Tributaries

Tributaries

Journal of the Alabama Folklife Association

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Editors

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Editors' Note

Volume 9 of *Tributaries* focuses on some topics of Alabama culture tied to the natural environment. From hunting and fishing to horticulture and agriculture, the people of Alabama spend a great deal of their time engaging the state's natural resources and enjoying their natural environment. Over time, we have manipulated the flora and fauna in various ways. Our contributing authors share their experiences and research in this issue.

Dr. Jim Brown of Samford University describes the tradition of snaring River Redhorse on the Cahaba River. Horticulturalist and businessowner Jason Powell of Petals from the Past in Jemison contributes a look at the emerging world of heirloom gardening. Covington county agent Charles M. "Chuck" Simon shares his firsthand experiences raising culture on the hoof—the efforts at keeping in existence early strains of cattle. A quartet of researchers—anthropologist Lori Cormier, historian Jacqueline "Jackie" Matte, and Choctaw Indians Reva Reed and Cedric Sunray give a profile of the traditional homeland of the MOWA Choctaw of southwest Alabama. Carole King offers a tribute to the late George Stritikus, a pioneer of Alabama heirloom gardening. Reviewers Jim Hall, Laurie Sommers, and Joey Brackner offer descriptions of new documentary products relating to Alabama culture.

Since 1999, the Alabama Folklife Association (AFA) has produced *Tributaries* on an annual basis. This has been possible because of funding from the Alabama State Council on the Arts, the dedication of the AFA board, and the contributions of our writers and reviewers. Other ways to ensure the continuation of *Tributaries* are to encourage your friends to join the AFA and to contribute writing to the journal. Issue 10 (2007) will be a thematic issue on language and dialect in Alabama. Also during 2007, we will solicit articles for *Tributaries* 11 (2008) on a variety of subjects. So please consider writing for that issue or asking others to do so.

The Alabama Folklife Association website—Alabamafolklife.org—is

the source of current news and projects of the AFA. At this site you can order this and past issues of *Tributaries*, selected publications, and other products that will enhance your understanding of Alabama folk culture. For your convenience, we have included information about the AFA and its documentary products at the back of the issue.

We appreciate the many suggestions by AFA members and others. We also wish to acknowledge the annual copyediting and design efforts of RANDALL WILLIAMS. We welcome your suggestions, comments and contributions for future issues.

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River Redhorse and the Seasonal Snaring Thereof in Alabama

Jim Brown

If, after reading this article on the Alabama tradition of snaring River Redhorse, you'd like to learn more of what science knows about this biggest of American river suckers, you're in luck: Alabama has not one but two great books on fishes of the state. Each is fairly recent, with full-color illustrations, precise range maps, description of size, habits and habitats of the River Redhorse (and hundreds more species of fresh- and brackish-water fish), plus extensive bibliographies.

In 1996 a team of scholars led by Scott Mettee of the State Geological Survey published *Fishes of Alabama and the Mobile Basin*. Their coverage of the River Redhorse on the facing pages 358–359 of the book is typical of their treatment of each of the three hundred fish species covered by the book. On the left-hand page is a large color map of Alabama's river drainage system, with a small black dot placed where each of 111 known scientific collections of this particular species was made, and below that large map is a small black-and-white inset map of the entire U.S. delineating the total range of the fish, from its southernmost occurrence in the very south of Alabama and Mississippi to its radiation way up the Missouri, Mississippi, and Ohio rivers. At the top of the right-hand, facing page is a vivid full-color photograph of what appears to be either a live or very recently preserved River Redhorse, set against a shaded turquoise background. This full side view shows off the beautiful red dorsal (top), caudal (tail) and anal (bottom rear) fins of a breeding adult male; the silvery sheen off the scales makes the image appear almost three-dimensional. The etymology and origin of the binomial nomenclature of genus and species follows: *Moxostoma*, "mouth to suck," and *carinatum*, "keel," as the species was

Figure 1
A River Redhorse. (Photo by Jim Brown)

first scientifically named in 1870 by a most famous early ichthyologist named Edward Drinker Cope. From the "habitat and biology" section of the text a reader learns that this fish prefers mid- to large-sized streams, with "moderate to swift currents" over "sand, gravel and cobble," that it seems to thrive on the little imported Asian clam *Corbicula* that has colonized most Alabama stream bottoms, and that adults in breeding condition were collected or seen spawning in April.

Eight years later, in 2004, Professors Herbert Boschung and Rick Mayden of the University of Alabama, successive curators of its Icthyological Collection for some forty years, published *Fishes of Alabama*.[1] An even bigger book, it must weigh ten pounds, with each page ten inches tall by a full eleven inches wide. Published by the Smithsonian Institution (and beautifully printed in Italy), its introduction is by biologist and Alabama native E. O. Wilson. The space allotted to the River Redhorse in this book is roughly the same space in

square inches as in the earlier fish book, but instead of a single photograph, two small, hand-drawn and painted images of a juvenile and a female River Redhorse head up the text and are repeated in larger size in the Plates in the middle of the book (Pl. 43). The artist's illustrations are magnificent, equal or superior to anything done in famous birding guides as by Peterson or Sibley. There are state and national range maps similar to those in the earlier fish book. In the text more information is provided on how the species is endangered by siltation which, among other things, kills the mollusks on which it primarily feeds. There is also a much more detailed account of its spawning behavior—especially germane to the later part of this article—including mention of a debate between university ichthyologists and fisheries biologists on whether or not the male River Redhorse "purposefully" builds a nest or courts females at spawning sites.

What a fortunate state, then, is Alabama, in which one can check out both books in a library, open them side-by-side to the *Moxostoma carinatum* sections, and enjoy a comparative literary and visual feast of scientific information. But even the best science has its limitations, of course, and can have no valid comment to make on the belief that the River Redhorse was created to be snared, in due season, by good old boys on the Cahaba River.

That due season, or peak spawning season for the River Redhorse—the only time they are "tame" enough to snare—is about one week that usually falls between April 10 and May 10. If you had to pick one date to be on some proper fast-water gravel shoals of the Cahaba or the Little Cahaba (the Little Cahaba that heads up near Montevallo, not one of the other two Little Cahabas farther north), you should make it April 20. But it changes somewhat year to year, probably because of variations in winter and spring temperature and rainfall. Scientists with thermometers might be able to pinpoint the spawning week by water temperature, but the old tried-and-true folkloric guide is to use markers on the unfolding biological calendar of Spring itself. Fairly recently I heard a Bibb County Redhorse fisherman say that he looked for the flowers of "bush ivy," as mountain laurel [*Kalmia latifolia*] is colloquially known there, to start to open along the river. But my chief instructor taught me a quarter-century and more ago to watch for the tulip poplar [*Liriodendron tulipfera*] in bloom: not freshly opened but fully, maturely open, as when a spring breeze

can tilt the wide-opened blossoms enough to cause a light drizzle of nectar to fall on you from a hundred feet up.

That chief instructor was Mott Lovejoy, and it took me awhile to find him. I first heard about the snaring of Redhorse sometime in 1978 from the late Joe Grammar, then proprietor of a canoe rental business at Bulldog Bend on the Little Cahaba. He told me about people using a twelve- or fourteen-foot cane pole tipped with a loop made of a guitar string, with a little piece of lead on the bottom of the wire loop, to catch big river sucker by the tail. He said that he had never done it but had watched people doing it from his vantage point on the bridge that crosses the river there at Bulldog Bend. Mr. Grammar said there were just a few around who did it, not the whole community. Most of them were men who went by themselves, though occasionally one would take his wife. He had seen them come back with "washtubs full" from the Little Cahaba and the "Big River" (meaning the main Cahaba). He directed me to Mott Lovejoy and his uncle Morgan Lovejoy a few miles down the road in the community of Six Mile, known practitioners of the sport, warning me in particular about Morgan Lovejoy's sense of humor and predicting that he

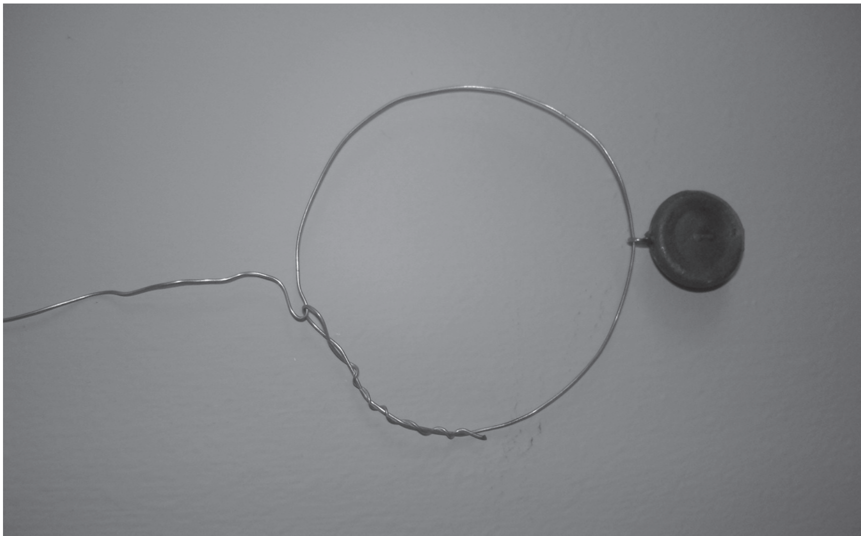

FIGURE 2

A typical wire-loop apparatus for snaring Redhorse on the Little Cahaba. (Photo by Jim Brown)

would "break one off in us" before the end of a conversation.

So I showed up, unannounced, at Morgan Lovejoy's home in Six Mile the afternoon of December 22, 1978, with a folklore student in tow and a tape recorder in hand. Mr. Lovejoy, a bit unsure who we were and what we wanted, talked to us through the screen door a while, then warmed up when he understood the topic under research. He took us around the house to show us the difference in Asian bamboo and the native cane, one of the latter stand being better than an inch in diameter. He told us he was born in 1895, which made him eighty-three or so at the time of the interview. He said he had last been to the river with his grandson Tommy Campbell, then in his twenties, that past spring; he had watched Tommy snare twelve big Redhorse one after the other and not lose a fish. We walked back up to the house then, and with Mr. Lovejoy's approval turned on the tape recorder.

Part of what we got were jokes that started out as what we thought were serious stories and on which we were taking notes, to Mr. Lovejoy's great amusement when the joke broke upon us. He talked about his brother Joe who was once crappie fishing with a small hook and float down on the Big River, along with his wife and young daughter who had a Kodak camera. Joe had already caught a good many crappie when he hung some other sort of fish so big he knew the little crappie rig would never hold it. So Joe said to his daughter, according to Mr. Lovejoy:

> C'mere, I got something large here and I'd like to get a picture of it if I could, if I could get it to the top. And says she walked up, and about the time she walked up that thing come up right lengthways, its back, and she snapped a picture, and he give a flounce and broke his line, and sent the negative to Birmingham, and when the picture come back *it* weighed fifteen pounds!

But in a serious vein his memories about Redhorsing went back for six decades and more. He had moved from the little community of Randolph (Bibb County) to the vicinity of Bulldog Bend in 1912, and a Charlie Edwards got him started gigging and snaring soon after he arrived. Trying to think back about others who in his earliest recollections fished Redhorse, he named "old man Burns MacGuire; he was a terrible fisherman, Mr. MacGuire was."

Morgan Lovejoy set us straight on a few other matters that Joe Grammar, an observer from afar, had not clearly understood. He described the spawning of River Redhorse in a swift but smooth-water gravel run, from one to two feet deep, when a "mare" (female) would lean over on one side a little and begin vibrating, against a "horse" (male) on that side "to keep her steady," and often a third fish, another male, would come in then to press against her other side. As to the snaring of same, a twenty-foot cane pole was sometimes too short; you should cut as long a cane pole as you could find. The "guitar wire" noose described by Mr. Grammar was in reality a brass wire noose, softer and not so springy, with a one-ounce lead weight made to slip along the wire of the noose. The sliding lead weight was to drag along the bottom and so keep the plane of the wire loop at right angles to the current. The overall aim was not to catch the Redhorse by the tail with the noose, or snare, but just behind the gills and in front of the pectoral fins. Too big a loop and it would go completely over the fish without snaring it. When you got the noose positioned just right, you had hold of a strong fish of from three to six or more pounds with head and tail free, and no give in the wire: "They'll horse, too, they'll pull. They're a lot of fun," said Morgan Lovejoy, probably explaining the origin of the common name of the fish.

Mr. Lovejoy told one story about a time in the distant past (I wish now we had asked exactly when) when the sport became more popular, and whole families would go. He particularly remembered an "old man Turner" and his wife and son-in-law fishing on the shoals at Trot's Ford:

> Well, old man Turner, he'd get out in front, and that'd run them off of the bed, see. And it was real swift there. And there was one extra Redhorse there, and he hung it, and that water was swift. And his son-in-law was right there. And that Redhorse jerked him down, with the help of that swift water, and his son-in-law grabbed the pole and he went down over them shoals. He was bony, they called him Bones, his son-in-law—went down over there and you could see them skinny knees sticking up (laughter) and the Redhorse got loose. See, if you give them slack they'd get loose.

