledge

The built environment represents a major portion of the historic fabric of our culture; it is the physical embodiment of our past as well being our most visible and accessible record of that past. The task of identifying and recording structures of historic interest has recently been completed for Mobile and Baldwin counties in southwest Alabama. The surveys for these two counties have been done as part of a nationwide movement initiated by the National Register of Historic Places to locate and record structures eligible for listing on the National Register. Under this program, each state is responsible for coordinating its own projects which are usually done on a county-by-county basis. [1]



Mobile-Baldwin Counties — *Kevin A. Hunter*

This article will demonstrate the scope of such projects by examining the process and the results of the Mobile and Baldwin counties survey. The initial portion deals with the methodology and resources utilized, followed by a review of what was found in the two counties. There are two basic views of the survey presented: the first looks at the buildings and develops an architectural chronology of the two counties concentrating on Mobile County; the second examines some of the aspects of the architecture of Baldwin County not covered in the more general Mobile section.

A historic building survey is a powerful tool with both scholarly and practical applications. Historians can use it to evaluate labor, technology, lifestyle, geographic conditions and the influence of outside ideas. Planners and local government officials can rely on this information to nominate properties to the National Register of Historic Places, simplify environmental review and facilitate the planning process. [2]

The completed Baldwin and Mobile County Historic Building surveys consist of three basic elements: United States Geological Survey (U.S.G.S.) maps with plotted buildings and coordinates; narrative descriptions of all buildings and photographic logs with contact sheets, all three cross referenced. Copies of each survey are kept in Montgomery at the offices of the Alabama Historical Commission and in Mobile at the offices of the Mobile Historic Development Commission. Baldwin and Mobile have the distinction of being the only two counties in Alabama to have been completely surveyed by trained architectural historians. However, a similar survey is now under way in Clarke County north of Mobile.

How does one conduct a historic building survey? While in the field we were frequently asked by incredulous owners, "How did you find my house?" For a structure to be included in the survey, it had to meet two basic criteria: be over fifty years old and possess some architectural and historical significnance. Every house accessible in each county was reviewed by us with these criteria in mind. U.S.G.S. maps, which show all structures as black dots, proved to be excellent guides. We literally drove down every road, marking our progress with yellow pens. Houses that met the criteria were photographed, described, and plotted with a survey number on the maps. Particularly fine buildings were marked on the maps in orange with less interesting ones in purple. This allows an evaluation of the distribution and architectural value of an area's buildings at a glance.

We faced frequent curiosity, occasional suspicion and in a few rare instances, outright hostility. Most people allowed us free access for photography and some even offered us iced tea. There were questions about "free money" that might be available and long discussions on family history. Each county has an ample supply of colorful characters.

Concurrent with the field survey, more traditional research was done on the buildings and communities. This research was actually begun before the field work and will continue through the nomination process. Information was acquired through local, regional and national sources. Some areas of research which were expected to have substantial information lacked any primary data. Other areas had so much data that, at times, it was overwhelming.

Most of our information came from conversations with the people we met while doing the surveys. As with any undocumented account, we had to be careful about accepting everything we were told as truth; very few of the "hundred year old" houses were in fact a hundred years old. Therefore, it was necessary to use other resources: old maps; family photographs; libraries for old newspapers and local histories; the courthouses for government records; and the archival records of the Historic Mobile Preservation Society, the City of Mobile and the University of South Alabama. These major local sources were supplemented by the Alabama Department of Archives and History, the Alabama Historical Commission, the National Archives and corporate archives such as the collection of the Single Tax Corporation in Fairhope.

The most important source of information about a local structure is the building itself. From the materials and style of a recorded structure, the trained architectural historian can draw broad conclusions about its history and development. It is apparent that the buildings which have survived in the two counties represent a variety of regional and national styles. The earliest and least expensive dwellings were folk houses such as "dogtrots", while the later buildings tended to be more elaborate or expensive, representing such national styles as Greek Revival. These later styles were made possible by better communication provided by the railroads which connected Mobile to transportation networks throughout the country. Buildings in these national and folk styles comprise the majority of the 1,765 structures and archaeological sites recorded in the Mobile County survey.

In attempting to present a chronology of architectural development in the two counties (the City of Mobile was not included in the survey due to its size and the work previously done by the Mobile Historic Development Commission) several points must be understood. First, there are no pure styles, elements are applied and ground plans change but rarely can one find a definitive example of a style. Styles change gradually as certain elements are developed and adopted over time. Next, styles overlap in time so although a new style begins an old one does not end. Finally, mature styles and plans are mixed purposely as a builder consciously chooses different elements that appeal to his tastes and needs.

1. Vogtner House, c. 1854 *Thomason photo*

During the period of initial settlement in an area, home builders usually did not have access to sawmills, so their early residences and ancillary buildings were made of logs. Very few of these structures remain in the two counties. Of those which have survived, many have had siding applied to them, or have had later rooms built around the original log cores. There are several structures in the Citronelle area (north Mobile County) which began as log buildings, but perhaps the best preserved log residence in Mobile County is the Vogtner House in the Dawes area, southeast of the City of Mobile (Photo 1). The building, dating from the 1850s, has planking over the spaces between the logs instead of the clay or mud chinking usually associated with this type of construction.

In both counties log houses commonly took the form of what is known as a dogtrot. A dogtrot is composed of two rooms with an open breezeway between acting as an exposed hall. The entire building is under one gable roof oriented to the sides. Today there are no open dogtrots in Mobile County but there are two remaining in Baldwin County (Photo 2).

Common throughout the counties are four room, square buldings with high hipped roofs which may have developed from the French influenced Creole cottage. Creole cottages are simple, unadorned, vernacular structures based on the idea of multiple entrances and exits and no interior hall. The Creole cottage would have a front porch, usually a rear porch and possibly a porch on one or both sides. The porches could be either recessed under the main roof, under attached roofs or under attached,

2. Dogtrot, c. 1890 *Sledge photo/ MHDC*

kick-off roofs. This style came with the earliest settlers and survived through the first decades of the twentieth century. It was inexpensive and simple to build, could serve a two or four room structure with or without interior doors, and had outside access into each room allowing multiple use of the rooms. There are a number of these in Mobile and Baldwin counties in a variety of materials. Perhaps the best example is locted on Mon Louis Island in the southeast part of Mobile County (Photo 3).

3. Creole Cottage, Mon Louis Island *Bemis photo/ MHDC*

Though these folk dwellings continued to be built for some time, the more elaborate national styles came to the area with the more affluent and better educated settlers. First among these national styles to appear was the Greek Revival (c. 1830). The chamfered posts of earlier houses were replaced by boxed columns from this new influence. A major change in the floor plans of buildings arose with the development of a central hall. The earlier plan with two or four interconnected rooms, each with an outside entrance, evolved into a central hall plan with rooms to either side having the only exterior doors on the front and rear of the hall. Sometimes entrance into the rooms of the house was provided by floor length windows or through jib doors, which are small double leafed doors immediately below a window. These central hall plans usually have full length front and rear porches (many of which are now enclosed) beneath the main roof of the house. The form developed in the Gulf Coast area and for this reason is known locally as the Gulf Coast cottage. It became particularly popular for houses built along the bay and an excellent example is the Frye House on the Eastern Shore of Mobile Bay in Baldwin County (Photo 4).

Falling outside any established architectural category is a group of houses in both counties that are differentiated by their location for most of them are on the shores of Mobile Bay. They are referred to as bay houses. These dwellings range in size from modest summer cottages to large year-round homes. However, they are all characterized by large front porches and most are raised on either high foundations or bluffs well away from high tides. If the building is two stories it will usually have

4. Fry House, 1856 *Sledge photo/MHDC*

a second story porch, or at the very least, the second story will have large windows in order to view the water and catch the winds during the long hot summers. The porches will sometimes wrap around one or both sides of the house and around to a rear wing. Occasionally, the building will have dormers to allow the use as bedrooms of what would have been an otherwise dark, unventilated attic. It is fortunate that there are still any of these structures standing after the hurricanes the area has suffered. Though many are gone some survive from Coden on Portersville Bay in the southern part of Mobile County to the area north of Mon Louis Island.

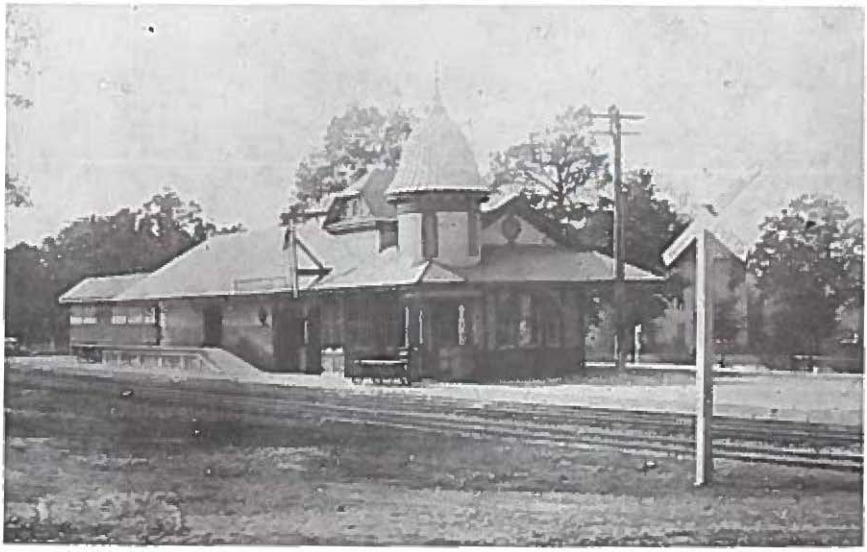
The most interesting bay house in Mobile County is on the eastern shore of Mon Louis Island. This structure was built in the 1830s by Hiram B. Austin, a descendant of the original settler of the island, and is still in the Austin family (Photo 5). The fourth family house on the island, it was severly damaged in Hurricane Frederic and was about to suffer the same fate as its three predecessors: each of the others fell into the bay as the bluff beneath collapsed from erosion. The water was rapidly encroaching upon the present strucure when the owners decided to move the house back from the bluff. The history of the Austin family home reflects the hazards of owning a bay house.

The bay houses relied on water transportation, but the bay boats were eventually supplanted as railroads moved into the county. The railroads allowed a faster and more convenient method of communication, opened sections of Mobile County which had not been settled, and brought to the urban and rural areas architecture influenced by styles prevalent throughout the country.

5. Austin House, c. 1830 *Austin family photo*

6. Clark House, c. 1865 *Bemis photo/MHDC*

Accompanying the new wave of architectural styles was a new group of educated and affluent residents. At the close of the Civil War, Willis G. Clark, publisher of the *Mobile Advertiser and Register*, had a Greek Revival country house built at Beaver Meadow in north central Mobile County near the site of his and Alabama's first modern paper mill. Although late for Greek Revival even in Mobile, it is an example of how newer styles found their way into the countryside (Photo 6).



7. Citronelle Depot, c. 1903 *USA Archives*

In fact, these new architectural styles came into the counties very quickly. Railroad Victorian (1870-1910) became the most common form of preferred vernacular housing. It spread through Mobile and Baldwin counties, and its close but elegant cousin, the Queen Anne style, was brought to Citronelle by "Yankee immigrants" who were seeking a healthier climate. The Queen Anne style was exemplified by that city's railroad station (Photo 7). The immigrants brought with them their more substantial, high-pitched roofed buildings, and adapted them to the southern climate.

Around the beginning of the twentieth century, a new age of prosperity allowed the construction of imposing Neo-Classic homes. There are two excellent examples at opposite ends of Mobile County. In Citronelle is a grand, yet locally designed, residence owned by the Jernigan family. Its slight eccentricity of decoration gives it a charm not normally found in this imposing style. This, however, is not the case of Royal Oaks in Coden in the extreme southern part of the county. It can easily be termed stately and elegant in its Neo-Classic refinement (Photo 8).

The last major style to find its way into the two counties was the bungalow. An outgrowth of the craftsman movement, there are nine excellent examples in Mobile County. They are found from Grand Bay in the southwest corner of the county north to its central section. The style is characterized by handwork, attention to detail and having either one or one and a half stories. The 1913 residence now owned by Taylor Harper in Grand Bay is a textbook example of the craftsman cottage (Photo 9).

8. Royal Oaks, c. 1909 *Bemis photo/ MHDC*

9. Taylor Harper House, c. 1913 *Bemis photo/MHDC*

An evolution of this style was the plain "bungaloid" which is found throughout both counties; these date from the 1920s through the 1930s. They are simplified versions of the craftsman bungalow and resemble them in plan, but not in quality.

The commercial structures of Mobile County are of less importance architecturally than the residences. However, the forts and arsenal built by the Federal government represent extraordinary building programs. Forts Morgan and Gaines, at the mouth of Mobile Bay in Baldwin County and Mobile County respectively, are quite famous, but less well known is the 1830s complex built in northeast Mobile County to serve as a Federal arsenal. The Mount Vernon Arsenal retains twelve masonry buildings that were constructed in or before 1840, as well as a 12 foot high, mile long wall surrounding the entire complex, also from that early period. These structures and those built later tend to be somewhat plain in design and decoration. The complex has been in virtually continuous service since its construction. It began as a U.S. arsenal but was captured by Confederate forces early in the Civil War. Afterwards it was returned to Federal control serving as a barracks and later (1887-1894) as a prisoner of war camp for a number of Apache Indians, including Geronimo. The barracks was closed in 1894 and taken over by the State of Alabama to function as a mental hospital for blacks. Renamed Searcy Hospital, it now serves the mental health needs of all the people in the southern portion of the state (Photo 10).

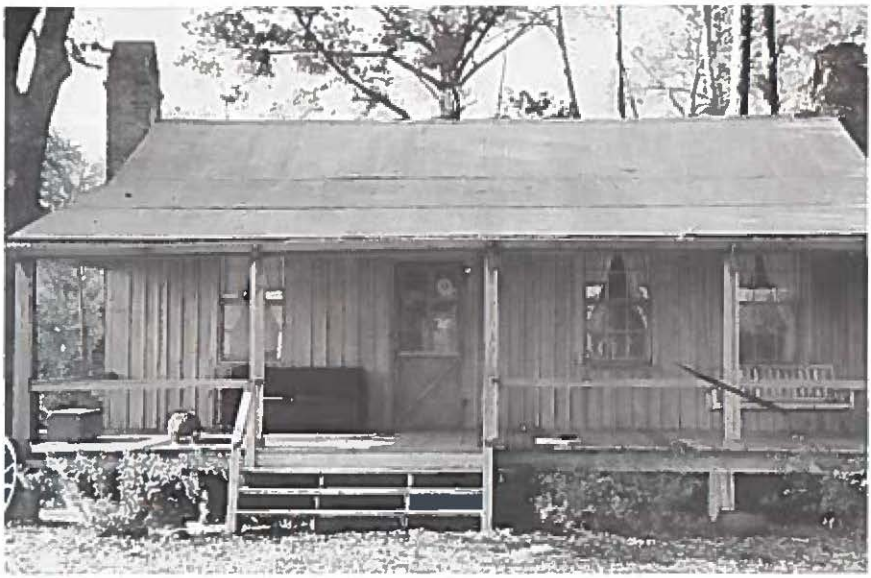
Obviously, most of the architecture of Mobile County is found in the incorporated and unincorporated communities and along the bays

10. Mt. Vernon Arsenal, c. 1830 *ADAH*

and rivers. There even exist communities within communities which served as focal points for builders. For example, a mill village from the early twentieth century remains virtually intact in Prichard just north of the City of Mobile, and still farther north in the City of Chickasaw is a World War I community, planned and built by the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company for their shipyard workers. These two workers' communities along with a section of Citronelle and the Mount Vernon Arsenal/Searcy Hospital Complex will be nominated to the National Register as separate districts. There will also be a number of individual nominations from Mobile County. These National Register nominations will be the first major use of the Mobile County survey.

