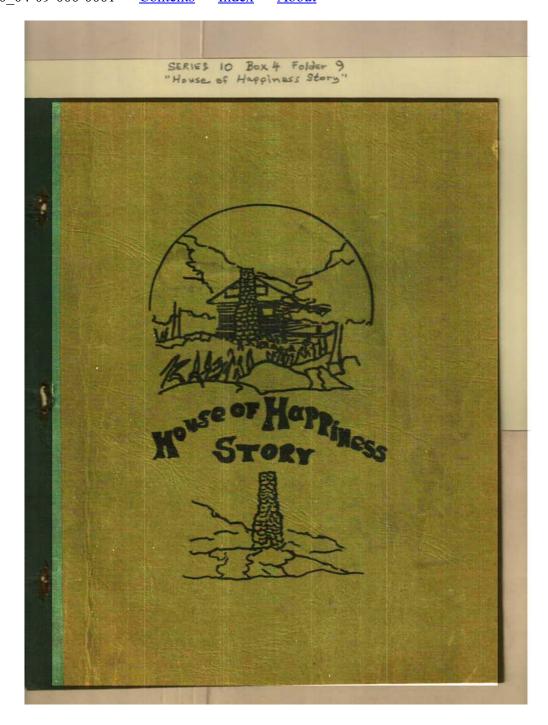
# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 1r10\_04-09-000-0001ContentsIndexAbout



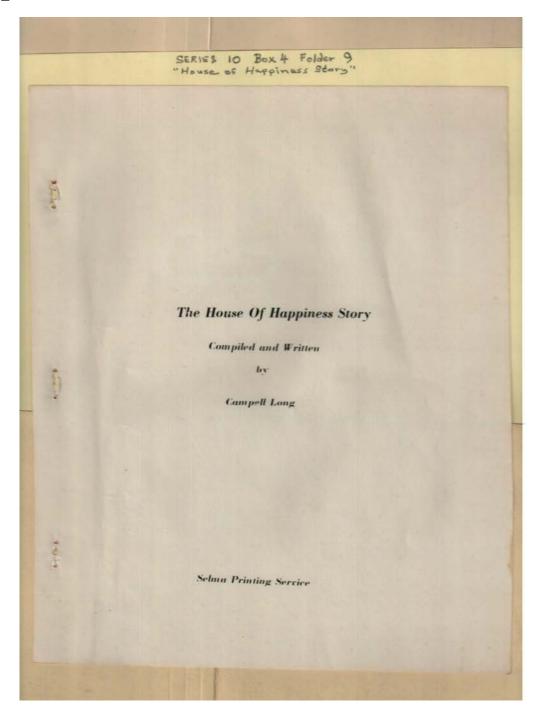
### Names:

House of Happiness Story

### Types:

booklet

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 2r10\_04-09-000-0002ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

Long, Campbell

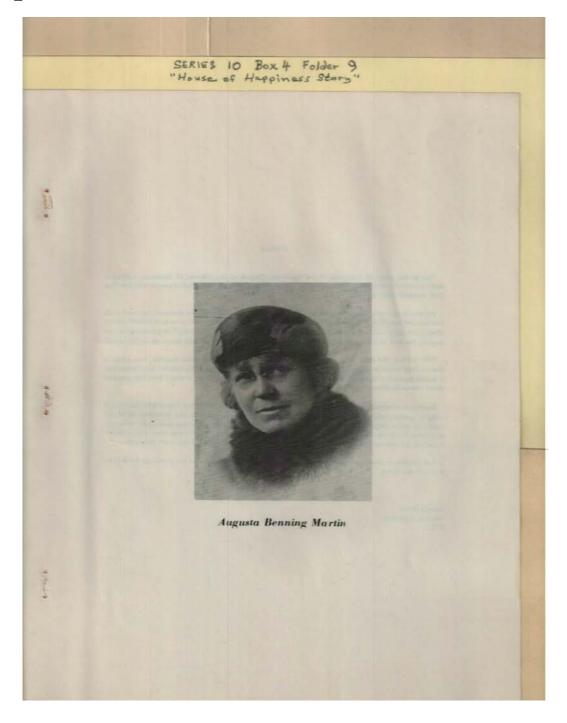
### **Places:**

Selma, AL

### Types:

booklet

House of Happiness Story Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 3r10\_04-09-000-0003ContentsIndexAbout



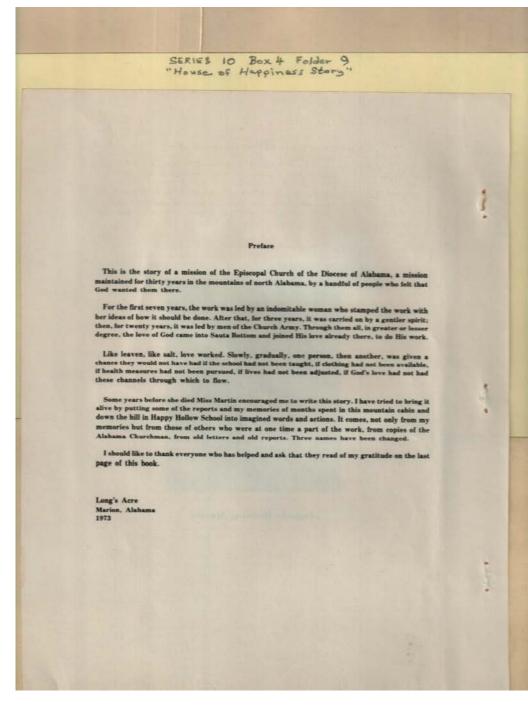
### Names:

Martin, Augusta Benning

### Types:

photograph

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 4r1004-09-000-0004ContentsIndexAbout



#### Names:

Episcopal Church Diocese of

**Places:** 

Marion, AL

### **Types:**

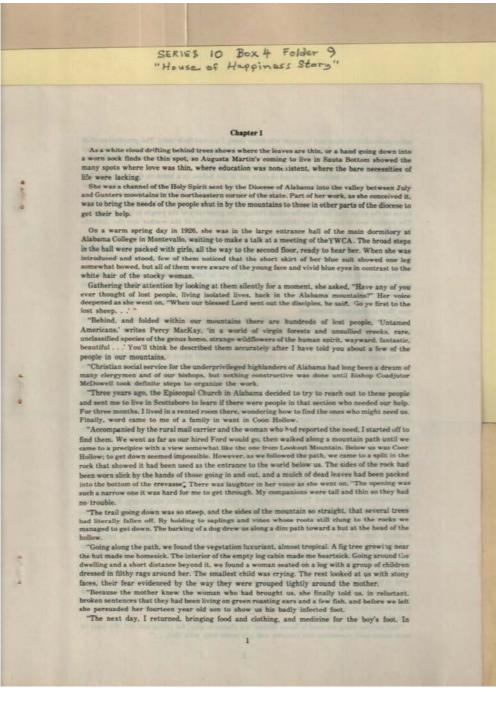
booklet

### **Dates:**

1973

Alabama Martin, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 5r1004-09-000-0005ContentsIndexAbout



Names:

MacKay, Percy Martin, Augusta

### **Types:**

booklet

McDowell, Bishop Coadjutor

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 6r1004-09-000-0006ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story subsequent visits to them and to people who knew them. I learned their story. The grandfather of all but one of the children, father-in-law of the woman, had some years ago, driven his son away and appropriated his young wife. All the children were starved. The youngest, who was so thin that her shoulder blades could be seen, was the child of this old man. "On each visit, the mother was urged to come out of the hollow to a home on the ridge that had been secured for her so that the children could go to school and she would have a better chance, but the schurd I housed later that the old man but the standard to kill them if they left been secured for mer so that the chauten come go to school and the would have a deter- thance, our she refused. I learned later that the old man had threatened to kill them if they left. "Finally. I made a petition to the Juvenile Court and an officer was sent to bring them up to a house on the ridge that had been furnished through the generosity of the people in the community. The mother was to care for her children under the supervision of the worker and the Juvenile The movest rest of the movest rest interval of the many hours she had spent visiting the people on the ridge, talking shout the plight of the woman and children, enlisting their sympathy and help. She did not think of it, but it was her enthusiasm and love for this helpless family that aroused sympathy and help for "They are still under my care," she went on. "All are in better physical condition except the mother who seems to grow thinner. The children are making wonderful progress in school considering how little chance they've had." All the girls on the steps were interested in her story but it was when she told about Rosa that she "Our enthusiastic volunteers. "Our work has been done from several different places," she said. "The first place was a rented room. Then, the Church rented a large house in Scottsboro because others came to help me. During the year we lived there, we had a hospital room, a kindergarten and a day-care center. It was while we lived there that a waif we took in gave the work its name. 'Her name was Rosa. She was a small, partially paralyzed child whose mother was dead and who consequently, had been passed around among relatives who could not care well for their own families much less for another and helpless child. She was in an unspeakably filthy condition, her body covered with festering sores, when she came to us. We had to cut short her dreadfully tangled hair before we washed it. Then, we put her down into a tub of good warm water and began removing layers of dirt and old food. The child relaxed and with her little face so newly clean smilling into mine, she said, "This is shore a happy house!" That's what we want it to be, for anyone who comes to us, so our name is The House of Happiness, no matter where we liv" "At the moment, the House of Happiness is in a shack on one hundred and sixty acres of land the Church has bought in Sauta Bottom, about nine miles from Scottsboro, where I am now living and teaching school. Miss Nettie Cox Barnwell and I have just finished our first five-and-a-half month session there, teaching the McCutcheon School. In spite of the prejudice of one of the trustees, I have contracted to teach it again. "The building is twenty-seven by thirty-six feet. On rainy days many grown people come. Imagine seventy-nine pupils in this building with two teachers. "The county pays the salary for one teacher for this school. Out of what they pay. I pay Miss Barnwell's salary and board. The Church pays my salary as a mountain missionary. At this time there is nothing better that the Church can do for our mountain people, cut off by had roads and no transportation, than give their children a chance for an education. "We didn't begin school until after their crops had been gathered, and we let out before spring planting time. All the people in Sauta Bottom farm and the children are needed to help." Again a note of laughter seemed to thread her words, "From the names they call me. I think I'm rising in the estimation of the community. First they called me 'that woman', then 'the farewell lady' but lately, it's been 'mammy Martin'." "In the middle of the summer, during the period when the crops are laid-by, meaning they don't need to be worked, we will have another six weeks of school. At the same time. I want to have a school for adults and I hope that several of you girls who are planning to be teachers will come and School for adults and 1 hope that service of the men and women in our part of the world have never had a chance to go to school. We have an eighty-two year old neighbor who wants to learn to read so that she can read her Bible. "And another thing we need in Sauta Bottom is a chance to play, for young and old. We want to have supervised recreation this summer and you could help with that. . . 2

#### Names:

, Rosa

### **Types:**

booklet

Barnwell, Nettie Cox, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 7r1004-09-000-0007ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story" When the service was over, many of the girls clustered around the speaker. Four friends stood back, talking excitedly to each other. After the others left, they came to tell her that they wanted to back, talking excitedly to each other. After the others left, they came to tell her that they wanted to come and help during the summer. "Before I put your names down," she said, "come out on the porch with me where we can sit down. I want each of you to tell me why you want to come." She led the way and the four girls followed. All were college seniors and would graduate in a few weeks. There were rocking chairs all across the wide veranda. Miss Martin sat down with a girl on each side of her. The other two sat in front of them, on the edge of the porch with their feet hanging over. Here of her. The other two sain in room or them, on the cupe of the porch with their see, nanging over, Heren Townsend spoke first, "I can tell you why I want to come. I'm a physical education major and I'd like to help with the supervised play." "You're exactly one of the people we need. I'll put your name down and your address." She wrote, "Helen Townsend, Russelville, Alabama." then turned to Florence Smith on the other side. "When you told about Rosa, I decided I wanted to come. If you have any more Rosas, I'd like to love them for awhile." "We need you, certainly." She wrote, "Florence Smith, Demopolis, Alabama," then looked at Hattie. "I doubt if you can use me," Hattie said. "I'm a home economics major, just supposed to cook and "We'll just work you down to a nub," said Miss Martin and wrote, "Hattie Lyman, Montevallo, Alabama," then looked at Lilian. "The work you told about sounds like the kind of work I want to do. I'm getting a teaching certificate when I graduate," was the response. Miss Martin wrote, "Lilian Prout, Demopolis, Alahama," closed her notebook and lookod at them, one after the other, seriously. "On the way here, and for some weeks now, I have asked God to help me find people for the work this summer. I believe he opened your hearts to our needs. As I go home. TII thank Him for each one of you." They talked awhile, as to when they should come and the kind of clothes they should bring. Suddenly, with a characteristic gesture, the woman threw her head back and with a crow of iaughter said. "Hoooo! Before the summer's over, they'll be calling you farewell ladies." With another characteristic gesture, she pushed a strand of straight, white hair under the invisible net she always wore over it. Chapter 2 The next day, as she rode the train from Birmingham to Scottsboro, Augusta Martin took a yellow The next day, as she rode the train from Birmingham to Scottsbero, Augusta Martin took a yellow pad from her worn brief case to begin an article for the Alabama Churchman. There was rarely an issue without something from the House of Happiness. The pencil copy of one of the last ones she had written was still attached to the pad. She let her eyes skim it: "To the Bishops and Clergy and Congregations committed to their charge. The family here ebbs and flows. At this writing we have five children in the house. Our latest addition is Dolly who is a typical mountain girl. . One of her favorite expressions is. "We and don't know what you uns are talking about? She is bright and anxious to learn. "The range, gift of Mr. Otto Agricola of Gadsden, has added much to our comfort. Everything the function the provide the mean the bar. dates from before or since the range! Miss Marcia Boykin of Camden has conducted a kindergarten for us since October, a very important part of our work. Another great donation given us was made by Miss Maggie Lee Alison of Carlowville who offered her services as a Lenten offering. Her coming made it possible for me to help the County Superintendent of Education by teaching a country help the service of the country of the country of the country of the country help the country help the country help the country of the country of the country of the country help the country help the country help the country of the country of the country help the cou school from which the teacher had left abruptly. . "The deeds to the property for our permanent work are ready to be recorded... the original grant was to John H. Birdsong in 1820." "How fast time goes," she thought. "In this one, I've got to introduce Miss Nettie. I should have ent work are ready to be recorded. . . the original grant done it sooner. . ." She began writing, "In the summer of 1925, I met Miss Nettie Cox Barnwell in 3

### Names:

, Dolly , Nettie, Miss , Rosa Agricola, Otto

### **Types:**

booklet

Alison, Maggie Lee, Miss Birdsong, John H. Boykin, Marcia, Miss Lyman, Hattie Martin, Augusta Martin, Miss Prout, Lilian Smith, Florence Townsend, Helen

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 8r1004-09-000-0008ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story Sewanee, Tennessee. A graduate of Sophie Newcomb, an artist by nature and education, she was especially fitted for work at the House of Happiness. I told her something of our work and asked if she would like to help with it. Even after Bishop McDowell told her how hard it was, especially since our move to the country, she thought she would like to try it. So, late last October, she arrived at our move to use to country, see mough she would like to try it. So, late last Oetoler, she arrived at dusky dark on the daycoach from Memphis. Uncle Daiay Clemens and I met her in the flivver and by the time we reached the shack we live in, it was pitch dark and pouring rain. "A few days later, when our two teenagers, Dolly and Martha, (who live with ans because they come from broken homes) moved out from town, we soon realized that the shack wasrt large enough to hold us. Our nearest neighbor, Mrs. Cotton, rented us a large bedroom where Miss Nettie and the two girls slept every night. They would get up before day, walk to the shack for breakfast, then all of us would walk to the McCutcheon schoolhouse, often through rain, more often through mud. Of course our three boys who sleep in a tent attached to the shack were with us. "On rainy days, when the young married people of the valley couldn't do farm work, they would come to school, bringing books they had used when they were in school, and ask to have lessons assigned. Friends from Birmingham, Memphis and Mississippi have sent us books so you can imagine our variety. imagine our variety. "Our schoolhouse stove takes blocks of wood three feet long. It and our straightback, rough benches are our only equipment. I taught the first three grades and Miss Nettie from the fourth up. By Christmas nearly ninety pupils had enrolled. We decided to have a Christmas play, based on the accounts of the shepherds and the wise men. Costumes were being made when one little boy asked. "How are you goin' to make 'em look like dogst" Shepherd dogs were the only shepherds he knew. "On the night of the program you could see lanterns coming from all parts of the valley and soon the schoolhouse was full. The gifts sent by our Church friends were joyfully received. Each little girl was given a doll. Some had never had one before. "School ran until time to plant the crops. After school was out, Miss Nettie went home to spend the comment with hes feasily. I am haney to recent that the will return to us in the fall. School ran dutin time to paint the Gross. After school was due will return to us in the fall. "We are planning an Opportunity School for adults in the middle of the summer, when the crops are laid-by. Four young women from Alabama College are coming to help with this school." She ended her article by saying, "You will be happy to learn that we are becoming so well-known that mail comes to us no matter how addressed. We have had letters addressed "Mrs. Martin at Home' and one addressed 'Dear Mrs. Martin' and the house is called 'The Happy Homes for Children'. 'Orphunts Home', 'House for Homeless Children', 'House Beautiful', and even 'House of Representatives'! Do write to us!" Smiling to herself, she put the pad back into the brief-case, leaned back and closed-her eyes. Smiling to herself, she put the pad back into the brief-case, leaned back and concervant eject. Suddenly, the feeling of exhilaration she had experienced from getting four helpers for the summer was replaced by depression as she thought, "If old man Coot shoots me as he threatens to do... the work would be abandoned. There's not another soul ... yet ... who would stay with it." Just as suddenly, her heaviness lifted as she thought of her helper and spoke to Him. "If you want me to do this work, please keep me from getting shot." She thought of the child the old man had been mistreating and she spoke silently again. "You know I'm apt to make some more of these mountain men mad if I see them harming children." She slept and did not awaken until the conductor came to when the them case describes it to Scottaboro. tell her that they were drawing in to Scottsboro Chapter 3 In late June, the same afternoon train that had carried Augusta Martin some weeks before pulled into the station of Scottsboro with two hot college students who climbed down from the day coach. Hattie and Lilian, in spite of the soot that had blown in on them through the window they had opened. looked good to Augusta Martin as she sat waiting behind the wheel of the Model T. Returning her smile, they came toward her, carrying their suit cases. On the road to the House of Happiness, nine miles out of Scottsboro, while the open car did its securitored to the House of Happiness, nine miles out of Scottsboro, while the open car did its On the road to the flouse of nappiness, nine miles out of Scottaboro, while the open car did its accustomed twenty miles an hour, catching its own dust. Miss Martin told them something of what they would find when they reached 'home.' "Tonight, you'll sleep in the shack, but in a few days you can help us move up the hill." "Tell us about the shack," said Hattie. The diocese bought this land in Sauta Bottom because it seemed an area where the work of the church was really needed. On the hundred and sixty acres belonging to the church there is a 4