He told another story from the more recent past:

> Now this sounds unreasonable. A few years ago, I had a pickup truck here. And my son [and nephew and one other person], we were down below Centreville, down on Big River. And we learned how—we used to put them on a string, you know, staging, trotline or something. And they'd slosh so 'til they'd tear their gills out and then they'd die quick. We learned to get tow sacks and put four or five in each sack and tie them to a sapling somewhere in the water. And we had so many when we come out of there . . . you know, fishermen can tell some big ones, but this is the truth. We got so many that we carried them out in those sacks and poured them in my pickup and that bed was, it was a Chevrolet, that bed was half full, now, of Redhorse. And those eggs was all over them, all slimy, you know, them eggs, slime and all. And I knew the fellow that had charge of the waterworks at Centreville . . . and so I just connected up that big hose, and backed that truck down there over a drain, you know, and washed 'em out, just washed all that slime and eggs off.

As he remembered it, his son and grandson then peddled the still-living fish in an African American neighborhood where live fish were always in high demand, selling them for a dollar apiece, no matter what the size of the fish.

Looking back at our questions on this tape from the point of view of someone who has now snared Redhorse himself, it is clear how fuzzy on the actual art of it we were. Morgan Lovejoy, of course, understood that at the time. Once late in the interview he said, "Oh, I wish you could go one time. You see Mott and tell him you want to go with him."[2]

I didn't need any more encouragement. A month later, on January 25, 1979, I caught up with J. Winfred ("Mott") Lovejoy at his home not far from Six Mile. He was about forty-eight or forty-nine years old at the time to my thirty-four, a real outdoorsman who lived for the turkey and Redhorse seasons but whose recent heart surgery had made his wife Nellie Ree nervous about him being out alone. He was a big-boned, muscular six-foot-three or six-four with the friendly playfulness of a child, and one of the nicest people I ever met. Years later, I'd sometimes get a phone call at my home in Birmingham that would start out with a deep, gravelly "Hey, boy," and then silence, no names or other introductions. I'd say, "Is that you, Mott? Where are you?"

FIGURE 3
Mott Lovejoy with River Redhorse he caught in 1956. (Photo courtesy of Jim Brown)

and it would usually be Brookwood Hospital where he came when his blood pressure spiked uncontrollably.

Mott had logged more hours of Redhorse observation than all the experts in fish behavior in all the universities in America put together, I suppose, and could probably have taught Messrs. Boschung and Mettee some things about this species, at least. He had the modesty of a true expert:

> These things, we've watched them. Course we don't know that much about it, what goes on—all we know is what we see, you know, watching them bed. And those horses will go there and root this bed out. And maybe that'll go on three or four days before she [the mare] ever shows up.

I asked him if you could snare the males at that time, or if they would be too skittish or "wild," and he said:

> Yeah, you can catch 'em, but they're harder to catch. But whenever they start [spawning], when the mare gets there to lay the eggs, you can watch 'em. She'll come in there and stop—*big* thing—and then one'll come in on both sides of her, just like that [holding hands parallel, thumb sides up] and she'll be right between 'em. And they'll get right on both sides of 'em like that and you'll see 'em just go to working, just like that [hands still parallel, trembling in unison]. And you can see the muddy water just a-flying. And then they'll squirt it [milt or sperm] out on those eggs, and that'll stick it to the rocks and fertilize them. And then they'll hatch in just a few days. And then they'll do that and then she'll drift off.

When I asked if the spawning wasn't continuous, Mott answered:

> No, she'll come back afore long, you know, go to drifting back in there. And when she starts in there, you can catch 'em then. I don't care if he is wild, he won't run [laughs].

I asked if they stayed to guard their eggs for awhile, like a bass or bream on the bed, and Mott said:

Figure 4
A typical Redhorse spawning bed on the Little Cahaba River. (Photo by Jim Brown)

> No, they're gone, and you can see small fish just eating them—minnows and gars just ease up on the bed and you can see them little old suckers eating them, while you're fishing. But it's real interesting.

Later when we fished together—and I'd try to get down at least one day every April, while he was still living—he taught me to look for the "bed horse," usually one of the smaller males that was a sort of watchman for the beds on the entire gravel bar: if you caught him off his spot, or in some way frightened him away, most of the others would follow his lead and vacate the spawning beds for a good while.

Later I heard of Redhorse fishing on Buck Creek, a tributary of the Cahaba that runs through Helena, and Redhorsing that had gone on on the Cahaba near Caldwell Mill Road just south of Birmingham and even near White's Chapel in the very upper stretch of the river, considerably east and a little north

of Birmingham. When I asked Mott what he thought the limits on Redhorse bedding in the river were, during that first interview, he replied:

> They'll bed from one end of this river to the other. But most of the time there's just a bed, maybe, half as big as this room [speaking in a room maybe fourteen feet on a side]. And you can catch, oh man, no telling how many right there. And they just come for, it'll be the onliest place for a mile they'll bed, and they'll come from all, from both ways there, see. And man, they'll just fill it up.

That first April, in 1979, when Mott called me and told me to come down because the Redhorse were on the bed, the river had muddied up from a hard rain before I got there. We sat at Bulldog Bend on a child's metal A-frame swing set, minus the swings, that somebody had carried out onto an underwater gravel bar, and dragged our 3½-inch diameter wire snares in the fast muddy water, fishing blind. We never caught a fish, though Mott assured me if you knew where the beds were you could often catch fish in muddy water or the dark of night by dragging blind. The biggest Redhorse he'd ever seen caught on the Little Cahaba, an estimated nine pounds, had been caught on or just after a night fishing trip:

> I was about, I guess, fifteen years old. Daddy and me fished at that thing all night trying to catch him, and we couldn't. Every time we'd start to catch him, he'd back up under some bushes. There was a bunch of people there that night, and Dad and me just give out, and so we laid down to go to sleep, woke up the next morning, and this old boy was laying there about half-sloughed [rhymed with "glued," and meant "drunk"], I call it. When I woke up, he'd been up there and caught him, and was letting the water drip off his tail in my face, you know. He'd slipped up there and caught him. Daddy'n me had fished at him all night, and couldn't catch him.

His favorite memory of night fishing, though, was this:

> Oh, I caught, one night Uncle Morgan and Daddy and Uncle Morgan's youngest boy were there, down, well that was down close to the mouth of the

> Little River where it runs into the Cahaba. And it was cool that night. And I had an old green pole. You usually tried to fish with a dry pole, you know, on account of the thing, you have to hold it out on the end, and it just gets heavy. And they'd been wild that day and they'd just got right at the right stage, they fished. And a carbide lamp—did you ever see one?

I told him I had, that I knew how you could adjust it to cast a broad beam, and he went on:

> Well it's broader, too, but they just blend in the water better, too. They're not as bright a light. And I caught, well I got out there and cut me a pole, you know, green. And them things got so tame there that I was just holding the light with one hand and fishing with one hand, just had my pole choked up, you know, and had part of it sticking back behind me, and it wasn't so heavy then, you know, with it balanced in your hand. And they was on the bank asleep, now, I couldn't get them in there; but it was cool. I'd catch them things like that, and I just threw them out there all night long. I caught one after awhile, and instead of him going up and down the river, or out, he just come right back between my feet with it, you know. Well naturally he just broke my pole when he just doubled it up. Being a green pole, it just, you know, broke it down, but it didn't break it completely off. And when he broke it, I seen what happened, and I just turned and run with him, and just like a mule pulling a wagon or something, and run out on him. Then I had to quit, I just went out there then and went to bed. And then I had them in a—well, I caught thirty-two that night there weighed a hundred and twenty pounds. That'd give you some idea about what they are. Course that was in Little Cahaba, but now they get bigger than that in Big Cahaba.[3]

The second spring I fished for Redhorse with Mott on the Little Cahaba, in 1980, the water was clear, and we caught them in the classic manner. When visibility was marginal, with silty water or shadows dappling the surface, the first thing you'd see of a fish would be that bright red tail fin, undulating in the water for all the world like a piece of red rag hung on a rock and waving in the current. Then the whole fish would gradually materialize. When you

had one sitting still in a bed, the technique was to lower the wire snare quietly into the current a few feet upstream from the fish, which would be hugging the bottom in its shallow depression in the fast water, and bring your loop down with the current, trying to keep the line and wire as vertical as possible while still letting the lead weight drag bottom a little (so as to keep the wire loop square to the current) and so maneuver the snare over the fish's head. If you missed the fish and it was still tame enough to sit there, you'd gently raise your snare, swing it upstream over the fish, lower it in the water again and make another pass at the fish. Two fishermen in tandem could stand side-by-side and do the same thing, as long as they dragged and then lifted and swung upstream in unison. In clear water you could watch a fish shrug or twist when the noose went around it, and then could pull the cane pole up to tighten the snare yourself. More often the fish would bolt at the touch and tighten the noose itself. If the fish ran upstream or downstream, the cane pole would absorb some of the tremendous pull, but if it darted straight away from you, it

Figure 5
River Redhorse swimming (Photo by Jim Brown)

was like being tied to a pickup truck. You, the fisherman, were often knee-deep in fast water, with the current trying to take gravel out from under your feet and you trying to keep tension on the snare as the big fish ran and flopped. As Mott said, on average you were lucky to get about two of every ten you snared to the bank. Most often you missed the fish and your wire snare collapsed, so you had to hand-walk your long cane pole up to the tip while letting the butt of the pole trail downstream in the current, then reset the snare by opening it to the appropriate three and a half-inch diameter and setting a bend in the wire to keep it there, then hand-walk down to the butt of the pole again while trying not to jerk the snare shut again. Mott prided himself on the smallness of his loop, which required more skill to maneuver around the fish but which resulted in more proper hookups; he kept a close eye on me in this regard as well, because after a period of catching no fish, I tended to widen my loop to make up for my lack of skill. Whenever Mott kept fish at all, he only kept the males, or horses. The community conservation ethic, as long as he could remember, had always been to release all females to spawn and spawn again. Here are my field notes verbatim on that day (and night), May 2, 1980:

> Went down to Mott Lovejoy's in Six Mile, Bibb Co., AL, got there before 2 p.m., we headed down toward the Little Cahaba within a mile or two where it goes into the main Cahaba—or just "little" & "big" river, in local parlance. Drove pickup down by river at a shoal—a gravel bar cut the river in half & a white water rapid maybe 4 ft deep went around it. On the upper part of the gravel bar (upstream), the redhorse were in prime breeding season. The other spot we checked they were gone, apparently finished. This population—you could see 20 at a time working across the river when we stopped the truck—may have been delayed by heavy fishing pressure—remains of last night's bonfire—& sure enough, about dusk some other folks came in. Mott had fished on that same shoal as a kid, & his father & uncle fished it since 1913. We caught 23 fish, the smallest more than 2 pounds, the largest 6 and 7. Caught 6 mares, returned them to water; kept 17 horses. Kept them alive in a burlap sack tied in the current. Bag must have weighed 50 lbs. or more. You could see 3 or 4 in the same hole sometimes, & sometimes a frenzied burst of activity—"the mud'd just fly," was the way Mott put it; he said that was the climax of the breeding,

> a horse coming up on either side of a mare. Mott says they press against her to help the eggs squirt out. All the fish we caught would squirt milt or eggs. Stayed till after midnight. Mott had electric headlamps, though he said carbide would have spooked the fish less.

My finest memory of fishing with Mott is when he, his cousin Tommy and I went in his pickup to a long shoal on the main Cahaba River some miles downstream from Centreville. We went through two locked gates, to which Mott had been given the key by the landowners with whom he had long familiarity, pulled the truck down to the river and found no fish on the nearest shoal. Mott sent the two of us as scouts up and down the river to the next gravel bars, and on the first gravel bar downstream there was a concentration of what must have been a couple of hundred Redhorse, looking like small brown sharks holding in the current all across the yellow gravel bar, occasionally rippling the water with slashing runs at an encroaching rival. Mott said it was one of the biggest and "ripest" concentrations he'd ever seen. We—mainly Mott and Tommy, of course—landed forty-four horses and three mares, the latter returned to the water. That was May 7, 1983, and my field notes say that I'd seen my first tulip poplar bloom a week-and-a-half earlier.

Mott always cut his own cane poles, from twenty to twenty-five feet long. While they were still green, he tied a bundle of three with cord every foot or so along their whole lengths, then tied a rope to the gathered butt ends and threw it up over a tall tree limb, hoisted the butts up until the tips cleared the ground, and then tied a rock to the gathered tip ends as a weight so all three poles would dry and cure absolutely straight from butt to tip. He made his wire snares from #20 brass wire from the hardware store, when he couldn't get #24 steel wire smuggled out to him from friends who worked at Hays Aircraft in Birmingham: the steel wire would hardly ever break, while the brass wire, especially after it had been bent and re-bent a few times, would sometimes pop under the strain of a big fish. He molded his own lead sinkers around little wire hangers, fairly flat sinkers to keep the wire snare close to the bottom, and with rounded edges so as not to catch on rocks. He tied nylon or cotton cord to his twenty inches or so of wire that made the actual snare, then fixed the cord to the tip of the cane pole with a knot, and finally spiraled the rest of the cord

most of the way down the cane pole and tied it off. This last was to strengthen the cane pole and keep the tip from being broken off in the tremendous strain of trying to lift a thrashing five-pound fish completely clear of the water at the end of a twenty-five-foot lever!