The forms and methods developed by the Mobile survey were used in establishing the proceedures and guidelines for Baldwin County. The Baldwin surveyor began his job by riding and working with his opposite number in Mobile. This collaboration continued until the survey vehicle was burned to the ground following the gas tank explosion caused when the car was rear-ended south of Citronelle. With that incident, the surveyors got separate trucks and the Baldwin County survey began in September of 1985.

Baldwin County, one of the largest counties east of the Mississippi River, is nearly surrounded by water. Locals say by the time you've traveled from the Gulf to Little River, you're halfway to Montgomery. The county is typographically diverse with three hundred foot ridges in the north leveling to flat sandy terrain on the coast. Man has put the area to diverse uses as well. Timber lands are the rule north of Interstate 10 while farming



11. Weeks House, c. 1805 *Sledge photo/MHDC*

is common in the central sections. The western edge of the county, bordered by Mobile Bay and commonly known as the Eastern Shore, has become a resort and bedroom community for Mobile while the thirty-two miles of Gulf beaches are lined with condominiums and vacation houses. Though many of the historic architectural styles found in Mobile are also in Baldwin County, there are also important differences between the two.

Despite its long colonial history, there are no buildings in Baldwin County older than the 19th century. [3] The county's oldest building may

12. Old English Place, c. 1834 *Sledge photo/MHDC*

date to 1805, which would make it the state's oldest if the date is correct. This simple Creole cottage is in Bon Secour, where it was moved from Weeks Bay a few years ago (Photo 11).

Of over 1,300 structures recorded in Baldwin County, the finest must be the English Place near Tensaw. This splendid 1830s house, with its two tiered gallery, mixes Greek Revival and Federal elements (Photo 12). In addition, the bay houses of Daphne, Montrose and Point Clear, constructed in antebellum days by wealthy Mobilians, exemplify refined living on the Gulf Coast (See Photo 4).

The survey also revealed subtle architectural variations. The Point Clear houses exhibit the unique "rain porch" which extends four to six feet beyond a recessed gallery with posts meeting the ground. Whether the house be Greek Revival or Victorian, the rain porch is a successful local adjustment to the extremes of blinding sun and blowing rain (Photo 13).

Baldwin County's ethnic diversity is certainly reflected in its architecture. At the turn of the century, Germans, Scandinavians, Czechs, Greeks and others came to Baldwin County via the Mid-West. Attracted by cheap land prices and a long growing season, they established small communities in the central sections of the county. The Svea Land Office in Silverhill is an excellent example of the type of architecture favored by the Scandinavian immigrants (Photo 14). In addition, the Fairhope Single Tax Colony, founded by the followers of Henry George's philosophy on land taxation, exhibits a rich variety of summer cottages and old hotels.

13. Street House, 1906 *Sledge photo/MHDC*

14. Svea Land Office, 1901 *Sledge photo/MHDC*

Though these buildings are architecturally modest, taken collectively, they give Fairhope on the Bay a resort ambience (Photo 15).

Church life was central to most communities in both counties. Historic church buildings abound in Baldwin County from a splendid 1853 Greek Revival structure at Montgomery Hill to a pretty 1906 country church at Latham (Photo 16).

In addition to churches, residential and commercial buildings, the survey recorded a steel truss bridge, a 1915 water tower in Bay Minette

15. Colonial Inn, 1908 *USA Archives*

16. Latham United Methodist Church, 1906 *Sledge photo/ MHDC*

and historic boat houses in Magnolia Springs. Nomination to the National Register using the survey as a data base has already begun with historic districts planned in Fairhope, Point Clear and Magnolia Springs.

The Mobile and Baldwin County surveys have added a valuable dimension to the study of Alabama's Gulf Coast history. On a practical level, environmental review, downtown revitalization and tourism will be facilitated by the nomination of properties and districts to the National Register. The surveys now allow comprehensive historic preservation planning in Alabama's two Gulf Coast counties. In addition, the work done in Mobile and Baldwin counties has produced the most complete historic and visual record of southwest Alabama ever assembled.

Notes

[1] The two surveys in lower Alabama were done through the Mobile Historic Development Commission with matching funds from the Alabama Historical Commission (30 - 70% until 1987 then 50 - 50%). In August of 1984 the MHDC hired architectural historian Devereaux Bemis to do the work in Mobile County and in August of 1985 the MHDC,

in cooperation with the Baldwin County Historic Development Commission, hired John Sledge, a historic preservationist, to survey Baldwin County. Both projects were overseen by Michael Leventhal, the Executive Director of the MHDC and coordinated at the state level by Mary Lou Price of the Alabama Historical Commission.

[2] The National Register of Historic Places is a list of historically and architecturally significant properties in the United States. Such properties are protected from certain federally funded projects and tax credits are available to income producing structures. Listing on the NR entails no restrictions for the property owner.

[3] Indian mounds, Civil War earthworks, old roads and some tabby ruins (oyster shell and lime) are scattered over Baldwin County. Though the survey noted these when possible, its primary emphasis was on documenting buildings.

Suggestions for Further Reading

The following is a list of suggested readings on the topics discussed above. The two general books are recommended for anyone interested in vernacular architecture. Unfortunately, there is no adequate study of either county. The definitive work is yet to be done.

General:

McAlester, Virginia and Lee. *A Field Guide to American Houses*. New York; 1985.

Vogt, Lloyd. *New Orleans Houses: A House Watchers Guide*. Gretna, LA, 1985.

Baldwin County:

Comings, Newcomb and Martha Albers. *A Brief History of Baldwin County*. Baldwin County Historical Society, 1928.

Nuzum, Kay. *A History of Baldwin County*. Bay Minette, AL, 1970.

Scott, Florence D'Olive. *Daphne*. 1965.

_____. *Montrose*. 1960.

_____. *Point Clear*. n.d.

Mobile County:

Davis, Barbara Joan. *A Comparative Analysis of the Economic Structure of Mobile County, Alabama, Before and After the Civil War, 1860 and 1870*. University, AL, 1963.

Hamilton, Peter J. *Colonial Mobile*. University, AL, 1910. Reprinted 1976.

Sulsby, James F. *Historic Alabama Hotels and Resorts*. University, AL, 1960.

Thompson, Alan Smith. *Mobile, Alabama, 1850-1861: Economic, Political, Physical and Population Characteristics*. University, AL, 1979.

Camille: The Mississippi Gulf Coast in the Coils of the Snake

Charles L. Sullivan

People living in every warm-water littoral of the earth know the menace of the huge rotary storm often called a "cyclone" — literally from the Greek — "coiled snake". Various New World Indian tribes knew these tempests by different yet surprisingly similar names. *Hunraken*, the storm god, stalked the Mayas. Haitian Caribs dreaded the coming of *huracan* the evil spirit, while those on other islands feared *urican* the big wind. Spanish conquistadors encountering this Atlantic-Gulf-Caribbean "devil wind" merged the aboriginal designations into *huracán*; from which our hurricane is derived.

Records of nearly three centuries of European settlement on the Mississippi Gulf Coast reveal numerous instances of damage from those meteorological monsters of the sea. On the average a hurricane has struck or brushed the area every six years. But averages are misleading. On two separate occasions three have hit in a single season and twice the coast has been storm-free for more than 30 years at a stretch.

Depending on wind strength and direction the region from New Orleans to Mobile has suffered varying degrees of property damage from hurricanes. Surprisingly, in most cases, the death toll has been light even

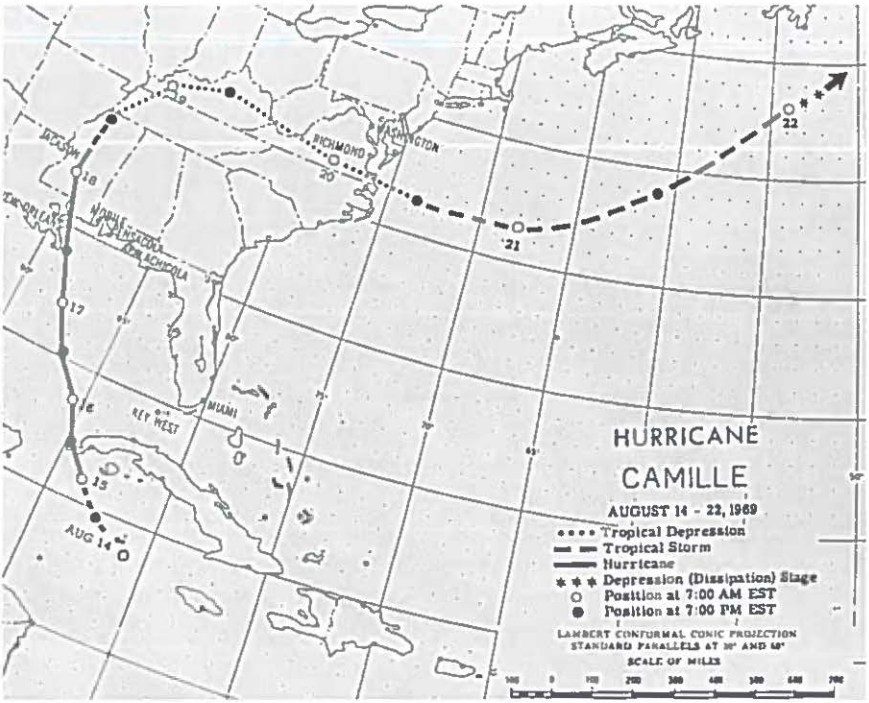
Mural by Charles Swan symbolizing the rebirth of the Gulf Coast after hurricane Camille

Vernon Matthews photo

in pre-warning days, but the October 1893 storm killed 2,000. Ominously, the potential for both property damage and loss of life has risen astronomically with the growth of the region in the modern era.

In 1947 after an interval of 31 years, a new generation of Coastians learned about hurricanes. In the following years the Mississippi Coast counties and towns established Civil Defense organizations. A remarkable husband and wife team, Wade and Julia Guice respectively headed the efforts in the most populous county (Harrison) and the largest city (Biloxi.) Their first big test came September 9, 1965. "Hurricane Betsy was an excellent training device," said Wade Guice, "She pointed out some deficiencies in our system. We corrected that." Betsy's lessons were to pay off a scant four years later when the Mississippi Coast took a direct hit from a storm that made Betsy look like a third-grade fistfight on the playground. A weather satellite photograph taken Aug. 5, 1969, revealed a band of clouds drifting in the Atlantic off the West African Coast. Aug. 14 at 11 p.m. EDT, Dr. Robert H. Simpson, director of the National Hurricane Center, issued Advisory No. 1:

> A Navy recon plane reconnoitering a tropical wave in the Caribbean this morning encountered a rapidly developing depression which reached storm intensity while the aircraft was still in the area. The



The track of Camille *National Hurricane Center*

> new storm to be known as Camille...is expected to move on a curving path to the northwest reaching the vicinity of the west tip of Cuba early Friday morning. Conditions favor rapid intensification of this young storm.

Intensify she did, and quickly. On Friday evening, Camille hammered western Cuba with 115-mph winds and 10 inches of rain, destroying the tobacco harvest, dealing heavy damage to the sugar cane crop and killing three persons. The passage over Cuba into the Gulf of Mexico dropped her wind speed to 100 mph and cut her forward movement from 15 mph to less than 10. Thus, virtually stalled in the element from which a hurricane draws its power, Camille took a gulp of warm, moist air and revved up. Twice on Saturday, a hurricane-hunting plane from the U.S. Air Force base at Ramey, Puerto Rico, penetrated Camille's eye. Capt. Frederick J. Foss later recalled "punching" into the storm:

> The thing was solid. The turbulence was not marked, but there was a great deal of lightning and the rain actually washing over the airplane was phenomenal. I've never seen it rain harder before or since.... The eye was about eight miles in diameter and clean inside. I could see sky above and the sea below. It was a classically formed hurricane.

The Saturday *Herald* carried as its headline, "Hurricane Watch Posted For Coast Area." The watch extended from Biloxi eastward to St. Marks, Fla., because the Weather Bureau expected a northerly turn. The turn never came. On Saturday afternoon, Camille locked on a northwesterly course from which she never again deviated. That course would send the center of her eye inland over the Bay of St. Louis, exposing Pass Christian to the killer blows of her right-front quadrant.

All Civil Defense organizations in the coastal counties went on alert, and by fortuitous accident, Julia Guice on that day was to supervise the installation of new and long-awaited radio equipment in the Biloxi Emergency Operations Center. The Coast was still only in the watch area when the Saturday *Herald* went to press, but cognizant of the possible need for boarding-up material, food and emergency supplies, Wade Guice requested grocery stores, lumber yards and other retail outlets to standby for possible Sunday openings.

Keesler began the countdown on Saturday, and so did the Naval Construction Battalion Center. In early 1966, due to escalating need for construction forces in Vietnam, the Navy had reactivated the Gulfport base. Thanks to Camille, the Seabees were about to receive war zone training of the first magnitude.

LARCs in Ocean Springs *Charles Dildy photo*

The 1,133 Mississippi National Guardsmen of the 890th Engineer Battalion and the 138th Transportation Battalion were engaged in regularly scheduled weekend drills and paid scant attention to news of Camille. But Guard commanders were monitoring the storm closely. At armories in Bay St. Louis, Gulfport, Biloxi, Ocean Springs and Pascagoula on the Coast and in the piney woods towns of Picayune, Lumberton, Purvis, Wiggins and Poplarville, the men cleaned or field-tested vehicles soon to see prodigious service. Of particular value would be the 2 1/2-ton truck (known to the initiate as a deuce-and-a-half) and the LARC. Twenty-

nine of the latter — 10-ton aluminum throwbacks to the Jurassic Age — were arrayed in gleaming ranks at the Ocean Springs Armory. Thirty-five-feet long, 10-feet wide and 10-feet high at the cockpit, the LARC sports a sawed-off rear end and a snout like an arctic icebreaker. It has a propeller, four fat tires measuring 5 feet in diameter and a spotlight. Access to the open cargo space of this huge amphibious craft is provided by a ladder bolted to the right side. LARCs were to cheat Camille of many victims.

At 5 p.m. Sunday, Wade Guice received the message placing the Mississippi Coast on Condition 1, hurricane warning. Guice believed this was a bit of good luck:

> If I had to pick a day for a storm, I would pick Sunday. And I would pick the warning time of Sunday morning, because everybody is where they're supposed to be. They're at home....Sunday is an ideal time to have an evacuation, operationally [and] you know, the electronic media is the primary warning system we have.

The Coast awoke that morning to hear evacuation orders issued by WLOX-TV and all radio stations serving the area. Thousands boarded up their homes and either moved to Civil Defense shelters or headed upstate along the arterial highways. In this rush to evacuate, Camille claimed her first victim when Mrs. Jessie Goff of Pascagoula died in a two-car crash at the intersection of U.S. Highway 90 and Interstate 10.

The National Guard units on drill status were immediately activated. Olive-drab convoys with lights ablaze in the fine mist falling from a malevolent sky rumbled southward from the piney woods towns against bumper-to-bumper traffic crawling north. At armories along the Coast, the men were issued clips of live ammunition and dispersed to various city, county and military installations from Pascagoula to Bay St. Louis. Deuce-and-a-half trucks were detailed to every installation, and the 29 precious LARCs were posted in every Coast town at those points considered most exposed to flooding.

Early Sunday afternoon, an Air Force plane penetrated Camille's tightly knotted coils and reported a barometric reading of 26.61 — the lowest ever recorded by an aircraft in the Western Hemisphere. The plane further reported wind speeds approaching a phenomenal 200 mph. The eye was small, only 8 to 10 miles wide, and the entire storm measured only 80 miles across, half the size of Betsy but far more powerful. When the new data reached the Hurricane Center, Dr. Simpson wondered if he was dealing with a small hurricane or a large tornado. And he warned, "Never before has a populated area been threatened by a storm as extremely dangerous as Camille."