### Names:

- , Coot
- , Dolly
- , Hattie
- , Lilian

### **Types:**

booklet

, Martha Clemens, Daisy (Uncle) Cotton, Mrs. Martin, Augusta McCutcheon, McDowell, Bishop Nettie, Miss Newcomb, Sophie

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 9r1004-09-000-0009ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story wonderful, ever-flowing spring, a barn, a board house, and the shack. There were renters living in the board house who needed time to find a place to live, so we scraped the manure out, laid planks to "Why?" Lilian wanted to know. Miss Martin's eyes twinkled as she glanced at Hattie, beside her. "Our neighbors said, "We uns shore didn't think you uns would live in anything but a board house." The shack was as bad or worse shore dudn't think you-uns would live in anything out a board nouse. The shack was as bad of worse than anything our neighbors had ever lived in, and as crowded. Moving into it showed that we weren't too proud to live like the people of the valley." She gave her "Hooo" of laughter. "We showed even that place could be cleaned up!" "We hired two of our neighbors to help us. All the time we were working. I was talking about how "We hired two of our heighbors to help us. All the time we were working, I was taking about how to clean it, and why it was important. I showed them how to build shelves around the room to hold lots of the things we didn't have room for on the floor. Every time we do anything. I try to use material they can get, so they can do these same things at their homes. We got two different men to help us break up the land for a garden. Our boys go and help them in exchange for their time. We gave them seed like we were planting, so they would try something new, but I'm not sure they planted them." planted them. After a silent mile or two, she went on, "The men of Sauta Bottom are building our permanent House of Happiness out of logs that they cut during the winter, right on the land the church bought. The boards were made from our own logs, and the shingles, hand split, were rived right here on the place. On the first floor there are two large rooms separated by a dog-run. ..." "A what" from Hattle. "Don't you know there has to be a wide hall, open at both ends, so the dogs can run through?" "How many dogs do we have?" Two collies right now. But to get back to the house, there are also two large rooms on the second Two connessing now, but to get back to the nouse, there are and two targe rooms on the second floor with a wide hall between. I really had a time persuading the men that halfway up the mountain was the place to put the house. Uncle Dave Hancock, none of our beipers, suid. "I can just think of pullin" up this mountain, every time I'd want to git home, and it bothers me, how tired I'd be." They weren't so opposed after I told them that we would make a road to run behind the board house to the second the second back to be the second back the second back to be the second back to be a second back to be the second back to be a second back to be back door of the House of Happiness. We're going to turn the board house into the school house, now that the renters have moved. When we offered to lend it to the county, they accepted immediately It's so much better than the one they had been using." She slammed on the brakes and almost threw Lilian and Hattie out. "Just a minute," she said. "We have to pick up Dolly. She's an orphan from the mountain who lives with us." And she got out and went into the small house standing near the road. Dolly, a plump teenager, came out with ber and was introduced as she got into the back with Lilian. "Dolly's my big girl," said Miss Martin. "Just two more miles and we'll be home." The next time they stopped, there was a barn on their left and the shack, only eight or ten feet from the road, on their right. "Take your suit cases out, girls, and Fill drive the car to the barn. We keep it under the shed down there. As they obediently took their suit cases out, Hattie asked, "What about these groceries?" "Dolly can take a sack. Put the other one on the side of the road. Til be with you in a minute." Dolly took a sack and went in. As the two girls stood in the road beside their suit cases and the groceries, they smiled at each other and Hattle raised expressive eyebrows after looking at the shack. "Like a ragged beggar, sunning..." murmured Lillan, an English major. It had a broken roofline; the window on one side had a broken shutter, hanging crookedly from one hinge; the other window had no shutter. Two boards nailed across it shaped a rough cross. The doorstep was of two rocks, one higher than the other. The doorframe was anything but square. Their glances went up the mountain. Cedars grew thickly over the hillside, with the exception of a rockstrewn open space below the half-finished log house from which came the sounds of nailing, sawing and dropped lumber. Miss Martin carefully shut the barnyard gate, picked up the bag of groceries, and said, "Come on in." Inside, she indicated a double bed, "Put your sultcases on the bed until you're ready to get in. Then, you can stand them right beside it." 5 , Lilian Martin, Miss

Hancock, Dave

#### Names:

, Dolly , Hattie

Types:

booklet

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 10r10\_04-09-000-0010ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story They could see what she meant. There was just space enough to move between the three beds and many other objects packed into that end of the shack. Going out to get a drink of water from a bucket on a shell attached to the outside back wall, they saw the tent fastened to it at one end. "The boys sleep out here," Miss Martin explained. "The two Saw the tent insteamer to it at one ent. In the boys sneep out nete, also martin explained. In the two Alves boys from Guntersville are spending the summer with us. Hodge, the oldest, is studying for the ministry at Sewanee and working here is part of his training. We have three value boys living with us, too, Scott Clemens, Billy Hancock and Howard Thurmond. Scott's from a big family and his parents are lending him to us. Billy's mother is dead, and his tonsils are bad, so Uncle Dave is letting him stay with us for awhile, and Howard is visiting, too. She looked up the hill as she, too, took a drink from the bucket Dolly had filled at the spring as soon as they had arrived. "Scott's daddy, Uncle Daixy as everyone calls him, is in charge of building our house. He's teaching the men how to tongue-and-groove the logs at the corners after they are peeled, how to rive the shingles, and all the other things that go into the making of a log house. There aren't many who know all this. We're lucky to have Uncle Daisy." Then, abruptly, "Can you girls cook cornbread?" "I can't said Llian, looking startled. "I think I can manage that. How much?" asked Hattie. "Let's see." She began to count. "You two and Dolly and me, Hodge, Jimmie, Scott, Howard and Billy. Just nine for supper. Lilian, you can peel the potatoes. Hattie, you show her how. Don't let her cut all the potatoe off with the skin." They went in and she continued to give directions as she took off her town clothes and put on work clothes, as Dolly did the same. "Dolly's going up the hill with me. There might be something we can do up there. Cut the potatoes up and put them on to boil. Hattie, can you make a fire in the stove?" "I think so," she said, looking in the woodbox. "When you get it going, you can pull that pot of greens on the back of the stove to the front, after you put in this piece of ham 'Miss' Helen Snodgrass gave me. With your corn bread, and syrup and buttermils, they will be our supper. Be sure you have enough," she said. "These will be hungry boys when they come down the mountain." "There are some hungry girls here.too," said Lilian, grinning at Hattie. "Make plenty of corn bread." In the small hours of that night, the two girls were awakened by hearing Miss Martin call, "What are you all doing, going home so late?" She was leaning out of the front window. "Whoa! Whoa!" said a man's voice and the creak of wagon wheels ceased. "We-uns have been to the doctor to get Granny some chill medicine. One of our wheels come off after we got hit and started home. Come go home with us," he added hospitably. "I can't tonight. But, I'll be over to see Granny soon." As the creaking wheel began to sing its steady song again, the three women went back to sleep. Dolly had not awakened Chapter 4 The day came for the move from the shack to the half-finished house up the hill. Miss Martin had the move planned, down to the last detail, as to what should be moved first and where each piece of furniture should be placed in the new house. They were just ready to start when an emergency call came for her from one of the families up the cove. As she took the riding skirt down from its peg in the shack and began to pull it on over the skirt of her dress (it contained ten yards of material and would go on over anything) she continued to give directions. "Hodge, you're in charge. Anything you don't know, ask Scott. Move everything, just as I've told you. I'll be back, as soon as I can." "Dolly, you get the turnip greens from the garden and wash them down here at the spring. As soon as the boys get the chimney on the stove you can make your fire and start cooking. You're our chief cook today. Dinner's in your hands, all but the corn bread. Hattie had no business making such good corn bread. We want some more, to celebrate our move!" This last, she said from the back of the horse, looking down on the group of young people who had ome to the road to watch her off. After Billy attached a sack of supplies to the pommel of the saddle, 6

### Names:

- , Dolly
- , Hattie
- , Jimmie

### **Types:**

booklet

, Lilian Alves, Hodge Clemens, Scott Dave, Uncle Hancock, Billy Martin, Miss Snodgrass, Helen, Miss Thurmond, Howard

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 11r1004-09-000-0011ContentsIndexAbout

, Lilian

, Scott

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story she moved offsturning to wave just before the road curved. The move uphill began. On the large pieces of furniture, Hodge, Jimmie and Scott each held a corner while Billy and Howard carried the fourth corner. The cookstove had been moved by wagon the day before, on a trail that ran back of the board house, a trail that Miss Martin planned to make into a road. The cooking utensils and dishes had to be carried up so Hattie and Lilian began taking these while the boys brought up Miss Martin's lovely old mahogany bureau. Halfway up, they set it down to wipe the sweat from their eyes. They had started early, but the July sun was hot. Gradually, everything from the shack went up the hill. When one of the spool beds was going up with the two girls carrying an end and a side-piece and the boys bringing the springs and the unweildy double-bed mattress, they stopped mid-way and sent the two younger boys to the sring for a bucket of water. a bucket of water. While Jimmie and Hattie were drinking from the two dippers. Scott said, "I wouldn't mind baving some of that poured over my head," as he wiped sweat from his face by rubbing his arm over it. Jimmie immediately poured what was left in his dipper onto Scott's head and Hattie did the same for Lilian. This started a water fight that was going on with much noise and laughter when Miss Martin arrived back at the shack. In spite of the noise on the hillside, her "Whoose! What's going on up there?" was heard, and quiet descended. "Scott, come put the horse up for me," she called. When he reached her, she asked, "What's the trouble?" "No trouble," said Scott with a grin. "We were just cooling each other off with a little spring water. "Well, put the horse in and come on up. Dinner should be about ready." She climbed the hill behind the spool bed and the subdued workers. In the dog-run, she let the riding skirt drop to the floor, then picked it up and hung it on the peg placed between the logs especially for it. Smoothing her dress skirt, she came to sit on the cane bottom, ladder-back chair to look down over the acres of corn and without prime and source the field kind the table. cotton raying out across the field behind the barn. She could hear the sound of talk and muffled cotton raying out across the next beams the barn. She could near the sound of talk and mutiled giggles of the young people as they set up the bed in the room above. When they came down the steps that were against the side wall of the dogrum, she said, "All of you come sit on the floor by me and rest. We won't move anything else until after dinner." When they were settled around her, she looked into their faces seriously. "I'm sorry there was so We'll have to make to make to make to be a power of the source of the so We'll have to make less noise, behave in an approved way." Her face eased into laugh wrinkles. "Go wash your faces! Hoool You look like multurtles!" After dinner and an hour of rest, Hattie was delegated to answer heres, the boys to move the rest of the furniture, and Dolly and Lilian sent to the barn loft to sort out the contents of boxes of clothing sent from church groups all over the diocesse. The church women of the diocesse of Alabama were deeply interested in what was being done in this mountain valley and on its hillsides. Miss Martin had asked them to send her usable clothing. Even though the work was just in its third year, many boxes of clothing had been sent and because of no other space, they had been put in the barn loft. As clothing was needed, different people went to get it, tumbling the contents of the boxes until something was found, leaving them in a disordered Lilian and Dolly climbed the ladder against the wall of the barn hallway, and pulled them through the square opening onto the rough boards of the floor of the loft. They found that an attempt at organization had been started in that all the shoes were in two large boxes, men's attempt at organization had been started in that an the shoes were in two inge boxes, then s clothing of all kinds and sizes in several more, and the women's and children's in others. Dust and cobwebs gave the loft a desolate air. Rays of sun came down through holes in the root. In the streams of light motes of golden dust spun and circled. The only other light came from the window at the back where the solid, wooden shutter hung open. The two girls picked the area in front of it for their work space. They dumped the contents of the boxes in a circle near it, then stood the empty boxes behind this, ready to receive the sorted-out clothing. 7

Martin, Miss

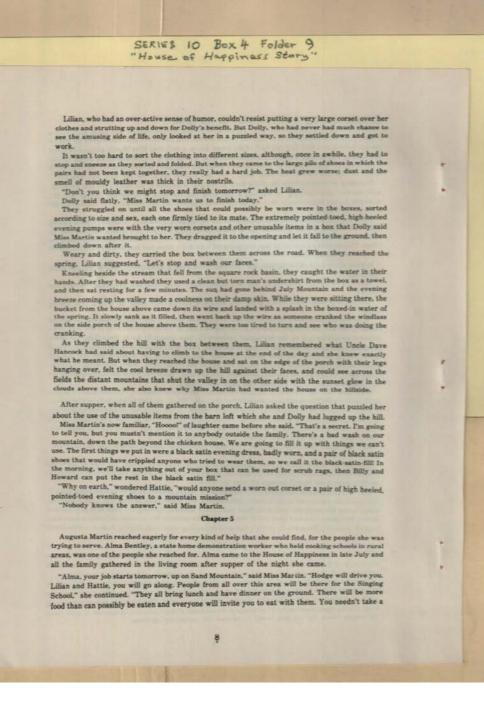
#### Names:

, Hodge , Jimmie

### Types:

booklet

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 12r10\_04-09-000-0012ContentsIndexAbout



#### Names:

, Dolly , Hattie

### **Types:**

booklet

, Hodge , Lilian Bentley, Alma Hancock, Dave Martin, Augusta Martin, Miss

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0013 Image 13 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story

thing. Hattie, you and Lilian can go to the Singing School while Alma has her Cooking School. Hodge, you can visit around and get to know the people."

The four young people found the early morning air cool and fragrant. There was heavy dew and the car didn't stir much dust. As they drove through town, the shops were beginning to open. Just beyond the town, they crossed the river and Hodge shifted into low as they began the climb to the

top of Sand Mountain which rose abruptly on the other side of the river. On top, they followed a level, sandy road which ran along the ridge of the mountain. "I wonder how long before we see a sign of all those people." said Hattie, just as they rounded a bend and saw a small country store. Hodge stopped and Lilian went in to ask the location of the Singing School. After being assured that they were on the right road and hadn't much further to go, they traveled

The sand in the road grew deeper as they aproached what was undoubtedly the place. Three cars, plus a number of wagons and buggies were scattered in the grove around a rectangular building and singing could be heard in the end nearest them. A group of women waited at the other end and Hodge helped Alma take her equipment there while Hattie and Lilian hesitantly approached the door to the Singing School. A tail man standing near it saw their reluctance and said. "Just go on in." When they still hesitated, he reached and swung the door open in front of them.

when they sain restated, he reached and swarg the over open in iron or them. Immediate silence descended on the room full of people. A large man standing at the front said, "Come in ladies. Will you sit with the bassest" He indicated a group of seemingly larger-than-life-size men sitting to one side. Hattie said feebly, "I don't think we'd better." "Well, come around and go in with the tribles," he said, this time gesturing toward a group of

young women. So the two girls went around to sit on the end of a rough bench, and were handed two Sacred Harp Hymnals. "Now," said the leader. "we was just gittin' started on singin' the notes to number 42. Let's start

He used the thin pipe hanging around his neck to give them the pitch. The deafening response made Lilian and Hattie jump. They tried to join in and for a moment congratulated themselves on their knowledge of public school music which had taught them the names of notes as they appeared on the scale. Fortunately, their voices were not strong for they soon realized that they were not calling the notes what everyone else was calling them. They had been taught that the place on the scale named the note, but that wasn't working here. They were such close friends that each usually knew what the other was thinking, both always finding the same things funny; they exchanged a quick glance that held mirth but managed not to laugh. When the leader said they could now sing the words, they joined in and did the best they could.

As the morning passed the room became stiflingly hot. Someone back of the girls got up and opened the solid wooden shutter to one of the windows and a blessed stream of fresh air eame in. Immediately, the leader raised his hand for silence.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You'll have to shut that window. It's hot but you don't want to ruin any of

The work was closed. The single compared again. After what seemed hours longer, the school bell rang and the leader again raised his hand. "We

Will now stop for dinner." he said. Hattie and Lilian went out with everyone else, and moved out of the stream of people to stand in the shade of an oak tree. As everyone elst by ear or buggy. Hodge and Alma came to join them. None of them had been asked to go to dinner with anyone and there was no picnic. It had been a long,

active time since their six o'clock breakfast. "What do we do now? Alma, have you cooked anything "Everybody had a taste of what I cooked. It's all gone." "What about that little store?" asked Lilian. oked anything that we can eat?" asked Hattie.

"Let's try it," said Hodge, going to the car, followed by the others. The store had a very limited stock and the four had only limited means. They got a box of crackers, a can of peaches, a jar of jelly and each of them a bottled drink. Hodge drove back the way

9

Names:

, Alma

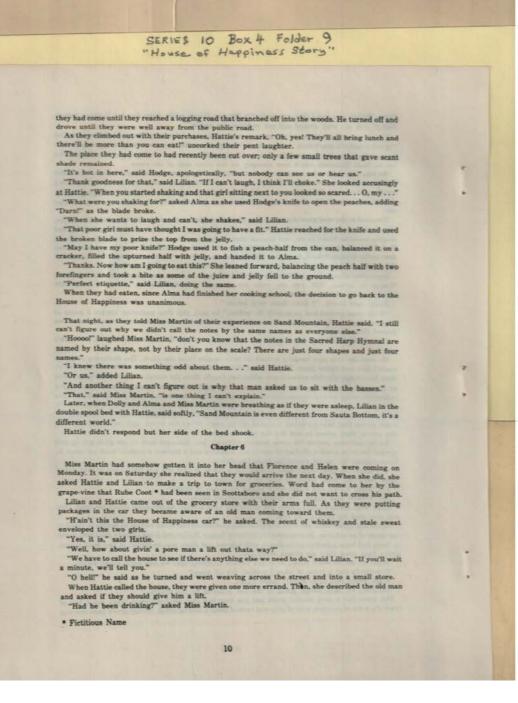
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**Types:** booklet , Hattie

, Hodge

, Lilian

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 14r1004-09-000-0014ContentsIndexAbout



#### Names:

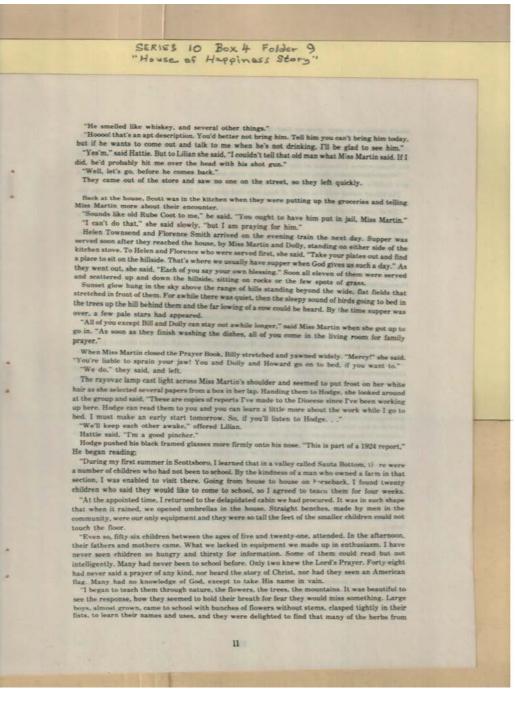
, Alma , Hattie

Types:

booklet

, Hodge , Lilian Coot, Rube Martin, Miss

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 15r10\_04-09-000-0015ContentsIndexAbout



#### Names:

- , Bill
- , Dolly
- , Hattie

### **Types:**

booklet

, Hodge , Lilian Coot, Rube Martin, Miss Smith, Florence Townsend, Helen

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0016 Image 16 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story

#### which medicine is made grew on their m untair

"During my four weeks with them, they learned the Lord's Prayer, most of the Commandments, and lessons in sanitation, health, and homemaking. Many of them expressed a desire to have 'a little black book' as they called the Prayer Book. I left the only one I had brought with the oldest girl in the house where I boarded as she had expressed a desire to be confirmed. "When school closed, there were tears in many eyes, and I promised to return. The children had a

new outlook on life and I thanked God that He had suffered me to come unto them."