Despite all the nylon, steel, brass, and lead used in this later phase of the sport, Mott was still convinced—as am I—that this noosing or snaring of fish has to be a survival of an Indian fishing technique. John Swanton, for example, in his *Indians of the Southeastern United States*, quoted the English traveler Beverly from 1705 on the Indian snaring of sturgeon:

> The Indian way of Catching Sturgeon, when they came into the narrow part of the Rivers, was by a Man's clapping a Noose over their Tail, and by keeping fast his hold. Thus a Fish finding it self intangled, wou'd flounce, and often pull him under Water, and then that Man was counted a Cockarouse, or brave Fellow, that wou'd not let go; till with Swimming, Wading, and Diving, he had tired the Sturgeon, and brought it ashore . . . .[4]

Then again, "a wire loop mounted on a stick" to slip over a salmon's tail was a common poacher's tool in Wales and probably many other parts of northern Europe, and the idea could well have come in with European pioneers.[5]

Whatever the origins of this snaring, in modern times it seems to be unique to central Alabama, with Bibb County as its epicenter; the author, at least, has found no evidence of surviving counterparts anywhere else in the United States. Through the years Mott Lovejoy and his dwindling band of fellow Redhorse snarers were discovered, celebrated, and rediscovered by journalists and biologists as well as by historians and folklorists. Mott took sportswriters from the Tuscaloosa paper out Redhorsing as early as 1956, and was sent a copy of the black-and-white photo of him with a six-pound Redhorse, a photo they had run in the paper; I borrowed it and made a copy of it on a copy stand and still have it in my files.

In 1966 a couple of district fisheries biologists wrote an article called "'Redhorse Are Shoaling' Cry Calls Fishermen to Cahaba" in the journal *Alabama Conservation*. In it they talk about the beauty of the River Redhorse and how the Cahaba River is its last main stand in a State whose rivers were at that time

increasingly impounded and polluted. They very briefly discuss snaring, but the accompanying picture shows them with rods and reels, casting weighted treble hooks to foul hook the Redhorse and so snatch them off the beds. Mott would have taken exception to such unsportsmanlike taking of his favorite fish; not only would it have required little in the way of skill, it would have permanently damaged the "mares."[6]

Clarke Stallworth, then associate editor for the *Birmingham News*, had an article in the paper in May 27, 1984, called "Romance with Red Horse is one family's tradition." It is about Charlie and Frank Griffin and their traditional hunt for spawning Redhorse on the Cahaba. The article is poorly informed on fish, calling the Redhorse "vegetarian, nibbling on moss and grass on the bottom," but insightful on the people and their fascination with this seasonal migration.[7]

Mike Bolton, outdoors writer for that same *Birmingham News*, had a good article in the Sunday edition of May 3, 1987 (note that this too is a May publication date, obviously hard on the heels of the usual late April–early May Redhorse bedding on the Cahaba) on members of this same Griffin family. The article was called "Redhorse roping: Griffin brothers keep tradition alive with three-day vigil on the Cahaba River Shoals." Accompanying the article is the best action picture of snaring I've ever seen, captioned "Helena's Frank Griffin wrestles a hefty redhorse sucker from the Cahaba River." One interesting note from the article is on how the sweet-tasting but very bony fish was formerly pressure-cooked and canned, and thus "became a year around meal that would stick to the ribcage when times were hard."[8] These days almost no Redhorse fishermen keep fish—horses or mares; it's all for the sport, or the seasonal ritual.

Mott Lovejoy himself passed away in late March of 1995, just before the yearly Redhorse season he loved so much. I didn't hear about it until I drove down to Bulldog Bend in mid-April, checking on the condition of the Redhorse, and folks at the canoe rental business there told me about his passing. I remember the shock of the conversation: it was hard for me to imagine that the Redhorse could still shoal without Mott being there to appreciate it. He is buried beside his wife in the cemetery of the beautiful little Baptist Church in Six Mile, may he and Nellie Ree rest in peace. One of the lesser stars in their

crowns has to be their kindnesses shown to a naive and nosy history professor a quarter century ago. ■

Notes

1. Herbert T. Boschung, Jr., and Richard L. Mayden, with illustrations by Joseph R. Tomelleri and foreword by Edward O. Wilson, *Fishes of Alabama* (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Books, 2004), pp. xviii, 736.
2. Interview with Morgan Lovejoy at his home in Six Mile, by Jim Brown and Bill Finch, December 22, 1978. Tape and transcript in possession of author.
3. Interview with Mott Lovejoy at his home near Six Mile, by Jim Brown, January 25, 1979. Tape and transcript in possession of author.
4. John R. Swanton, *Indians of the Southeastern United States* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1946), pp. 333–4.
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7. Clarke Stallworth, "Romance with Red Horse is one family's tradition," *Birmingham News*, Sunday May 27, 1984, pp. 1D and 8D.
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Heritage Gardening

Jason Powell

Gardening, without a doubt, is one of the oldest of our Southern traditions. From the time our ancestors stepped off the ships they began gardening out of necessity and for pleasure. However, the history of our gardens is revealed as a series of grand expectations foundering under the difficulties of climate, geography, and economic necessity to be reborn in new and uniquely American gardening traditions. A prime example is the settlers of Plymouth Colony in Massachusetts. They brought with them high hopes and seeds such as English wheat, barley, and peas. After the starving winter of 1620–21 half of the company had perished when native corn, pumpkins, beans, and squash proved to be the colonists' salvation. Just a generation later, however, they would be able to write about gardens that flourished not only with food crops but also with flowers.

Our love of gardening is as strong today as it has ever been even though changes have brought about new tools, styles, and techniques. Heritage gardening is somewhat of a renaissance movement we are seeing in the garden world today. It involves looking at plants our grandparents grew rather than to the latest introductions. These plants include antique roses, heirloom shrubs, cottage perennials, herbs, reseeding annuals, period fruit trees, and vegetable plants. Reasons for considering the plants our ancestors grew include but are not limited to: a direct tie to our family history, plants that are time-tested, and fragrance and flavor that may have been bred out of modern plants.

Further evidence of the interest in heritage plants is revealed by examining some of the great lengths researchers are going to in an effort to restore historic landscapes. Restoration projects are ongoing at places such as the Center for Historic Plants at Monticello. Thomas Jefferson's home was his pride and joy.

FIGURE 1

Old fashioned thrift (*Phlox subulata*) growing over a low wall. (Photo by Jason Powell)

The gardens being maintained there include his flower garden which amounts to a botanical library of plants from around the world. The fruit and vegetable gardens are of major interest including well over one hundred and seventy varieties of fruit plants. However it is the establishment in 1987 of the Center for Historic Plants that reveals an even greater level of commitment to heirloom plants. The purpose of this center is to collect, preserve, and distribute historic plants varieties. Not only those plants Jefferson grew, but any plants that would have been prevalent in the nineteenth century. In addition to the efforts at Monticello, we are seeing great efforts to maintain George Washington's home, Mount Vernon. Washington's layout for his landscape covered an eight thousand-acre plantation. Visitors today can see what is referred to as the "Mansion House Farm" that covers five hundred acres and includes a border of deep woods, rolling meadows, serpentine walkways, a kitchen garden, and groves of trees.

Additional interest at the university level is being paid to historic plants

and landscapes. I was fortunate to work with Dr. Bill Welch while a graduate student at Texas A&M University. His interest in historic plants is evidenced by the titles of the books he has authored which include *Antique Roses for the South* and *The Southern Heirloom Garden*. He also was instrumental in getting a movement started in Texas to rescue antique roses. This group of volunteers called themselves "Texas Rose Rustlers" and met regularly to travel the state visiting cemeteries, old homesites, and great gardens in search of old roses to bring back to the nursery trade. Nancy Volkman, a professor in the department of landscape architecture at Texas A&M, encouraged the exploration of our historic "roots" in a book she co-authored, *Landscapes in History, Design, and Planning in the Western Tradition*. One final example is Richard Westmacott, a professor in the school of environmental design at the University of Georgia, who wrote *African-American Gardens and Yards in the South*.

My work with Dr. Welch and my experiences at Texas A&M helped me

Figure 2
'Mrs. B. R. Cant', an old-fashioned rose, introduced in 1901. (Photo by Jason Powell)

decide that a nursery devoted to "old-fashioned and tough plants" was an endeavor I would like to explore. I was fortunate to meet my wife Shelley at Texas A&M and with her help and the help of my family and a wonderful staff we operate Petals from the Past, a plant nursery in Jemison, Alabama. Over the last twelve years we have observed a growing interest in heirloom plants. To re-familiarize gardeners with these plants we grow them in display gardens. The gardens allow visitors to see how large the plants can become and what they look like in a certain season, and to taste the fruits of our labor. Each year we help people identify plants which may have been in their families for generations. These plants, mostly antique roses, are living reminders of friends and family who may no longer be around. The ease of propagation for these plants ensures that more can be shared with generations to come. Antique roses are defined by the American Rose Society as those varieties introduced prior to 1867. Historically this date is significant because this was the year the first hybrid tea rose was introduced.

FIGURE 3
'Van Houtte' spirea in early spring. (Photo by Jason Powell)

However, most gardeners are more interested in the characteristics these charming antique plants add to our landscapes. For me, fragrance is first and foremost. Old garden roses smell like roses. In addition to great fragrance, antique roses also display attractive shapes as plants. Modern hybrid tea roses typically are characterized by angular stems with an upright growth habit giving the appearance of soldiers. Antique roses as a group grow fuller than their modern counterparts and I prefer to describe their shape as "fat and happy." They fit easily into a border. A third characteristic endearing old garden roses to gardeners is their disease resistance. Thankfully their ability to survive for generations of neglect has left us with the toughest of the tough.

Roses have always been considered the Queen of flowers. Antique roses due to their versatility may be used to address numerous landscape needs. The climbers and ramblers such as 'Dr. W. Van Fleet', 'Seven Sisters', and *Rosa multiflora carnea* can be used to address the vertical element. An arbor, trellis, or pergola appears far more majestic with a flowering rose draped over it and offers height to the landscape. Large shrub roses, including such classes as the hybrid musks and chinas provide a backdrop for the perennial border or can be used as a hedge to define a boundary. Old garden teas work wonderfully well mixed into perennial borders and are the best source of roses that produce flowers suitable for cutting. Between 1830 and 1860 this class was all the rage with their large double flowers and tea-like fragrance. For smaller spaces and less height the polyantha class offers the most selection. This class includes some of the most well-known roses such as the 'Sweetheart Rose' and 'Marie Pavie'. Shrub polyanthas are between two and four feet in height and are ideal for containers or blending into the perennial border. Climbing polyanthas are generally great on small arbors or used on posts.

Defining an heirloom shrub is not as easy as an antique rose. We think of heirloom shrubs as those that are time-tested. There are no standards but typically any shrub that has been in existence for a hundred or more years is considered an heirloom. In addition to age, we look for shrubs that are not susceptible to common diseases and insects. The spring-flowering white spirea is one of the most sought-after shrubs between March and May. Often referred to as "bridal wreath," there are at least four different species that have been important to Southern gardens since the mid-1800s. A very tough group of

shrubs, spireas are often found at old abandoned home sites, surviving when nothing else of the garden does. Like so many of the great shrubs from our grandmother's garden, they originated in Asia and followed the route from Asia to Europe to the United States.

One of my favorite evergreen shrubs is the banana shrub, *Michelia figo*. Pale, creamy yellow blossoms appear in the spring but you will smell it long before you see it. The fragrance is that of ripe bananas. People often mention banana shrubs in connection with sitting on their grandmother's front porch and remembering the fragrance in the evenings. It was introduced from China to Europe in 1789 as a greenhouse plant. Once in the southern U.S., it was discovered it made a wonderful eight- to fifteen-foot shrub or small tree that could handle and even enjoy our hot summers. 'Pearl Bush', *Exochorda racemosa*, is another spring-blooming white shrub that has no insect or disease problems and has been in gardens for a very long time. The unopened flowers line up in a row and resemble a string of pearls.

Perennials and herbs add color, texture, and fragrance to gardens. Like shrubs, those considered to be heirlooms are those that have been around for a century or more. One perennial that draws a great deal of attention in our garden is the four-o'clock, *Mirabilis jalapa*. Spanish gardeners were working with different colors of this perennial in the sixteenth century. Plants are bushy to three feet in height and the flowers are round, tubular, fragrant, and irresistible to hummingbirds. We have seen yellow, purple, white, striped, red, and orange four-o'clock flowers. Thomas Jefferson referred to them as the "marvel of Peru" and grew several species at Monticello.

One of the most popular herbs we grow today is rosemary, *Rosmarinus officinalis*. Having both medicinal and culinary uses, rosemary has proven to be an indispensable herb. Tolerant of full sun and poor soil, it is also easy to grow. Varieties include upright or prostrate forms.

Reseeding annuals are as important to a well-developed garden as perennials. By definition this plant group includes those plants that germinate, flower, produce seed, and die in one growing season. Generally their seed repeat the process all over again the next season wherever they land and without much help from the gardener. At the top of my list for this group are larkspur, old-fashioned petunias, cornflower, and zinnias. Zinnias, often referred to as "old

Figure 4
Reseeding Zinnias make great cut flowers. (Photo by Jason Powell)

maids," are one of the easiest cut flowers to grow in the South. Introduced in 1796, the zinnia originated in Mexico and arrived in Southern gardens a short time later. Double-flowered forms began appearing in the mid 1800s. My favorite form is the tall 'Cut and Come Again'. The yellow, orange, and red flowers occur four to five weeks after spring planting and last until frost. I cut all but a few for arrangements and leave those few to drop seed for the next year's crop.