Even Wade Guide had trouble believing the new figures:

> You see, the first information we had on Camille was a 15-foot tide and 150-mph wind, which is comparable to the 1947 storm. Just a little more severe than Betsy. It wasn't until about 3:30 that afternoon that the storm wound up to an excess of 200-mph wind velocity and in excess of a 24-foot tide rise with at least a 10-foot sea on top of that. Anyway you slice it, that's a 35-foot wall of water, unprecedented anywhere in the world....There is a tremendous difference there. One hell of a difference.

Many not only refused to believe the reports but also scoffed at them. Olin H. Clark of Pass Christian admittedly was one of them: "I felt about the forecast as the farmer did when he saw his first elephant: ' There ain't no such animal.' And I said, ' There ain't no such hurricane.' God knows I was proved wrong."

Guardsmen and Civil Defense workers armed with contour maps went into areas not considered low-lying by Coast standards and tried to convince inhabitants that they were facing something beyond imagination. But many people living at 20-foot elevations refused to believe they were going to get 10 to 15 feet of water above that. The standard rejoiner was "I rode out the '47 hurricane and Betsy here, and I'll ride out this one, too." In at least one case, an exasperated Civil Defense worker shot back, "Well, if you won't go, then give me the name of your next of kin so they can claim your corpse." That family evacuated.

Those living in multi-storied buildings also had the wrong idea about Camille. They intended to retreat up as many flights of stairs as possible to escape the water. Patient explanations that a collapsing first-story would bring those above them down as well often fell on deaf ears. The prize for that particular brand of suicidal mentality went to the denizens of Pass Christian's Richelieu Apartments, a three-story, U-shaped, beachfront complex with arms outstretched to embrace the sea.

For 24 Richelieu tenants, including 32-year-old Mary Ann Gerlach and her Seabee husband Fredrick, or "Fritz" as he was known to his friends, the hurricane seemed an excellent opportunity for some fun. In Mary Ann's words:

> The first thing that popped in my mind was party time! We all got together and decided we were going to have a hurricane party on the third floor....I went out and got all kinds of stuff to fix, you know, sandwiches and hors d'oeuvres and got a bunch of stuff to drink....Well, all the Civil Defense people had come up trying to get us out, and the manager and his wife kept telling us. "No need to go, it's ridiculous, just stay here." The manager and his wife said

Richelieu Apartments, Pass Christian, before and after Camille

Chauncey Himan photos

> it was the safest place to be because...the water had gotten about seven feet up in the apartment...during Betsy, but other than that, they seemed to be real strong.

With the party set, the Gerlachs retired to their second-story apartment for some much needed sleep. Mary Ann had worked the midnight-to-

8 a.m. shift as a cocktail waitress while Fritz had spent much of the previous night tending bar at the Navy Officer's Club. Fritz and Mary Ann should have gone to the Seabee base, which had been turned into a first-class storm shelter by base commander Capt. James H. Hill. There, approximately 2,000 military dependents were crowded into a huge concrete-block warehouse. The approximately 800 Seabees on base fired up auxiliary generators, filled water buffaloes (wheeled water tanks) and checked on the center's eight Marine Corps amtracs.

Maj. Gen. Thomas E. Moore, Keesler's new commander, evacuated his planes and ordered all personnel and dependents into base shelters. Some in the Coast towns either did not get the order, or they ignored it.

Three airmen, one with a wife and child, elected to remain in the Biloxi rooming house where they lived. Ruby J. Picard, the 73-year-old owner of the house located at 899 East Beach and a veteran of the '47 hurricane and Betsy, vowed she would ride out the storm. And her tenants decided to stay with her.

Ab Jackson, proprietor of the Bay View Hotel on Biloxi's central beach and also a veteran of two hurricanes, likewise decided not to evacuate. But he told the tenants they could make up their own minds. Thirteen of his guests, including three women and 10 men, elected to stay.

Down the highway in Long Beach, Sam and Pat Maxwell had no intention of staying. "We're not stupid," said Sam. "We were going to leave, but we couldn't." After spending all day Sunday and the early evening hours boarding up and packing, the Maxwells opened the front door just as a huge tree uprooted and fell across their Buick.

At 9 p.m. the rising winds led Mayor Philip Shaw, headquartered in the Gulfport police station, to order the release of all prisoners in the city jail. "Not a one would leave," said the mayor. "They put it very plainly — at the station they had food and lodging. Outside, they had nothing."

Oil rigs toppled off platforms and crashed into the Gulf as Camille approached the mouth of the Mississippi River. Nine ocean-going ships went aground near Head of Passes, and 83 vessels of various sizes on the lower river suffered the same fate, or sank.

The tidal surge, driven southward by winds from Camille's left-front quadrant, rolled through the marshes and overtopped 33 miles of eastern levees, then poured sideways into the Mississippi. The surge boiled over the western levees, wiping out virtually every trace of civilization from Port Sulphur to Pilot Town. At Buras, formerly a town of 6,000, only six structures remained. Because of the massive pre-storm evacuation,

Grounded ships, Gulfport *Fred Hutchings photo*

Camille claimed only 10 lives in Louisiana, but 5,000 cattle and countless other animals perished.

As Camille headed inland, she clipped eastern New Orleans with 100-mph gusts and buffeted western Mobile with 75-mile winds, in both cases for relatively short periods. But the land betwixt and between caught her full force for nearly five hours.

Little by little the scaffolding of 20th century civilization fell away. The bluish blazing and violet arcing of exploding electric transformers intermittently flashed in the darkness from Pascagoula to Lakeshore. Television went out with the electricity, but the WLOX-Radio announcer doggedly held his ground at the beachfront Buena Vista in Biloxi. As the storm surge mounted the seawall, flooded across U.S. 90 and entered the houses, the waters quickly surpassed '47 levels. The phones then began ringing constantly in military and Civil Defense command posts. Those who answered them wondered how the callers still had a line, and those who sallied forth at the peril of their own lives wondered why the callers had refused evacuation.

As the winds rose to a crescendo, the night echoed the staccato crack of a million lethal missiles and the dull thunder of tightly closed buildings exploding. One Guardsman characterized the sound: "For five hours I felt like I was lying between the wheels of a fast freight while somebody fired machine gun bursts next to my ear and dropped an occasional 500-pound bomb nearby."

With cutting rain scything about in horizontal sheets, one would scarcely have expected structural fires. But they occurred in every town

except Bay St. Louis, and in Waveland the heavens glowed red as flames consumed most of the business district.

At the Richelieu Apartments, Mary Ann Gerlach awoke at 8:30 to the sounds of bumping and banging on the first floor. She knew the furniture had been moved upstairs, so she turned on a flashlight and awakened Fritz, saying, "Hey, somebody's downstairs. Just listen to that....Do you think somebody's broken in or something?" Dragging her groggy husband with her, she opened the bedroom door and went into the living room overlooking the Sound. In the flashlight beam they saw the water pressing aquarium-like against the lower third of the picture window. Both of them, now wide awake, rushed back to the bedroom, slammed the door and pressed against it. The picture window exploded and the seas poured in.

According to Mary Ann, she and Fritz actually held the water in the living room at bay for a time:

> Then I guess the tidal wave came, and it blew in the back windows and the water came in. It was like my bed was floating halfway to the ceiling. I looked up and the walls were all cracked, the third floor was just fixing to crumble down, so I told him. "Well, I know we're going to die, but I'm not going to die in here with that floor coming down on us and squashing me."
>
> He couldn't swim, so I blew up a raft I used to lay in the pool on, and I said, "You take that and hold on to that, because I can swim pretty good." I said, "I don't know if I can make it, but I'm going to try," and I took one of the pillows from one of the chairs. It had foam rubber in it, and it would hold you a little. I told him, "You know, I'm real scared of the dark" — and it was so black you couldn't see anything — and I said, "I'm going to take the flashlight with me."
>
> He begged me and held on to my arm, and he said, "Please baby, please don't go out, stay here with me." I told him, "No, I'm going to swim out." So I swam on out and I got tied up in the telephone wires and light wires outside....Then I got to thinking about movies where the ship sinks and anybody that's close in, the suction pulls them under, so I got to thinking, "I know that apartment house is coming down, and I don't want to be sucked under that." So I started fighting, trying to get loose from the wires, and I finally got loose....My legs were real strong, you know, from doing cocktail waitress work for so long.

In the beam of her flashlight she saw Fritz wash out the apartment window. "...and he was yelling 'Help me! Help me!'...and there was nothing

I could do. He went under and I never saw him again." At last she kicked away from the side of the Richelieu:

> Well, in the meantime, the apartment house had broken loose, you know how it would crumble. And as the waves were pushing me, it was also pushing that top floor, and they were having the hurricane party up at the girl's apartment, I saw the lanterns and all up there. You couldn't distinguish the people in there, but you could see the lights, and as it was washing me away, it was washing those. It went slowly down, and you could see the apartment, and you could see the lights and everything go under the water.
>
> So I just kept swimming and all the debris from the apartment, it just broke up all the furniture into bits and pieces of wood, and boards that had all the nails and everything — well, I was swept along with all the debris. It was not as much swimming as you swim and would hang on to something. And I'd hang on to it for a few minutes, and it would rip out of my arms...and you would just catch on to something else. And the wind was so strong until you just couldn't hardly breathe. It was just taking your breath away!...You just keep gasping, trying to breathe.
>
> And it was so pitch black! While I was in the water, several times people would come like within 10 or 15 feet of me — that had flashlights — and I'd hear them screaming and yelling, and then I would see the lights go under and the voices would go away. They were dying....

A short distance from the Richelieu, Camille destroyed one of the Coast's few remaining great antebellum landmarks. The storm surge reduced Trinity Episcopal Church to matchwood, killing the Rev. Durrie Hardin's wife Helen and the wife, 10 children and three grandchildren of sextant Paul Williams. Waves hurled church debris and huge trees into adjacent Live Oak Cemetery, toppling tombstones and smashing above-ground vaults. The graveyard yielded up its dead as caskets popped from the liquified earth. The angry waters broke open some coffins, hurling embalmed corpses forth to swirl about in the maelstrom with the freshly dead.

As the water flooded into his home in Long Beach, John Maxwell pulled down the disappearing stairway and sent Pam into the attic. Then he remembered the Chihuahua. Wading in 5-foot deep, pitch-black water, which was no mean feat for a 5-foot-4 man without a flashlight, he found the dog. He handed it up to his wife, climbed the stairs and laid down on one side of the trap door while she laid on the other. They had only recently married, and John had told her to keep the weekend free for

Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, Biloxi *Fred Hutchings photo*

a very special secret treat. His surprise was to have been an evening of dining and dancing at the posh Broadwater Beach Hotel, but she did not know that. John remembered, "While we were lying there watching the water, Pat started looking at me funny and all of a sudden she said, 'You fink, is this the something special you had planned?'"

At 899 East Beach in Biloxi, Ruby Picard and her tenants watched with increasing dismay as the water level exceeded Betsy, then '47, and then came up to the second floor. At that moment, according to Ruby, "The house exploded into a million pieces." When she hit the water, she grabbed a vine that dangled from the tree next to the house and hung on. She saw two of her tenants, Mrs. Sheldon Wozniak and 2-year-old John, drown as the waters swept Sheldon and the two other airmen away to the safety of the Tradewinds Hotel (now the Tivoli). Mrs. Picard recalled:

> I told myself, Ruby, it looks like this is one you won't be able to weather....and just then I got so mad at the storm, I dared it to harm me further....I put my dentures in the pocket of my house dress to save them, but I left my watch on....I don't know how my finger got cut off.

One mile to the west at the Bay View Hotel, Ab Jackson and his 13 guests retreated from floor to floor and room to room as the waves gutted the structure beneath them. Winds combined with collapsing buildings to gouge and rip at the portion above water level. The manager recalled:

> One woman buried her face in a pillow and wept. Another prayed. The men mostly were silent...The women could not swim. No one asked about the men. The women were told to hang on to the roof when the building collapsed. There was no rope to tie them on. The men were on their own.

Richard Schultz was with the announcer in the WLOX Radio station at the Buena Vista when the great wave smashed into the hotel arcade at precisely 10:03 p.m. All those still tuned in with battery-powered radios heard the announcer sign off amid the sounds of shattering glass and bumping furniture. Among listeners was a beleaguered group of 15 National Guardsmen and Civil Defense workers in the Beat 1 Harrison County Barn across Back Bay in d'Iberville.

The Guardsmen had opened the 18-foot-high doors at the north and south ends of the huge barn to prevent the building from exploding. But this action resulted in dangerous, hurricane-made missiles flying through the wide doors of the hangar-like structure that housed their LARC. To avoid becoming "missile" targets, the men had remained in the concrete block office built along the inside east wall. But now that the waters of Back Bay Biloxi were expected momentarily to roar through the south door, the LARC operator boarded the craft and turned on its spotlight. The beam struck the underside of the hipped roof and illuminated the interior of the barn.

The water did not come right away, and it did not come from the bay. The winds, as in the case of all the peninsular towns, sluiced the waters up bayous, creeks and rivers and built a high, liquid ridge behind d'Iberville. When the weight of the fluid finally overcame the damming ability of the wind, the floods crept overland toward Back Bay and inundated the community. Inside the office not an oath had been uttered in an hour, and lips moved in silent prayer in the glow of the gas lantern standing in the middle of the floor. One of the Guardsmen lying against the wall said softly, "These concrete blocks are moving back and forth along my spine." All eyes were riveted to the door nearest Back Bay.

The Guardsmen could scarcely believe it when the water rushed in the other door. The lantern flipped and crashed in the surge, scudding across the floor. The men grabbed their rifles, fled the darkened office and sloshed toward the LARC. One of them crooked his arm in a rung of the ladder and trailed his rifle in the water as the LARC buried its snout in the mounting flood and rose from the floor. Those who failed to reach the LARC climbed up on the tractors and garbage trucks stored in the barn. These large cylindrical trucks floated butt-up until the water poured into their open sides to sink them. The men battling through

the scum of coffee grounds, rotten vegetables and all manner of trash vomited forth by the trucks, froze at the dreaded cry, "Snake!" The LARC operator turned the spotlight on the long, dark object weaving and bobbing atop the 9-foot flood and yelled, "Come on — it's a stick." The LARC clanged into the steel rafters and the operator threw a rope around one to steady the craft.

Something under the water grabbed the rifle sling of the Guardsmen on the ladder, almost tearing him off the side of the LARC. He slide a hand under the water, felt something long, rounded and sleek and screamed, "We've got a [expletive deleted] shark in here!" The LARC Operator turned the light on the area and yelled, "It's a Volkswagen! You've got your hand on the fender. Your rifle is hung on the front bumper." The soldier pulled his rifle free and kicked the Volkswagen away. It struck the wall, went belly-up and sank. At last all the Guardsmen and Civil Defense workers swam to the LARC where they remained trapped all night, clanging among the steel rafters with the prow of the LARC above the door.

At the Biloxi Guard Armory on Point Cadet at the west end of the Biloxi-Ocean Springs bridge, 13 Guardsmen found themselves in an even more perilous situation. As the armory disintegrated in the pounding combers, they boarded their LARC and headed north to Howard Avenue. Near the Fleur de Lise Society building, they struck a submerged automobile and sheared away the LARC's main drive shaft, which left them disabled and at the mercy of wind so fierce that one soldier fainted because he couldn't breathe. Spec. 6 Charles G. Dildy dived overboard with a rope and swam through the treacherous waters alive with tumbling automobiles, trees, downed power lines and all manner of debris. Dildy tied the line to a partially destroyed building, which steadied the LARC, thus saving his life and the lives of the other 12.