The report ended with the story of Rosa who had given the House of Happiness its name, the story Miss Martin had told at Alabama College. "All of you get up and stretch before I start the next report," said Hodge, setting an example.

Jimmie started for the kitchen saying, "I'm going to pull up a bucket of water. Anybody want a drink?"

Florence and Helen, who were fascinated by the arrangement for pulling a bucket of water from the spring two hundred yards below were close behind him. Hodge, Hattie, Lillian and Scott followed.

As they all stood on the uncovered side porch enjoying the peace of the moonlit night, the cry of a whip-poor will came in plaintive waves over the ridge of July Mountain above them. Helen and Florence took turns cranking the windlass that brought the dripping bucket of spring water up the heavy wire that went from the side of the house down into the spring below. When each had a drink, they followed Hodge hack into the living room. "This report for 1925 is a long one," said Hodge. "You may have noticed that I edited the other one

in several spots. I'm going to do the same for this one. Remember, Miss Martin was still living in Scottshoro." He began reading again:

"The first six months of last years were fairly normal ones. Wee Mary, our baby, was christened from the font given us by my own St. John's, Montgomery, from which all of our children have been christened. She was placed with the State Welfare Department and is now in a splendid home. "Many other children have passed through the House of Happiness, receiving needed medical

attention (usually from our good friend, Dr. Boyd) and other necessities (circluding socoda medical hopefully salvation) and returned to their homes. One family of eight, in twos and fours, were (requestly cared for during the cold of last winter. Food, clothing and medicine were furnished the entire family for months, part of the time from our stores and the rest from friendly donations. This entire tamily for months, part of the time from our stores and the ress from the standy to manothe time. family is a migratory one, having tramped back and forth from Alabama to Arkansas three times. We hope they are settled but can never be sure. Once before, when everything seemed going well the oldest boy took some money from a local business concern. He was placed in jail and the jailor called me to come as soon as possible. His release was obtained and he was brought to the House of

Happiness. When asked why he had taken the money, he replied. T was hungry." "Can we biamed this eleven year old child for taking money to buy food? He had carried home milk for twin babies and bread for the others.

"The family was moved to a farm twelve miles above town. On one of the hottest days in August, about noon, the mother with twin babies and the boy appeared at the Scottsboro House of Happiness. She said the babies were sick and they were all hungry and she knew where to come to be fed.

"We kept them for two weeks and cared for the babies while the mother and son picked cotton. The Judge had agreed for the boy to stay at home if the mother kept him with her farm.

"Thank God that we are here to answer the call of the hungry and those in prison. "In February, when I returned from a Council meeting. I was met at the station by the County

Superintendent of Education with the request that I help him out of a trying situation. He said that one of his rural teachers had left his school on Friday, very unceremoniously. The school was in a state of disorder and confusion because a group of the larger boys had caused the untimely departure of the pedagogue. This had always been considered a hard community to teach in, as

there was a group of large boys who were hard to handle. "The next morning, I went out with the Superintendent to take charge of the school. Whenever the boys began to get restless, they were filed out on the school ground and given a regular infantry

### Names:

- , Florence
- , Hattie
- , Helen

### **Types:**

booklet

, Hodge

, Jimmie , Lilian

, Mary , Rosa , Scott

Boyd, Dr. Martin, Miss

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 17r1004-09-000-0017ContentsIndexAbout

, Scott

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story drill, with large sticks of wood as rifles. When the drill was over they were too tired to misbehave." How in the world does Miss Martin know how to drill infantry?" interrupted Lilian. "She has the most amazing ability to use all kinds of knowledge," said Hodge. "Til bet she got ose boys interested in knowing how infantry drilled, then challenged them to stand up to it before those boys interested in knowing now intervention that intervention of the state for the Welfare Department, she used to stay at our house in Guntersville. She would tell us some tale and before we knew it we were doing something to help around the house because we wanted to. Somehow, she made us want to." "That's the truth," drawled Scott. In a loving tone of voice he continued. "She's sneaky. Makes you like to work!" you nice to work: "If she can do that to you ...," Jimmie gave Scott a poke in the ribs and got such a hard one in return he had to roll over before he had the breath to finish, "... she's a wonder!" "Quiet down! We'll never get through." Hodge waited a minute, then read on. "Mang good gifts have come to the House of Happiness. My call for helpers when I made by last report to the Diocesan Council, was answered by Miss Maggie Alison of Carlowville, who gave her services to us for a Lenten offering, a service of four months. Without Miss Maggie to manage the household in Scottaboro. I would not have here if the at to Santa Bottom and teach. And Miss household in Scottsboro, I would not have been free to go out to Sauta Bottom and teach. And Miss Marcia Boykin of Camden, came to help by teaching kindergarten there. "The deeds to the property in Sauta Bottom, where we have now moved were obtained in March of 1925. Part of the land is on both sides of July Mountain and part of it is farmland in the valley. On the land was a three room farm house, a barn, and a tumble-dows shack that had been used by the tenant as a corn-crib and cow shed. The tenant had rented the place for a year and we did not think it would be right to ask him to give up the house in the middle of the year, so the only available shelter for the Happy Family of five children and two workers was the shack, twelve feet by twenty-five. It took several weeks to move wagon loads of corn cobs and other objectionable material out, put down a rough floor and build a shed on the back. "The month of April was a nightmare to all of us for it was moving month. Without a moment's notice, a wagon from Sauta Bottom would roll up to the door and the driver would call out. 'I was in town and hain't got a load, I thought I'd come by and haul out a few things for you uns.' "There would follow a mad rush to get together clothing and furniture that we could do without. Frequently, we sent the very things that our next request for clothing demanded, and always, when any article was misplaced, the children were glad to say. 'It was in the box we sent out to the h This kept up for weeks. And of course, whenever I made a trip out in the Happy Flivver, it was loaded to the top. "The night of moving day, May 1st, was indescribable. We were crowded in the cabin but every soul was tired enough to sleep. The proverbial sardine had nothing on us. Even so, there was great satisfaction for we were on the Church's property and felt that we were at home. "There was not enough room in the shack to put the last load of furniture so it was set down in the yard. The next norming, rain set in but just at the moment it did three men were passing so we hailed them and asked their help. Soon, everything that the rain would have ruined was safely stored in the barn. God takes care of us and just so nearly every emergency is met. "The next day was Sunday. We had two guests for dinner and at least a dozen callers in the afternoon. They said, 'We-uns just come over to see how you-uns was fixed.' Really it was worth seeing." A loud yawn broke into the reading. Hodge stopped and looked at Scoti, the guilty party. "Let's stop and go to bed," said Scott promptly. "Can't we finish tomorrow night?" Hodge looked around inquiringly at the others. "I'm so sleepy, I can't take in what you're reading," said Lilian. All the others agreed. "This is a long report," he told them. "There are four more pages. We'll go to bed and finish tomorrow." He put the papers back into their box and all of them went quickly off to bed. 13 , Lilian

#### Names:

, Hodge , Jimmie

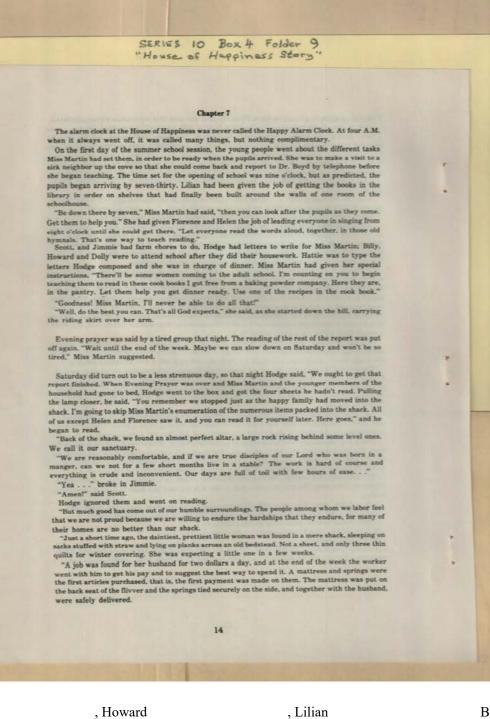
#### **Types:**

booklet

Alison, Maggie, Miss Boykin, Marcia, Miss

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 18r1004-09-000-0018ContentsIndexAbout

, Jimmie



Names:

, Billy , Dolly

Types:

booklet

, Scott

Boyd, Dr. Martin, Miss

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0019 Image 19 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

"We have much to be thankful for. We make trips in the community on our good Methodist horse, Dixie. All summer, while others were hauling water for miles, our ever-flowing Birdsong spring was a great comfort not only to us but to all the community. Our limestone 'blowing cave' registers 59 degrees, no matter how hot it is on the outside. Here, in an old icebox (with the door open) we keep our Episcopalian milk and butter given by our good Presbyterian cow. Fresh meat wil keep there for several days. We would have been cooler in the hot weather if we had had time to linger near the openings between the rocks near the cave. Cool air from the subterranean passages under our mountain flows steadily from these openings.

mountain flows steaduly from unese openange. "The work moves slowly..." "What!"..."Slowly, did you say?" came from his disrespectful audience. "Pipe down!" Hodge looked at them, pushed his glasses up and read on. "We have much prejudice to overcome and many adverse reports to live down. Many believe that the worker gets a thousand dollars for every child who passes through the House of Happiness, that income is unlimited, and many other things quite as unreasonable. Little by little we are our income is unlimited, and many other things quite as unreasonable. Little by little we are overcoming the effects of these reports, by actual service. In one case, an entire family of eight had typhoid fever. I went to the home daily, sometimes twice offer second and the little of the second second

"In one case, an entire family of eight had typhoid fever. I went to the home daily, sometimes twice, often spending the night. The floor had to be scrubbed and bedding and clothing had to be furnished, as well as food, for weeks. A mosquito bar was lent them, to keep flies and mosquitoes from the father and seventeen year old son who were the sickest. "After the illness was over, the father was asked by a neighbor who had not even been to see

them while they were ill, if he knew that the worker was a Catholic. At that time the people of the them write they were in it of the they that he down and the church valley were superstitiously afraid of the Roman Catholic Church. "Catholic or no Catholic', was the reply. "She's the only one that help

d us, but I happen to kno she h'ain't no Catholie!"

"This family had a large connection, and through this opportunity for service, the Church has earned the friendship of them all. Many similar services keep your worker busy every day and often far into the night.

"Another most distressing case was that of a family of five who wandered into Sauta Bottom from the mountains of Tennessee. One of their twin babies was taken ill as they first came into this area and they stopped at the home of one of our neighbors up the valley whose family numbered eight. "I was called to the phone in the shack and a female voice at highest pitch said. "There's a woman at my house with her husband and three children and one of the babies is sick. I want you to come and get them!"

"She was told that it would be impossible as there was no place for them to sleep in the shack.

Well, you come here quick, she screamed, or TI just one provest and it? "I told her I would come at once, although I had just come in and hadn't had time to take off my hat. It was about seven P.M. With my supper in one hand and my doctor bag (as the children call it) in the other, I got back in the fliver and hastened to prevent the untimely death of the motuer of six

and to minister to the sick baby. "The scene I found is indelibly impressed on my memory. It was in a  $\omega$  mal shack with its walls dark from the smoke of torches that had in times past been stuck in its cracks. A mother, with her emaciated, dying baby held close to her breast was rocking back and forth in a straight chair and sobbing aloud. On two filthy beds and on quilts on the floor, eleven human beings were lying, making thirteen in the small room. The only light came from a small old lamp with a hole in one side and without a chimney. The odor in the room was sufficienting as both door and the only window were closed. I immediately opened these and sent for Dr. Boyd although the baby looked beyond human

"It lingered until three the next morning. All night long, I sat moistening the parched lips of the "It lingered until three the next morning. All night long, I sat moistening the parched lips of the baby which had been placed on a dirty pillow (covered by a clean sheet I had brought) in a chair. When the end came, the mother was so exhausted she fell asleep in a few minutes after I when the end came, the back has bushed on one of the unspeakable beds.

The full was buried that afternoon, after one of the worker's Hard Shell Baptist friends had

Names:

, Hodge

2

**Types:** booklet Boyd, Dr.

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 20r10\_04-09-000-0020ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story read the burial service from the Praver Book. When it was over, he turned and said to me. "Those are the most beautiful prayers I've ever heard. I'm glad you asked me to read them "A place on a farm over the river was found for the wandering family and at last resort, they were all well. It remains to be seen how long they will stay." Hodge said, through a yawn, "The last page of this report seems to be missing." "That's good!" was Scott's prompt response. "It's time we went to bed." Nobody disagreed. They went quietly out into the dog-run where a full moon had laid a white carpet on the rough boards. By its light, they found their way up the steps. Chapter 8 On one of the last days of the summer, Miss Martin sent Lilian and Billy up the valley to visit a young man with tuberculosis. Lilian rode Dixie, the House of Happiness borse: Miss Martin had borrowed a horse for Billy. They carried two watermelons in a sack attached to the pommel of Lilian's saddle and peas and potatoes in gunny sacks across the neck of Billy's borse. Even though it was early afternoon and the sun was hot there was a slight breeze across the flat valley fields and the movement of their horses stirred the air against their faces. On the dirt of the trails across the fields the horses made no sound. "It's a good thing you came, too, Billy. I'd never have figured out which of these trails to take." Billy grinned and said, "We'd better go a little faster, if we want to have time to visit awhile and get home before dark." get home before dark." When they urged their horses to go faster, they broke into a trot and it wasn't long before the sack of watermelons slipped from the string holding it and hit the ground with a squashy sound. Billy jumped down. Opening the sack and looking in, he said, "One of them is broke but we might be able to eat it. The other's all right." He tied the sack to the saddle again and they walked their horses the rest of the way. The young couple and their baby were glad to have company, and the broken watermelon was eaten at once. Lilian was careful to handle the melon that she and Billy ate. Everyone ate with his fingers. The young man's lung trouble was so advanced that he could not lie down. Day and night he spent in an old rocking chair stuffed with pillows and an old quilt where the slats were out. He held his six month's old baby in his lap and let her cheve on his knife. On the road home, Lilian and Billy let their horses run. The two carried them in a smooth and rapid single-foot. The incredibly full days of the summer had passed very swiftly they all feit as they gathered around Miss Martin on their last night in Sauta Bottom. The lamp on the bookshelf lighted the faces of the young people, all turned toward the woman who sat, as usual, in one of the over-stuffed chairs. She said. "I just can't believe it's time for you to leave. What will we do without you?" She looked at Billy and Howard and Scott and asked. "What will you boys do without Jiminy? I don't know what Til do without all of you, and especially Hodge." She looked at him seriously. "You've helped me to The download at the of your more spectrally though other at the second s leading the music and Helen the recreation, Lilian in the library and Hattie writing my letters and supervising the cooking... O, how I hate the thought of writing my letters again... I hope Miss Nettie will be coming soon. She's a wonderful letter writer, too." "We'll just have to stop the play nights until next summer. Cotton's beginning to open and everybody'll be too tire to play." "Aw!," said Billy, Dolly and Howard. Hodge said, "The adult school was good." "Til never forget our eighty-two year old scholar learning to read her Bible," Florence added. "That seemed like a miracle. "Her face, when she said she'd been waiting eighty-two years . . . that's worth any work I did," Helen said. 16

#### Names:

, Billy , Hattie

Types:

booklet

, Helen , Howard , Lilian , Nettie, Miss , Scott Martin, Miss

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0021 Image 21 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

"What else will you remember from this summer?" Miss Martin wanted to know. What ease wail you remember from this summer? Mass Martin wanted to know. Lilian's brown eyes were shining as she remembered children that she had taught whenever Miss Martin was called away, which had been often, "TI never forget the children," she said softly. "Exploring the cave is something I won't forget," said Jimmie. "That was a real adventure." Hattie added. "Saiding down that hole, walking around in those big rooms down under the mountain then getting on our knees to crawl in water into another big room. We must in these a loss time and new fidd in the the end of it. How heneves it before the

We were in there a long time and never did get to the end of it. How long was it before that dye we put in the water came out in the spring?

"Two hours," Scott answered. "I thought I'd never push myself back up that shaft. It was so narrow I had to push myself up with my elbows," Lilian looked at one elbow which showed a faint scar.

Helen, with a characteristic boyish gesture, ran her hand through her short hair. "That stream must really twist and turn to take that long to travel what on top of the ground wouldn't be two hundred yards. I wish I'd been here when you explored the cave." She looked at Miss Martin with admiration. "You're the only person your ... well, you age ... who'd have organized that kind of thing... at least the only one I know. My mother wouldn't!" "Dad wrote that I must have bats in my belfry when I wrote him about it," laughed Lilian, "but I wouldn't have missed it, even if I did think I was stuck for life coming out." Miss Martin put her feet on the corner of the ottoman nearest her, the one occupied by Hattie, as

she said, "My father was a wonderful person. He encouraged me to try new things and I always have

nave. The last thought made her sit erect, her chin thrust forward and slightly to one side, showing one of her chief characteristics, determination. Patience? Yes. Willingness to do more than her share? Yes. But when a task was laid out there was no mistaking her steady drive, with humor and love and understanding, but with determination to see it completed in the best possible way and using every scrap of material available

They all had clearly in their memories one of her favorite sayings, "Gather up the remnants, that nothing be lost." She meant people, too. She believed that from the tiniest, weakest child to the dirtiest, most sinful, unrepentant old man, all should be gathered up and helped. Her heart was open to every sort of need.

When she closed the Prayer Book and sent them to bed, they left her reluctantly.

After they had gone, she sat with her head back for a moment, letting her tiredness show since there was no one to see it. She would miss the energy and enthusiasm that had surrounded her all summer, but she looked forward to a lessening of responsibility, and to the sharing of it with Miss Nettie, who had shared it last winter and was returning soon to share it again.