The interest in the edible component of gardening has brought fruit plants and vegetables to the forefront for gardeners. Small fruits such as blackberries and blueberries have been around for quite some time but we are also seeing interest in the old-fashioned fruits such as pomegranates. Pomegranates, *Punica granatum,* are native to Arabia, Persia, Bengal, China, and Japan. Jesuit missionaries introduced this fruit to North America following the path Cortez traveled to America. As a shrub this plant is multi-trunked and can reach a

Figure 5

Perennial 'Clara Curtis' is a wonderful old chrysanthemum. (Photo by Jason Powell)

height of twelve to twenty-five feet. They are remarkable for their orange-red flowers that occur in spring. Pomegranates are most notable, however, for their delicious fruit which ripens in the fall.

Flavors from the vegetables our grandparents grew are often superior to what we find in the grocery store today. I think this is most obvious when evaluating the flavor of heirloom tomatoes in comparison to their modern counterparts. The tomato is typically the one vegetable we give a great deal of space in the garden. Originating in South America, they were domesticated more than two thousand years ago in Central America and Mexico. Heirloom varieties abound and those suited to our Southern gardens include 'Brandywine', an Amish variety predating 1885, and 'Yellow Pear', a small-fruited variety from the late 1800s. The flavor these varieties possess is more acid than many modern varieties.

As a trend, we are seeing heritage gardening growing by leaps and bounds.

One can scarcely pick up a gardening magazine today and not see an article addressing plants using descriptive terms such as old-fashioned, heirloom, antique, or cottage. This is not a trend that will be short-lived. Because of the tough, durable nature of old-fashioned plants, gardeners are discovering wonderful living heirlooms that can survive and thrive with minimal care. Organizations to both research and reintroduce these types of plants are numerous. Two of my favorites include Seed Savers Exchange in Decorah, Iowa, and Seeds of Diversity Canada, formerly Heritage Seed Program, based in Toronto, Canada. In addition to these organizations, groups such as the Rose Rustlers in Texas and branches of wildflower organizations are going to old home sites and construction sites to rescue tough plants before they are lost. If you are interested in "digging" into some of our horticultural past, add some of these living heirlooms to your garden and reap the benefits. ■

Southern Pineywoods Cattle

Charles M. Simon

The phrase *"forward with the past"* could well describe many people's interest in not only preserving but continuing production of living antiques in the form of the myriad varieties of old livestock breeds, be they poultry, swine, or cattle.

One such living antique is an obscure bovine called the Southern Pineywoods Cattle. This breed of cattle could be termed as an improved version of the larger breed that is known as the Florida Cracker Cattle.

The original cattle were brought into the New World during the Spanish colonization. These cattle, which many believe originated in the Andalusia province of Spain, were shipped into Florida, Mexico, and California from the sixteenth through eighteenth centuries. East and west Florida supported a number of Spanish ranches during the Spanish Colonial Period. These ranches were located from St. Augustine to Pensacola, many connecting with the Old Spanish Trail.

The American Indian did not have the means or the tradition of exploiting the native grasses in the Southeast with domesticated animals. European colonists' cattle, horses, sheep, and goats were able to forage on the vast flora, particularly wiregrass, found in our region. The practice of burning off the forests, especially during the winter, caused an explosion of tender forbs to grow in the early spring and summer. Livestock ranged freely on these food sources and converted their energy into body growth and offspring.

The descendants of these cattle make up the foundation of today's Florida Cracker Cattle. It is interesting to note that the same genetics that are in the Florida Cracker Cattle are in the Texas Longhorn Cattle. Both breeds came from common parental stock but developed differently because of their envi-

FIGURE 1
Typical Southern Pineywoods Cattle. (Photo by Charles Simon)

ronments. Also, many lines of the Longhorn are being bred to produce those enormous horns. Meanwhile, the California Spanish Cattle are extinct partly because there were no efforts to keep any of the lines intact.

Now, where does the Southern Pineywoods Cattle fit in this story? In southern Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and French Louisiana these were originally Spanish Criollo cattle bought by the French settlers or captured by the Anglo Americans from Spanish Florida. The cattle bought and used by the French colonists were kept essentially pure Spanish; but those captured by the Anglo Americans were crossbred with English breeds. By the early nineteenth century all the Spanish stock were being crossed with these Anglo American breeds which were essentially English breeds. Many of the resulting cattle were bred for draft as oxen or for beef production.

Early Southern cattle production techniques allowed cattle to range freely on private and public lands. Cattle were induced to remain in a given area by the use of salt, not by fences. Since salt is important to their diet and does not

occur naturally in many places, artificial salt licks were maintained to control cattle movements. These licks were small troughs usually cut out of a fallen log and kept full of granular salt. Because cattle tended to congregate around these areas, many catch pens were located there.

Once a year cattle in the different areas were "trapped" in the local catch pen. Those cattle not caught were pursued by men on horseback with their catch dogs into the swamps and thickets. These catch dogs were of the Catahoula and/or Black Mouth Cur breeds and would literally bring a cow down by catching it by the muzzle. All cows caught would, hopefully, have their calves with them. After the calves found their respective mothers, they were caught, pulled down to the ground, and ear notched and/or branded with the owners' mark. These ear notches and/or brand marks were registered with the county government.

Once a year surplus yearlings and cull cattle were driven to market and sold. Driving cattle was accomplished by men called drovers. One of the drovers would lead a boss cow or steer by a rope tied around its horns. The cattle followed the lead animal with the rear brought up by other drovers on horseback cracking their cow whips. "Cracker," the pejorative term for Southern whites, may come from this practice. Dogs were used to catch any stray cattle that wandered from the drive.

The twentieth century brought improved breeds such as the Black Angus, Hereford, Charolais, and Brahman to the South. Pastures were fenced and the old free range all but disappeared. These more modern breeds have displaced the older Cracker and Pineywoods Cattle to a point that they almost became extinct. A few families hung onto these old breeds well into the 1960s and 1970s.

During the late 1980s, concern for our disappearing breeds of livestock began a movement of preservation. Many individuals were concerned that we were losing genetic diversity because of the concentration of bloodlines in modern farming production. Such a loss would leave herds more vulnerable to new diseases by lessening the odds that some parts of herd would be genetically different enough to resist new threats.

The formation and growth of organizations such as the American Livestock Breeds Conservancy (ALBC) became a reality because enough people

FIGURE 2

Southern Pineywoods Cattle share some characteristics with the Texas Longhorn. (Photo by Charles Simon)

shared these concerns. Most breeds of livestock have their own preservation organizations such as the Florida Cracker Cattle Association and the Pineywoods Cattle Registry and Breeders Association. These organizations provide support, breeders' lists, and a forum where members can share experiences and information.

The primary goal of these associations is to use the concept of conservation breeding—as opposed to production breeding—to keep the old lines or strains of different breeds from extinction.

A leader in conservation breeding of old livestock breeds is Dr. Phillip Sponenberg, a professor of pathology and genetics at the Virginia Maryland Regional College of Veterinary Medicine at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He, along with Carolyn J. Christman, former program coordinator of the American Livestock Breeds Conservancy, wrote *A Conservation Breeding Handbook,* which is available from ALBC.

So, what is the difference in these two breeding concepts? Conservation breeding is multiplying the members of a certain line or strain without much regard to the prevailing meat or egg market of modern agriculture. All members of the line or strain are looked upon as contributing genetic material to the pool. No attempt is made to cull members that do not fit a certain "look." This keeps genetic diversity large within a breed.

By contrast, production breeding develops livestock to conform to an "ideal" body type to fit a particular marketplace. The marketplace is dictated by consumers who vote with their dollars. To achieve this end, producers will develop pure lines of livestock as seed stock to fit what the breed associations dictate. Other producers take these seed stocks and crossbreed to produce the meat, milk, or eggs that are wanted in the marketplace.

An illustration of this is combining two or more seed stock breeds to produce an ideal mature steer weighing eleven hundred to twelve hundred pounds that will yield packing box-size cuts with the right amount of tenderness and marbling in the meat and as little waste as possible.

There is a demand for good quality steaks, therefore, restaurants and grocery stores want to provide these steaks in pre-packaged sizes. The problem with this is that we lose too much genetic diversity within the breeds and everything becomes cookie-cutter. If the need arises to change the breed quickly, we will not have a gene pool diverse enough to accomplish this. Dr. Sponenberg put it plainly when he wrote, "A key here is that the broader, lower form of genetic organization of 'landraces,' species that are adapted to specific locales, such as the Pineywoods Cattle breed, is fairly resistant to damaging effects of changes in the environment." Imagine the three different types of "breed structure building" in an earthquake, or major shift in the production system. The lower, broader, more variable organization is likely to persist more than is the tall narrow skyscraper. This is a compelling reason for breed conservation and also for strain conservation within the breed.

Don't fault modern agriculture for its approach. People have to make a living and they produce what is wanted by the marketplace. People have practiced production breeding since Robert Bakewell began improving the old English longhorn breed in the eighteenth century. We have a high-quality, reasonably priced food supply because of this practice. It is not all bad.

However, we need to recognize that a safe deposit of genetic diversity also needs to be maintained. That is where conservation breeding and the old lines and strains of old livestock breeds fit in. Right now, there is not a lot of financial reward in keeping these old breeds, but people are nevertheless stepping up and doing it.

These people have their own personal reasons for preserving favorite breeds of livestock. Some of these reasons can be that their family has always had these animals and that there is a renewed interest in their continuation. Many buy a small piece of land and are attracted to a particular breed because of its novelty, rareness, or the joy of preserving a living piece of history.

Pineywoods Cattle are a unique piece of history that I found requires work and knowledge in basic cattle production. The intensity of the production is less than would be required if one had a modern, more highly developed breed such as Angus, Charolais, etc. Pineywoods Cattle are a small breed with cows weighing eight hundred to nine hundred pounds. A good thick-muscled, heavy bull will weigh-in at around fifteen hundred pounds. Being of small stature, these cattle will require less forage to maintain their weight. I feed mine hay and shelled corn, plus minerals, during the winter and they do well.

Pineywoods Cattle are a good choice for a small farm of thirty to one hundred acres if your objective is not to make a large amount of money. These cattle on the average will bring twenty to thirty cents per pound less than the comparable market price of a commercial animal at a local auction.

Personally, I have Pineywoods Cattle because of preservation and because they fit well on my land and lifestyle. I want my children to grow up around cattle, chickens, and other critters on a farm. This alone outweighs any financial losses I may incur from these cattle.

What are your objectives? Is there a place on your property for a minor breed? It does not have to be cattle; it could be one of the poultry breeds, swine, or even horses. Check out the different breeds; there may be one for you. ■

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Yakni—The Binding Force: Nature and Culture Among the MOWA Choctaw of Alabama

Loretta A. Cormier, Jacqueline A. Matte, Reva Lee Reed, and Cedric Sunray

Yakni is the closest translation in English for the term the Choctaw use for land. The term does not refer to a resource to be exploited or developed, an owned piece of property, or even to nature as a separate realm from culture. *Yakni* means "the binding force." It is not just the land, but the relationships that the Choctaw have to one another through the land. *Yakni* means that the land and the people are to be understood as inseparable from one another.

The MOWA Choctaw are the largest enduring community in the state of Alabama. Historical records describe their presence in their traditional lands for five hundred years, but they have been there much, much longer than the Western written archival documentation. In this essay, we discuss the history of the MOWA Choctaw and their land, the changes that have occurred over the last five centuries, and the continuing "binding force" that keeps the MOWA Choctaw linked to their land.

Background

The general public is unaware that the descendants of the Alabama Choctaw maintain a thriving community in southwestern Alabama. The acronym "MOWA" refers to the location of the MOWA Choctaw in the area bordering Mobile and Washington counties. The MOWA Choctaw are a community comprised of the descendants of American Indians who escaped the 1830 Indian Removal Act and remained in their traditional homeland in the Gulf Coast region of southwest Alabama.

Figure 1

A MOWA Choctaw ceremonial "sacred circle." (Photo courtesy of the MOWA Choctaw Cultural Center)

Historical and anthropological research traces the MOWA Choctaw people back to the days when their ancestors were living in villages integral to the Choctaw Nation. Many people do not know that not all Native Americans were removed from Alabama when the United States army marched members of the Choctaw Nation to Oklahoma along the "Trail of Tears." MOWA Choctaw ancestors have been documented as a distinct American Indian community since shortly after the 1830 Indian Removal Act and the subsequent Trail of Tears. In 1835, an Indian school was built in Mt. Vernon, Alabama, for the Alabama Choctaw.[1] Census records, birth certificates, sworn court testimony, government correspondence, military records, and anthropological descriptions provide written documentation of the Choctaws' continuous history in the area.[2] However, the strongest evidence of their American Indian ancestry is not found in written documents; it is found in their lives. Persevering MOWA Choctaw ancestors passed to their descendants their Indian identity and traditions, preserving their heritage despite a long history of injustice and persecution.