All through that dark night, LARCs and Marine amtracs fought the elements to save nearly 2,000 lives. In d'Iberville, when a log jammed the propeller of the LARC loaded with 35 refugees, Spec. 4 Brill Fairley dived into the black water and disappeared for nine minutes. Those aboard the wallowing craft gave him up for dead, but unknown to them, he breathed in the air pocket formed by the propeller housing until he freed the obstruction. Fairley climbed back aboard and the LARC lurched to safety.

In another incident in Pass Christian, a small boy fell from a disintegrating house and Spec. 4 William Dodson leaned over the side of the LARC, grabbed him and fell into the torrent with the youngster. Dodson, still holding the boy, managed to grab a car bumper down the street and inch back to the LARC. Also in the Pass, Sgt. Joel Levi removed

House on Point Cadet, Biloxi *Fred Hutchings photo*

five persons stranded on a roof, one of whom told him a boy, about age 10, was in the woods nearby. Levi swam into the trees and found the boy floating on a mattress. The youngster told the sergeant that his parents had placed him on the mattress as their home blew apart at Pass Christian Isles more than three miles away.

No LARC was in range of Mary Ann Gerlach, who had washed inland an estimated five miles:

> I had lost my flashlight. It was just taking both arms to hold on to anything I could grab. And then this tree came along and I climbed up on it and got under some branches, and it was just a little breathing space.
>
> You know, I rested and could breathe, and it kept the wind off. But in the meantime, it was also collecting all of the debris, and it finally got so heavy — I didn't know it at the time — and it went under. When it went under, it just turned sort of upside down with me on it, and turned on top of me with all the debris. So I kept diving under, further, trying to get away from the debris and to swim out beyond it. I would come up and there would be nothing but solid debris, and so I'd dive under a little bit more. And finally, I took my legs and I pushed through the debris, and I thought all of it was going to break my ribs....But I pushed enough so that I could get out. And from then on, I was holding on to things. And there was, I guess, maybe a couple of more trees came up along,

but then I'd learned better than to try to get in the middle. I'd get on and hang on, but I was always on the outskirts of the tree.

It was so black until you couldn't even see anything. You could sort of feel it, or see a darker object, but it was so pitch black out there! A couple of times there I just gave up and went down. I used to have bronchial asthma and I've just got such fear of not being able to breathe, and I'd be so tired, and that water — you know, you would just get so you couldn't breathe and you were fixing to drown, and I would fight my way back up and then try fighting again...and I was praying the whole time. I thought, "Oh, Lord, if you'll just let me live, I'll try to be such a better person."

It was not a good night for churches. Dozens of them across the Panhandle were damaged, gutted or turned into a pile of rubble. Among them were three that fell into the latter category in Hancock County — Christ Episcopal, Saint Ann's and St. Louis King of France. In Harrison County, Trinity Episcopal, St. Paul's and First Methodist in Pass Christian were obliterated, along with St. Thomas' in Long Beach and St. John's in Gulfport. St. Mark's Episcopal in Mississippi City was heavily damaged, as was Biloxi's Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, which lost its main sanctuary but retained its historic bell tower.

At St. Michael's on Point Cadet, two Irish priests who had gained no appreciation for hurricanes on the Emerald Isle ignored petitions to

St. Thomas Catholic Church, Long Beach *Fred Hutchings photo*

evacuate. Camille baptised them with firsthand knowledge. As they swirled about in the round church, Father Morgan Kavanagh took hold of the statue of the Virgin Mary and Father George Murphy held fast to St. Joseph.

Twenty-one-year-old Janet Ruehling faced death that night, not from waves, though, for the Driftwood Nursing Center in Gulfport remained high and dry. But to Janet, stricken with polio five years earlier and dependent on an iron lung, loss of power meant death. G.H. Rawls, director of the center, looted to save her life. He went out into the fierce winds with a wrench and stole car batteries to power the iron lung until the Seabees learned of Janet's plight and brought him a generator.

At 2:30 the waters that had piled against the coastline began to recede, pulling bodies and debris into the Sound. One hour later only six rooms remained of 24 at the Bay View Hotel, and those gave signs of collapsing at any moment. With the water only knee-deep by that time, three of the men waded into the night with flashlights to seek help. According to Ab Jackson:

> Their lights were seen. An Army LARC roared over wreckage....Single file the beleaguered people crept down the back stairs, guided by young, strong and confident Guardsmen. They formed a human chain. Over 5-foot high wreckage, they made it to the side of the LARC where the young men boosted and pulled them up the steep sides to safety.
>
> "Hang on to anything and sit down or lie flat," yelled the Guardsmen. "It's gonna be a rough trip." With a lurch and a roar, the vehicle took off, climbing the piles of wreckage like a tank.

In Long Beach the Matthews climbed down out of their attic. At St. Michael's the Irish priests let go of their statues. In d'Iberville the LARC broke out of its trap in the Beat 1 Barn and thundered into the gloom. In Ocean Springs a fire-fight developed when armed looters shot at Guardsmen. No casualties were reported on either side, but the looters fled the area. Due to looting reports in the Gulf Hills area, Guard commanders deployed soldiers along the water's edge with orders to shoot if necessary.

These reports picked up on police radios may have resulted in a bit of overzealousness on the part of some exhausted and jumpy patrolmen. One "victim" was 28-year-old Jim Landrum, who had been knocked unconscious by a piece of driftwood as he huddled on his Gulfport rooftop. Once awake, he dropped into the retreating tide and crawled away. Finally able to stand on his weakened legs, he stumbled about on 13th Street

until the occupants of a patrol car informed him that he was under arrest for looting. He crawled into the car and said, "Okay, but take me to the hospital first. I don't feel so good."

Ruby Picard, then in the water in East Beach Biloxi for more than five hours:

> I began kicking my feet and first thing I knew, my toe touched the ground. Oh, but that was not the end. As the tide rolled out, the lumber from my home and others landed in my lap, pinning me to the ground.

Biloxi city workers combing through the debris heard her cries, lifted the timbers off her, placed her in a pickup truck and took her to Howard Memorial Hospital. Ruby, beaten black and blue from head to toe, had lost everything she owned in the world, plus a finger. But she was as gritty as ever. As attendants rolled her into the operating room she told the doctor, "I need to get hold of that fellow on the TV right away." The doctor asked, "What fellow?" Ruby replied, "John Cameron Swayze, of course. Look, my Timex is still running!"

For Mary Ann Gerlach, the Richelieu's only survivor, the ordeal would soon be over:

> Then, when it came surging back out, then it brought me back also. I was still, though, way on the other side of the railroad track, out at the swamps....And it was just the crack of dawn when it set me down. You just just could see it was getting a little light in the sky, and I looked around and where I was was just a mountain of debris. It must have been 15 to 20 feet high of timber and lumber from the apartments.
>
> I was in a ring of trees, and there was a railroad track. I just could see the railroad track. It was raining and it was horribly cold. The nails had ripped up up my knee real bad, blood just kept gushing out, so I took off my bra and made a tourniquet out of it. That helped some, and I found a little piece of board — it looked like plywood or something — that would just cover my head, and I put that over my head to sort of keep a little bit of the water off. All I had on was some shorts and a little short-sleeved sweatshirt. I was just freezing, I guess from shock as much as from the cold. I was upset, you know.

As she lay there a man wandered through the debris calling out the name of his wife. Mary Ann asked him to help her. He asked if she had seen his wife. When she said she had not, he walked away in a zombie-like trance still calling out his wife's name. Some time later

a young man who worked in the post office walked by on the railroad track. Mary Ann recognized him:

> I said, "Frank, could you help me?" He looked at me, and looked at me, and he said, "Mary Ann, is that you?" I said, "What's left of me it is." I was bleeding and skinned up all over and he'd never seen me without my wigs on, or my hair done up, and all my makeup, and there I am bleeding and cut up and all.

Frank and some other men placed Mary Ann on a door and carried her to a school in Pass Christian. From there she was sent to Miramer Nursing Home, which though located on the beachfront had somehow escaped major damage.

For Wade Guice it had been a rough night and the first of many without sleep. He recalled:

> Early Monday morning many reports came in of unprecedented damage and by 8 a.m. the airport runway was partially cleared for our first aerial survey. The winds were still gusting strongly, but our light aircraft handled it well. Almost immediately, the vastness of the destruction was apparent. It appeared that everything on the front beach had either been churned into the sea or piled up into a mountain of debris along the tide line, which appeared to be as high as 30 feet. As we slowly flew over Pass Christian, the picture became even more grave. There in the center of one of the main roads was a huge crater, a body floating in it; there a woman, slipping, sliding,

Water borne debris, Pass Christian *Fred Hutchings photo*

Downtown, Bay St. Louis *Fred Hutchings photo*

stumbling through the mud and slime, with a blank stare on her face, the lifeless arms of her child dangling grotesquely as she pressed it to her bosom....

We proceeded west toward Bay St. Louis and I was appalled at the vastness of the devastation. There were areas that were swept clean several miles inland, only concrete slabs left where there once were houses. Even the plumbing was swept off. Many stretches of the south lane of U.S. 90 were washed out. Many rooftops and bits of houses floated in the yellow-green bilious-looking water of the Gulf. Over there was a refrigerator bobbing in the water.

As we approached the bridge over the Bay, I was shocked to see that the bridge's 200-ton slabs had shifted considerably, the approaches were piled with debris and impassable. This bridge appeared to be out of service. The railroad bridge was stripped clean, no rails in sight. We made a 180-degree turn to Biloxi and found virtually the same thing, both bridges out of service as was the Bay bridge in d'Iberville. I was horrified to see that the entire eastern tip of Biloxi had been under water from Lee Street. Many houses floated from their foundations and jammed up together. Of course, the front beach was a holocaust.

A survey told the grim story of 132 deaths; 27 missing; 8,931 injured, 5,662 homes destroyed with 13,915 suffering major losses. And to add to the nightmare, there was no water, food, power or

communications, no utilities, limited transportation, no fuel, limited housing, impassable roads, destroyed bridges, destroyed railways, a destroyed port facility, extensive pollution and obvious vermin control and sanitation problems, as well as other serious problems that developed as time went on.

No single act of destruction in the history of the known world was so devastating — no storm, no tidal wave, no earthquake, not even the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, which took 60,000 lives and had a total destruction of about three square miles. The total destruction area in Harrison County alone was 68 square miles.

And Camille was not finished. She still was packing hurricane-force winds when her eye passed east of Jackson at 8 a.m. Monday, Aug. 18. Cut off from her warm-water power source, Camille sputtered to tropical storm status over north Mississippi. But by the time she crossed the Tennessee line near Memphis late that evening, 33 Mississippi counties possessed qualifications for federal disaster assistance. Over western Tennessee she was downgraded to a mere tropical depression, and meteorologists declared Camille "dead."

Early on Tuesday she made a hard right turn and ran the length of Kentucky. That night she lofted over the hilly Appalachians and presented unsuspecting Virginia with an orographic *Gotterdammerung*. The people of Nelson County in particular learned the full meaning of the term "cloudburst." In eight hours the county took 28 inches of rain — a half-million tons of water. Nelson County alone lost 133 bridges and several creek-bottom villages were washed away. Camille slashed a path 100 miles long and 30 miles wide through the mountains, killing nearly 200 persons — more dead than in Mississippi.

Camille passed over the mouth of Chesapeake Bay and moved back into the Atlantic Ocean on Wednesday. Picking up power from the water, once again she brewed back up to tropical storm status. But the next day far at sea off Newfoundland, she collided with a cold front and howled to her death.

Back on the Coast, people were digging out of the rubble. On Monday, when the magnitude of the destruction became known, Air National Guard and Keesler planes airlifted the patients from damaged nursing homes and hospitals to Jackson and other interior cities. The usual collection of military and citizen volunteers, this time aided by Mennonites, searched for the dead and injured and did what they could for thousands of refugees who had no food or water.

The return of thousands more evacuees from upstate exacerbated the chaotic conditions. On Tuesday morning at 11:37, officials from

Keesler AFB personnel airlifting patients to interior cities *Keesler AFB History Office*

Hancock, Harrison and Jackson counties prevailed upon Gov. John Bell Williams, present on the scene, to declare martial law. The state Highway Patrol, aided by military police, blocked all highways leading into the stricken area, and police enforced a 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. curfew.

President Richard Nixon declared South Mississippi, east Louisiana and west Alabama to be federal disaster areas and sent Vice President Spiro Agnew to the Coast as his personal representative. On the basis of reports received, President Nixon ordered 1,450 3rd Army regular troops and 800 U.S. Army Engineers into the area. These men brought tons of food and vehicles and aircraft of every description.

Governor Williams opened Camp Shelby, the dormitories of the University of Southern Mississippi and the state-owned Robert E. Lee Hotel in Jackson to those who had lost homes. He ordered the evacuation of portions of Bay St. Louis and Pass Christian where the stench hung like a pall and where destruction was so great that the living had to be removed to avoid epidemics and to get at the dead. Seabees ignored heavy damage to their base to carry out missions of evacuation, cleanup and search. A specially trained U.S. Army scout dog platoon led searchers to the dead, and four Army mortuary teams undertook the task of identification.

Capt. John D. Diggs, an Army pilot from Fort Rucker, Ala., reported numerous bodies entangled in a 2-mile-long, floating island of debris. He explained:

Volunteers serving meals at the Seabee Center, Gulfport *U.S. Navy*

> I counted 40 bodies myself. Lord knows how many were under the debris. If I hadn't seen it myself I wouldn't have believed it. It was a nightmare.

Fortunately, this ghastly report was later considered false. Diggs may have mistaken logs wrapped in clothing for corpses.

On Thursday, four full days after the storm, helicopter reconnaissance located 35 survivors isolated by high water north of Bay St. Louis. Subsequent flights revealed two other groups in that predicament. Army helicopter pilots on the sixth day after the storm located a group of 12 isolated west of Wiggins and another group of 130 destitute refugees 10 miles south of Poplarville.

The debris line extending the length of the Mississippi Coast contained the bodies of thousands of domestic and wild animals, but broken gas mains and low water pressure hampered the usual method of disposal: fire. Army engineers had to extract and bury the carcasses of cows, deer, raccoons, opossums, snakes, birds and pets of every description. Within one week, these men reported the disposal of 25 tons of animals, mostly cows. Snakes were encountered in these operations, but not nearly to the degree as in Betsy. Camille's high, tumbling waters apparently drowned many of the reptiles.

Insects, though, thrived in the August heat and posed danger from bites and disease. Unfortunately, thousands of colonies of fire ants had

survived by tumbling in balls through the waves, and a number of people attacked by these fierce creatures required medical treatment.

At 6:30 a.m. Sunday, four Keesler-based spray planes piloted by veterans of Vietnamese defoliation missions went to war against ants, flies and mosquitoes. They roared down the beach 100 feet off the ground at 150 mph to apply malathion to an area 54 miles long and 9 miles deep. One lady called the base and complained, "The hurricane didn't

Flags and hope among Camille's ruins The Sun Herald

kill us, but now the Air Force is trying to scare us to death." Keesler spokesman Capt. Bob Carroll explained that the applications had to be made in the cool morning hours from extremely low altitudes to be effective. These planes also dropped 100,000 pounds of mirex aimed at controlling fire ants. Citizens were assured that the mirex bait was not harmful to "humans, pets or wildlife."

Camille had not been kind to pets. One German shepherd, hurled into the Gulfport Public Library by the storm, was found crushed to death under a fallen bookrack in the children's section. The shelf under which the dog lay bore the legend, "Animals We Love." Many pets not killed by the storm had to be destroyed because no facilities or food existed for their care. Regular Army troops, many of them veterans of Vietnam, reportedly wept as they shot them down.