#### Chapter 9

Before all the red and yellow leaves fell from the maples that grew among the cedars on July Mountain, Miss Nettie returned. She found that the summer helpers had done much to turn 'the board house' into Happy Hollow School. During her first week back, Miss Martin, after supper one night, handed her some papers saying. "I wish you'd look over my notes for our next article in the Alabama Churchman, and see if we need to add anything."

Miss Nettie sat down and began to read:

, Jimmie

, Lilian

"The work now includes all types of social service: visiting and caring for the sick, strengthening the weak, mending the broken, supplying food and clothing for the needy. "The cottage, or board house, has been converted into a combined community and school house where the public school is now taught and public gatherings held... The worker, for two years, has

given her services to the school without remuneration as it was only a one teacher school and increased enrollment demanded the services of two teachers. We hope to persuade the Board of Education to make ours a two teacher school. Education is being strssed as it is the channel through which the work will progress.

17

#### Names:

, Hattie , Helen

**Types:** 

booklet

, Nettie, Miss , Scott

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 22r1004-09-000-0022ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story "Through the cooperation of Auburn, and the State Division of Exceptional Education it has been possible for two summers to conduct Home Economic and Opportunity Schools. "An important phase of education is recreation. When our work was established on the Church property, one of the first things organized was supervised play. Everyone seemed hungry for the simple games and singing. 'In good weather, when crops aren't being planted or harvested, a weekly play night is held at the school. Drop-the-handkerchief is a great favorite even though the circle of people is often large and the ground upon which they stand is very uneven. "Miss Nettie and I have learned the words and the way of singing games that are known to the people of the valley. These are played with great joy." This was all Miss Martin had written. At this point, Miss Nettie thought, "We ought to put the words of a hallad or a singing game in one of our reports." She relaxed and remembered the first time she had played 'Goin' Down the River.' Someone had suggested it and she had said, "Well, tell us how." "Start with a couple in the middle and all of us hold hands and move around in a circle, singing," said Bill Jack. "You choose a partner and get in the middle," she said. "I choose Nora," he said and everyone began moving around them singing, that is, everyone except herself. "Goin' down the river, Goin' down below, We're going down the river To old Shiloh, Where green coffee grows On a whiteoak tree And the river flows With brandy-o. Come choose you one To roam with you, And feed her on Sweet candy-o." The circle stopped and the couple chose another couple to stand in the center with them. Then the circle moved again and sang. "We have four prisoners here in jail, "We have four prisoners here in jail. We have four prisoners here in jail. Turn about ladies, turn." Everyone dropped hands, the circle turned and moved in the other direction as everyone sang the first three lines over, ending with, "Go on and get out of the ring." The first couple got out and the game started over. When they went around the next time, she had been singing with them. And it was on another play night, she remembered that she had begun to learn their favorite ballad, 'On Top of Old Smoky.' She had a good memory and let the words sing themselves to her as she continued to relax in the overstuffed chair. "On top of old Smoky. All kivvered with snow. I lost my true lover By courtin' too slow. For courtin' too slow. For courtin' is pleasure And partin' is grief, But a false hearted lover Is worse than a thief. A thief he will rob you And take all you have But a false hearted lover Will bring you to your grave. The grave will decay you And bring you to dust. There's not a boy in ten thousand 18

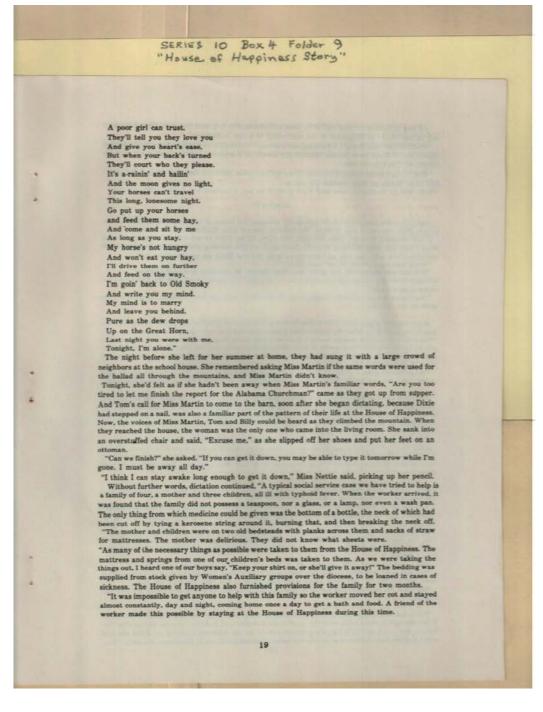
### Names:

, Bill Jack

Types: booklet , Nettie, Miss

, Nora

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 23r10\_04-09-000-0023ContentsIndexAbout

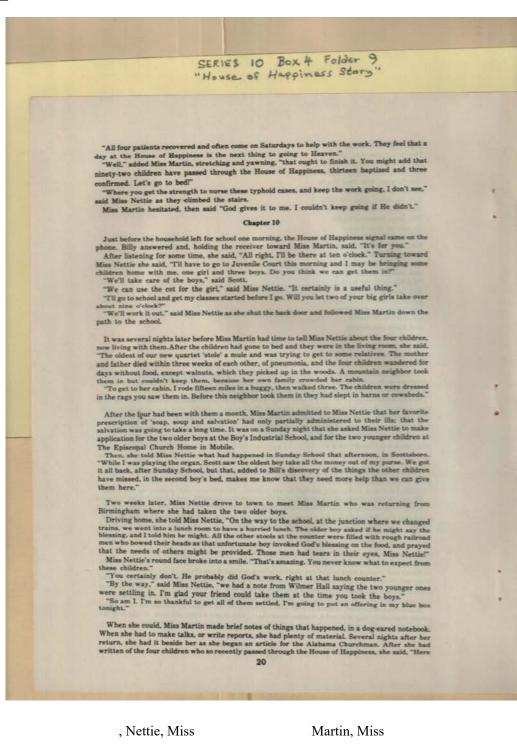


Names:

, Nettie, Miss

Types: booklet

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 24r1004-09-000-0024ContentsIndexAbout



Names:

, Billy

Types: booklet

#### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0025 Image 25 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story

are a tew people the House of Happiness has served lately," and then more or less copied her list, "A mother walked twenty miles to bring twin babies to us to be nursed and doctored. "A wife came asking to have her husband who had deserted her brought back. "A mother brought her thirteen year old daughter who had married. "A husband came to ask that his wife and baby who had left him be brought back. "A man came running for the worker when two men were about to kill each other with picks in a marker groupl sit.

nearby gravel pit.

nearby gravel pit. "The weatherman in Montgomery wrote that there had been a sub-station at Scottsboro for forty years, but if the worker didn't get someone to take the work, it would be discontinued." Her blue eyes laughed as the wrote the next sentence. "Daniel Boone may have killed more bears than we have, but he had bears and we don't." At this point, Miss Nettie came in with an armful of school work and sat down on the other side of the table. "Two been trying to think to ask you." she said. "what became of the old man who threatened to shoot you?"

"I've been trying to think to ask you," she said. "what became of the old man who threatened to show you?" The state of th tasks . . . if they ask for it." "It's the last part that is so hard," she thought as she gathered her material together.

#### Chapter 11

Deep in the year. Miss Nettie was giving six weeks tests to her upper grades. They were writing he answers to the questions written on the small blackboard, when she went to the corns of the oom for the fourth grade Geography lesson. The six children were all sitting on the same bench. "What country do we live in?" she asked them.

They looked at her in silence and perplexity. Finally, Maggie Bell saud timidly, "Jackson?" Miss Nettie accepted that by saying, "Jackson is the county we live in. I want to know what our whole big country is?" Then she asked, "Are we Germans?"

- "No," they all said.
- "Are we Englishmen?" Again a unanimous, "No." "Are we Frenchmen?"
- "No."

, Nettie, Miss

"Well, what are we?"

"Americans" they shouled, so that all those taking tests stopped and looked at them. "Get back to work," Miss Nettie turned and said, "we'll try to be quieter." Then, turning back to the geography class, she said, "All of you get your tablets. We're going to write the words to a song and tomorrow we'll start learning to sing it." She slowly gave them the words to 'America, the Beautiful." "I don't want you to ever forget that you are Americans and live in America." When she told Miss Martin about the geography lesson as they walked to the house together after

21

Names:

, Maggie Bell

**Types:** 

booklet

Boone, Daniel

Li

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0026 Image 26 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story school, she said. "Do you suppose the county office might nave a United States map we could borrow? "We can ask," said Miss Martin, "and while we're about it, we might ask for an American flag." We can ask, said hiss martin, and while we re about it, we might ask for an American Hig. "If they don't have them to lend, could we put an appeal in the Alabama Churchman?" "I don't see why not. It's hard to believe that children can get to the fourth grade and not know what country they live in." Her eyes began to shine as she remembered a box of books that had come to them last summer. "It seems to me where were some copies of National Geographic in that box in the corner of the 'library.' Let your class unpack it for their next geography lesson. There may be some maps in them." "I might be able to teach all my grades Geography from them at the same time. We will certainly unpack that box tomorrow." Miss Martin said, "I have to make a talk to the Woman's Auxiliary next month, in Birmingham, and I will make a note to ask them for some school needs." The school must have gotten what it needed because the June 1927 Alabama Churchman carried only the following from the House of Happiness: "Our most urgent need now is for girls dresses of gingham (sizes 8 to 16), and low-heeled, oud-toed slippers for girls. We have nothing left in either of these lines and every day we have calls for them. We have supplied twenty-five children with clothing all winter. Otherwise, they could not have attended school. They bring us eggs and chickens, or work for us on Saturdays, as they wish to feel that they are paying something for what they receive. Their spirit of self-respect and helpfulness is beautiful to see. "I appreciate your prayers and interest in the work here and only wish that I could express my thanks to all of you in person. "Augusta Martin." When the school was out, Miss Nettie was packing to join her family, who had moved from Memphis to Yazoo City, Mississippi. She looked across at Miss Martin as she folded a candlewick bedspread that she was taking her mother. "I'm going to see if I can get some orders for Mrs. Black. When the people at home see this spread. I believe they'll want one." "Spinning thread for it, then making it, is a real art," said Miss Martin, "and just having to give her a sheet for yours and one for hers was a real bargain." "I think so, too", said Miss Nettie. "Did you hear what she said to me when she brought my spread?" "No, I didn't." "She said, 'You looked so pore when you first come, I were afeered you wouldn't last out the winter, but now you look real stout!" Miss Nettie chuckled and Miss Martin let out her 'hoo' of laughter Chapter 12 Another year slipped through the dog-run at the House of Happiness and went over the mountain into history. Augusta Martin had trouble admitting it as she sat down to write another annual report. "I do nothing but write reports," she grumbled. For once, she had the whole house to herself. This was so unusual, she was so in the habit of shutting ber mind to outside distractions, that the This was so unusual, she was so in the habit of shutting ber mind to outside distractions, that the very quiet made it hard for her to begin. She got up and slightly turned the big log in the fireplace so that fresh flames climbed over it, front and back. Then, standing the heavy iron poker to one side, she swept the hearth. After pushing an ottoman in front of her chair, she sat down again. "Can't think of another thing to do to put off writing." she said, and put her face in her hands to ask for help. The crackle of the fire was the only sound in the house. After a time, she pushed herself back, put her feet up, and began to write. "For the benefit of those who may not know about our work ..." she began, as she did many of her reports, with a brief description of how the work had started, then she sat for a time looking into the e. She decided to describe the inside of the house and looked lovingly around at the doe-colored, 22

Names:

, Nettie, Miss

**Types:** booklet Martin, Augusta

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 27r10\_04-09-000-0027ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

peeled pine logs of the walls chinked with cement, briefly through the large double windows in front into the clear sky of the fall afternoon, back to the confortable furniture, the large sofa upholstered in the small print cotton brocade as were the two over stuffed chairs, her own two heirloom hassocks, the chest of drawers, the ladder-back, mountain-made chairs, the apple green, pie crust, tilt top table she'd gotten for a song in a second-hand store in Scottsboro; even the grey stoneware churn sitting at the end of the hearth where the heat would help the milk turn, blended with everything else.

"Providence must have been shaping me for this work, ever since I was born," she mused. "Because I was a frail child and the doctor told mother and father to let me lead an out-door existence and they let me ride anything ... and elimb anything ... and get by with just about anything, if I argued long enough. Since I was the youngest of many, they must have been tired of arguing with children by that time." She sighed and west back to her writing.

"The shack was used as the House of Happiness for a year, while construction of our permanent home was begun. The worker feit that the building needed direct supervision and also that the neighborhood would be more interested in future work done at the house. If each had contributed something to the construction. The men worked in groups, with picnic dinner served on work days to those who helped in riving boards for the roof and covering the house. On the day the house was covered, there were eighteen men working.

overed, there were eighteen men working. "Our house is a typical log house with dog-run, or open hall, between two large rooms downstairs, and a half story above of two rooms the same size with a hall between. The huge stone chimney is built of native sandstone, with a mantel-piece or 'fireboard' made of a hewn log.

built of native sandstone, with a mantel-piece or Tireboard made of a hewn log. "After the farmhouse, called locally the board house, was vacated, it was remdeled by special gifts, to be used as the schoolbouse. In this building, which eventually will be the community house, is a nice library furnished by the Church Periodical Club and many friends. This has been a great inspiration to the children of the school as well as to the adults in the community. For the adults who have not gone beyond the fourth grade, we have an Opportunity School in the summer. We encourage everyone who will to borrow books from our library. "In this school and community house, Sunday School meets every Sunday afternoon. When it is

"In this school and community house. Sunday School meets every Sunday afternoon. When it is over, we have community singing, which is thoroughly enjoyed, especially by the men. Here, on Friday nights, we often have recreation when all ages join in games and singing. "Being cared for in the House of Happiness at present are seven children, the youngest a baby of

Being cared tor in the House of Happiness at present are seven children, the youngest a baby of three months. We are not an institution but care for children temporarily, until their lives can be adjusted. Sometimes, they need to be built up physically, sometimes we have children who have been deserted or neglected by their parents. Others are mentally deficient and must be placed in stafe institutions. In cooperation with the State Child Welfare Department and various orphans homes and state institutions we place these children where they may develop into good Christian citizens.

"Since the work began, about one hundred and twenty-five children have passed through, or been in, the House of Happiness for varying lengths of time. We hear from many of them regularly, and all refer to the House of Happiness as home, and ask when they can come back home .....

"While the work grows slowly, we feel that it is truly the Master's work, for we feed the hungry, clothe the naked, take in strangers, and visit the sick and those in prison. His blessing is upon it. We have been able to have confirmation classes for the Bishop every year and many of the children have been baptized. It is our hope to build up the underprivileged of these Appalachian Highlands into well-rounded Christian citizens, in the fourfold development of wisdom and stature and in favor with God and men."

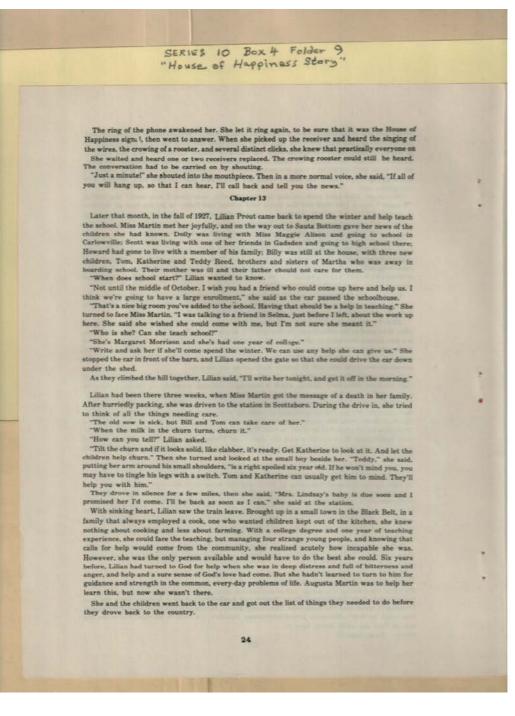
The woman put her head back with a sigh, thankful to be finished. Thoughts shaped themselves in the words of the Te Deum. "We praise thee. O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship thee . . . . .\*

The ring of the phone awakened her. She let it ring again, to be sure that it was the House of Happiness signal, then went to answer. When she picked up the receiver and heard the singing of the wires, the crowing of a rooster, and several distinct clicks, she knew that practically everyone on the rural telephone line between Sauta Bottom and Scottaboro had the.r receiver down and was listening in, weakening the connection. This nearly always happened when the House of Happiness was called, for their calls usually proved interesting. This time, the voice at the other end of the line was so faint she could barely hear it. "Prayer Book, page 10

23

Types: booklet

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 28r1004-09-000-0028ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

- , Billy
- , Dolly
- , Katherine

### **Types:**

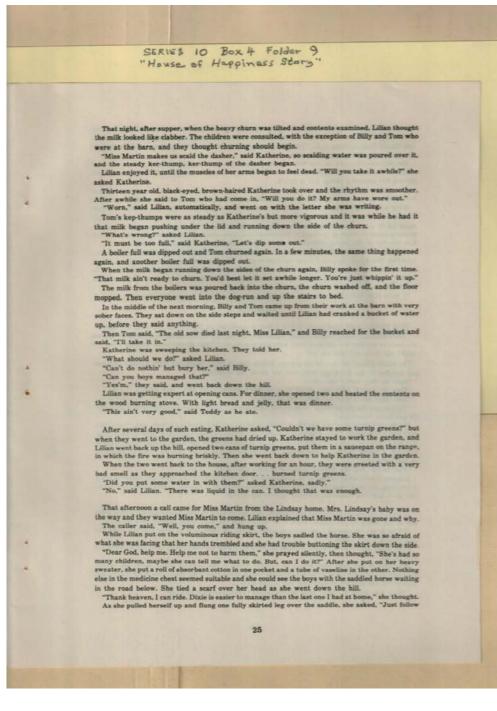
booklet

, Martha

- , Scott
- , Tom

Alison, Maggie, Miss Lindsay, Mrs. Martin, Miss Prout, Lilian Reed, Teddy

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 29r1004-09-000-0029ContentsIndexAbout



#### Names:

, Billy

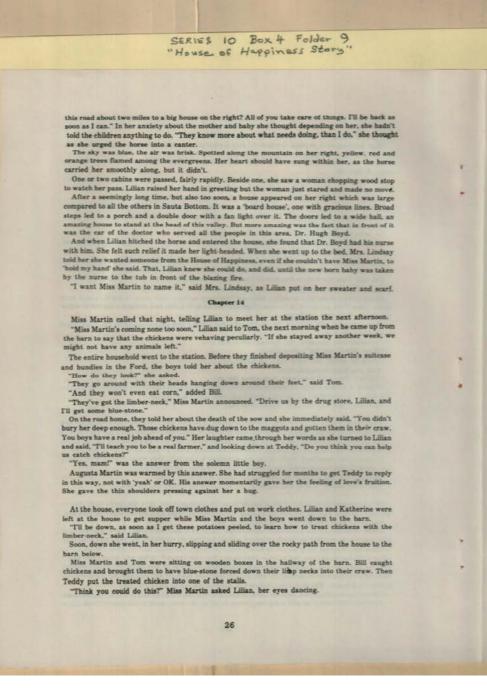
, Katherine

### Types:

booklet

, Lilian , Tom Lindsay, Mrs. Martin, Miss

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 30r1004-09-000-0030ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