The MOWA Choctaw ancestors essentially became fugitives in their own homeland. After the Indian Removal Act of 1830, they retreated into heavily forested, marginally desirable land along the Tombigbee River, married amongst themselves, and maintained a separate community. Ironically, the isolation of the MOWA Choctaw ancestors helped to spare them from persecution, although not completely. Elders have described atrocities such as being hunted down and imprisoned, killed and dismembered, or taken west in periodic "Indian round-ups" by government-paid contractors. These types of events are well documented in the literature.[3]

Non-Indian settlers to the area applied the term "Cajun" to the MOWA Choctaw community, a term borrowed from a nickname given to French-Canadian immigrants to the Gulf Coast area who had originated in Acadia, which the MOWA Choctaw ancestors clearly were not.[4] The MOWA Choctaw today consider the term a pejorative, but nevertheless this is the term often used to document their community in the literature, including a 1948 Smithsonian Institution description of the "Cajun" Indians of southwest Alabama.[5] Other government-generated reports and official letters have described the community with varied terms, but in all they were recognized as an Indian people.[6] Unfortunately, such erroneous historical descriptions of the MOWA Choctaw culture have been the rule rather than the exception.

Pre-History

The earliest definitive evidence of human beings in the Americas dates to around 10,550 B.C. in Chile.[7] In North America, Meadowcroft Rock Shelter has been dated to approximately the same time, although there is some debate among archaeologists regarding this site.[8] The earliest site in Alabama is the Quad site in Limestone County, dated to 8050 to 4050 B.C.[9] It is safe to say that by ten thousand years ago, Native Americans had widely peopled the New World, and that they were in Alabama by at least six thousand years ago.

The well-established chronology for Southeastern Indians differentiates the Paleo-Indian Period (before 12,000 B.C. to 8000 B.C.), the Archaic Period (8000 B.C. to 1000 B.C.), the Woodland Period (1000 B.C. to 1000 A.D.), and the Mississippian Period (1000 A.D. to 1700 A.D.).[10] In brief, the archaeological evidence describes a movement from large-game hunters

Figure 2
Chief Taylor. (Photo courtesy of the Birmingham News)

to settled villages based on maize production. Paleo-Indians were nomadic hunter-gatherers who gathered wild plants and hunted small game, but focused on "megafauna" such as bison, mammoths, and mastodons. The Quad site in Alabama lies at the border between the Paleo-Indian and Archaic periods where there was a movement from big-game to small-game hunting, the first pottery, and the early domestication of plants. The trend towards a more settled life and increased reliance on domestication of plants continued in the Woodland period. The Mississippian period was characterized by larger settlements and a maize-based economy. It is perhaps best known for the large earthen mound constructions seen in such sites as Moundville, Alabama.

The nature of the relationship between the mound-building Mississippian peoples and what are known as the "Five Civilized Tribes" is not well-understood. That is, it is unclear whether the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek, and Seminole are direct descendants of the mound builders or are independent sister groups. It is apparent that some relationship existed. For example, in the MOWA Choctaw Cultural Center there are ceramics with symbols from their

region (*e.g.*, High Hill in Washington County and other Gulf Coast areas) that bear similarities to Moundville iconography.

When the Europeans first encountered the Alabama Choctaw, they met a people who had likely been adapting for several thousand years to the specific environment of what is now the southeastern United States. The "three sisters" agricultural pattern of reliance on maize, beans, and squash was well established and the people were skillful hunters of local game animals such as rabbit and deer. The forest was not only a source of food, but also of housing materials, clothing, and medicines.

Plants of the Choctaw

One dilemma in describing both the native foods and the medicinal plants of the Choctaw is in determining how "purist" one should be in limiting plants to those that are known to have been specifically used by the Choctaw. The archaeological record gives us evidence of a variety of different plants that were utilized as food, medicines, and many other uses by the Southeastern Indians. However, to date it has not been possible to trace these archaeological remains to any specific contemporary Indian tribe. Although it is quite likely that some of these archaeological sites were ancestors of the Choctaw, we cannot say with certainty which were ancestors of the Choctaw, which were ancestors of neighboring tribes, and which were ancestors of tribes that are now extinct. For example, it is known that goosefoot, sunflowers, and sumpweed were commonly used plants. But since different peoples make use of different plants, it cannot be assumed that the Choctaw used them, although it is quite likely that they did.

Historical evidence introduces another set of problems. Unfortunately, few studies document the plants used by the Choctaw at the time of European contact and the studies that do exist are woefully incomplete. For example, an early historical record describes the Seminole Indians growing peanuts. It is likely the Choctaw did as well since both were in the same general region and the Seminole are a combination of tribes in the same Muscogean language family as the Choctaw. However logical the assumption, we cannot verify that the Choctaw grew peanuts. Complicating that, the contemporary Choctaw peoples over time have incorporated many new foods and plants into their

Figure 3
Leon Taylor. (Photo courtesy of the MOWA Choctaw Cultural Center)

way of life, coining new terms in the Choctaw language for new items brought into their culture.

The most extensive and comprehensive study of Native American plants to date has been done by Daniel Moerman.[11] Relying on early historical records of encounters with the Choctaw, he lists seventy-one plants and their uses as food, medicine, and other materials. Some of the lesser-known foods are laurel greenbrier *(Smilax laurifolia)* and saw greenbrier *(Smilex bona-nox)*, whose roots were pounded into a flour to make fry bread and cakes. The acorns of the water oak *(Quercus nigra)* were also pounded and made into a meal. Mockernut hickories *(Carya alba)* were boiled, made into a paste, and eaten as a soup or broth.

A wide variety of plants were used to treat illnesses. Cough remedies were made from purple coneflower *(Echinacea purpurea)* and sprawling hoarypea (*Tephrosia hispudula*). Cold remedies included rabbit tobacco (*Pseudognaphalium obtusifolium*) and whiteleaf mountainmint (*Pycnanthemum albescens*). Diarrhea was treated with American beautyberry (*Callicarpa americana*), the

FIGURES 4, 5
Viney Taylor, Ella Taylor. (MOWA Choctaw Cultural Center)

common buttonbush (*Cephalanthus occidentalis*) and an infusion made from blackberry roots (*Rubus sp.*). The roots of St. Peterswort (*Hypericum crux-andreae*) and American spikenard (*Aralia racemosa*) were used to treat colic. Several of the plants used to treat fever were: southern bayberry (*Morella cerifera*), stinking camphorweed (*Pluchea foetida*), common sweetleaf (*Symplocos tinctoria*), and white crownbeard (*Verbesina virginica*).

A variety of plants were used as analgesics to treat pain, such as rough rattlesnakeroot (*Prenanthes aspera*). Many were geared towards specific types of pain. Stomach pain was treated with the root of Virginia snakeroot (*Aristolochia serpentaria*). Toothache was treated with white snakeroot (*Ageratina altissima var. roanensis*). Sore eyes were treated with St. Andrew's cross (*Hypericum hy-*

percoides ssp. hypericoides) and American holly (*Ilex opaca*).

Chest pain was treated with wild bergamot (*Monarda fistulosa*). Switchcane (*Aruninaria gigantean ssp. tecta*) was used to treat breast pain.

A variety of topical remedies were also used. Snake bites were treated with whorled milkweed (*Asclepias verticillata*), rattlesnake master (*Eryngium aquaticum*), and eastern cottonwood (*Populus deltoides*). Burns were treated with alkali mallow (*Malvella leprosa*). Ashes from burned narrowleaf silkgrass (*Pityopsis graminifolia*) were used for mouth sores. Poultices were made for other types of wounds from the devil's walkingstick (*Aralia spinosa*), the white fringetree (*Chionanthus virginicus*), sweetgum (*Liquidambar styraciflua*), and lizard's tail (*Saururus cernuus*). The boiled mashed root from yucca (*Yucca aloifolia*) was mixed with grease or tallow and used as a general salve.

Several plants had specific medicinal uses for women. The bark from the American elm (*Ulnus americana*) was used to treat menstrual cramps. A decoction of northern bedstraw (*Galium boreale*) was used as a contraceptive. An infusion of prostrate knotweed (*Polygonum aviculare*) was used to prevent abortion. Blackjack oak bark was used to aid in the removal of afterbirth and for cramping during labor. Summer grapes (*Vitis aestivalis*) were used to induce lactation.

Additional uses of plants included basketry, cordage, and dyes. Saw palmetto (*Serenoa repens*) was a fiber used in basketry and giant cane (*Arundinaria gigantea*) was used for basketry, blowguns, and darts. Fiber from the bald cypress (*Taxodium distichum*) was used for cordage. Trees used in making paints included laurel oak (*Quercus laurifolia*), Nuttall oak (*Quercus texana*), and live oak (*Quercus virginiana*). In addition, water tupelo (*Nyssa aquatica*) was used as a red dye and curly dock (*Rumex crispus*) was used as a yellow dye.

Without a doubt, what has been documented in the historical records represents only a fraction of the knowledge that must have been accumulated by the Choctaw in the millennia that they inhabited the environment of the Southeast. Virtually from the moment of contact with Europeans, multiple forces have been at work to separate the Choctaw people from their traditional lands. The next section will look at the changes that have taken place since European contact.

Land Loss

The attempt to separate the ancestors of the MOWA Choctaw from their lands began in earnest when President Andrew Jackson made good on his campaign promise to remove all Southern Indians to areas west of the Mississippi River, beginning with the 1830 Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek. Although Article 14 of the treaty provided reservations for Choctaws who wanted to remain, only sixty-nine were allowed to sign.[12] In effect, the 1830 Indian Removal Act resulted in the dislocation of most of the Choctaw people from the lands they had lived in for thousands of years to Oklahoma along the Trail of Tears.

Another means to separate the ancestors of the MOWA Choctaw from their land came through the Homestead Act of 1862. Indians could not legally own land before the Civil War and the lands they did have were technically held in trust by the federal government. Senator L. W. McRae[13] assisted the lumber companies in obtaining rights to Indian lands through referring to the people as "Cajuns[14]" rather than "Indians" so that they would be listed on the U.S. census as landowners, who would then owe taxes. Elders tell of horse-drawn wagons and later flatbed trucks loaded with Indians who were taken to the county seat at St. Stephens where each filed homestead papers for one hundred and sixty acres of land.[15] With the promise of jobs in the timber industry, the Indians were induced to lease timber rights to the timber companies. This quickly developed into a debt-peonage system. Debts were incurred at the company-owned stores and when the Indians were not able to pay their property taxes, they lost their land.

The Dawes Act of 1887 was a similar attempt to separate the Choctaw from their lands, ironically under the guise of providing land to them. Those who signed the Dawes Roll gave up claims to communally held territory in exchange for smaller plots of family-owned acreage and agreed to abandon their Native American traditions and to assimilate the "habits of civilized life."

> . . . And every Indian born within the territorial limits of the United States to whom allotments have been made under the provisions of this act, or under any law or treaty, and every Indian born within the territorial limits of the United States *who has voluntarily taken up, within said limits, his residence separate and*

apart from any tribe of Indians therein, and has adopted the habits of civilized life, [emphasis added by authors] is hereby declared to be a citizen of the United States, and is entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of such citizens, whether said Indian has been or not, by birth or otherwise, a member of any tribe of Indians within the territorial limits of the United States without in any manner impairing or otherwise affecting the right of any such Indian to tribal or other property.[16]

The goal of the Dawes Roll was not to register all legitimate Native American peoples and to ensure that they retained sufficient lands, but to limit claims to land so that what was not allotted by the Act to Native Americans could be opened up for non-Indian settlement. Barbara Rice Mann[17] describes the Dawes Roll as "documentary genocide, for eastern Natives are *intentionally* [author's emphasis] denied enrollment by the government." She further describes how the Dawes Act functioned to take land from Native Americans. Heads of households were allotted one hundred and sixty acres, orphans and single adults were given eighty acres, and dependent children were given forty acres. Any land not distributed was declared "surplus" and available for non-Indian settlement. Although the Dawes Roll is today used by the Bureau of Indian Affairs to document Indian ancestry, initially widespread resistance to

Figure 6
Martha Rivers. (MOWA Choctaw Cultural Center)

Figure 7

Tom Weaver and Virginia Byrd. (Photo courtesy of the MOWA Choctaw Cultural Center)

signing existed among Indians who recognized it as government fraud and an attempt at detribalization.

From an Indian perspective, the community was a way to hold onto a valued, traditional way of life while living in a sacred place—their ancestral homeland. It provided a refuge when they had nowhere else to go. From the perspective of the local non-Indians, the Choctaw community, the place they lived, and the people themselves were marginal. Over time, a social and economic wall—an invisible barrier as impenetrable, as one Choctaw elder said, "as the wall built in Berlin, Germany" was built around the Indian community.[18] This wall limited where the Choctaw could live, where they could work, whom they could marry, and what they would become. This confinement to their forest region of refuge persisted until the mid-1880s, when timber companies, having clear-cut the major forests of the North, set their aim on the abundant pine forests of Alabama and neighboring states. The years between 1880 and 1920 were a period of cultural transition for every American Indian tribe. The Indian community now known as the MOWA Choctaw experienced this transition in the context of the commercialization of the Southern woodlands.

The MOWA Choctaw Today

The Choctaw people of southwestern Alabama were traditionally matrilineal, whereby land "ownership" and other forms of title were held by the women. The clan of the child was taken from that of one's mother and the Green Corn Ceremony was the center of cultural life. In the late eighteenth century, great changes occurred in the traditional practices of what are now the MOWA Choctaw people. Many of the ways that kept the place of women intact within the community—such as the "coming out" or menstrual ceremony, which affirmed a young woman's place as a creator of life and therefore a beloved person—were attacked by the norms of Anglo society. Remnants of these traditional ways have been maintained over the generations while taking on new forms.