Governor Williams lifted martial law at midnight Aug. 27, but the federal and state military presence on the Coast continued at decreasing levels for several weeks more. Slowly, painfully, Coast residents dug out of the rubble of the $1.5 billion disaster. But they had a lot of help, and the Camille action ranks as the greatest single disaster relief effort in U.S. history.

At dusk on Sept. 8, three weeks after the storm, Air Force One touched down at Biloxi-Gulfport Regional Airport. The thousands thronging the field gave President and Mrs. Nixon the "most enthusiastic reception the chief executive had received since his election," according to a national network reporter covering the scene. And many thousands more did not get near the airport due to the titanic traffic snarl. A military

President Nixon at Biloxi-Gulfport Regional Airport The Sun Herald

band played a medley of patriotic airs, including "Dixie," as the crowd sang and waved an ocean of American flags. From a flood-lighted, bunting-draped stage, the president spoke:

> I predict that the people of Mississippi, particularly in the area of great destruction, will come up from this destruction. You will not only rebuild, but build a new area with new ideas. What a challenge this is! I'm confident you will meet it and become a greater people than you were before.

Amid tumultuous cheering, the president and first lady reboarded Air Force One and lofted into a starry sky at 9 p.m. This first visit of an American president to the Coast since Franklin Delano Roosevelt's 1937 motorcade was universally regarded as a smashing morale boost by the citizens.

On the following day, three gray metal caskets were laid in the earth at Gulfport's Evergreen Cemetery. In them were the remains of three unidentified women dubbed Faith, Hope and Charity. These, it was hoped, would be the last burials. But it was not to be. Cleanup workers found the last body on the 31st day after Camille. In Wade Guice's words:

> We lost 132 precious lives in the storm. I consider each of them a personal failure. And the ghost of my failures cry out to me every time I drive down the beach, and that's a heavy burden, indeed. There was no excuse for having lost one life. No earthly excuse for having lost one life, because everybody knew the warning was out, right down to knocking on doors and even forcibly evacuating a few cases, which, of course, we have no authority, no statutory authority, to do.

From Camille's legacy of destruction and death came two positive results: one physical and one psychological. President Nixon's prediction that the Coast would rebuild better than before came true in that the various local governments at last adopted and, for the most part, enforced stricter building codes. And once and for all, the people of the Coast learned that "such animals" as Camille do exist. As Guice put it, "I think our people have been so severely damaged in Hurricane Camille that it will take several generations for a sense of complacency to develop."

Soon, the people of the Coast got their very own early warning system. The Hurricane Hunters, officially designated the 53rd Weather Reconnaissance Squadron, moved to Keesler in 1973 when the base at Ramey, Puerto Rico, was closed. Three years later, the 815th Tactical Airlift Squadron, which also had moved to Keesler in 1973, changed over to weather recon missions and began flying into hurricanes, too. These

Biloxi's antebellum Magnolia Hotel after Camille — *Fred Hutchings photo*

...and after restoration — *George Ziz photo,* The Sun Herald

"Storm Trackers," as they are nicknamed, are reservists in the 403rd Rescue and Weather Recon Wing. The Trackers and Hunters, along with a third unit at Guam named the Typhoon Chasers, gather data used by the National Hurricane Center and other weathermen to forecast the paths and intensity of storms.

Three times in the decade following Camille, powerful hurricanes menaced the Coast. In every case the storms changed direction striking land far to the east or west. Wade Guice and his counterparts in the other Coast counties began to fear the development of a "cry wolf" syndrome. The approach of hurricane Bob on July 10, 1979, proved them wrong. Thousands evacuated though ordered not to. Two months later on September 12 the Civil Defense director ordered an evacuation and the people obeyed with good reason — Frederic.

Between August 14 and November 21, 1985, four storms — Danny, Elena, Juan and Kate — threatened the Coast and one of them, Elena, threatened twice causing two evacuations.

In the eighteen years since Camille ten (official and unofficial) evacuations have taken place, and the Coast has suffered two direct hits — Frederic and Elena — and three brushes — Bob, Danny and Juan. In the words of Dr. Robert Sheets, the present Deputy Director of the National Hurricane Center:

> Forecast skills have not kept pace with rapid growth in population. It now takes many hours to evacuate... coastlines subject to killer storm surge. Because long lead times are required, considerable over-warning results. The uncertainty is such that you may be required to evacuate two or three times...[or more] ...for everytime the hurricane core actually strikes your community....This is the price one must pay for protection of life in these vulnerable communities.

In building his house upon sand, man has placed himself in the "coils of the snake." Those who inhabit the rim of the Gulf of Mexico face the greatest danger of all, for once in this body of water the snake must strike somewhere. Centuries of experience should have taught Coast dwellers that the only viable response to a hurricane is to get out of its way. Those who refuse to do so lend credence to Hegel's pessimistic dictum:

> We learn from history that we never learn anything from history.

Select Bibliography

The Sun Herald Newspaper, which published *Hurricanes of the Mississippi Gulf Coast*, supplied the bulk of the material on Camille. For months that storm dominated the pages of that paper and in the ensuing 18 years a number of reports and commemorative editions have been published. Hundreds of individual articles were extracted for use in this work.

Numerous reports issued by various agencies yielded valuable information.

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But no statistical report can touch the human interest of eye-witness accounts. Therefore, the author gave the highest priority to oral history tapes and transcriptions.

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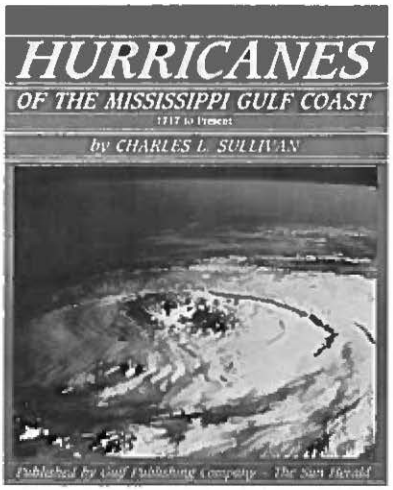


It was John Dewey who said "learn by doing," but this author believes that "one learns best by getting it done to one." If the present rendition of Camille seems to have a personal quality, it should. The author was there. He was the National Guardsman who yelled "Shark!" and "Snake!" as he bobbed about in d'Iberville.

Charles Sullivan is the chairman of the Social Studies department of the Gulf Coast Junior College's Perkinston Campus in Perkinston, Mississippi. His book, *Hurricanes of the Mississippi Gulf Coast*, from which this article is excerpted, may be ordered from *The Sun Herald*, P.O. Box 4567, Biloxi, MS 39535, Attention: Hurricane Book. Its cost is $16.00 which includes tax and postage. Make checks payable to *The Sun Herald*. All profits from the book go to *The Sun Herald*'s Community Fund.

This photograph of the newly completed seawall at Biloxi was probably made when it was dedicated in the late 1920's. Built to safeguard the coast and the Old Spanish Trail National Highway, later U.S. 90, it was a concrete expression of the determination of local residents not to be totally unprotected against the force of hurricanes.
Erik Overbey/Mobile Public Library Collection, USA Archives

Early Twentieth Century Hurricanes

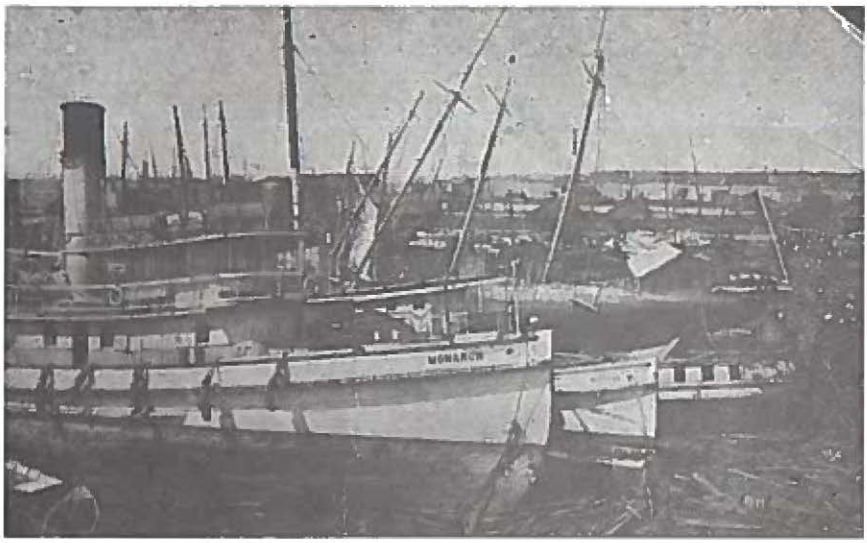
Michael V. Thomason

The central Gulf Coast states of Florida, Alabama and Mississippi have been the victims of many destructive hurricanes over the years. The early 20th century was a particularly tough time as massive storms struck at intervals of five to ten years. We have found photographs of the aftermath of three of these storms: September 26-27, 1906 in Pensacola; September 29, 1915 in Biloxi-Gulfport and July 5, 1916 in Mobile. The 1906 storm went on to hit Mobile and Pascagoula, and the 1916 storm also struck Mobile's neighbors to the east and west. The eye of the 1915 storm passed over New Orleans before hitting the Mississippi Coast. In fact, the eye of each of the three hurricanes hit land west of the cities from which the pictures came exposing each town to the storm's destructive right front quadrant. All drove record tidal surges and flood waters ashore; each was a record setter for its day in at least one of the following: loss of life, property damage, windspeed or high water. None was preceeded by more than the most rudimentary warnings. Shipping was unprepared, conventions were being hosted, or patriotic parades were held on the eve of a storm's arrival. Life went on as usual, virtually until the storm hit, with only the rapid falling of barometric pressure as a final confirmation of what lay in store.

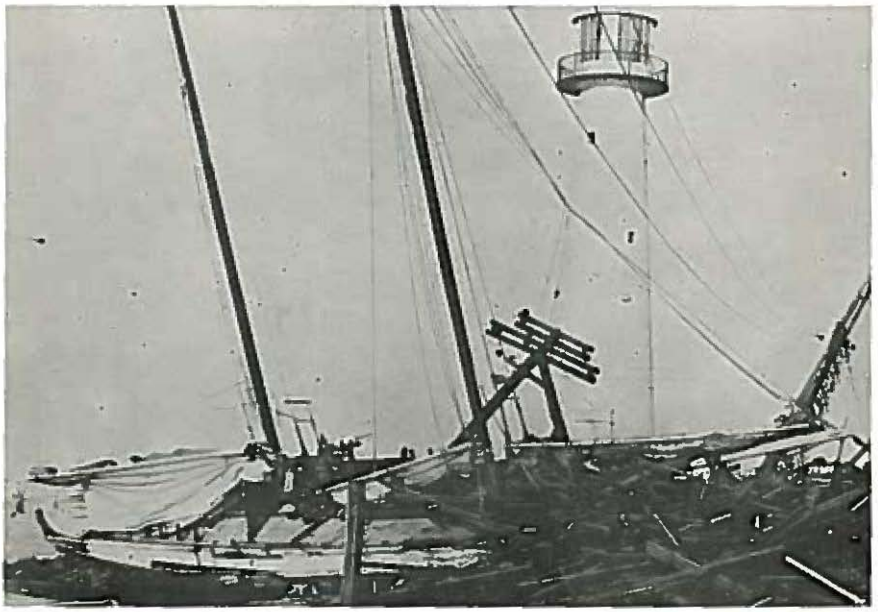
While all three storms can be classed as "Extreme" hurricanes, the 1915 storm did such severe damage to the Mississippi coast's beach, especially around Biloxi and Gulfport, that serious plans for a protective seawall were begun by a "Good Roads" alliance of Mississippi and Alabama promoters. The storm had so eroded the beachfront that a coastal highway could not be maintained. By the end of the 1920's a seawall was built, but after a decade it had caused a new set of erosion problems. By 1940, the beach sand south of the wall had washed away and only massive pumping of new sand by the U.S. Corps of Engineers restored it. Still the seawall project represented a hopeful sign of coastal cooperation and a determination not to be the passive victims of periodic natural disasters.

Even more important in coping with the might of these storms would be the advances made in forecasting by the National Weather Service during this century. The result is that despite often phenomenal growth in population, deaths from recent storms have been much reduced and property damage minimized. But early in this century hurricanes were killers whose abrupt and virtually unheralded arrival was a terror that stalked the summer months.

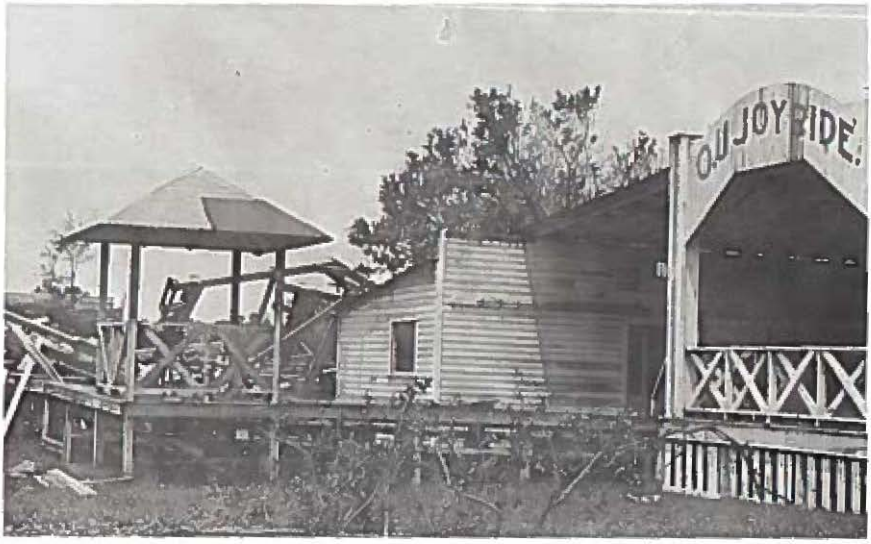
The vast, slow-moving 1906 storm battered Pensacola killing twenty-nine people, flooding the city center and destroying scores of ships in port. In the picture above Palafox Street is under water, while below some of the city's fishing fleet and power launches are piled up on the Cedar Street docks. Tides in Pensacola Bay were eight and a half feet above normal.
Special Collections, John C. Pace Library, University of West Florida

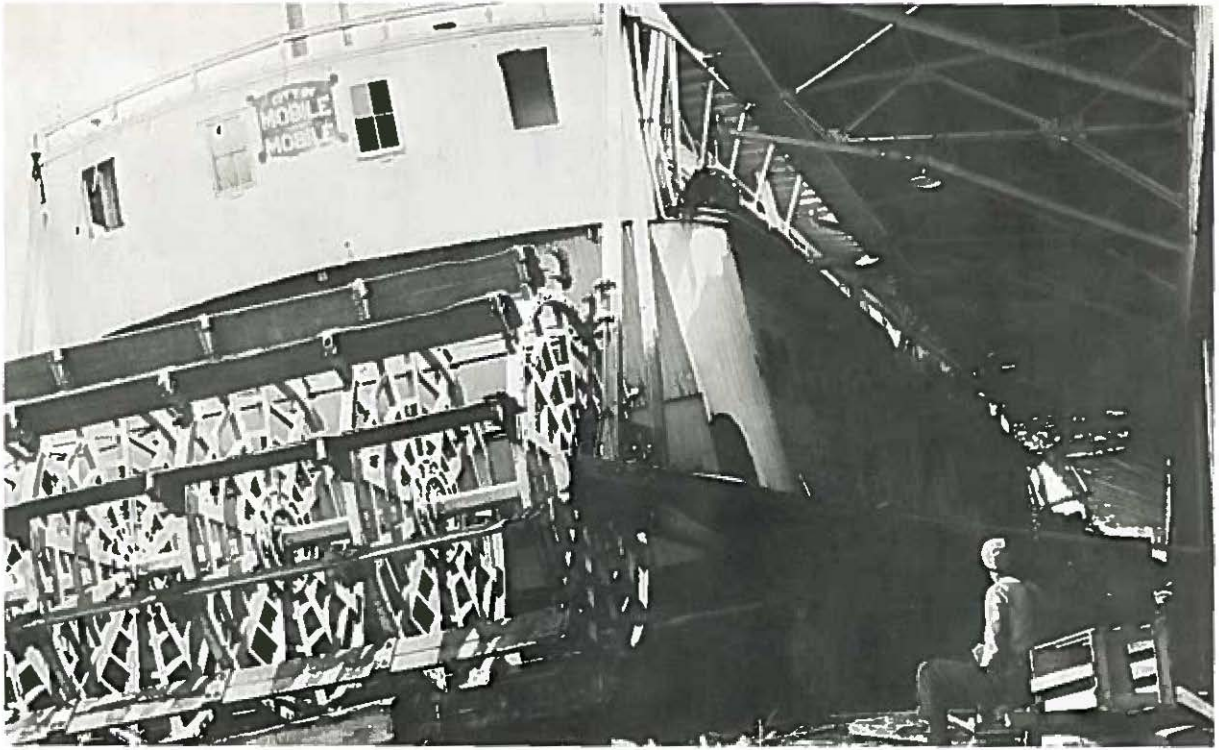


The 1915 storm in Mississippi brought a punishing tidal surge which killed many and further eroded the beach along Biloxi and Gulfport. In the photograph above, looking west from Biloxi's famous lighthouse, the devastation is evident. Below a view of that lighthouse shows the debris, including a fishing boat, which the storm deposited where once beach had been.
Photos courtesy Mae Henley, above, and Sarah Kennedy Bentz, below.