- , Bill
- , Katherine
- , Lilian

### **Types:**

booklet

, Teddy , Tom Boyd, Hugh, Dr. Lindsay, Mrs. Martin, Augusta Martin, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 31r1004-09-000-0031ContentsIndexAbout

, Tom

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story" "No, mam! My farming fingers are all thumbs. I'd be sure to choke them." No, main any more are there, Bill?" "About a dozen." "Well, bring them on." Augusta Martin looked around at them all with love. Signify rays of the sun just before it went down behind July Mountain came into the barn hall, and emphasized the lines of humor and affection in her face. As the dust motes spun and circled around the group, she suddenly gave her crow of laughter, "Hocool I'm glad to be back, even if the chickens do have the limber-neck." That night, when the rest of the family had gone to bed, she and Lilian remained in the living Miss Martin had her head back and her feet on the ottoman. "It was good to be with so many of my family again, but it saddened me to see how neglected our old home is. No one lives in it." She looked down at the box with all the mail that had come since she left, and asked, "Have we had any to, no contributions." "Our bank account is mighty low," she said soberly. "But God takes care of us. He always has, so we won't worry. Have you heard from Margaret Morrison? "Twe been hoping we would, every day, but so far we haven't." "Let's go to bed. I'm just a mite tired," she admitted. When their good friend, the postman, stopped the next morning. Tom brought the mail to the house. In it was a letter from Margaret saying she wanted to come for the winter and could be there the first of November. Miss Martin dictated replies to all of her letters including a joyous acceptance of Margaret's offer. Then she left Lilian at the typewriter as she went for the riding skirt and off to name the Lindsay's baby. Liliau watched through the open window until Miss Martin was out of sight then she turned to the unpaid bills in a box at her side, for food, and for gasoline. Beginning to think like Miss Martin, she said silently. "Dear Lord, we do need help." Chapter 15 Two weeks later, when Lilian had finished typing all the letters Miss Martin had dictated, she ran fresh paper into the machine and wrote to her three aunts in Demop "October 30, 1927 "Margaret arrives Thursday! "School keeps me pretty busy, especially these first weeks, classifying the children, getting the schedule to work . . . trying to squeeze a reading lesson for two pupils into five minutes to give a larger class longer, etc. We have only benches for the children and they have nowhere to write except in their laps. I let the little ones kneel on the floor and write on the seat of the bench. Teaching a country school is much better than one in the city, for here I have to use my imagination, inventive powers and decorative ability . . . if any. "There has been a fair in Scottsboro the last four days. Yesterday afternoon, I took the kids in to let them ride on the vari ntriva thoroughly. "Several days ago, Miss Martin went to Guntersville in the car and on her way home picked up a "Several days ago. Miss Martin went to tuntersvine in the car and on ner way mone praced up a little walf who said he lived near Tuscaloosa and was going to see his grandmother in Chattanooga, walking! She brought him home and has been trying ever since to get in touch with some of his people. So far, she's had no success. He's just as bright as he can be and seems satisfied to stay with us. He had never been to a street fair until yesterday and at one time I looked at the merry-go round to see Paul, the only one on it, riding around in state! He was really thrilled over it all. 27 , Paul Lindsay,

Martin, Augusta

, Bill , Lilian

Types:

Names:

booklet

Martin, Miss Morrison, Margaret

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 32r1004-09-000-0032ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story" "Last night we I ad playnight at the schoolhouse, our usual Friday night program. I wish you could Last night we had playnight at the schoolhouse, our usual Friday night program. I wish you could be here for one of them, and hope you can in the spring, for then the mountain laurel will be in bloom. They say it's perfectly wonderful. At present, it's the trees that are gorgeous: the sumac, the maples and the sweet-gums set the mountains on fire with their color. Some of the sweet-gums are red on one side and yellow on the other. Imaginel The goldenrod is gone but many of the mountain homes have clusters of wild purple asters blooming in their yards that are lovely. "Thave two geraniums growing in cans that I'm going to take to the school, and a box of ferms that were dog up in the woods that are growing splendidly. The soil that we get off of the mountain will make anything grow. make anything grow. "There is a box on our front porch with beautiful red geraniums and lantana growing in it. The other day, I heard a peculiar noise on the porch and went around to investigate and lo and behold our two billy goats were having a feast on the red geraniums. I fully expect to find them upstairs, eating the sheets, next." "She ended her letter by saying, "We have a cricket on our hearth!" A week later, she wrote her father: "What joy it is to have Margaret up here. She is teaching the first three grades along with Miss Martin. I've been collecting the words of some of the jingles that the young people up here say, also the words of a ballad for you. They know a good many. Here's one: "Seven long years I've been married, Wishing to live an old maid. My husband is drinking and gambling. I'd ruther be in my grave. Chorus Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes, Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes, Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes, I'll never love blue ones again. Get up early in the morning Working and toiling all day. Supper to cook in the evening And dishes to clear away, Chorus Off to the bar room he goes staggering Bring him back if you can, A girl never knows her troubles Until she marries a man. Chorus "These jingles," she wrote, "sound very much like the Mother Goose ones we used to read; this is how they say them up here and I'm sure there aren't any Mother Goose books: "When I was a little boy The roads were muddy A 'livin' by myself I kept my cheese and crackers A 'layin' on the shelf. The streets were narrow Had to bring her back On an old wheelbarrow. The rats and the mice Wheelbarrow broke And she caught a fall Down went wheelbarrow Wife and all." Led me such a life I had to go to London To get me a wife. 28

Names:

, Margaret

Types: booklet

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 33r10\_04-09-000-0033ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story" Her letter continued, "In your last letter you sent us a dollar bill, saying, 'Money talks!' Miss Martin asked me to tell you that our money talks, too, but that all it has ever learned to say is, 'Goodbye'. "I have come across a peculiar superstition up here. Our neighbors will not kill or eat doves. They think it would be a sin because the dove was sent from the ark to find land. They say if you shoot a dove, you will find blood on your gun barrel. "Yesterday, one of our neighbors asked me if I was married, and if not, why not. Then she told me . about her courting experiences, saying. I had many a swain, but as soon as I had ridden out with one of them twice, my mama thought it enough." "Strange, that English Mother Goose jingle and that word swain, kept all these years by these highlanders. "Now to answer your questions. Billy gets up and makes fires and cooks breakfast. Miss Martin Now to answer your questions, Budy gets up and makes lives and coaks orealists. Muss shartin coaks dinner. We have milk, bread, butter, tomatices, etc. for supper. Anywhere from twenty to nine sit at the table. Our regular family is eight at present but we nearly always have an extra. In residence now, Teddy - six, Katherine - thirteen. Tom - sixteen. Bill - fourteen, Jessie - eighteen, Margaret - twenty-three, me - twenty-three, and Miss Martin about forty. Jessie is just visiting us for a short time. Scott, our oldest boy, is at school in Gadsden. "We get up at four A.M. By seven, we have finished our chores at the house and go on down to the We get up at four A.m. By seven, we have initiated our chores at the house and go on down to the schoolhouse because the children begin arriving about seven-thirty. Some of them walk four miles to come. A few new ones enter every day. Nearly all of them are intelligent, attractive children with the greatest bunger for learning I've ever known. I keep asking myself how I can help them, there are so many and each of them has so many needs. "Tm enclosing some of our pure mountain air!" Chapter 16 Supper was over. Lilian and Margaret were in the living room, sitting near the fire, waiting for Miss Martin. They could bear her voice in the kitchen as she talked with Bill and Tom about 2 something that needed doing before they went to bed. "Wherever Miss Martin is, she does God's housekeeping. I read a description of her somewhere. "She's a thin place in the world where the love of God shines through," Lilian said the last almost to herself as she looked into the flames climbing over the backlog. nersell as she soked into the liames cumming over the nacking. "I read something that describes her, too," said Margaret. "She's an unprofessional missionary, of the kind advocated in the New Testament." She went on. "It never hear 'Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." that I won't think of  $l \not \tau$ ." At this point, Miss Martin came in and shut the door behind her. "Why don't you poke up that At this point, Miss Martin came in and shut the door behind her. Why don't yet per behind fire? It's getting colder all the time." Before they could get up. Miss Martin had the heavy, tron poker, turning the backlog, Both Lilian and Margaret did get smaller pieces of wood and push them under the big log. She had been teaching them how to keep a log fire going, ever since cold weather cars. So far, neither of them quite suited her in the way she poked it or fed it, but they were learning. One constant rule was that you always ended by sweeping the hearth. Now, Lilian reached for the long-needide pine straw broom that hung at the end of the mantel and swept it clean as soon as the last stick was put on. Then they all sat down near it. Miss Martin in her favorite big chair. "When they an set user near 16, miss startin in ner invorte big chair. "When! I'm glad to sit down!" she said. "How about you?" then, without giving them a chance to reply, and causing both givis to get up, she went on. "Lilian, how about putting our bricks on the hearth to warm? We'll want them good and hot when we take them up to bed." Turning to Margaret, she said, "How about putting some bread and cheese on the hearth to toast? We can have a snack before we go up." As Margaret brought the buttered bread with cheese on it. to sit on top of the warming bricks, Miss Martin asked, "Is Happy Hollow School having anything special for Thankagiving?" "Yes," they both said, and Lilian went on, "We're having to play about the first Thanksgiving." "My children are so excited it's hard to settle them down a reading and arithmetic." Margaret before we go up." added. "I made up arithmetic problems with Pilgrims and Indians in them, after we found a story in the reader about them. They went right to work." 29

### Names:

- , Billy
- , Jessie
- , Katherine

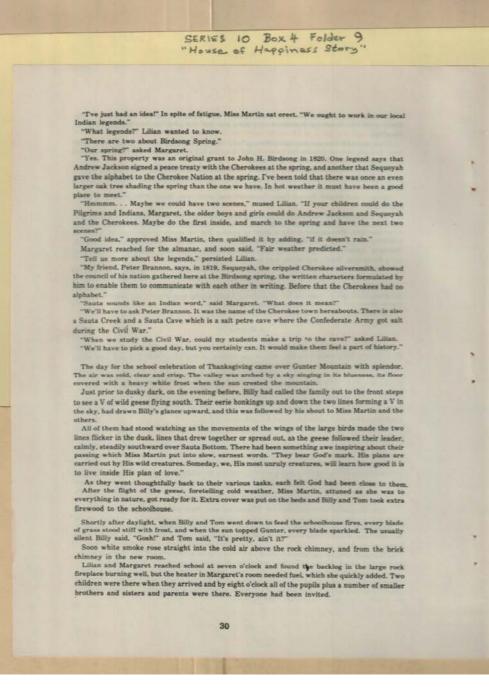
#### **Types:**

booklet

- , Lilian
- , Margaret
- , Scott

, Teddy , Tom Martin, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 34r1004-09-000-0034ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

- , Billy
- , Lilian
- , Margaret

### **Types:**

booklet

, Sequoyah , Tom Birdsong, John H. Brannon, Peter Jackson, Andrew Martin, Miss

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 35r1004-09-000-0035ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story" Until the coming of Miss Martin and her helpers into Sauta Bottom, the people had mostly gathered for church services or funerals. The play-nights, and sings, hold at the House of Happiness were new and the plays at Christmas were the first many had known. This was the first Thanksgiving play. The new room could barely hold the children and adults who came. It was a good thing that the last two scenes were enacted out of doors, at the spring, because more people had wrong the the the Millie of the first first for the spring. Because more people had thing that the task to be the billside to hold them comfortably. Andrew Jackson could be recognized by the three-cornered hat he wore, mashed into that shape from a hat supplied by the clothing room. The Indians could be known because each wore a feather sticking up from a ribbon around his head. A Thanksgiving turkey sent by a church to the House of Happiness had dressed all the Indians. Sequoyah was honored by having more feathers. Nobody forgot the few words he had to say and all of the children acted their parts with dignity. When the play was over. Miss Martin dismissed the group as she did any gathering, with prayer. -But before she had the prayer, she quoted one of her favorite poems: But before she had the prayer, she quoted one of her favorite poems: "Where there is low, there is faith. Where there is faith, there is God. Where there is God, there is no need." Then she said, "Let us pray." and when all heads were bowed. "The Lord bless us and keep us. The Lord make his face to shine upon us and be graticus unto us. The Lord lift up his countenance upon us, and give us peace, both now and evermore." Amen. \* That night, Miss Marrin opened Scott's last letter, to read it again as she'd only had time to glance at it when it arrived. She was happy to know that his grades at the school in Gadsden were improving, sorry that he had no way to get home inter any grants at the school in daussen were women who were reading near her. "Did I ever tell you how Scott gets out of work, sometimes?" "Tell us," said Margaret. "Last summer, I looked at Scott and said, "Honey, will you go pull up a bucket of fresh water?" "He turned to Bill and said, "That's you. I'm Darling." "All summer, I kept trying to think of different nam substitute, and he did it every time." s to call him, to see if he could think up a z "Scott has a good sense of humor," said Lilian. "One of the best I've ever known," said Miss Martin. Chapter 17 At supper, one night soon after Thanksgiving, Miss Martin announced, "Butch hurt his arm last week and it's gotten infected. He's coming up here every night for awhile, to get it dreased." "Bet he hurt it in a fight," said Tom promptly. "Maybe we can get it well. Do you girls know how to play checkers?" She looked at Lilian and Margaret. argret. The two admitted that they had played but said they didn't know much about the game. "We might play checkers or dominoes. Butch is a leader. He's sure to br'ng some boys with him." Butch and two other boys soon arrived. Miss Martin dressed his arm, then challenged him to a game of checkers and almost beat him. Tom and Billy as well as the other boys watched the game intently and in silence. Getting up, after the game was over, Miss Martin said, "Every night someone will have to play the winner, until we see who the checker champion is. Tomorrow night, after your arm is dressed, we'll see if you can beat Margaret." "Me? Anybody can beat me!" "We'll see. Will you boys stay for family prayers?" The startied boys were belpless under her laughing blue eyes. They twisted their caps and their feet but said nothing, and stayed. -"Let's all stand and say the Lord's Prayer." \* Prayer Book, page 63. 31

### Names:

- , Bill
- , Billy
- , Butch

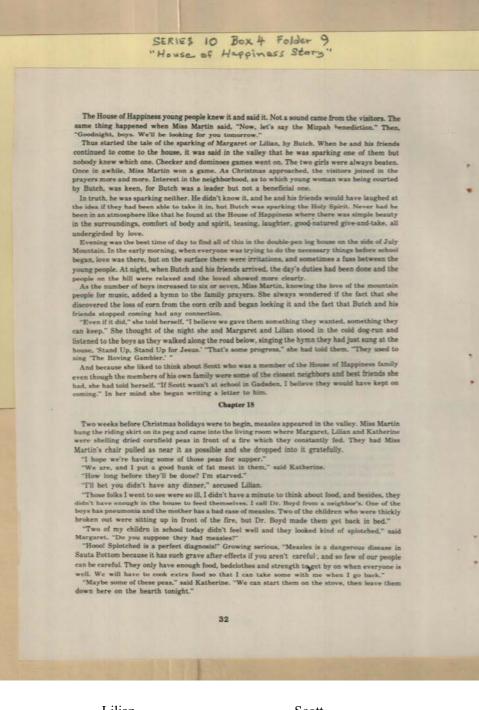
#### **Types:**

booklet

- , Lilian
- , Scott
- , Sequoyah

, Tom Jackson, Andrew Martin, Miss

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 36r1004-09-000-0036ContentsIndexAbout



#### Names:

, Butch

, Katherine

### Types:

booklet

, Lilian , Margaret , Scott Boyd, Dr.

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0037 Image 37 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

"Good idea, daughter," said Miss Martin, reaching to tumble Katherine's hair. Then, turning to Lilian and Margaret, she said, "You two announce in school tomorrow that no one measles can come to school"

"This is really bad, coming just before Christmas," moaned Margaret. "My children are so excited about the Christmas play."

Lilian said, "Miss Martin, you should see the gifts the Church of the Advent and Christ Church sent us! We don't have to worry anymore." She got up to shake pea hulls into the fire. "He does take care of us . . . I've been praying we could. . ." her voice trailed off as she dozed.

They didn't awaken her until supper was ready, and afterwards it took little persuasion to get her to go to bed.

Katherine, Tom and Billy volunt Katherine, Tom and Billy volunteered to see that enough peas, potatoes and bread were cooked for the sick family, while Lilian and Margaret worked on wrapping the school Christmas gifts. The wind, howling around the house, found cracks in the chinking between the logs and each girl worked in her heavy sweater.

"If we could decorate one end of your room with cedar branches," said Lilian, "that would make a sod background for the nativity play."

"I'm worried that the people on the back benches won't be able to see it," said Margaret. "It's

going to be lovely and I want everyone to see it." "Hold your finger here a minute. This string keeps slipping. Now! "Lilian put the finished package aside after she had written the child's name on it. "If we moved two of 'hose benches from my room, and put the heavy boards Miss Martin has for the n w steps, across them, wouldn't that do for a stage?"

a stage. "Big enough for Mary and the baby Jesus and crib, maybe for Joseph. The shepherds and wise men could stand on each side of the stage." Margaret stopped frowning but still looked worried. "I did to want all the parents to come. Now, measles may keep them home."

The Christmas program had been planned for the Friday afternoon before the holidays, and, for two days before, all the children had helped get ready. A small but sturdy stage had been made from the boards and benches. Billy and Tom made a rough crib under Miss Martin's supervision and Lilian sent for a large baby doll of hers which, when wrapped in one of the baby blankets from a church box, looked very much like a baby. Several of the children had brought straw for the crib, and others had helped to get the cedar boughs for the ro

All the school children, from the youngest to the eldest, had been learning the words of the Christmas story from Matthew and Luke. In the upper grades, a contest had decided which two pupils would read the story for the play. Two of the vounger boys were the readers, Aubrey

Clemens and Woodrow Steeley. In spite of a sparkling, sunny day, when school opened many children were absent. The child who was to take the part of Mary wasn't there, nor the little girl they had thought of as a sub-titute. The boy who was to read the section from Matthew hadn't come

When work was underway, Lilian went to the door of Margaret's room and looked in. When she did, Margaret came to meet her.

"Do you suppose some may come later?" Margaret asked. Our madonna must be sick, for I've never known a child to look forward to anything like she did this play."