Although language and culture never completely die, the MOWA Choctaw community has experienced significant loss of their traditional language. The community's last fluent speakers of the language passed away in the 1980s. However, today, the MOWA Choctaw have developed a language revitalization

program for their youth that is creating a new generation of Choctaw speakers. One difficulty the MOWA Choctaw encounter involves the expectations of outsiders for Indians. They look for feathers, pow-wows, and sweat-lodge ceremonies. None of these are typical of Choctaw culture. Traditional practices which do remain in the community are stickball, Choctaw social songs, Choctaw hymns, and traditional Choctaw foods. Traditional dresses and shirts are also a symbol of pride for the MOWA and are the work of a few women within the community.

The MOWA Choctaw in large measure remain today as they always have been, a close-knit community with deep ties to the binding force of the land their ancestors have occupied for thousands of years. Approximately three thousand MOWA Choctaw live in the vicinity of what they call the "Old Stomping Grounds," a sacred place of their traditional homelands. In 1979, an Alabama legislative act created the MOWA Band of Choctaw Indians as a legal entity. In 1980, the MOWA Band opened their first tribal office in the area of the Old Stomping Grounds where today they hold an annual cultural heritage festival. They are led by Chief Wilford "Longhair" Taylor and an elected tribal council.

Between the tribal office complex and the festival grounds is the MOWA Choctaw Cultural Center, directed by Reva Reed. The museum is open to the public and includes exhibits of Choctaw archaeological artifacts, historical materials, and a research library. Few community members still speak the Six Towns Choctaw dialect of their original community, but Cedric Sunray has compiled a list of terms most closely related to the environment (See Table of Choctaw Terms).

Five hundred years of exploitation and systematic theft of the land which supported the Choctaw way of life has left a clear mark. The 2000 census showed that the MOWA Choctaw had an average household income of $6,250 and that 80 percent live below the poverty level.[20] Despite such obvious economic disparities, this community has had remarkable successes. Under the No Child Left Behind Act, 93 percent of students at Calcedeaver Elementary School in Mt. Vernon, Alabama, are identified as Native American (and 90 percent have incomes low enough to qualify for free or reduced-price lunches). In 2005, Calcedeaver

ranked *third* out of the 778 elementary schools in the State of Alabama's Reading Initiative.[21]

In ending, it should be said that there is unfinished business with the MOWA Choctaw. In 1980, they began a bid for Federal Recognition, which to date has been denied. Some may have the mistaken impression that the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) is an advocacy group for Indians. It is not. The primary purpose of the BIA is to manage the land trust agreements between Native American groups and the federal government. So, the BIA refusal to grant the MOWA Choctaw federal recognition is, unfortunately, perfectly consistent with historical relationships the MOWA Choctaw have had with multiple outsiders who have attempted to separate them from their land. The MOWA Choctaw are now taking their fight for federal recognition to the United States Congress. No matter the outcome—if not today, then tomorrow—*yakni* is the binding force. ■

Acknowledgments

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Notes

[1] E. W. Russell (photographer). 1935 [est. 1835]. Photograph of 1835 Indian Schoolhouse, County Road 96, Mount Vernon, AL. Card Catalogue No. #AL0387; Photograph Nos.: HABS, ALA, 49-MOUV, 4-1, 4-2, and 4-3. Historic American Buildings Survey (HABS). Washington D.C.: Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.

[2] Jacqueline Anderson Matte. 2002. *They Say the Wind Is Red: The Alabama Choctaw, Lost in Their Own Land*, revised edition with foreword by Vine Deloria, Jr. Montgomery, AL: NewSouth Books.

[3] Angie Debo. 1972 [1934]. *The Rise and Fall of the Choctaw Republic*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press. Foreman, Grant. 1982 [1932]. *Indian Removal: The Emigration of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press.

[4] Carl Carmer. 1934. *Stars Fell on Alabama*. Farrar and Rinehart.

[5] William Harlen Gilbert Jr. 1948. "Surviving Indians of the Eastern United States." Annual Report. Smithsonian Institution: Washington, D.C.

[6] 1934 U.S. Indian Education Report. 1946. Journal of Social Issues Report. 1960 and 1964. Letters from U.S. Representative Frank W. Boykin

[7] T. D. Dillehay, T. D. 1997. *Monte Verde: A Late Pleistocene Settlement in Chile, Vol. 2, The Archaeological Context and Interpretation*. Washington D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press.

[8] R. C. Carlisle, R. C. and J. M. Adovasio, eds. 1982. *Meadowcroft: Collected Papers on the Archaeology of Meadowcroft Rockshelter and the Cross Creek Drainage*. Department of Anthropology, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh.

[9] Charles H. Faulkner. 1989. The Quad Site Revisited. *Tennessee Anthropologist*. 14(2):97–101.

[10] Mark Q. Sutton. 2000. *An Introduction to Native North America*. Boston: Allyn and Bacon; Alice B. Kehoe. 2005. *North American Indians: A Comprehensive Account, Third Edition*. Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice Hall.

[11] Daniel E. Moerman. 1998. *Native American Ethnobotany.* Portland: Timber Press. (An on-line database is also available at: http://herb.umd.umich.edu/).

[12] RG 75, Records of the BIA, Records Relating to Indian Removal. Box 6, #267 Misc. Choctaw Records, 1825-58, File: 1830 Choctaw, The President, A. Jackson Talks to Chiefs, Letter to Sec. of War to Comrs. Eaton & Coffee, all autograph. RG 75, Records of the BIA, Case No. 223, Entry 270, Choctaw Removal Records; RG 123, U.S. Court of Claims, *Choctaw Nation vs. United States,* case no. 12742, Evidence File 1837-38 (hereafter cited *Choctaw Nation vs. U.S.*). The two-volume set is in Oklahoma Historical Society; Volume I is in the General Land Office, Suitland, Maryland. Anthony Winston Dillard, "The Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek between the United States and the Choctaw Indians in 1830," *Transactions of the Alabama Historical Society* 3 (1898-99): 99–106.

[13] Matte, *The History of Washington County*, 437. Senator L. W. McRae, 1892–1895, is listed in Appendix 28 as a state senator from Washington County.

[14] "The name Cajan is almost certainly picked up from the Louisiana corruption of 'Acadian,' namely 'Cajun.' The difference in spelling is only a matter of practice on the part of those who have put the name in writing. (Some insist on the term 'Cajan nigger,' and a few diehards refuse to recognize any position or blood beyond that accorded the negro.) According to local tradition the first to apply the name to the Alabama people was State Senator L. W. McRae, who wished to dignify this strange group of his constituents with a name, which had been previously lacking. (fn.1 Ms. prepared by James Granade, Chatom, Ala., 1941.) Supposedly he found some resemblance to the more famous Louisiana Cajuns. This story was confirmed by Senator McRae's son, Malcolm McRae, who dated the act as about 1885. The term is regularly used at the present, though displeasing to its objects." Price, "Mixed-Blood Populations of Eastern United States as to Origins, Localizations, and Persistence," 54–55.

[15] Matte, *They Say the Wind Is Red,* 185–187, Appendix C—MOWA Homesteads.

[16] Matte, *They Say the Wind Is Red,* 104–110.

[17] The Dawes Act, 1887, SEC. 6.

[18] Barbara Rice Mann. 2003. *Native Americans, Archaeologists, and the Mounds*. New York: Peter Lang. See p. 280 and pp. 282–283.

[19] Matte, *They Say the Wind Is Red*, 70.

[20] Renee Ann Cramer. 2005. *Cash, Color, and Colonialism: The Politics of Tribal Acknowledgment*. University of Oklahoma Press, p. 54.

[21] Principal La Gaylis Adair-Weaver Harbuck credits the enthusiasm of the teachers for the program and the support of the community for their achievement. Ninety-five per cent of the students are on the low-income food program. Oklahoma City University gave La Gaylis Weaver a full scholarship based on her Choctaw identity; North Eastern State University, Tahlequah, Oklahoma gave her a full Native American scholarship for graduate work.

Table of Choctaw Terms Related to the Landscape

Note: These words were gathered from the MOWA community and other Choctaws, as well as Cedric Sunray's recollections and research. "Outside" individuals seem to have strong misconceptions as to when fluency was lost amongst the MOWA. It was less than twenty years ago. Many federally recognized tribes in the east have not spoken their tribal languages in more than one hundred years. Many of these tribes are not physically identifiable as Indians as well, where many of the MOWA are. Cedric Sunray currently works for the Pawnee Nation of Oklahoma, which has only two fluent speakers out of a population of more than three thousand. As one can see, language loss among American Indian groups is extremely prevalent today. Therefore, it is important to note that the Choctaw language *never* disappeared in the MOWA community. Annie Weaver, a conversational speaker of the language, did not pass on until 1999. Cedric Sunray, Nicole Williams, and some others were already conversational speakers at this time.

ENGLISH / CHOCTAW
Acorn / nusi
Agriculturist / hattak osapa tok(n)sali
All nature / nana moma
Alive (as a tree) / okcha(n)ki
Almug tree / almuk
Ant hill / shu(n)kani inchuka
Apple / na hollo intakkon
Crab apple / shakulap
Apple tree / takkon masu(n)fa api
Axletree / iti chanalli achosha
Back water / oka bikeli
Bamboo brier / bisakchakinna
Bark / akchalhpi
Bark, dry / chabli
Basswood / panashuk
Basswood tree / pishannuk
Bay tree / kolaha
Bean / bala, tobi
Bean pod / bala hakshup
Bunch beans / tobi hikint ani
Bush beans / tobi hikint ani
Pole beans / tobi abela
Birch tree / opahaksun
Blackberry / bissa
Blackberry brier / bissapi
Blaze (mark on tree) / atila
Bloodroot / pishkak
Bloom / pakanli
Bog / latimo
Boil / hichi
Boot-tree / shulush chaha atoba
Branch / okmoffi
Break (a weed) / tapintapi
Bud / bikobli
Bush / bafaha
Buttonwood tree / sini
Cabbage / kalush
Canebrake / uski pata
Center of a tree / iti iskuna
Cherry tree / italikchi
Cherry / italikchi ani

Chestnut / uti
Chinquapin tree / hachofaktapi
Choctaw ground or land or soil/ Chata yakni
Chunk of wood / iti tilofa
Clear land, to / balli
Clump of trees / iti talaia
Cluster of grapes / pokospoa
Cluster of little bushes / bifisha
Coffee berry or seed / kafi nihi
Collard / kalush
Come up by the roots / teha
Corn / tanchi
Corn husk / tanchi hakshup
Cotton / ponola
Cottonseed / ponola nihi
Cotton plant / ponolapi
Cottonwood tree / ashumbala
Crab grass / hashuk pata
Creek / bok
Crop grass / hashuk pata
Cucumber / na hollo imokcha(n)k
Cultivate / toksali
Cultivate a field / osapa pilesa
Cultivated fruits / nan apoba
Cultivated plants / nan alhpoa
Cultivated trees / nan apoba
Cultivated vegetables / nan apoba
Dig the earth,to / yakni kulli
Dogwood / hakchupilhko
Dogwood berries / hakchupilhko ani
Dogwood tree / hakchupilhko api
Earth / lukfi
Dug earth / yakni kula
Enclosure for cultivation / osapa
Evergreen tree / iti okchako
Fertilize, to / yakni niachi
Field / oktak
Fig / bihi chito
Fig leaf / bihi chito hishi
Flower / himmita,pakanli
Fruit / ani
Fruit trees / alhpoa
Gardener / osapushi apesachi
Garden / osapushi
Gather fruits, to / hoyo
Gourd / shukshubok
Grape / pa(n)ki
Grapevine / pa(n)kapi
Grass / hashuk
Grass bed / hashuk patalhpo
Grow,to / alikti
Gum tree / hika
Harvest / hoyo
Heart of a tree / iti iskuna
Hedge / aboli
Herb / alba
Hickory,white / uksak hata
Hickory bark / baluhchi
Hickory nut / oksuk
Hickory tree / uksak api
High hill / nanih chaha
Hill / nanih foka
Hoe, to / hopochi
Hole in the ground / yakni chiluk
Holly tree / iti hishi halupa
Honeydew / fichak champuli
Honeysuckle,wild / okshulba
Insect / shu(n)shi
Irish potato / ahe lumbo
Ironwood / iyanabi
Ivy / talu(n)wa
Kernel / nihi
Kindling wood / oti
Knot on a tree / po(n)kshi
Land, fertile / yakni achukma
Laurel tree / iti chinisa
Leaf / hishi
Leaf, dead or fallen / hashtap
Magnolia / kolaha
Medicine / ishki(n)sh
Milkweed / nuchi
Molasses / hapi champuli okchi
Moss, tree / iti shumo