On July 5, 1916 Mobile was devastated by hurricane winds and record setting high waters. The city was flooded even worse than it had been in 1906. Ships were wrecked at the docks and cotton bales floated all over town (above). Even the bayside's popular Monroe park was destroyed. The storm put the "OUJoyride" out of business.
Erik Overbey/ Mobile Public Library Collection, USA Archives





The force of the winds and tidal surge destroyed Mobile's fleet of bay boats and many other vessels tied up at the docks. The City of Mobile, *which had arrived unscathed in the city two days after the 1906 storm, was smashed against the municipal wharf and destroyed in the 1916 blow.* *Erik Overbey/Mobile Public Library Collection, USA Archives*

Comments and Controversy: Critique and Response to "Climate of Fear..."

In the last issue of the *GCHR* we published "Climate of Fear: Violence, Intimidation and Media Manipulation in Reconstruction Mobile, 1865-1876" by Stephanie Hardin. Ralph Poore, who is an editor of the *Mobile Press Register* and has done extensive research into the paper's long history, took exception to the article and wrote this critique.

The role the *Mobile Register* played in Reconstruction was misinterpreted in Stephanie C. Hardin's article in the fall [1986] issue of *The Gulf Coast Historical Review*. Ms. Hardin's misinterpretations come about because she attempts to assign the characteristics of a modern newspaper to 19th century journals. Modern newspapers value objectivity and are independent of political parties. The 19th century newspapers in Mobile were the organs of political parties and promoted partisan views. To say, as Ms. Hardin did, that newspapers in Reconstruction Mobile were partisan is merely to state what every 19th century newspaper reader knew and expected.

Ms. Hardin's misinterpretations also come about because she only gives a partial picture of the newspaper situation in Reconstruction Mobile. In 1865 there were three daily newspapers in the city: the *Tribune*, the *Times*, and the *Register and Advertiser*. *New York Times* correspondent Benjamin C. Truman, visiting Mobile in 1865, said the *Tribune* is "the organ of the Secessionists; the *Times* is supposed to be the Union paper, and Mr. Forsyth's paper, the *Register and Advertiser*, is the Conservative sheet." A fourth newspaper, the weekly *Nationalist*, was the organ of Republicans and was, therefore, also associated with the freedmen.

Each newspaper played a different role and presented its partisan views. The *Tribune* was an extremist organ of the unreconstructed rebels. The cartoon used on the first page to illustrate Ms. Hardin's article about the *Register* actually came from the *Tribune*. Although the cartoon is attributed to the *Tribune*, its use in an article about the *Register* makes it appear as though the *Tribune* and the *Register* held the same opinions, which they did not. The *Times* was owned by a Yankee, a camp follower who took advantage of the military occupation to try to make a living with a pro-Union newspaper. The *Register*, clearly pro-Southern in its views, was more moderate than the *Tribune* and was loyal to the Democratic Party. The *Nationalist* eventually became the organ of the Radical Republicans and became so extreme at one point that its

publication was suppressed by the U.S. military authorities. Ms. Hardin cannot speak of "media manipulation" unless she addresses all these publications.

The complex Reconstruction issues in which these newspapers became involved cannot be characterized as North against South, or black against white, as Ms. Hardin attempts to do. For one thing, by 1868 the *Register and Advertiser* and the *Times* were bought by a former Union officer and combined into the *Daily Register*. This Yankee owner, W.D. Mann, followed a generally pro-Southern, Democratic Party policy. A Yankee owner was responsible for many of the incidents Ms. Hardin blames on a "rebel press." Furthermore, the *Register*'s response to Reconstruction was pragmatic and evolving just as Reconstruction policy was evolving. The newspaper did not have a single-minded approach to blacks and Reconstruction as Ms. Hardin would have us believe.

In condemning the *Mobile Register*'s attitude toward the freedmen, Ms. Hardin would have the newspaper display a more liberal attitude than even many prominent Northern abolitionists did. As C. Vann Woodward points out in *The Burden of Southern History*, William Lloyd Garrison of the *Liberator* in 1864 opposed suffrage for freedmen. Sen. Charles Sumner in 1866 thought educational qualifications for suffrage would be advisable. Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune* wanted to limit the voting privilege among freedmen to "the competent and deserving," and suggested such qualifications as the ability to read and write, payment of taxes, or work in a trade. In fact, in 1866 only five states in the North provided for Negro suffrage. In November 1866, the *Register* called for the same qualified Negro suffrage as existed in Massachusetts.

Ms. Hardin is correct in her assessment of the climate of violence which existed in Mobile during Reconstruction. Blacks bought guns for protection and as a badge of their freedom. Whites also carried guns for protection and because it was their custom to do so. But Ms. Hardin misinterprets two acts of violence as showing that the law treated violence by whites more leniently than violence by blacks. In one of her examples, a black man was arrested and fined for carrying concealed weapons. In the second example, two black Democrats pulled guns on two black Republicans. The two black Democrats were escorted to safety by several white men. Since neither the black Democrats nor the whites who helped them in the second example were punished, then there had to be some reason other than race for the dispensing of justice. The important criterion was not race, but party. The black Democrats were protected because they were Democrats, not because whites helped them. The same was true when just whites were involved when the conflict was of a political

nature. That had also been true for antebellum Mobile where whites found justice dispensed on a partisan basis when the conflict was of a political nature.

Ms. Hardin fails to point out that Republicans also attempted to manipulate blacks for party purposes. Again as Woodward says, Radical Republicans favored enfranchisement of blacks and disfranchisement of whites after 1867 to prevent Congress from becoming dominated by Democrats and not Republicans. Northern business interests also sought to protect special favorable legislation which was passed during the war in the absence of the seceding states. When party purposes and business interests were served by some better means, Woodward says, black suffrage was abandoned.

Violence was as likely to be promoted in the Republican *Nationalist* as in the Democratic *Register*. A letter to the *Nationalist* explaining the use of firearms advised blacks that in case of trouble they should not risk firing into the air but should aim to hit. The *Nationalist*'s promotion of violence is what caused military authorities to suppress it — a fate which did not befall the "rebel press."

The *Register*'s role in Reconstruction must be interpreted in relation to party politics and the role played by other newspapers in Mobile at the time. Otherwise, a distorted picture emerges of the *Register* and of Reconstruction.

Ms. Hardin Replies:

It was with interest that I read Mr. Ralph Poore's spirited response to my article concerning the media and violence in Reconstruction Mobile. I was pleased to note Mr. Poore's careful reading of the article; nevertheless he missed its essential thrust.

It was not my intent to write an article on each newspaper in Mobile from 1865 to 1876. The paper was written originally to satisfy requirements of a course I took in 1984 on The Civil War and Reconstruction. While a study of every newspaper in Mobile during Reconstruction would be a worthy undertaking, such a monumental task may be more suitable for a master's thesis than a class assignment. Due to limited time, I chose the Mobile *Daily Register* to illustrate my topic concerning manipulation by the local media. The Mobile *Daily Register* was accessible, complete, and in chronological order. A crucial feature was that the Mobile *Advertiser* (and later, Mobile *Daily Register*) enjoyed a healthy readership and most closely represented the viewpoints of those with influence in Mobile, both political and social. In short, I utilized the one paper that best illustrated the mentality of the city.

With regard to the *Tribune* clipping, the editorial staff at the *GCHR* collected and chose the illustrations. The *Tribune* piece was legitimately included to give a sense of the tenor of the times. It is clearly attributed to the *Tribune*, and was never intended to mislead any reader.

However, the central issue is Mr. Poore's response to the article's interpretation of Reconstruction history. Mr. Poore misunderstands the nature of Reconstruction politics, isolated quotations from C. Vann Woodward notwithstanding. My reading of scholars such as Professor Woodward, James McPherson, Eric Foner, Jonathan Weiner, and numerous others, is that race was indeed the touchstone of party alignments throughout the South. I am surprised that Mr. Poore was unfamiliar with this accepted viewpoint.

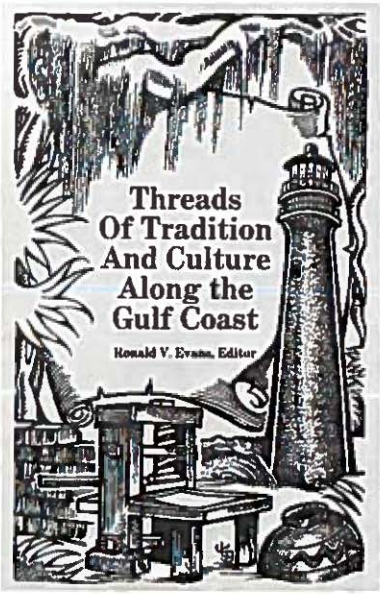
I did not write a paper on Yankees, Radical Republicans, Northerners who became Southern Democrats, etc. The publisher's origins were basically irrelevant, as the *Register* under a Yankee was editorially no different than its predecessors, the *Register* and *Advertiser*, under the direction of John Forsyth, a Southerner.

I am pleased that Mr. Poore took the time to write such a response. An overview of the history of Mobile's newspapers would be a worthy contribution to the discovery of Mobile's past. Mr. Poore has obviously spent a great deal of time researching the various newspapers, particularly the one he works for. Perhaps he will submit such a paper to the *Gulf Coast Historical Review.*

Book Reviews

Ronald V. Evans (ed.), *Threads of Tradition and Culture Along the Gulf Coast*. Pensacola: Gulf Coast History and Humanities Conference, 1986, pp. 241. $15.00.

A compilation of the papers presented at the tenth annual Gulf Coast History and Humanities Conference has been published in a highly readable book. Contributors and subjects were drawn from points all along the rim of the Gulf of Mexico from Texas to Florida. This broad spectrum includes profiles of people, places and events and their place in the development of the Gulf South.



It seems there is something for everyone interested in Gulf Coast history and it would be impossible to review each paper. A brief sampling of subjects includes the oratorical talents of Jefferson Davis, newspaper editors and journalists and their influence on the political and social climate of West Florida, New Orleans brickmaking, Texas lighthouses, a history of a Louisiana plantation, music composition in Thibodeaux, Louisiana, and the antics of the "Mad Potter of Biloxi" — George Ohr.

All of the papers are good and well worth reading, but outstanding is "A Halcyon Day! A Day In The Life of Walter Inglis Anderson" by Thomas Brent Funderburk, Assistant Professor of Art, Mississippi State University. Funderburk's confessed rapport with Anderson and his work is vividly evident in his treatment of the artist/poet/naturalist. Actually this paper is a script to accompany a dramatically beautiful slide presentation which Funderburk created from his own photography. Reading the paper is the next best thing to viewing his production.

"Tampa Time: Recollections on the Millennium" by Gary R. Mormino is the most fascinating paper in the book. From the first line "The past is not dead...it's not even past" this reviewer's attention did not falter and Mormino's description of the formation of the Peninsula during the ice age sent her scurrying to a map of Florida. This history of Tampa is

a fast-paced thumbnail sketch yet it encompasses every aspect from the geological formation of that piece of earth to the present. In the underlying message of this work the author is lamenting the loss of the history and identity of a city through not only "progress" and "modernization" but with the added aggravation of the commercialization of the Florida Coast. Throughout the story Mormino sprinkles freshly coined phrases such as "historical junk food," and "new think history" which delighted this reviewer and which were so attuned to the overall theme. As the author says in his closing sentence, "From a Tocobaga village to bustling military reservation, from a hell hole for yellow fever to Super Bowl Host, the Tampa story has been an exhilarating one." Gary R. Mormino, who is Executive Director, Florida Historical Society, has made a statement here in his vivid no-nonsense, tell-it-like-it-is, writing which is worth reading and thinking about.

One critic of the tenth Gulf Coast History and Humanities Conference stated that it may have been the best ever held. This publication backs up that statement. The book is indexed and at the end of each paper are endnotes which could also serve as a bibliography. The subject of each conference paper is inherent to a specific region yet, as the title suggests, through them all run the common threads of the culture and tradition which make up the unique and fascinating history of the Gulf South states.

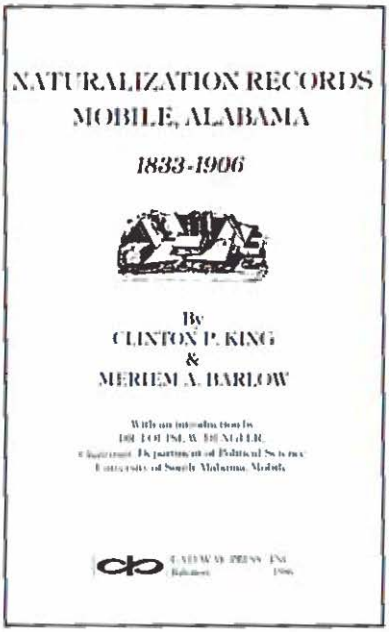
Murella Hebert Powell — Biloxi Public Library

Clinton P. King and Meriem A. Barlow, *Naturalization Records: Mobile, Alabama, 1833-1906.* Mobile: Alabama Ancestors, 19876, pp. 148. $17.50.

Historians, in writing history, are often caught up in important events or in the lives of famous people and they forget that these events and people are affected by everyday happenings and ordinary people. Wars and presidents are not the only subjects worthy of study in the field of history. History comprises many varied subjects and interests.

Recently genealogy has attracted both popular and professional interest. Scholars have come to realize the importance of genealogical data. Clinton P. King and Meriem A. Barlow, two Mobile genealogists, have gathered information from various repositories in Mobile and out of state in order to write *Naturalization Records: Mobile, Alabama, 1833-1906.*

Naturalization Records is a generic title. The book is a list of over 7,000 people who entered this country via the port of Mobile and who took legal steps toward becoming citizens. The list contains not only the names of the individuals and the dates that they made their action legal, but also their ages, the length of time they had resided in the country, and whether they became citizens or simply declared their intent to do so. The court in which the legal action was taken and the minute book number and page in which the entry can be found are also included in the list. The court and minute book number are of critical importance to researchers. Prior to 1906 any court of record could make the legal notation; and in Mobile that included the Chancery Court, the Admiralty Court, both the civil and criminal side of the Circuit Court, and the City Court. Each of these courts left minute books and records, and gleaning the information from such a variety of source material could take a great deal of time and effort on the part of the individual researcher. The King and Barlow book eliminates this tiresome task, enabling the individual to go directly to the source.