"We'll just have to do the best we can," said Lilian. "I don't think we'd better make any

we d just have to do the best we can, said timan. I don't think we'd better make any substitutions until after the noon receas." At twelve o'clock, some of the absent ones began to arrive, with baby brothers and sisters and parents. By two o'clock, when the program scheduled for 1:30 got under way, the large room was packed, with some of the audience undoubtedly looking splotched.

As the program went forward, every small face, even every splotched one, was happy. When the Christmas story had been told, every school child received a gift with his or her name on it, and all the smaller children were given gifts from a large box of them.

Miss Martin stood to dismiss them with a look they were beginning to know, one combined of sterness and laughter and love. "Before we have our prayers," she said, "I want to ask how many of you think your children might have measles?" Several parents raised sheepish hands an inch or two.

, Margaret

#### 33

#### Names:

, Katherine , Lilian

-

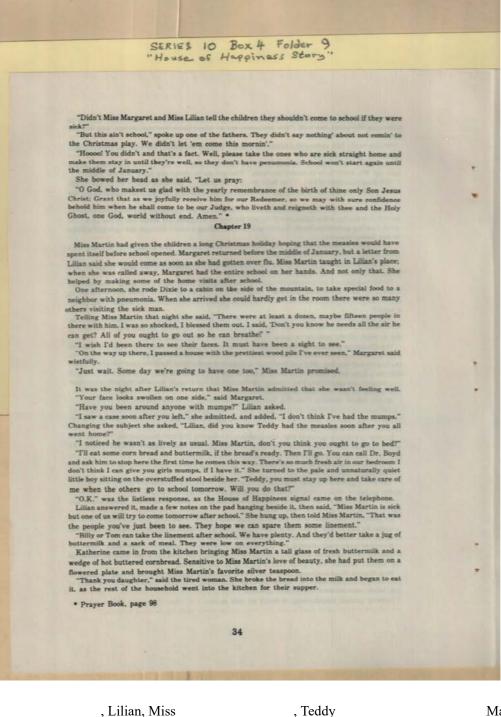
**Types:** 

booklet

Clemens, Aubrey

Martin, Miss Steeley, Woodrow

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 38r1004-09-000-0038ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

, Billy , Katherine

Types:

booklet

, Lilian, Miss , Margaret, Miss , Teddy , Tom Martin, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 39r1004-09-000-0039ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story" They finished and came back to the living room before Miss Martin finished. Lilian offered to wash They finished and came back to the living room before Miss Martin finished. Lilian offered to wash the dishes, so all of the children went up to bed when Miss Martin did. Just before she left the living room she said. "Margaret. tell Lilian about Mr. Reed and the alarm clock." Lilian finished and came to sit on one foot, in one of the overstuffed chairs. As soon as she was settled, she said, "Now, tell me about Mr. Reed." Margaret chuckled but said immediately. "It wasn't funny then! We'd had a hard day and it seemed to me I'd just gotten to sleep when I heard somebody yelling. It was Mr. Reed, who was visiting us for a week, down in the dog-run, yelling. "Ain't y'all gonna git up? The clock done rung a half heare aso." half hour ago." "Miss Martin heard him and said, 'Everybody up! We'll really be late if the clock went off a half anter martin near time and went dragging down. Mr. Reed had made the fire in the stove "We managed to get dressed and went dragging down. Mr. Reed had made the fire in the stove and had the coffee perking and breakfast started. While we were eating. Katherine looked at the clock she had brought down and put on the kitchen shelf." "Look" she screamed. 'Look. Miss Martin, what Pa has made us do?" "We all looked and the clock said one A.M." "Miss Martin said, 'Mr. Reed, what made you think the clock had gone off?" " "I shore heard somethin' ring and I knowd how you-uns wanted everybody up at four o'clock." "Billy said. TII bet the phone rang and he thought it was the clock." "I said. Well, whatever it was. The going back to bed." and everybody elses went too. That was a crazy day. We had had our breakfast at one A.M. and didn't eat any later, so we nearly starved before lunch time." before nunch time. "That must have been really painful," said Lilian. "It seems like the middle of the night to me, when the clock goes off at four A.M. "What else happened while I was at home?" "You certainly picked a good time to be sick. We had the coldest weather anybody up here can remember. My breath froze at night and stuck the cover to my face!" "Mercy! And I thought it was cold that time it snowed and the sifted the ough the shingles "That was a warm spell compared to our zero week. The eggs all froze and burst, and the canned goods in the pantry broke open. Miss Martin says the first warm spell we have, we're all going to stop everything and chink the pantry." "Why not do it this week-end?" "You can't put cement between logs if there's danger of freezing. It would ruin the cement." "How did you learn that?" Margaret grinned. "Miss Martin told me when I suggested the same thing you did." The buttered lightbread with cheese on it which had been in a pan on the hearth, close to the fire, vas now ready to be eaten. They ate it with relish, then each of them wrapped a brick, which had been on the hearth getting hot, in a heavy towel, and took it up to put in their bed. Chapter 20 The next morning early, Billy and Tom went to the schoolhouse to get the fires going, then came back to do their chores at the barn. Katherine was to stay at home, to look after Miss Martin and nack up do inser chores at the barn. Katherine was to stay at home, to look after Miss Martin and Teddy, and would do her lessons when she could. She was to write down the names of anyone who called, and teil them they would be called back after school was out. Dr. Boyd said he would be out some time that morning. Miss Martin was not to get out of bed. The bedroom, which Miss Martin and the three girls shared, was straightened and a basket of oak chips and small chunks of wood placed near the heater so that a steady fire could be kept going. Tom and Billy filled the woodbox in the kitchen where Teddy and Katherine had their school books spread on the table. the table As Lilian and Margaret were starting for school they stopped at the kitchen door. Margaret said, -"Katherine, if you need us, let Teddy come for us." "Yes 'mam." said the sturdy teenager. "I'll have a good supper cooked for you when you get home." Margaret patted the package she carried and said, "I'm already looking forward to my watermelon-find-preserve sandwiches. I'll certainly be sorry when we've eaten it all up." 35

### Names:

- , Billy
- , Katherine
- , Lilian

#### **Types:**

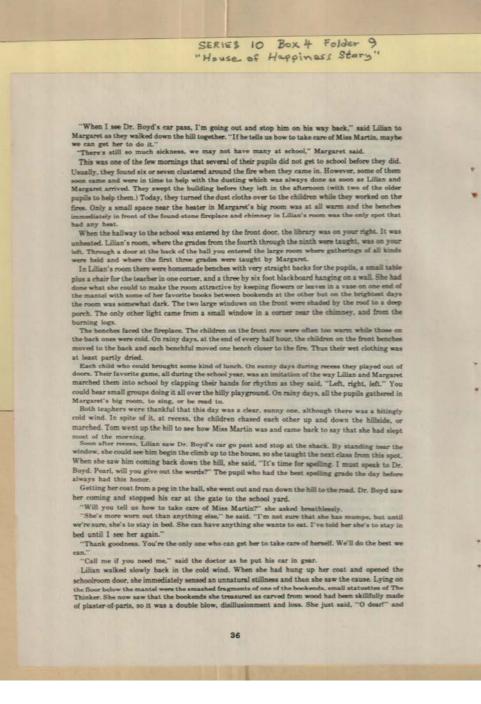
booklet

, Margaret

- , Teddy
- , Tom

Boyd, Dr. Martin, Miss Reed, Mr.

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 40r1004-09-000-0040ContentsIndexAbout



#### Names:

, Lilian

, Margaret

### Types:

booklet

, Pearl

, Tom

Boyd, Dr. Martin, Miss

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0041 Image 41 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story

picked up the pieces. She didn't ask and no one told her what had happened but as an eraser lay be the pieces, she felt pretty sure that the eraser had been thrown with such force at som dodged that the bookend had been knocked from the mantel. e who

#### Chapter 21

Attendance at school built up gradually as sickness in the valley died down and the weather got Attendance at school built up gradually as sickness in the valley died down and the weather got better. In Alabama, all through the winter, there are soft days which usually follow a pattern, three cold days followed by three warmer days, the cold ones nearly always clear, the soft ones rainy. It was on a misty, springlike Saturday, several weeks after Miss Martin's illness which had turned out not to be mumps, that she sent Lilian with fruit and other things for ones of the older puplis who had pneumonia. Since her time in bed, she had let Lilian and Margaret do many of the things she had always done, for Dr. Boyd had told her she could not ride the horae for awhile. Dixie, who was getting on in years, went like a young horae at be sun came through the mist to put a sparkle on the leaves and blades of grass. Cardinals, locally called red birds, fiew back and forth across the woods on one side and enter on the other.

forth across the wooded train, she heard their mating can earn time before she saw the leaves the woods on one side and enter on the other. Wild plan trees in bloom made a ghostly smoke behind the snake-rail log fence of a clearing. She stopped the horse to breathe in the smell of spring, wet earth and decaying leaves mixed with the fragrance of the plum blossoms, now so close she could hear the hum of the bees visiting them. In one corner of the clearing a peach tree was in bloom, the pink of its blos-oms accented by the evergreen trees outside the fence. Gratitude for the beauty surrounding her rose in her like sap in the trees as she urged Dixie on

down the trail to the cabin at the end. Peach trees bloomed against it logs silvered by time. As she down the trail to the cabin at the end. Peach trees bioomed against it logs suivered by uline. As sole stopped the horse near the open door of the cabin three large mongrel dogs came from under the house, barking violently. Lilian sat on the horse until the grandmother of her pupil came to the door and spoke to the dogs, making them go back underneath. Then she made the visitor welcome to the one large room where the patient layed on a bed in one corner. Granny and Lilian talked quietly by the briskly burning fire until Willie said something from the bed. Lilian seent over to speak to him, then left, Granny had told her that twelve neighbors had come to sit with Willie the night before. She knew that they would have to get their rest in the day time.

Riding home, she thought of something Miss Martin had said in the fall. On a cold evening she had come into the living room, carefully closing the door behind her before she said, "Someday. I'm going to write a book called THE OPEN DOOR. The house I've just come from had a roaring fire and the

outside door wide open. Tve seen it, time after time." Margaret had smiled at her and said. "Ill bet they had a good woodpile. Lilian and I do covet our neighbors woodpiles." And going up to bed that night, she had continued. "If I lived in one of these cahins, with such small windows and so little light and had as much wood around. Td keen my door open, tool

Lilian's trip to see Willie had to be reported on that night. After she had finished, and they had discussed what they needed to do the next day. Miss Martin sent them an it bed. She wanted to go, too, but this was the first chance to be alone that she had had in some time and she needed to think.

As she heard the young people going up the steps, she put her head back and closed her eyes. Her prayer was more or less formless, just resting for a moment on the Strength she depended on, day after day. It was lonely to be at the head of a pioneer work for the church of God in its Episcopal hranch, here in Sauta Bottom. The meed for love and understanding was so great, even greater than for the material help she had tried to give, that she sometimes feit drained. She was to meet soon with the Bishop and a group of churchmen to tell them about the work here

one was to meet soon with the instrop and a group or entremmen to ten them about the work here in the hills of Alabama with a people whose lives were so different from theirs. She wanted to plan carefully so that when she stood before them she could make the people of the valley and their needs come alive. "The Bishop must often ask himself if the money the diocese spends here could be more useful, do more good, somewhere else," she said to herself and sat brooding, asking herself the same

question. The answer came clearly and strongly to her mind. "The good every penny does up here just can't be measured. Money spent here buys better health ... sometimes life. for whole families. I believe the school is going to help every child who comes. I don't believe a single one of them will fail to get

37

#### Names:

, Lilian , Margaret .

, Willie

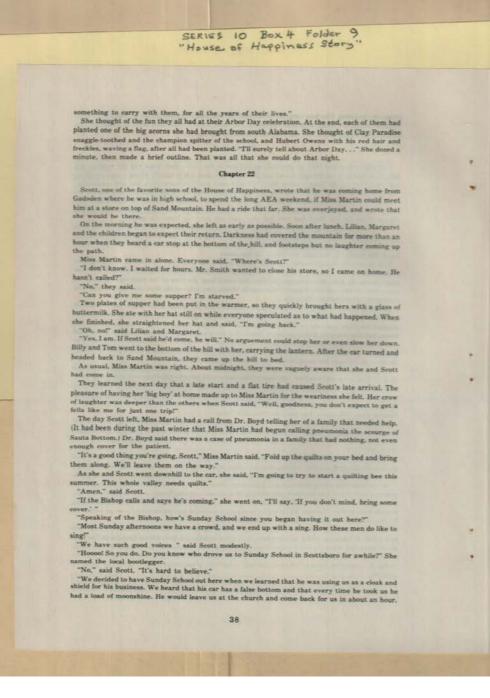
Boyd, Dr.

#### Types:

booklet

Martin, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 42r1004-09-000-0042ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

, Billy

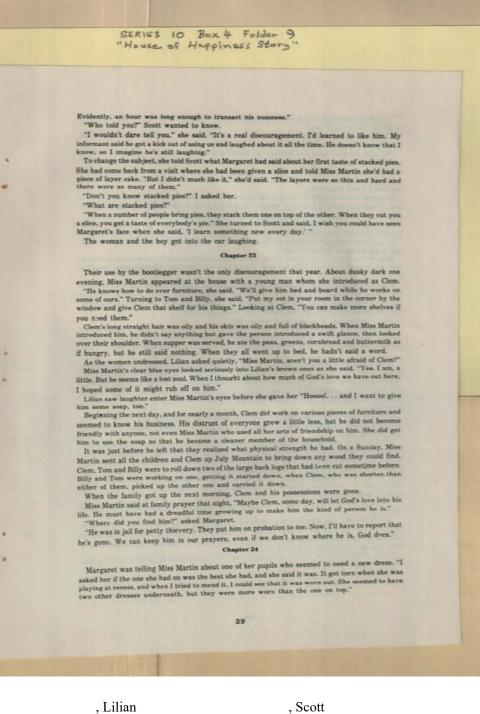
- , Lilian
- , Margaret

### **Types:**

booklet

, Scott , Tom Boyd, Dr. Martin, Miss Owens, Hubert Paradise, Clay Smith,

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 43r1004-09-000-0043ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

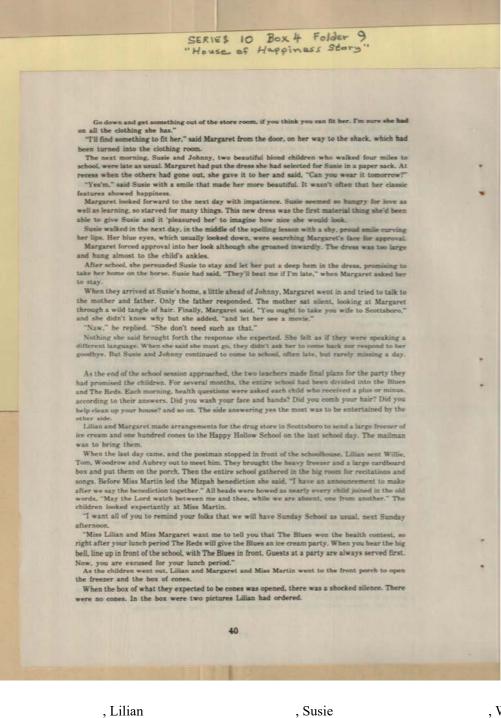
, Billy , Clem

Types:

booklet

, Lilian , Margaret , Scott , Tom Martin, Miss

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0044 Image 44 Contents Index About



### Names:

, Aubrey , Johnny

### Types:

booklet

, Margaret

, Tom

, Woodrow Martin, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 45r1004-09-000-0045ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story" "What can we do?" came from Margaret and Lilian. Miss Martin had a shining look. Her spirit had an extra glow when she faced an emergency. "Til take Billy and Tom to the house and send you all of of the saucers and spoons we have, in the dishpan. And they can bring a bucket of water. You'll have to feed in relays. Feed, wash up and feed the next ones." "What a mess!" moaned Margaret. "Hoool This isn't the worst mess you'll get in, if you become farewell ladies!" Billy and Tom took the package of pictures to the house when they went up with Miss Martin, and soon returned with twenty spoons and as many saucers. The children had already lined up so Lilian explained what had happened, then turned to help Margaret dip ice cream into the twenty saucers. So the Reds entertained the Blues, then in their turn were fed. Some of the children had never had ice cream before. Susie and Johnny only took a bite, then handed their saucers back, saying, "It's too cold." When it was over and the children had left for their homes, the schoolhouse was closed without sweeping or straightening. That could be done the next day. The two young teachers elimed wearily to the house and sank into rocking chairs on the front porch. For a time they sat silent, looking out across the fields to the distant, hazy mountains on the other side of the valley. Finally Margaret said, "I hope never to do such stremuous entertaining again." "Amen." said Lilian. "I'm really looking forward to some days when nothing just has to be done. some good old empty, lazy days." Both of them subconsciously realized that there never would be any such days around Miss Both of them subconsciously realized that there never would be any such days around select Martin, especially in Sauta Bottom. Before the next week was over, Margaret had a call saying that her mother was ill and she was needed at home. Lilian and Katherine took her to catch the next train. After Margaret left there were some days that did not seem as full. Most of the work that Lilian did was letter writing for Miss Martin. They had just about cleared her basket of letters that needed answering before a call came for Lilian toos to come home. She had known all year that her father was very ill, with lung trouble, and growing worse. The message came that he was dying so she packed and left immediately. 2 Chapter 25 Early in the summer, Miss Martin sat alone on the front porch, reading for the second time a letter from Deaconess Whitford who was in charge of the "piscopal Church Home in Mobile. She let ber thoughts go back to the summer of 1923 when she had been asked by the Rishop to direct the course of study for Mrs. Whitford. It was when she knew that Mrs. Whitford was coming to live with her that she realized the work in Scottsboro needed a house, and in November when her furniture came from Montgomery she and Mrs. Whitford had moved in. "Hoose" What a year that was! Mrs. Whitford was such a good house-mother for us, I know she's been just right for the Church Home for orphans. She really managed that room we set aside for the hospital. With Dr. Boyd to tell us how, and Mrs. Whitford in charge, we got some mighty sick people well She rocked slowly, with a gentle look on her face, as she remembered the two eight year olds. Elizabeth who weighed twenty pounds and Evelyn who weighed twenty-four, who had been brought back to health in 'St. Luke's.' Then she thought of Odessa, delicate twelve year old, undernourished and overworked, who had lived with them until she was brought to good health. Their motio was, Water, internally, externally and eternally.; that and enough food, given with love, brought them around. She thought sadly of a few they had not been able to bring around, the mother of the Coon around. She shought saily of a rew they has not even after to wring around; the mouser of econ Hollow family who died of cancer eight months after they moved up out of the hollow, and the mother of Wee Mary who had died five months after her birth in spite of all they did. Her head went back against the chair and her eyes closed, but not for sleep. She could talk to her Master best when she could shut out the world. Her love and gratitude welled up, almost wordlessly. Most of the time, she lived with complete faith that whatever God wanted her to do, He 41

### Names:

- , Billy
- , Elizabeth
- , Evelyn
- , Johnny

### **Types:**

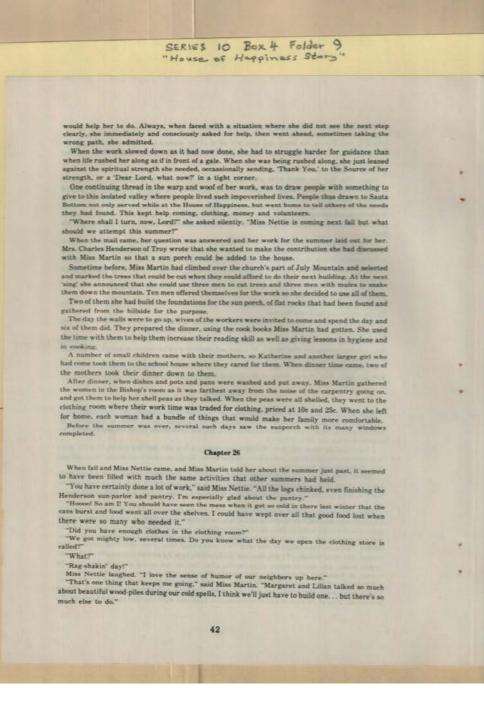
booklet

- , Katherine
- , Lilian
- , Margaret
- , Mary

, Odessa , Susie , Tom Boyd, Dr. Martin, Miss Whitford, Deaconess Whitford, Mrs.