Mound / nanih
Mud / lukchuk
Mulberry / bihi
Mulberry grove / bihi talaia
Mulberry tree / bihi api
Mushroom / lu(n)slo
Muskmelon / okcha(n)k
Mustard seed / mastat nihi
Oak / nusapi
Onion / hato(n)falaha
Peach / takkon
Peach tree / takkon api
Peanuts / yakni anu(n)ka waya
Pine / tiak
Yellow pine / tiak hobak
Pine wood / tiak
Plant / alba, holokchi
To plant / hokchi
Plum / takkonlushi
Plum tree / takkonlush api
Pokewood / koshiba
Potato / ahe
Potato,wild / ahsakti
Potato vine / ahe api
Pumpkin / isito
Reed / kunsha
Root / akishtala
Sapling / iti pushi
Sassafras / iti kafi
Seed corn / pehna
Seed cane / oskonush
Seed potatoes / ahe pehna
Seed wheat / onush pehna
Shade tree / iti alhpoa
Shagbark hickory / kapun api
Shagbark hickory nut / kapun
Shrub / shauwa
Snakeroot / tiak shua
Sorrel (a weed) / pichi
Sprout / abasali
Squash / isito
Stem / atakali
Strawberry / biu(n)ko
Strawberry vine / biu(n)ko api
Sugar cane / hapi champuli api
Sumac / bati
Sunflower / hashi
Swamp / lu(n)sa
Sweet potato / ahe
Thicket / bafalli
Thistle / shumo
Tiller of the ground / osapa toksali
Top of a tree / iti wishakchi
Tree / api, iti
Tree, a certain / tokam
Tree, chestnut / otapi
Tree, cottonwood / shumbala
Tree, cypress / sha(n)kolo
Tree, dead / iti illi
Tree, domesticated / iti alhpoa
Tree, dry / iti shila
Tree, fallen / iti kinali
Tree, turpentine / tiak
Tree without limbs / fako
Trunk of tree / api
Walnut / hahe
Walnut tree / hahe api
Water / oka
Watermelon / shukshi
Watermelon seed / shukshi nipi pehna
Weed / alba
Weed that dyes black / poafachi
Weed used in dyeing red / pishkak
Wheat / tiliko
Whiffletree / isuba ahalalli
Whortleberry / yu(n)lo
Wood / iti

Remembering George Stritikus

Carole King

A friend to botanical enthusiasts statewide, George Stritikus (1942–2004) left a legacy of horticultural knowledge that was the forerunner of today's popular heirloom plant movement in the state. In his hometown of Birmingham, he gained a reputation as the "guru of pass-a-long plants," identifying, sharing, and reviving interest in older plants, gardens, and landscapes. From an early age, George loved botanicals—their history and propagation. He began his formal education at Auburn University as an Alabama Federation of Garden Clubs' scholarship recipient earning both bachelor's and master's degrees in ornamental horticulture. In his occupation as a County Agent for the Alabama Cooperative Extension Service through Auburn University, George created a loyal network of plant lovers statewide while documenting Alabama gardening traditions and plant materials.

Not only a horticulturist, but a structured and focused historian, George recommended to his constituents six favorite research tools to help localize plant material: oral histories, archeology, written documents, nursery catalogues, diaries and journals, and pressed flower collections. He found the latter collections, or herbariums, the most exciting resource and from them he compiled the most extensive historic plant material index available to date for Alabama. George did intense historical research in many local records repositories and was a frequent fixture at the Alabama Department of Archives and History exploring early travel accounts, diaries, scrapbooks, plantation inventories, organizational minutes, agricultural records, historical publications, and nursery catalogs.

Through his vast knowledge of historic plant material as well as traditional landscape design, George became invaluable to many restorations happening

around the state—the Battle-Friedman House in Tuscaloosa, Tanglewood in Hale County, Rosewood in Lowndesboro, and the Ordeman House in Montgomery. At Old Alabama Town—a collection of historic structures and house museums in Montgomery—he installed many specimens from his personal gatherings of old roses and historic plant material.

Always a supporter of local garden clubs throughout the state, George was a popular judge at flower competitions and shows with specialties in roses, camellias, violets—to name just a few. An informative and entertaining speaker, he always drew a crowd at community organizations. With his engaging personality and gift of gab, he was eager to share not only information and advice but also cuttings from his newest botanical discovery.

George discovered the poem below written by fifteen-year-old Rachel Elizabeth Roper on the back cover of a herbarium that she began in 1853. He reported having been overwhelmed by its simplicity and beauty and ended one of his many presentations with it:

To sport mid the roses and violets blue,
And each other flower that's fed on the dew . . .
To roam mid the odorous sweets of the may . . .
To repose in green bowers where bright waters play . . .
To dwell and rejoice with unfailing delight
Mid beauties, so rare, be my destiny bright! ■

Book Review

Harlem Calling: The Collected Stories of George Wylie Henderson, An Alabama Writer of the Harlem Renaissance. Edited and with an introduction by David G. Nicholls. Ann Arbor, MI: University of Michigan Press, 2006. ISBN-10:0472-11520-0. 125 pages.

Jim Hall

George Wylie Henderson has never received much attention within either American or African American literary circles. Even in the surge of interest in vernacular cultural traditions that led to significant reevaluations of Zora Neale Hurston, Sterling Brown, and Langston Hughes, Henderson seemed condemned to the status of minor writer. His reputation has rested unsteadily upon his two novels *Ollie Miss* and *Jule*, both of which have remained in print within the University of Alabama Press's "Library of Alabama Classics."

Henderson was born in 1904 in Warrior Stand in Macon County, just south of Tuskegee. He spent much of his childhood in Wetumpka in Elmore County before his family eventually settled in Tuskegee in 1915 and his father became pastor of Butler Chapel AME Zion Church. He graduated from Tuskegee Institute in 1922 where, consistent with that institution's mission, he seemed to pick up both literary ambition and practical skills. Sometime in next half-dozen years, Henderson and his wife, like tens of thousands of other African Americans, relocated to Harlem in New York City. He began successful and long employment as a linotype operator and printer, eventually moving his family to a home in the Bronx. After a productive writing career and trades work, he died in 1965.

Critic David Nicholls wrote an important book on the importance of folk tradition in the emergence of African American literature (*Conjuring the Folk: Forms of Modernity in African America*), and has somewhat single-handedly pushed hard for careful reconsideration of Henderson and his work. Quite remarkably, Nicholls has gathered a largely unknown body of short fiction by Henderson and shaped it into a critically admirable edition. The seventeen stories were published between 1932 and 1947 in the New York *Daily News* and in *Redbook Magazine*. There is no comparable body of short fiction by an African American writer in such popular outlets during this time period, and as such Nicholls's careful sleuthing has indeed established the grounds for a critical reassessment of Henderson's meaning and stature.

While a special interest of Nicholls is how this body of fiction reveals attitudes amongst black middle and working class denizens of northern cities in the context of the great migration, students of Alabama culture will be engaged by how Henderson's short fiction is revelatory about the character of black working lives in the first third of the century. Like all of *Ollie Miss* and the opening section of *Jule*, the seven stories in this collection that are set in rural Alabama—and seemingly the Macon and Elmore counties of his youth—are revealing of diverse black folkways. The novels and stories document funeral customs, marriage, and courting rituals, and the rhythms of work-life for sharecroppers and itinerant tradesmen. Henderson seemed to have a deep investment in communicating the vitality of black life in Alabama. His novels and short fiction reveal a coherent and functional society however under pressure from white persecution. Perhaps not surprisingly, the short fiction set in Alabama reveals a particular fascination with the end of life, and especially in illness and violence.

There is significant variance in the tone of Henderson's fiction, although it is clear that he remains fascinated by the idea that an organic, rooted, community-minded Alabama functions as a form of moral memory for displaced migrants in northern cities. Over the course of his career, his memory of Alabama becomes somewhat more refined, and his fictional worlds are less likely to depend upon a simple opposition of North and South. He was enough of a skilled realist that he recognized that patterns of exploitation existed in both locales and also that the move to urban environments never wholly displaced

the values and customs shaped in places like Macon County, Alabama.

In his introduction to the volume, Nicholls compellingly argues that Henderson's "situation as a migrant from Alabama with a Tuskegee education, a working class life, and a popular audience for his fiction make him a unique and revealing figure."

This is most certainly true and one hopes that Nicholls's good stewardship of Henderson's legacy will lead historians, folklorists, and literary critics to revisit the totality of his artistry. There is much in the writing that remains straightforwardly good—that is, compelling storytelling—and much that will interest the student of African American culture and survival in the eastern Black Belt of our state. ■

Book Review

Talking with the Turners: Conversations with Southern Folk Potters, by Charles R. Mack, Foreword by William R. Ferris and Introduction by Lynn Robertson, University of South Carolina Press, Columbia. 2006. Cloth, 6 x 9, 272 pages, 26 color plates, 61 black & white photos, with audio CD, ISBN 1-57003-600-4, $45.

Joey Brackner

Reading Charles R. Mack's *Talking with the Turners: Conversations with Southern Folk Potters* is like unexpectedly finding a trunk full of old letters and documents in the attic which give precious glimpses of past ancestors. Those of us who have been researching Southern pottery for the last two decades were unaware of the fieldwork of Charles R. Mack, an art historian at the University of South Carolina. His book of edited interviews from 1981 is a window on the world of Southern folk pottery as it existed a quarter-century ago. Back then, Hendon Miller, Norman Smith, Oscar Smith, and Horatio Boggs were active potters in Alabama. Mack interviewed these clay veterans and also spoke with Hettie Stewart Brown and her brother Gerald Stewart a year before they helped Hettie's son Jerry reenter the pottery business. All of these people, except Jerry Brown, are now gone, but their voices live in print and on compact disc in *Talking with the Turners*. In addition to these artists, Mack includes interviews with Alabamian Eric Miller and dozens of potters from North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Georgia, and Mississippi.

In 1983, two years after Mack's effort, folklorist Nancy Sweezy conducted a similar survey of Southern potters which resulted in the successful book

and exhibition *Raised in Clay: The Southern Pottery Tradition* (Smithsonian Institution Press, 1984). Mack has chosen to structure his book thematically, a departure from Sweezy's shop-by-shop layout. I think Mack's book is not only a great companion piece to Sweezy's but goes deeper into the relationships within families by offering portions of interviews of thirty-six potters. The book is well illustrated with photographs of the potters and their shops, as well as color plates of their work.

The thematic structure of the book features both cultural and technological chapters, suggesting that Mack let the content of his interviews dictate the groupings. For example, chapters include "On Being a Potter," "Marketing Matters," and "Glazing." Within each of the seventeen chapters, the author skillfully pieces together cohesive selections from interviews of many different potters, each addressing the subject at hand.

Mack's inclusion of a compact disc of interview segments is an interesting innovation for folk pottery studies, lending both depth and credibility to the transcripts in the book. One entertaining section of the interviews covers the use of alcohol by potters and their relationship to bootleggers. The CD shares the thematic structure of the book with short excerpts of potter interviews arranged by subject and not by interviewee.

There are some very minor errors, primarily in the spelling of names, but this does not take away from a wonderful addition to the literature of Southern folk pottery. In his introduction to the accompanying CD, Mack notes that only in the South does one find a survival of the American folk potter. That was the case in 1981 and is still the case in 2006. The survival of these family shops depends on the interest and patronage of the public. With quality books like *Talking with the Turners*, the appreciation for our few remaining folk shops should grow. ■

Recording Review

Bullfrog Jumped, Children's Folksongs from the Byron Arnold Collection, Alabama Traditions 110, CD and 72-page booklet, produced and annotated by Joyce Cauthen, Alabama Folklife Association, 2006, www.alabamafolklife.org/bullfrogjumped.

Laurie Sommers

Bullfrog Jumped is the latest recording of traditional music from the Alabama Folklife Association (AFA) and the first to focus exclusively on children's folksongs, in this case those collected by University of Alabama music professor Byron Arnold (1901–1971) in the summer of 1947. Arnold was the premiere collector of Alabama folksong in the first half of the twentieth century, a time when regional collections of Americana were in vogue and academics were searching for authentic forms of American music. The AFA is to be commended for making Arnold's important recordings more widely accessible. *Bullfrog Jumped* is their second compilation of Arnold's original recordings, following in the footsteps of *Cornbread Crumbled in Gravy: Historical Alabama Field Recordings from the Byron Arnold Collection of Traditional Tunes* (1990), an excellent sampler representing the total scope of Arnold's work, ably compiled by Joy D. Baklanoff and John Bealle, and still available on cassette from the AFA.

Bullfrog Jumped includes a few singers and songs also featured in *Cornbread Crumbled in Gravy*, but it is a completely different project. The forty-two songs in *Bullfrog Jumped* focus exclusively on early twentieth-century children's repertoire sung by women and children from across Alabama. Joyce Cauthen, Alabama Folklife Association executive director, produced the project and

wrote the seventy-two-page booklet which accompanies the CD. The attractively designed booklet (with cover art by Alabama artist Bethanne Hill) includes a brief biography of Byron Arnold, a description of Arnold's recording techniques, song lyrics and singing game directions, biographies and photos of the singers, and a brief bibliography of the major sources on Arnold. The CD cover provides additional information about the nature of folksong and the types of children's folksongs included on the CD: ring or circle games, line games, answering-back songs, imitating songs, songs with nonsense words, courting songs, lullabies, ballads, and "trotting" songs used when bouncing a baby on the knee.

The collection dates from a period when both the public sphere of music-making and the recording industry were dominated by men. The focus of *Bullfrog Jumped* on women and children thus offers a rare and important glimpse into the private, domestic sphere of music making. The CD notes mention that Arnold himself had planned a recording of children's songs which he never completed. *Bullfrog Jumped* fulfills Arnold's original intentions, although it is not clear whether the specific cuts included on the CD are Arnold's choices, Cauthen's, or a combination of the two.