King and Barlow are not the first people to attempt such a project. In the 1930s the Works Progress Administration compiled a similar listing. WPA workers recorded the naturalization entries in fifty-nine minute books from the Mobile courts system. The problem with the WPA listings is that they are merely a catalog of the names as they appear in the minute books. The names are not alphabetized or in any other way integrated. This effort produced an oversized volume 400 pages long. The authors of *Naturalization Records* arranged the data of the old WPA volume into a more usable form, while at the same time adding material from sources not included by the WPA staff. King and Barlow have created a smaller, more complete book with a concise, consistent format.

This reviewer has become familiar with their book through work at the University of South Alabama Archives, the repository which now houses the old Mobile court records. Working at the Archives has given the reviewer a unique opportunity to become familiar with the court records.

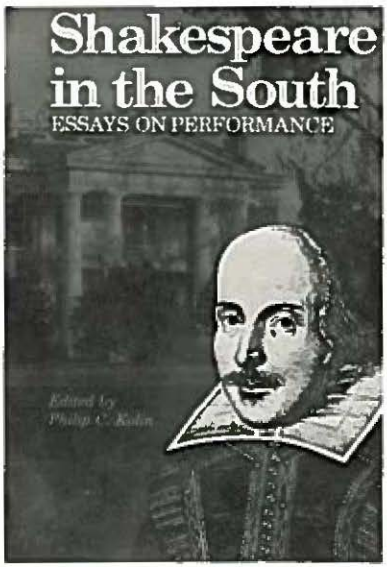
Numerous requests for naturalization information have been made since the University of South Alabama acquired the collection. In the process of answering those requests, the reviewer has used *Naturalization Records* and its acquisition has made the job much easier.

Clinton P. King and Meriem A. Barlow have written two other volumes, *Mobile, Alabama Marriages, Alabama 1813-1855* and *Mobile County Alabama Marriages, 1856-1875* and are at work on a fourth project. Mrs. Barlow explained that writing *Naturalization Records* was a labor of love. The authors' love of genealogy is demonstrated by their ongoing projects. *Naturalization Records* shows that they not only have a love for, but take pride in, their work; their book is well designed, accurate, and attractive. This book can be ordered from Alabama Ancestors, 4075 Moffat Road, Mobile, Alabama 36618.

Joseph E. Brent — University of South Alabama

Philip C. Kolin (ed.), *Shakespeare in the South: Essays on Performance.* Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1983, pp. 297. $20.00.

Shakespeare in the South is a collection of essays which documents the acculturation of the South from 1751 to the present. The first six essays trace Shakespeare's importance through the provincial cultural centers such as Williamsburg, Annapolis, Charleston, New Orleans and Mobile from the beginnings to the Civil War. The seven remaining essays continue the story beyond 1860 ultimately up to 1980 in Odessa and Orlando, Anniston and High Point, with modern academic experiments and summer festivals.



Such a collection will always be a little uneven and repetitious. But the advantages in this anthology outweigh the weaknesses because the book as a whole is a valuable contribution to theatre history and to the study of southern culture.

The essayists are, however, by no means in agreement on the nature of this culture. Joseph Patrick Roppolo, for example, uses his essay to prove that "The people, not merely the

Anglophiles and the intellectual snobs — knew him" (114). To this end he ignores the usual list of performers and plays and concentrates, for example, on newspaper allusions to Shakespeare as part of the common man's vocabulary.

By contrast, Mary Duggar Toulmin seems rather to argue the opposite: "Cultivated Mobilians knew and appreciated Shakespeare" (154). Her essay supports this by citing the great actors who came to Mobile. In 1845, for example, Macready, Forrest, Junius Julius Booth all played for a week or more. The next year Charles Kean and his wife Ellen Tree played for two weeks followed by Anna Cora Mowatt in 1846 as well, the year after she wrote *Fashion*. In that year, in fact, Toulmin concludes: "Probably no theater operating in the United States at the time could have gathered a cast of better quality. The newspaper recognized this fact, pronouncing it the best troupe ever assembled in Mobile" (144). She seems to assume that if it was the best cast assembled in Mobile, it was the best in the United States at that time.

But Toulmin's study is valuable because it is so well researched and full of fascinating details. She goes beyond simply reporting what the newspaper said about performances from 1822-60: the details are then cross listed and confirmed or connected. One of the stories is of Mary Vos Stuart, the stock company actress, who was displaced from her usual roles. This lead to rioting by her fans who broke into the theatre during the first performance and demanded her return in those roles and also a benefit for her! All these details of the newspaper report are then confirmed from the lead actor, George Vandenhoff's *Leaves from an Actor's Notebook* (New York: Appleton, 1860). From such a story one can draw one's own conclusions about frontier audiences.

The thoroughness of the research makes possible many deductions for many different interests. The dynamics of a repertory company becomes clear through this essay alone, as does the system of rotating stars on a circuit. Toulmin's research, for example, carries her to the three theatrical centers which were on one circuit, St. Louis (for the producer, Noah Ludlow's, records) to New Orleans, and Mobile. And she again cross references this research with, for example, excerpts from William Charles Macready's *Reminiscences* to substantiate how much money is made at each performance and other details of the circuit (142). What she reveals of the threatrical life of the time is a fascinating portrait with the greatest actors of the time coming through the provincial theatre.

Of course the problem with this kind of book is also illustrated in this example. The same actors appeared all over the country on these

circuits. Anna Cora Mowatt's performance is similarly noted in the chapter on Charleston. And with other actors the same performances at the same time are recorded from chapter to chapter. For the theatre historian, it would amost have made more sense to arrange this book by following major actors across the South from anecdote to anecdote. Presently this is difficult to do by simply relying on the index. It only lists the most prominent actors, and is incomplete for the others. Its references to Mowatt, for example, omit Toulmin's references from its listing. It might also have made sense to follow particular plays: the nineteenth century taste for melodrama is proven in the plays produced, but few details of production or cutting are given.

Only one chapter tries to do that, "Othello as Black on Southern Stages, Then and Now," by Charles B. Lower. And it is so well done that one can only wish that more of the chapters were like it — taking on hard issues like racism and coming up with good evidence to counter the usual stereotypes and get closer to the pre-war culture of the South.

A book like this does, however, provide good evidence for seeing the South as it is. This collection documents both the South's longings to be cultured as well as its achievements in broadening the base of culture through academic outreach programs like Simply Shakespeare in Orlando, and the construction of a Globe theater in Odessa.

David K. Sauer Spring Hill College

Virginia Parks. *Pensacola: Spaniards to Space Age.* Pensacola: Pensacola Historical Society, 1986, pp. 128. $9.95.

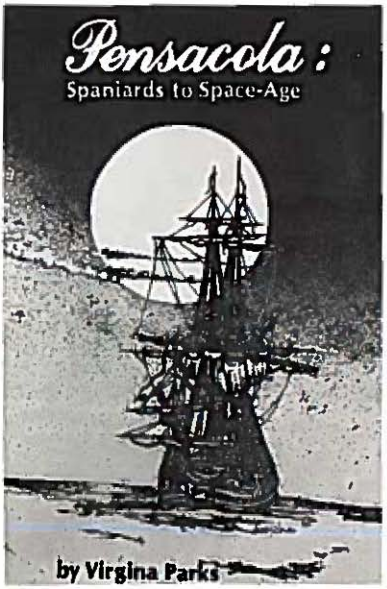
This well-done sketch of Pensacola is alpha for any historian interested in the town and omega for the layman who will never read anything else about it. Publications that run such a spectrum are rare to say the least, but, then, the Pensacola Historical Society, to its credit, specializes in such. Historians will applaud the thirteen pages of footnotes and librarians the comprehensive index. The readability of the text possesses universal appeal.

All illustrations are in black and white and regrettably, though understandably, some of them suffered in the transition from colored originals. Others, such as the photograph of Modeste Hargis on page 86, came through with enchanting clarity. The maps and town plats are of good quality and add much to the text.

The book contains a wealth of detail of interest to those who enjoy the history of the Gulf rim. Most importantly it answers a question so simple that it is seldom asked but should be. That is — why is Pensacola,

located on the Gulf rim's finest harbor, smaller than Mobile on its shallow bay and miniscule in comparison to New Orleans which possesses no harbor at all? Answer — No river serving a vast hinterland flows into Pensacola Bay.

Local history, particularly that of a coastal area, is more interesting than that found at the more rarified levels of national and international affairs. For the reader may view in the mind's eye a single isolated strand highlighted against the backdrop of war and revolution and see the effect of national and international relations upon a single spot. Tristan De Luna, Andrew Jackson and Geronimo seem more real when viewed up close. And Don Franciso Moreno, Modeste Hargis and Chappie James, who would likely be encountered nowhere else, lend a charming "sense of place." *Pensacola: Spaniards to Space-Age* joins the ranks of a number of other high quality area studies of the Gulf littoral produced in recent years, and it deserves a wide audience.



Charles L. Sullivan

Mississippi Gulf Coast Junior College
Perkinston Campus

Charles Grayson Summersell, *CSS* Alabama: *Builder, Captain, and Plans.* University: University of Alabama Press, 1985, pp. 152. $39.50.

Of all the famous military vessels in American history from the Revolutionary War's *Old Ironsides* to Pearl Harbor's battleship *Arizona* none evolves a more powerful image than Raphael Semmes' *Alabama.* Before it even entered Confederate service in 1862 *290*, as it was known at Liverpool's Laird Brothers Shipyards, had an air of mystery about it. It was a modern ship but its spirit was as old as the seas it sailed and what tales it has left behind. A beautiful and deadly raider, commanded by an enigmatic, middle-aged mariner who was half lawyer and half warrior, the *Alabama* has sailed right into the pages of history and legend. No study of the Civil War, or of naval history in general, is complete without an examination of this deadliest commerce raider in all of history.

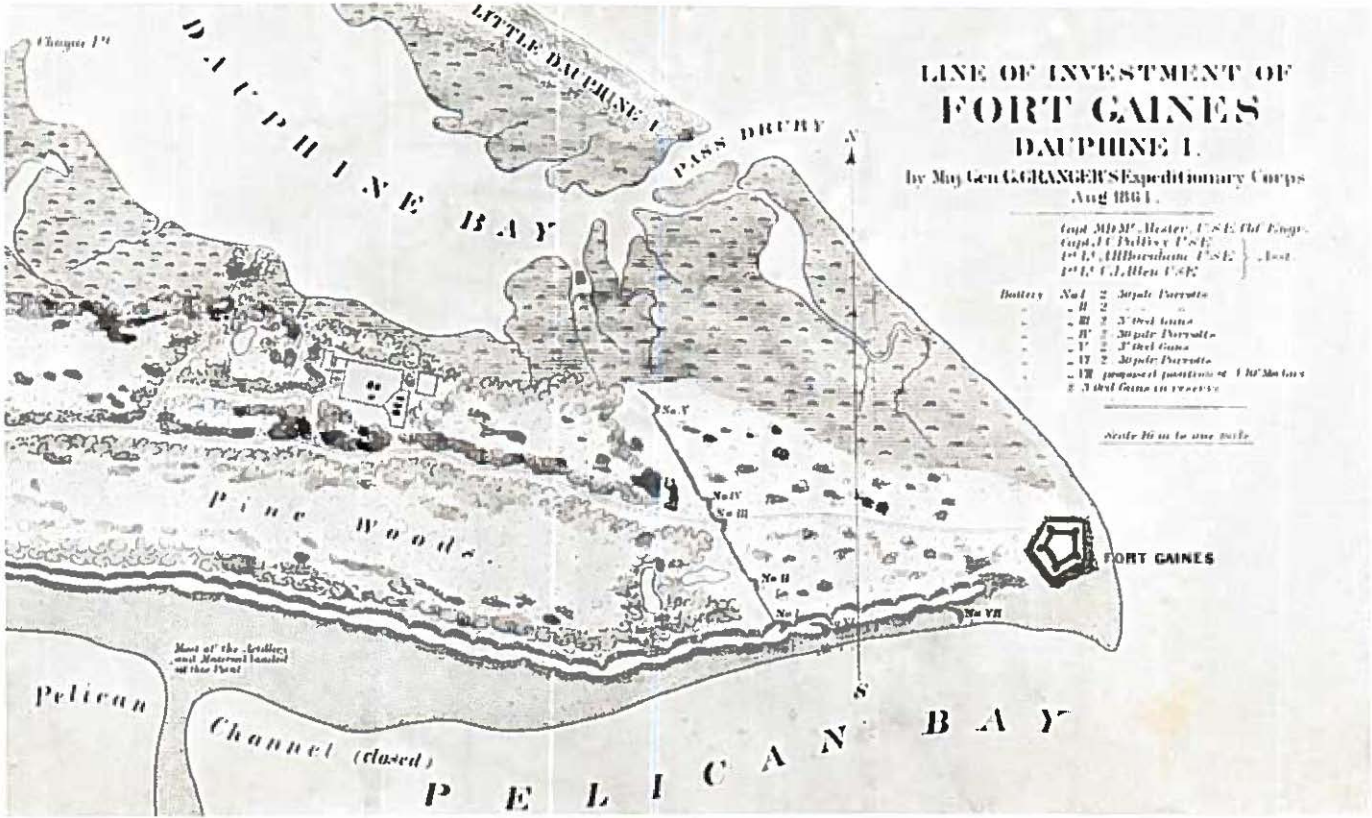
CSS Alabama: *Builder, Captain, and Plans* is certainly not the first, nor the last, book on the subject of Semmes or the *Alabama.* But,

it is the work of a mature scholar drawing upon a lifetime of research in the field who seeks to tell the story of the ship, its creator and its captain in the broad context of Confederate naval history. Dr. Summersell drops no bombshells, but he does bring all the pieces of the puzzle together in one place. He puts the story of the *Alabama* in proper perspective. As Dr. Summersell makes clear, the book is a biography of the ship as well as the story of its creator, the Confederate naval agent in England,James Bulloch, and its famous captain, Raphael Semmes. The original reason for the publication was to present copies of the only surviving drawings of the vessel, its specifications, and the full text of the contract for its construction. This material has not previously been generally available though it has been in the William S. Hoole Special Collections Library at the University of Alabama since the 1950s. Certainly every *Alabama* buff will want the volume just to have the drawings and detailed specifications. But the rest of us will enjoy it, too. First, it is a beautifully designed and printed volume. The University of Alabama Press deserves great credit. In a day of utilitarian volumes designed to "get the job done" and little else, this one is a treat. Unfortunately, the name of the book's designer is not given.

Asthetics aside, for those of you who can manage that feat (or wish to do so), the author's perspective, writing style and bibliography are easily worth the price of the book. It reads well, and the narrative stays interesting throughout. It is not an irritating and exhaustive examination of a minute topic of little interest to any but a handful of scholars. It is the fascinating story of Confederate naval policy and the people who served it as told from the vantage point of years of thoughtful scholarship. While Semmes might not agree with everything Dr. Summersell has to say, he would surely see that here was a historian every bit as at home in his field as the *Alabama*'s captain had been on the high seas.

CSS Alabama: *Builder, Captin, and Plans* is an excellent addition to the literature on the Civil War, a beautiful publication and a reminder of just how good an author an academic historian can be.