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 46r1004-09-000-0046ContentsIndexAbout

, Nettie, Miss



### Names:

, Lilian , Margaret

Types:

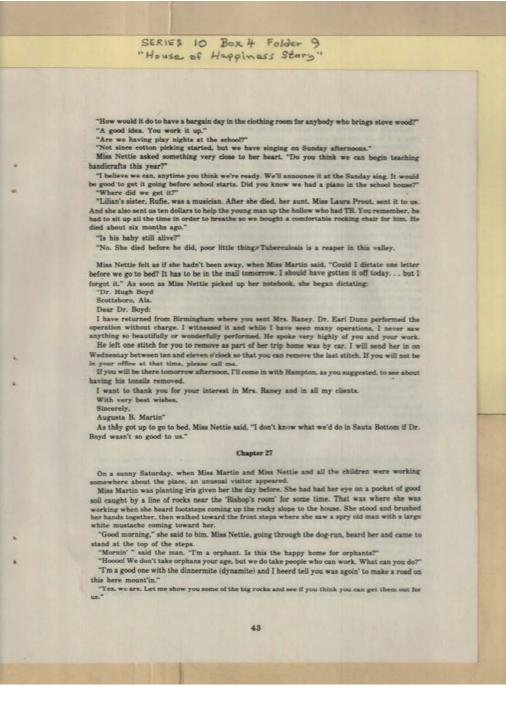
booklet

Henderson, Charles,

Mrs.

Martin, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 47r10\_04-09-000-0047ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

, Hampton

, Lilian

, Nettie, Miss

### **Types:**

booklet

, Rufie Boyd, Hugh, Dr. Dunn, Earl, Dr. Martin, Augusta B. Martin, Miss Prout, Laura, Miss Raney, Mrs.

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0048 Image 48 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

So, Uncle Johnny moved into the room with the boys and beame one of the family. One night, when all the family were around the fire in the living room, Miss Nettie said, "Uncle Johnny, I heard that you used to be a preacher." Uncle Johnny tilted his straight chair back, looked into the fire and started talking slowly. "I had

done been stiffly with the rheumatiz for forty days and forty nights and all at once I heerd somebody done been stilly with the recumate to rocy ways and noty makes and if heard it again, so I says to callin'me, 'Johnny, Johnny' I didn't see nobody and I waited awhile and I heard it again, so I says to myself. It ain't nobody around so that must be the Lord a 'callin' and so I says. Tord, is that you a 'callin'? and He says to me. 'Yes Johnny, and I want you to go to preachin'. "All at once my sould left this here body and I looked down and it were as black as that there that the says to be the says to be the says to be black as that there

Derby hat Miss Martin done give me." (A derby hat had come in one of the clothing boxes. Uncle Johnny had asked for and been given it.) After a pause, he went on, "I walked through the pearly gates and I walked the street and it were lined with silver dollars. And the Lord, He said to me, 'Johnny, I want you to go back down on earth

and preach." After that my sould come back to my body and I been preachin' up and down this here

earth fer five thousand miles and no tellin' how many miles to heaven." Some weeks later, after all the large rocks had been blown out of the roadway, there wasn't much for Uncle Johnny to do and he was restless. The boys were getting wood from the side of July Nonliain but Uncle Johnny wasn't interested in helping them, nor in gardening. He said once or twice, he'd 'orta git back to preachin', especially after Miss Martin had given him a 'preaching suit' from one of the boxes. With that and the derby hat he fait himself well equipped as a preacher and wanted to start again on those five thousand miles of earth. Miss Martin had promised to take him back to the place he had come from, as soon as she could get away for a day, but other needs kept her from it.

from it. It was Katherine who helped her find the time. Miss Nettie taught her to make sweet potatoe pie and she made two for supper one night. A half of one of them was left and put into the safe. Uncle Johnny liked it so well, he slipped down when everyone else was asleep and ate it. Shortly afterwards, he became sick and Miss Martin and Miss Nettie were up the rest of the night. Miss Martin decided the next day that she hald time to take Uncle Johnny home. After they had driven off. Miss Nettie said to Katherine, "Do you remember the vision Uncle Johnny had when the Lord said, Touch not, handle not."

Lord sau, rouce not, name not. " "Yes," giggled Katherine. "He should have thought of that when he came down to get the pie." "I'll never forget his expression last night, when Miss Martin asked him to say the bleasing." Miss Nettie said. "He was so pleased, we should have thought to ask him before. And I won't forget his blessing. "Lord, make us thankful for these here vittles and the hands that prepared them." Katherine took her hands out of the dishwater and looked at them thoughtfully for a m

#### Chapter 28

One duty Miss Martin put off as long as possible was the answering of letters that called for a One duty Miss Martin put off as long as possible was the answering of letters that called for a thoughtful and well organized reply. Life just didn't give her the time to work on things of this kind. As soon as she gathered her notes and began work, a call would come for heip that she felt must be answered. She would put up her material and it would be days before she could get back to it . In November of 1928, she received a letter that she and Miss Nettie spent much time in answering. It was from the Rev. H.W. Foreman. Secretary for Rural Work for the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In part it said: "The Division of Rural Work is hoping to prepare a stereopticon lecture on Rural Work throughout the United States and in this lastrue. Leaded like new much the lowed work of the states of the she had the source much the did the of the

throughout the United States and in this lecture I should like very much to include something of the House of Happiness.

"I an wondering if you could send me some pictures. . . and an account of your work. . . "This sounds like a very large order, but you and the House of Happiness are doing such a splendid work that I would very much like to include them . ." The report that Miss Martin, with Miss Nettie's help, made of that year's work must have included much that she sent Mr. Foreman. The report said. "Tho past year has been very successful in many respects. We feel that something has been

### 44

#### Names:

, Johnny, Uncle , Katherine

**Types:** 

booklet

, Nettie, Miss

Foreman, H. W., Rev.

Martin, Miss

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0049 Image 49 Contents Index About

-0

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

accomplished in many phases of the work.

We have cared for more people here at the house, with a family average of eleven and an age range from three months to seventy-two years. Our baby, Mozelle, was early adrift on the river of life for when she was three weeks old her mother wrote the worker to come and get her, she didn't want her. The mother's family refused to keep them so they were brought to the House of Happiness which was already full. Somehow we made room for them until we found a place with a family where the mother could work and keep her baby. The mother is giving reasonable satisfaction and Mozelle is growing rapidly. "The oldest member of our family is a feeble minded old man. He enjoys the children and the good

warm clothes we give him. "Our community Sunday School has increased in membership and interest. The evening song service has been an inspiration, with the piano we were given a great attraction. Where once we heard only The Rovin' Gambler sung as our young men passed up and down the road at night, we hear 0 only the kovin tamoer sung as our young men passes up and down the road as many we now hear various hymns, the latest being, "Jesus Calls Us." "The public school has increased in attendance. Two hundred books were recently added to the library. About fifty books a week are borrowed. "The hungry have been fed. In addition to the family we have served six hundred and thirty extra

"The naked have been clothed. Although our clothing supply has been limited, we have met the most distressing needs. On one occasion the worker took off her only heavy wool dress to give to a tubercular neighbor. She came one cold, rainy alternoon bringing a load of wood to exchange. When

tubercular neignnor. Sne came one con, rainy atternoon bringing a soad of wood to exchange. When asked what she wanted, she said, "A can of tomatoes, and my little boy wants a ball." "The sick have been visited and administered to. In many cases bedding, food and medicine have been furnished by the House of Happiness. One Sunday morning in the summer, as we were going down hill on our way to Sunday School in Scottsboro, a man called from the road that there was a

down hill on our way to Sunday School in Scottsbore, a man cated from the road that there was a very sick child on the mountain and they wanted the worker to come. "A mattress, bedding, gowns, ice, lemons and other things were hastily gotten together and the long tedious journey started. When we arrived, it was seen that the house where the child lay was made entirely of tin roofing and was in an open field with no tree near it. You can imagine the heat. "The little patient was lying on an immense featherbed, delirious and with temperature of 103%. The featherbed was removed and a comfortable mattress with fresh haudered sheets put in its place. The worker stayed twelve hours, giving the child a sponge bath every two hours. Before she left he was conscious and took a little lemonade. "Fresh morning we have Got's minute and in the evening, when the shadows begin to fall on the

"Each morning we have God's minute and in the evening, when the shadows begin to fall on the house from the top of the mountain, we have our family prayer, often on the porch. The children love to sing. 'Now the Day Is Over.' Thus we end each day's program of work, love, play and prayer.'

In February 1929, Bishop McDowell passed on to Miss Martin another request for information about her work, this one from the Rev. A. Rufus Morgan. Executive Secretary and General Missionary of the Diocese of Upper South Carolina. Mr. Morgan asked -- information and kodak pictures of the work in north Alabama, for an article on mountain work for the magazine, "The Spirit of Missions.

As she and Miss Nettie worked on their reply to him, Miss Martin said. "Miss Nettie, I don't know what I will do without you when you have to leave. I'm not going to give you up, until all of the Faith Fund is used. I guess the members of the Women's Auxiliary are as hard up as we are, because it's

been coming in less and less, lately." "If the schools could only pay," said Miss Nettie, "we could make out. And if my family didn't need me in the gift shop they're trying to develop, I could stay. But, as it is, I guess Fil have to go when the fund gives out."

They turned back to the work they were doing for Mr. Morgan and next day, sent it off to him.

On May 11, 1929, he wrote them, "The fear had grown within me that the chance to get some account from the House of Happiness had been lost. Having had experience in the field, I know how many things press for the doing, and how difficult it is to find time, space and composure to write.

45

Martin, Miss

McDowell, Bishop

### Names:

, Mozelle

, Nettie, Miss

### **Types:**

booklet

Morgan, A. Rufus, Rev.

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 50r1004-09-000-0050ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story" "All the more am I grateful for the spendid picture you have given us of the work. I thank you and As the more wan a gracemon to the spendul picture you have given us of the work. I thank you and Miss Barnwell most cordially. "With every best wish for the work in and around the House of Happiness (and may it be the promise of much more, of like devotion, for our mountain people.) "Cordially, A. Rufus Morgan" her reports that she had been without an assistant for six months. Lilian Prout had written Miss Martin about one of her friends. Minnie Barnes, a teacher in the Birmingham schools who had expressed an interest in coming to the House of Happiness as a volunteer worker in the summer. Miss Martin wrote hopefully, inviting her to come. She had also written Miss Netlie, asking her if she couldn't come up for a wisit during the summer. Miss Netlie replied that she could and would come, about the middle of June. Chapter 29 Miss Martin and Katherine reed were shelling peas. They were on the porch, right in the middle of the dog-run so that they could catch any breeze that might come up the slope of July Mountain. Miss Martin turned to the fifteen year old girl who still had a Dutch haircut and said. T had a letter yesterday from Minnie Barnes, who is coming to belp us this summer. She's one of Lilian's firends." "Miss Lilian wrote me about her," said Katherine. "She said she taught school in Birmingham... and she thought we'd like her." "I hope she likes us, enough to spend the summer. If she can stay with/Miss Nettie, I can get off to go to that social work conference in Wisconsin." Miss Martin looked down across the valley, then back at the work in her hands, and peas began falling into her pan again. "I need to go and hear what other social workers are doing "When is she coming?" "Her letter said June 15th." shile " Minnie arrived on the 15th, and on July 5th, 1930, she wrote her mother, "Your letter today was balm to my soul. I had a deadly hunch that you had been sick... As for me, I look better and feel better than I have in months. I've been eating 'em out of house and home. Speck when Miss Martin returns she'll die at our expenses. . .we've been eating more than just butt-y-milk! "You should have seen us celebrating the fourth day. In our best bib and tucker, we set out for town at nine-thirty. The streets were crowded with people in bonnets and big sun hats. The band was blowing its united head off (their faces crimson from the heat), the melody carried bravely by one workly horn. "To begin with there were races; a sack race, a fat man's race and a watermeion race. Then there was a hog calling contest. . . I wish you and Dad could have heard it. "We stood in the sun until we were woory. The boys each had a quarter to spend, and spend it they did. "Ere lunch, they had eaten milky ways, pop corn, ice cream and babe suths. For lunch we went to Katherine's sister's house where we had left some supplies bread, jelly, sandwich spread and cheese. one wobbly horn. 46

, Lilian , Nettie, Miss Barnes, Minnie Barnwell, Miss

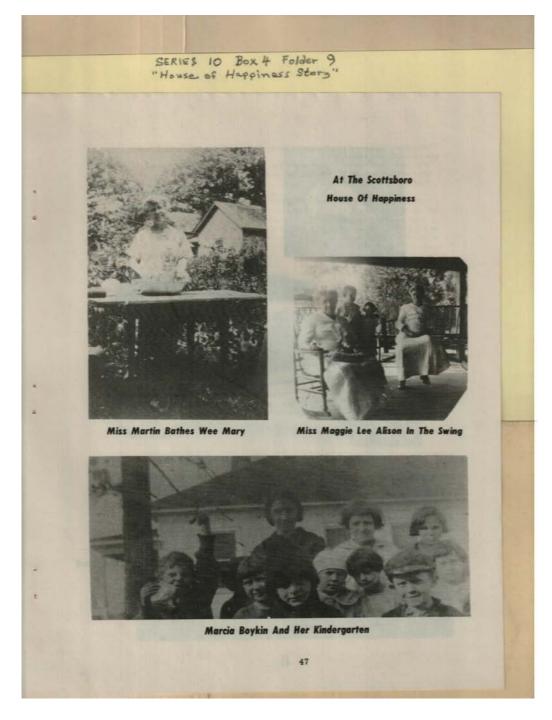
### **Types:**

Names:

booklet

Barnwell, Nettie, Miss Martin, Miss Morgan, A. Rufus, Rev. Pentecost, Mary Winn, Miss Prout, Lilian Reed, Katherine

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 51r10\_04-09-000-0051ContentsIndexAbout



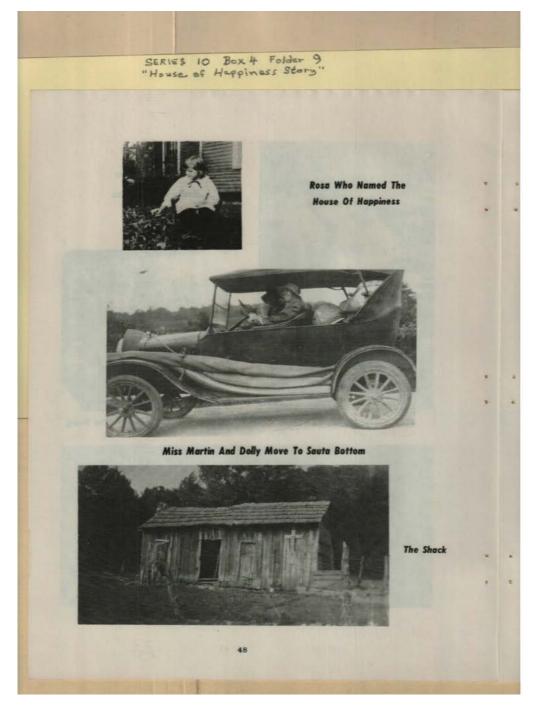
### Names:

, Mary

**Types:** 

photograph

Alison, Maggie Lee, Miss Boykin, Marcia, Miss Martin, Miss Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 52r10\_04-09-000-0052ContentsIndexAbout

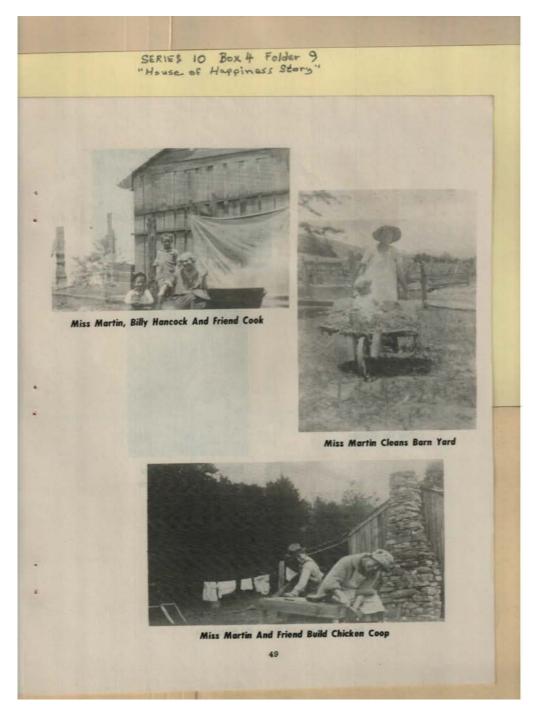


Names:

, Dolly **Types:** photograph , Rosa

Martin, Miss

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 53r10\_04-09-000-0053ContentsIndexAbout