The sixteen singers featured on the compilation represent a range of age, social class, and life experience. These women and girls present listeners with a slice of everyday life: teachers, mothers, grandmothers, and caretakers who sang while teaching and caring for children, or who sang remembered songs from their own youth. Among them are forty-seven-year-old Pansy Richardson, a housewife from Mobile and one of Arnold's most prolific consultants, who learned singing games on the street playing with neighborhood girls and from her family's black servant. Fifty-year-old Martha Drisdale, daughter of an Alabama governor, recorded some of the many singing games she used while teaching at the state's first free kindergarten, located in East Florence. Atmore homemaker Mozella Hazley Longmire was just seventeen and known at her church for a "strong pure voice" when she recorded singing games for Arnold. Julia Greer Marechal was ninety-four when she shared songs learned growing up in Sumter County, many from her Uncle Johnny McInnis who sang, fiddled, and wrote poetry.

Since Arnold was looking for songs and not necessarily fine singing voices,

the vocal quality varies widely on this recording—as one would expect for songs and singers of everyday life. The most notable singing voice is that of Vera Hall, a babysitter and housekeeper from Sumter County who also recorded her vast repertoire of spirituals, blues, children's songs, games, and stories for well-known folksong collectors John Lomax and his son Alan.

The recordings were originally made on acetate-coated aluminum disks cut with a needle as the singers sang into a microphone. Because of their age and the manner of recordings, the selections on the CD are of varying audio quality. A careful listener can make out the sounds of a sitting room, summer porch, or the local neighborhood in the background. The original recordings were digitally remastered by Steve Grauberger and Philip Foster; as a result, despite age and the method of recording, both words and tunes are clearly audible.

The CD notes are written for the non-specialist; however, this is not really a "listening album." Most selections are quite short, sound quality—as mentioned previously—is understandably not up to modern digital standards, and singers are nonprofessionals of varying vocal skill. Educators or caregivers who might wish to learn these songs must do so in the time-honored oral fashion: no tune transcriptions are provided. *Bullfrog Jumped* will be of most interest to scholars and individuals interested in Arnold, historic Alabama folksong, and children's song repertoire. Because of this, it is unfortunate that the CD does not provide the interested listener with annotations about origin, recording setting, and other versions of the song, as is common in many documentary recordings. Some of this information is available elsewhere; nearly half of the

songs, with annotations and tunes, appear in *An Alabama Songbook: Ballads, Folksongs, and Spirituals Collected by Byron Arnold,* edited by Robert W. Halli, Jr. (Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press, 2004). Perhaps this material will be included in the website for *Bullfrog Jumped*, which will also include a study guide for educators (www.alabamafolklife.org/bullfrogjumped). At the main Alabama Folklife Association website (www.alabamafolklife.org), one can also find John Bealle's notes to *Cornbread Crumbled in Gravy* and Henry Willett's essay on Byron Arnold as part of "History and Evolution of Folklife Collecting and Scholarship in Alabama." The Alabama Folklife Association is to be commended for its work in making Byron Arnold and his collection more widely known and accessible.

Overall, *Bullfrog Jumped* is an admirable and unique project. Not only does it fulfill the original intentions of a seminal twentieth-century collector of Alabama folksong, but it is also unusual in presenting a collection of children's folksongs as sung by everyday women and children. Most children's folksong collections are presented in the voices of various folksong interpreters, as in various recordings by Pete and Mike Seeger, or they are compilations from various regions and cultures, as in Smithsonian Folkways *Children's Music Collection* (1998). *Bullfrog Jumped* is in many ways one of a kind and well worth a listen. ■

Contributors

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LORI CORMIER is associate professor of anthropology at the University of Alabama at Birmingham. She is the author of *Kinship with Monkeys: The Guaja Foragers of Eastern Amazonia.* Her research interests include Amazonia, ecological anthropology, neotropical primates, the Alabama Choctaw, and medical anthropology.

JACQUELINE ANDERSON MATTE holds master's degrees in history and education from the University of Alabama at Birmingham and a BS from Samford University. She is the author of *The History of Washington County: First County in Alabama*, *They Say the Wind Is Red: The Alabama Choctaw Lost in Their Own Land*, and the co-author of *Fifteen Guided Tours*. Ms. Matte testified as an expert witness before the U.S. Committee on Indian Affairs hearings for federal recognition of the Alabama Choctaw. She lives in Birmingham, Alabama.

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CEDRIC SUNRAY teaches at the Rogers State University and Pawnee Nation College and is full time Indian Language Curriculum Developer for the Pawnee Nation of Oklahoma. He has taught American Indian studies at Bacone College, Pawnee Nation College, and Rogers State University, and has been an educator in public, private, and reservation schools. His degrees are BA in native studies (Trent University Peterborough, Ontario) and an MA in indigenous nations studies/American Indian linguistics (University of Kansas). He learned Choctaw in various venues from family and other MOWA Choctaw tribal citizens and has participated in language workshops with Choctaw people throughout the country.

Reviewers

JOEY BRACKNER is the director of the Alabama Center for Traditional Culture, a division of the Alabama State Council on the Arts. He is also the folklife section editor for the forthcoming *Encyclopedia of Alabama*. Brackner is the author of *Alabama Folk Pottery* (University of Alabama Press, 2006). Along with Anne Kimzey, he is editor of *Tributaries*.

JIM HALL is director of the New College Program at the University of Alabama. He is the author of *Mercy, Mercy Me: African American Culture and the American Sixties,* published by Oxford University Press.

LAURIE SOMMERS is founding director of the South Georgia Folklife Project and a graduate of the folklore and ethnomusicology programs at Indiana University. She has worked as a public sector folklorist and ethnomusicologist since 1982 for such agencies as the Indiana Division of State Parks, the Bureau of Florida Folklife, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Michigan State University Museum. Her recent publications include "The Florida Music Train," winner of the 2003 Dorothy Howard Prize for folklife in education from the American Folklore Society; "Folkwriting: Lessons on Place, Heritage, and Tradition for the Georgia Classroom" (with Diane Howard and educators from Cook County, Georgia Public Schools); and "Okefenokee Swamp Folklore" in the New Georgia Encyclopedia. She lives in Valdosta, Georgia.

CAROLE KING is the historic properties curator for Old Alabama Town, a collection of fifty restored historic structures in Montgomery. She received an MA in folk studies and historic preservation from Western Kentucky University and a BS in interior furnishings from Auburn University. Having become interested in plants and gardening from an early age through the influence of both of her grandmothers, she was mesmerized by the late George Stritikus's wealth of knowledge and his eagerness to share it with others. She serves as the regional leadership team chair for the American Association of State and Local History. Carole is now working with Mary Elizabeth Johnson on the Alabama Quilt Book Project documenting quilts made between 1750–1950 with strong Alabama roots.

www.alabamafolklife.org

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☐ ***Bullfrog Jumped!*** ($17) Is a collection of songs sung by mothers, grandmothers, school teachers, babysitters, and children across Alabama. During the summer of 1947 they sat at their kitchen tables and on their front porches in front of a portable disc recorder and enthusiastically shared their

favorite folksongs with Professor Byron Arnold, a "songcatcher." They wanted children to learn them and sing them for many years to come. 42 of these folksongs and games are on this CD along with a 72-page booklet that contains the words to all of the songs and gives information about the singers."

- ☐ ***Sweet Is the Day: A Sacred Harp Family Portrait*** ($20 DVD or VHS, please specify) produced by Erin Kellen and directed by Jim Carnes: In this hour-long video members of Wootten family of Sand Mountain speak of their long and deep involvement with shape-note singing and sing more than a dozen hymns from *The Sacred Harp*. An accompanying booklet provides historical information and further explanation of shape-note traditions.

- ☐ ***Tributaries, Journal of the AFA,*** Vol. 1 ($8). Contains essays on the great shoal fish trap, Mobile Bay jubilees, quilting, occupational folklore, more.

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- ☐ ***Tributaries, Journal of the AFA,*** Vol. 6 ($8). Contains essays on Alabama's first folklife celebration, "FolkCenter South"; family reunions; pre-Columbian highways; and more.

- ☐ ***Tributaries, Journal of the AFA***, Vol. 7 ($8). Roots Running Deep: Picking Mayhaws by Lori Sawyer, Confronting the Big House and other

Stereotypes in the Short Stories of Ruby Pickens Tartt by Tina Narremore Jones, Going to the Boomalatta: Narrating Black Mardi Gras in Mobile, Alabama by Kern Jackson, and In Memoriam Bicky McLain, 1905-2004 by John Bealle.

- ☐ ***Tributaries, Journal of the AFA***, Vol. 8 ($8). A Pepetual Stew: The Roots of Mobile's Culinary Heritage by Susan Thomas, Bringing Alabama Home: An Ethnographer's Sense of Self by Dana Borrelli, and Red Hot and Blue: Spotlight on Five Alabama Blues Women by Kathy Bailey and Debbie Bond, and Maintaining Mexican Identity in Birmingham by Charles Kelley.

- ☐ ***The Traditional Musics of Alabama: A Compilation, Volume 1*** ($12.50). This CD is the first in the Alabama Center for Traditional Culture's Millennium Series, produced by Steve Grauberger. It presents a delightful and well-recorded variety of children's games, work songs, sacred music, fiddle tunes, blues and other forms of music traditional to Alabama collected by musicologists and folklorists over the last 50 years.

- ☐ ***Traditional Musics of Alabama: Volume 3, 2002 National Sacred Harp Singing Convention*** ($12.50) This CD is the third in the Alabama Center for Traditional Culture's Millennium Series, produced by Steve Grauberger. Recorded June 14th 2002 at the National Sacred Harp Convention at Trinity United Methodist Church, Birmingham, Alabama. Program notes were written by John Bealle.

- ☐ ***Traditional Musics of Alabama: Volume 4, Wiregrass Notes*** ($12.50) This CD is the fourth in the Alabama Center for Traditional Culture's Millennium Series, produced by Steve Grauberger. Millennium Series, produced by Steve Grauberger. Recorded in 1980 in Ozark Alabama, by Brenda and Steve McCallum, this is a newly digitized and revised release originally produced by Hank Willett and Doris Dyen as the LP *Wiregrass Notes: Black Sacred Harp Singing From Southeast Alabama.* Included are the songs in the original release plus 13 additional songs taken from original event recordings.

- ☐ ***John Alexander's Sterling Jubilee Singers of Bessemer, Alabama,*** ($10). This cassette recording features Jefferson County's oldest African American a capella gospel group.

☐ ***Jesus Hits like an Atom Bomb,*** ($15). CD version of the Sterling Jubilee cassette described above.

☐ ***Cornbread Crumbled in Gravy: Historical Alabama Field Recordings from the Byron Arnold Collection of Traditional Tunes*** ($12.50). This box set includes a 64-page booklet and a cassette featuring field recordings of folk, gospel, and parlor tunes recorded in 1947.

☐ ***Traditional Music from Alabama's Wiregrass*** ($10). A CD capturing bluegrass, gospel, blues, and Sacred Harp singing as done in Southeast Alabama.

☐ ***The Alabama Sampler*** ($12). A CD featuring live performances at City Stages of Alabama blues, bluegrass, Sacred Harp, Gospel, railroad calls, etc.

☐ ***Benjamin Lloyd's Hymn Book: A Primitive Baptist Song Tradition*** ($18 softcover, $25 hardcover). A book of essays exploring Alabama's oldest hymnal, published in 1841, and enclosed CD with twenty examples of ways in which congregations sing from it.

☐ ***Judge Jackson and the Colored Sacred Harp*** (Book/CD, $25) This 160-page hardbound book and CD by Joe Dan Boyd with an introduction by John Bealle tells the story of Judge Jackson of Ozark, Alabama, who in 1934 published *The Colored Sacred Harp*. It also describes the formation and rise to prominence of the Wiregrass Sacred Harp Singers, led by Dewey Williams and Japheth Jackson. The enclosed CD contains 2 historic recordings in which Judge Jackson participated and 23 others from *The Colored Sacred Harp* as well as the Cooper version of *The Sacred Harp.*

NON-AFA PRODUCTS OF RELATED INTEREST:

☐ ***Rich Amerson*** ($7 for cassette, $10 for CD). Folk tales and songs recorded in Livingston, Alabama, in 1961.

☐ ***Possum Up a Gum Stump: Home, Field and Commercial Recordings of Alabama Fiddlers*** ($9 for cassette, $15 for CD). Contains rare recordings of nineteenth century fiddlers and field recordings of twentieth century fiddlers who played in older styles. Twenty-four-page liner notes.

☐ ***White Spirituals from the Sacred Harp: The Alabama Sacred Harp Conven-***

tion ($10 for cassette, $15 for CD). Alan Lomax recorded these shape-note songs from the Sacred Harp in 1959 in Fyffe, Alabama.

- ☐ ***The Colored Sacred Harp*** (CD, $15). The Wiregrass Sacred Harp Singers of Ozark, Alabama, sing from Judge Jackson's 1934 compilation of shape-note songs.

- ☐ ***Desire for Piety*** (CD, $15). A rare example of black Sacred Harp singing from rural southeast Alabama as sung by the Wiregrass Sacred Harp Singers.