Michael V. Thomason University of South Alabama



Dauphin Island, 1864

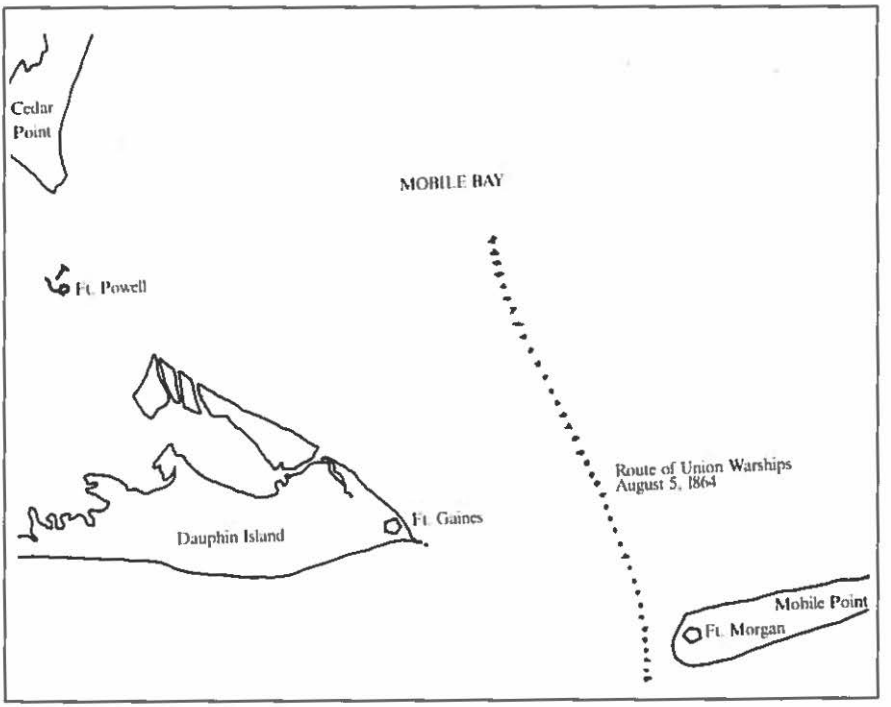
Caldwell Delaney Collection

From the Archives....The Controversial Surrender of Fort Gaines, August 1864

John H. Friend, Jr.

In the late afternoon hours of August 3, 1864, seventeen hundred Union troops under the command of Major General Gordon Granger landed unopposed on the western end of Dauphin Island. Their objective was Fort Gaines, ten miles to the east and one of three Confederate forts guarding the entrance to Mobile Bay. [1] By ten o'clock the next morning, Granger's troops had pushed back the Rebel pickets and were preparing gun positions and a line of trenches 1,200 yards from the fort. [2]

The following morning, August 5, Rear Admiral David G. Farragut and a fleet of eighteen Union warships ran past Fort Morgan, three and one-half miles across the channel from Fort Gaines and the largest of the Confederate fortifications. This bold attack gave the Union fleet control of Mobile Bay and exposed the weak, unfinished rear of Fort Powell to direct fire from Farragut's heavy guns. Fort Powell, the smallest of the Rebel works, was located on a sand bar between Dauphin Island and the mainland, and guarded the approaches to Mobile Bay from Mississippi Sound.



During the afternoon the Union admiral sent one of his strongest ironclads, the twin turreted *Chickasaw* with its four eleven-inch guns, to shell the rear of Fort Powell. That night after assessing the damage inflicted by *Chickasaw*, Lieutenant Colonel James M. Williams, commander of the fort, evacuated his garrison and blew up the magazine. This action effectively isolated Fort Gaines from the mainland and provided the "penned-up" Union fleet with access to its supply base in New Orleans. [3]

The next day, August 6, Farragut once again sent the *Chickasaw* into action, this time to test the seaward defenses of Fort Gaines. Before retiring, the big ironclad fired thirty-one shells at the fortification, killing two men in the safest casemate and exposing the weakness of its defenses. [4] Mounting pressure from Granger's force, the evacuation of Fort Powell, and the devastating fire from *Chickasaw's* guns seriously affected the morale of the garrison's 818 officers and men.

Throughout the remainder of August 6, despair continued to mount. Around midnight Colonel Charles D. Anderson, the commander of Fort Gaines, was presented with a surrender petition signed by forty-three of his officers — all but the handful who felt that honor required a more determined resistance. The petition stressed the fort's indefensibility and emphasized the certainty of heavy casualties if the seige continued. [5] After receiving the petition Colonel Anderson apparently came to the conclusion that all was lost and at daylight, August 7, sent a message to Admiral Farragut asking for surrender terms. At dusk he went aboard the Union flagship *Hartford* with Major W.R. Browne and, against the advice of the latter, surrendered Fort Gaines. Anderson would feel compelled to defend this act for the rest of his life. [6]

While the surrender terms were being discussed aboard the *Hartford*, Anderson's immediate superior, Brigadier General Richard L. Page, came from Fort Morgan to Fort Gaines in a small boat to investigate the strange quietness that had enveloped the scene. Before returning to Fort Morgan, General Page gave orders that Fort Gaines should not be surrendered and that Colonel Anderson be arrested when he came back from the Union fleet. Page's orders were ignored when Anderson returned, and the fort was formally surrendered the next morning, August 8 — ninety-six hours after being invested and a full two weeks before the fall of Fort Morgan. [7] That afternoon the troops were taken to New Orleans on Union gunboats and put in military prisons.

The surrender of Fort Gaines after such a short seige caused great embarrassment throughout the Confederacy. Major General Dabney H. Maury, Confederate commander of the District of the Gulf, wrote the

Southern Secretary of War in Richmond that the "shameful" surrender was "painfully humiliating" and that Anderson's conduct was "inexplicable." [8] The next day Jefferson Davis wired General Maury, saying he considered the affair to be "deeply humiliating." [9]

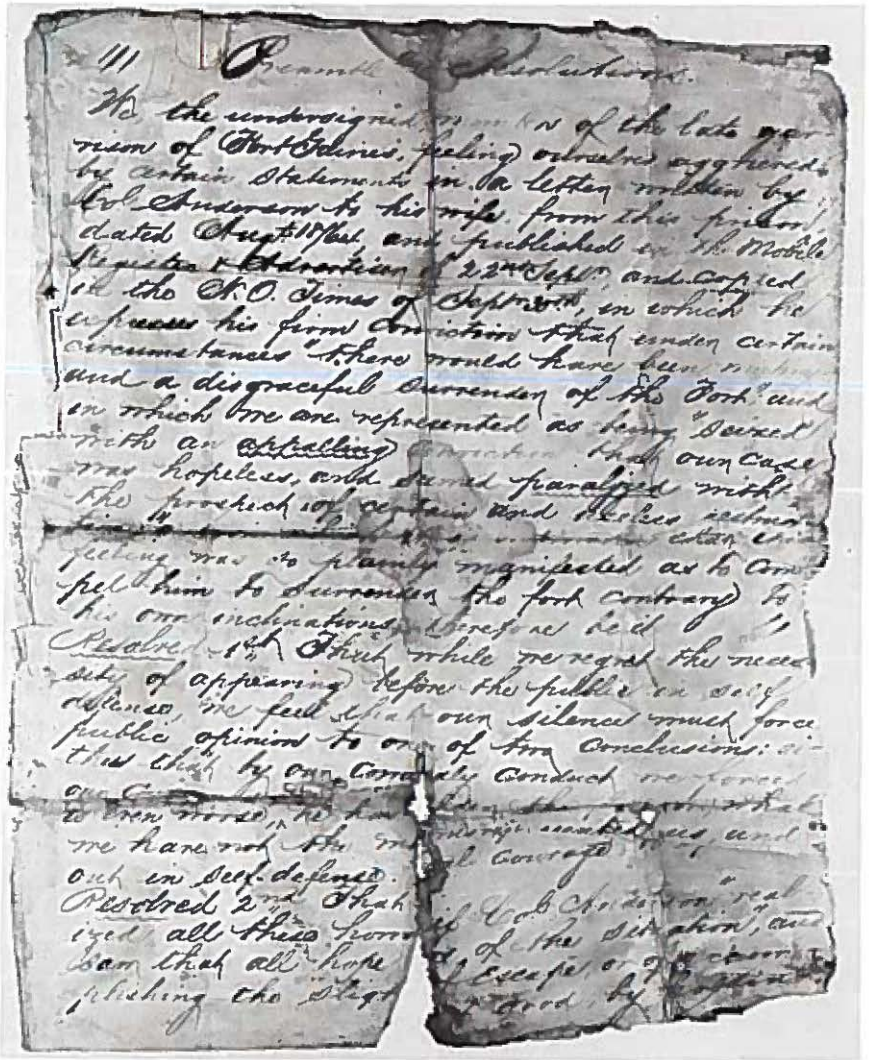
Captain M.D. McAlester, General Granger's chief engineer, said in one of his reports after the surrender that he found the guns of Fort Gaines without protection from "merlons, traverses, or parados," and that there were no "splinter-proofs" to shelter the cannoneers. In general, he felt that the fort was "utterly weak and inefficient" against attack from land and water. [10] When knowledge of these deficiencies later became public, criticism of Anderson softened somewhat and part of the blame was shifted to his superiors and to the Confederate engineers, whose decisions during the previous three years had resulted in Fort Gaines' inadequate state of defense. Nevertheless, many Southerners still felt that Colonel Anderson's surrender was premature and a dishonor to Confederate arms. [11]

On August 18, in response to what he considered unfair criticism, Anderson wrote his wife from prison, describing Fort Gaines' indefensibility and stating that if he had attempted to fight any longer, he would have been faced with "mutiny" and a "really disgraceful surrender." [12] The letter was smuggled out of prison and subsequently published in the *Mobile Register & Advertiser* and New Orleans *Times*. Apparently one of these newspapers ended up where the Fort Gaines' prisoners were being held, evoking a harsh rebuttal from some who disagreed with Anderson's explanation of his surrender. [12]

The following document entitled "Preamble and Resolutions," found in 1961 in Chicago by a coin dealer, expresses the indignant feelings of three Confederate soldiers, Captain F.M. Johnston, 1st Lieutenant James E. Couch, and 1st Sergeant Henry V. Couch, who apparently were captured at Fort Gaines, but who did not sign the petition asking Colonel Anderson to capitulate. Written with a quill pen on the back of a rent receipt dated January 1864, the document appears to be a rough draft of a resolution defending their honor and placing blame for the surrender on Colonel Anderson.

J.P. Rutland, a name on the rent receipt, was a resident of Mobile in 1861, suggesting that the receipt may have originated in that city. [13] Did one of the Fort Gaines prisoners carry it throughout the seige and then to prison in New Orleans, where the resolution was written, or was it in the possession of someone outside the prison who drafted the text? Part of the answer to these questions may lie in a fourth name which appears on the resolution, written only as Miss Ellen. Women were

sometimes allowed to visit Union military prisons in New Orleans, where they would bring the prisoners small gifts of food and clothing and minister to the sick. They also served as a communication link with the outside world, smuggling letters in and out and performing chores which the prisoners could not do. Miss Ellen may have been one of these "ministering angels" and a key participant in the drama. However, several enigmas remain. Of the three soldiers, Sergeant Henry Couch is the only one listed as a prisoner of war. James Couch's service records show him as a Private in Co. K, 21st Regiment, one of the units that evacuated Fort Powell prior to the surrender of Fort Gaines. Efforts to identify Captain F.M.



Johnston have not met with success. Also perplexing is the use of Mr. with the names of Henry and James Couch, a practice generally not followed when a military rank accompanied a person's name, as it does in this document. Perhaps further research will shed light on these mysteries, as well as the role Miss Ellen played.

Preamble and Resolutions

We, the undersigned, members of the late garrison of Fort Gaines, feeling ourselves aggrieved by certain statements in a letter written by Col. Anderson to his wife from this prison, dated Aug. 18/64, and published in the Mobile Register & Advertiser of 22nd Sept., and copied in the N.O. Times of Sept. 30th, in which he expresses his firm conviction that under certain circumstances "there would have been mutiny and a disgraceful surrender of the Fort;" and in which we are represented as being "seized with an *appalling* conviction that our case was hopeless, and seemed *paralyzed* with the prospect of certain and useless destruction," and in which it is intimated that this feeling was so plainly manifested as to compel him to surrender the fort contrary to his own inclinations, therefore be it

Resolved 1st That while we regret the necessity of appearing before the public in self defense, we feel that our silence must force public opinion to one of two conclusions: either that by our cowardly conduct we forced our commander to surrender the fort or; what is even worse, he has misrepresented us, and we have not the moral courage to speak out in self-defense.

Resolved 2nd That if Col. Anderson "realized all these horrors of the situation," and saw that all hope of escape, or of accomplishing the slightest good, by holding out, was gone, instead of attempting to screen himself behind the appalling convictions and paralysis of his men, he should have come out boldly and declared that he had done what he believed to be his duty in surrendering the Fort, in which ~~belief~~ he would have been supported by his command, and "sustained by the fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and little children represented in the command.["]

Resolved 3rd That as to there being any disobedience of orders, any lack of energy, any shrinking from duty, or any other symptom of a state of paralysis on our part, we deny most emphatically & every such insinuation from whatever source it may come, and to the fact that we stood by our guns to the last minute, that we maintained our skirmish line until ordered in, when the enemy's gunboats had taken a position to rake that exposed and open line from end to end, and in every way,

we were willing and ready to do what ever our ~~ledd~~ leaders thought best.

Resolved 4th That as a final refutation of these charges we refer to the communication presented by the officer to Col. Anderson and published in the Mobile papers, in which they assured him that while the men, too, realized the true condition, they were ready and willing to follow wherever the officers might lead.

Henry V. Couch

Miss Ellen

F.M. Johnston
Capt. Comdg etc etc

For Rent
R
Peter Parley[y?]
H. Gle[nn?]
Recd of [Mr. Shaw?]

Mr. Henry V. Couch
1st Sergt Co B 21st Ala.

Mr. James E. Couch
1st [Line?] Lieut Comdg.

Received of Mr. J.P. Rutland

Seventeen Thousand Doll

January 1864.

Notes

[1] *War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington: 1880-1901). Series I (Subsequently referred to as ORA), Volume 39, Part 2, Page 222.
[2] ORA, 39:1:410.
[3] ORA, 39:1:441 - 42.
[4] *U.S. Official Record of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion* (Washington: 1894 - 1922). Series I (Subsequently referred to as ORN), Volume 21, Page 787.
[5] ORA, 52:2:741 - 44, Supplement.
[6] ORN, 21:414.
[7] ORN, 21:561.
[8] ORA, 39:1:426.
[9] ORA, 39:2:767.
[10] ORA, 39:1:410. "Merlons, traverse or parados" are sandbag protections for gunners.
[11] ORA, 52:2:743, Supplement.
[12] "Preamble and Resolutions".
[13] *Mobile City Directory*, 1861.

Suggestions for Further Reading

Andrews, Charles C. *History of the Campaign of Mobile; Including the Cooperative Operation of Gen. Wilson's Cavalry in Alabama.* New York, 1867.

Parker, Foxhall. *The Battle of Mobile Bay and the Capture of Forts Powell, Gaines, and Morgan, by the Combined Sea and Land Forces of the United States, under the Command of Rear Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, and Major General Gordon Granger, August 1864.* Boston, 1878.

Williams, James. *From That Terrible Field: Civil War Letters of James M. Williams.* Ed. John Kent Folmer. University, AL 1981.

The original document was made available to the University of South Alabama Archives and the *Gulf Coast Historical Review* by Charles Apfelbaum, 39 Flower Road, New York, NY 11581, a dealer in historical manuscripts and is reprinted here in its entirety. It was transcribed from the original by Mr. Charles J. Torrey III and Mr. Friend.

Mr. Friend is a Management Consultant in Mobile and an amateur historian of the Civil War. He is completing a manuscript on the Battle of Mobile Bay.