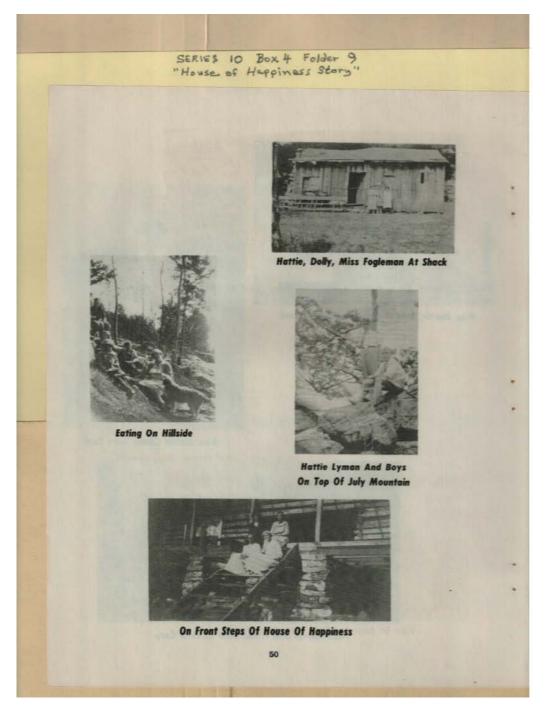


Names:

Cook, Friend **Types:** photograph Hancock, Billy

Martin, Miss

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 54r10\_04-09-000-0054ContentsIndexAbout



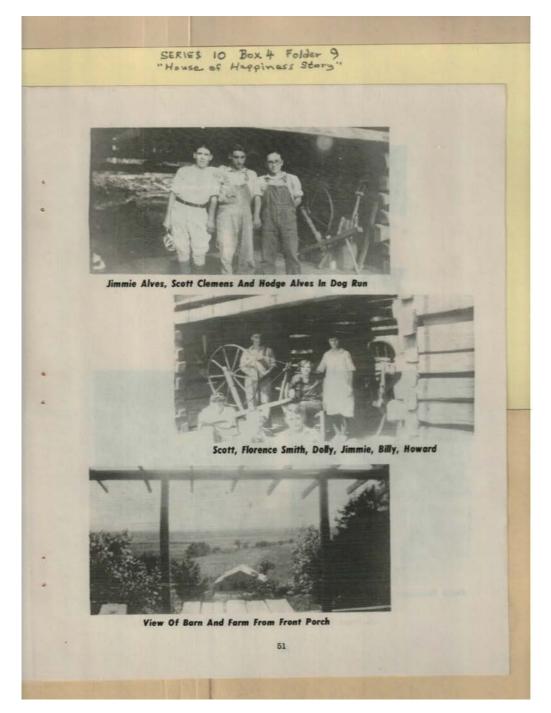
Names:

, Dolly **Types:** photograph , Hattie

Fogleman, Miss

Lyman, Hattie

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 55r10\_04-09-000-0055ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

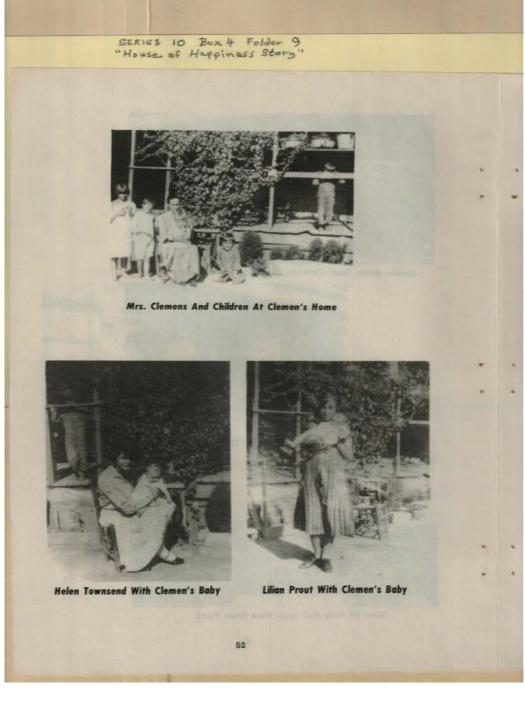
- , Billy
- , Dolly
- , Howard

### **Types:**

photograph

, Jimmie , Scott Alves, Hodge Alves, Jimmie Clemens, Scott Smith, Florence

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 56r10\_04-09-000-0056ContentsIndexAbout



Clemens, Mrs.

Prout, Lilian

Townsend, Helen

Types: photograph

Names:

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 57r10\_04-09-000-0057ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

, Howard , Mount Clemens, Aubrey Clemens, Nora Clemens, Pearl

### **Types:**

photograph

Clemens, Veta Coffee, Mrs. Hancock, Bill Hancock, Dave Lindsay, Margaret Paradise, Vesta Phillips, Dolly Phillips, Doly Smith, Beatric Smith, Beatrice Smith, Mamie Steeley, Efie Steeley, Gordon Steeley, Woodrow Steeley,Virgil Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 58r10\_04-09-000-0058ContentsIndexAbout



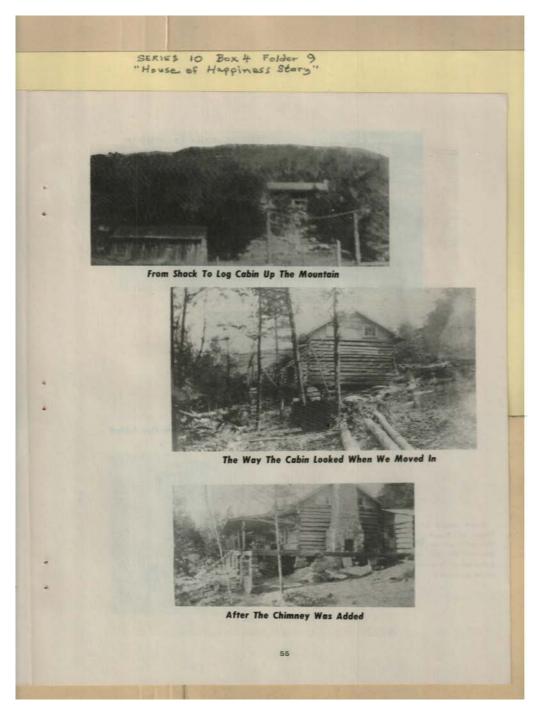
### Names:

Barnwell, Nettie, Miss

**Types:** 

photograph

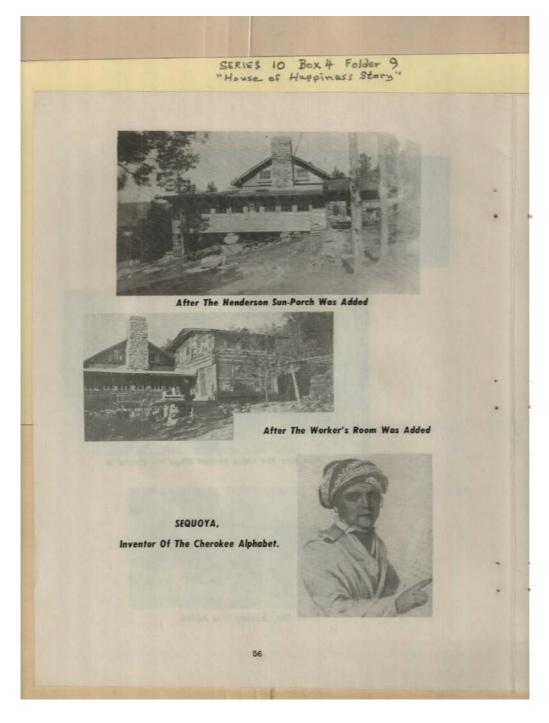
Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 59r10\_04-09-000-0059ContentsIndexAbout



Names:

The Cabin **Types:** photograph

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 60r10\_04-09-000-0060ContentsIndexAbout



Names:

, Sequoyah

Types: painting

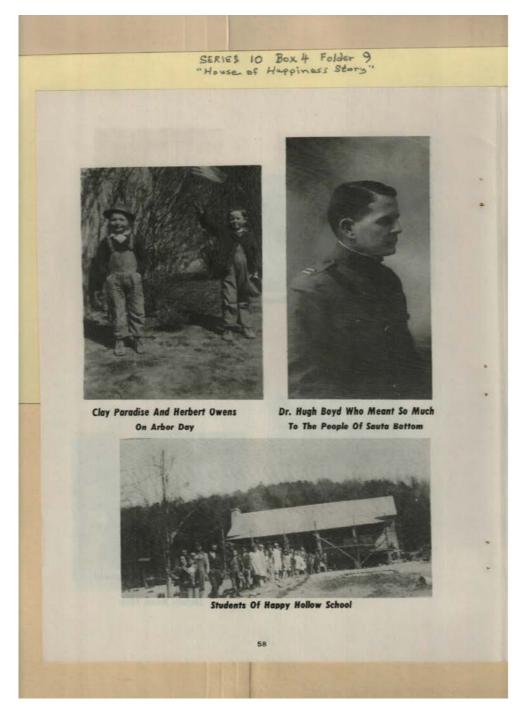
# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 61r10\_04-09-000-0061ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

Morrison, Margaret **Types:** photograph

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 62r10\_04-09-000-0062ContentsIndexAbout

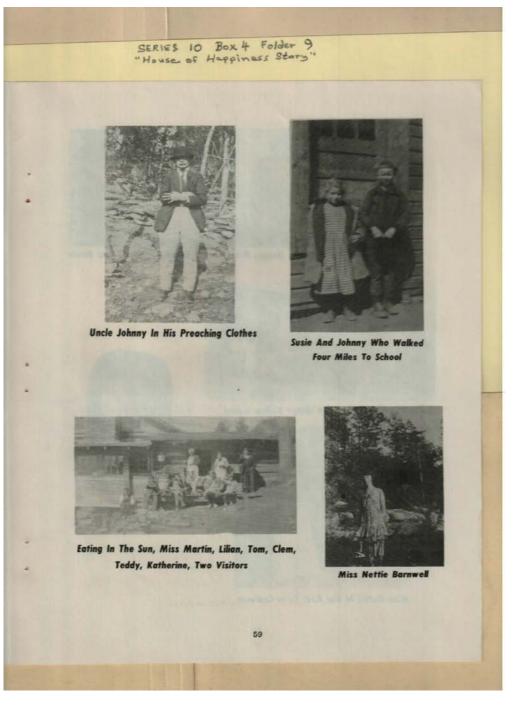


Names:

Boyd, Hugh, Dr. **Types:** photograph Owens, Herbert

Paradise, Clay

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 63r10\_04-09-000-0063ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

- , Clem
- , Johnnie
- , Johnnie, Uncle

### **Types:**

photograph

- , Katherine
- , Lilian
- , Susie

, Tom , teddy Barnwell, Nettie, Miss Martin, Miss

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 64r10\_04-09-000-0064ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

, Billy , Hodge

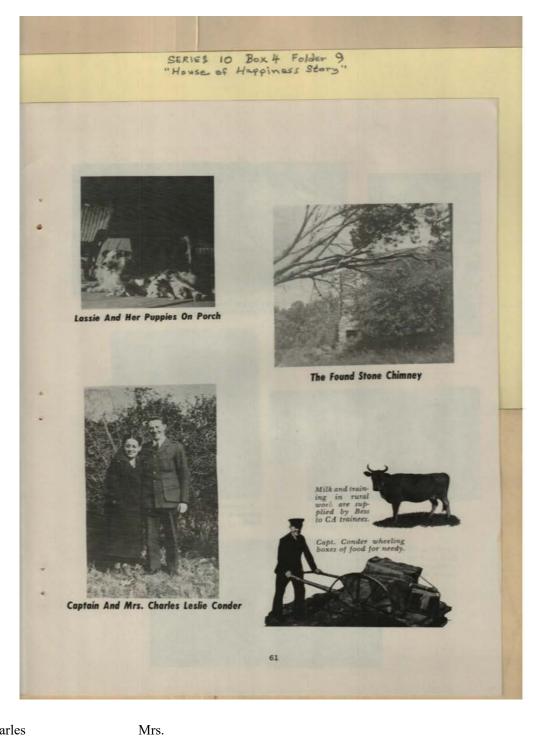
, 11042

Types:

photograph

, Nettie, Miss Barnes, Minnie Bowie, Dwain Martin, Miss Pruitt, Virginia

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 65r10\_04-09-000-0065ContentsIndexAbout



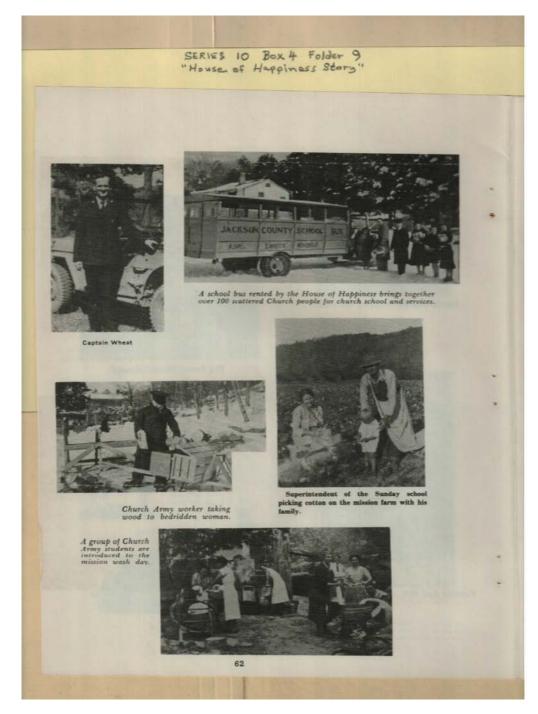
### Names:

Conder, Charles Leslie, Captain &

### **Types:**

photograph

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 66r10\_04-09-000-0066ContentsIndexAbout



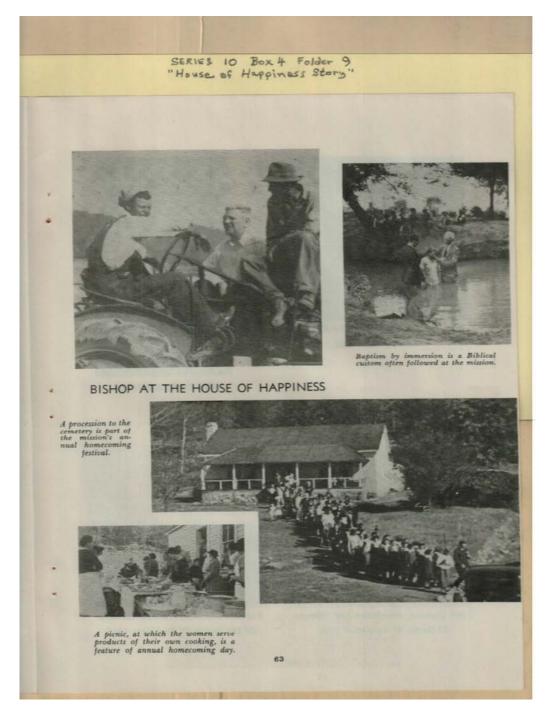
### Names:

Wheat, Captain

### Types:

photograph

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 67r10\_04-09-000-0067ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

Bishop Visits **Types:** photograph

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 68r10\_04-09-000-0068ContentsIndexAbout



Barnwell, Nettie, Miss

**Types:** 

Names:

photograph

Clemens, Scott Martin, Miss

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0069 Image 69 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story

"Dorothy went to the baseball game with Scott. Leola went to visit the Presleys, with whom she

bad worked. I was put in charge of the boys and we went to the picture show. "The theater is a Wow! You enter to find the audience facing you. You bump around grouping up a crooked aisle, stumble into the raised platform of the stow, hit the stowe, then groupe into a maine of seats... It was worth it all when others came in, put their fates in the balance and started seeking a seat! The light streamed in so around the screen that you could hardly distinguish the actors. "Scott started taking the census today. Don't think he goes further than Shakerag east, or

ocout started taking the central tools, boilt timits he goes invites takin brakering ease, or Jumpoff west. Miss Netlie went with him. "We held our sing last night. You should hear us sing, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder." "Our only casualty so far has been the breaking of Ted's arm, and that happened in town where he is staying with his married sister. Another sister, Martha, a trained nurse, is also here. She is one of the House of Happiness family." One morning, after Minnie had been at the House of Happin

ss for several days, she got up from

One morning, after Minnie had been at the House of Happiness for several days, she got up from the breakfast table and said, "I have an announcement to make. From now on, Katherine, you can go and do something else and I'll be the breakfast dish washer." It was the day before Miss Martin left. She immediately responded to Minnie, "Well, it's the law of the Medes and the Persians that you can't wash any other dishes during the day. All of you remember that while I'm gone. Don't let her." "We'll keep an eye on her," said Miss Nettie. "School starts soon. After it does, I doubt if she will have time to do the breakfast dishes." She smilled at Minnie and continued, "We leave the bouse were member at "even"."

ng at se

Miss Nettie wasn't teaching, but walked to school with Minnie the day school started; the walk down the hill together in the early morning, was a joy to both of them. Although Miss Nettie was nearly forty and Minnie twenty four, they had many things in common and were most congenial. Both of them had an artist's eye for beauty and both had a good sense of humor, both had love and mpassion for people, both were teachers.

One night after the children had gone to bed, Minnie and Miss Nettie were in the living room, One night after the children had goos to bed, skinnis and size vector were in the string foom. Minite doing school work and Miss Nettis going through the day's mail. She came to the Alabama Churchman and looked through it to see if there was House of Happiness news. As susual, there was. "Listen to this," she said. "Here's an article written by Mrs. Albert F. Wilsom who visited here this spring. She's written an article called 'A Day At the House of Happiness." Il read you some of it." "Read it all," said Minnie, pushing her papers aside and putting her feet on a nearby stool. "Well, if you insist." She pulled the lamp closer to her albow and began.

#### A Day At The House Of Happiness

"Yes, it is time for the visitor to arise and begin the day's work. The sun is coming up. The clock says four-thirty. What is that sound? It is someone sweeping and a sweet voice yodeling in true mountain style. Soon there are other sounds: someone is building a fire, water is being poured and all the world is astir with activity. The voices of four young boys blend in alternate singing, whistling and in joyous banter, until breakfast is announced. After scurrying for the table there comes comparative quiet while the Happiness family is gathered for the morning meal.

Comes comparative quice wine the rappmens name is gauged of the normaginear. After breakfast, each child has his own task and does his part in a cheerful, cooperative spirit. A whistle blows, and in the lovely, glassed in Henderson sun porch, the whole family grathers for God's minute when the much prized book, given by Mrs. Melton, is used for family prayer. Soon afterwards, Miss Hunli has the whistle blown and with fourteen small children in train

disappears down the mountain side to the schoolhouse where they remain in class until twelve o'cl

At noon, chapel is held in the schoolhouse, with hymns, Bible stories and noonday prayers. One At noon, chapet is need in the schoolbooks, with hymns, blue sources and mounday prayers. One feature would delight our Church school teachers all over the Diocese - to bear the boys and girls from the House of Happiness repeat their Duty towards God and their Duty towards their neighbor without leaving off a syllable. They also read the Bible aloud and offered the prayers with ease and intelligence. In the meanwhile, up at the House of Happiness, there is a call for Miss Martin; some more bolts are needed for the new plows. A few minutes quiet, then a little voice following a tap on

65

### Names:

- , Dorothy
- , Katherine
- , Leola
- , Martha

### **Types:**

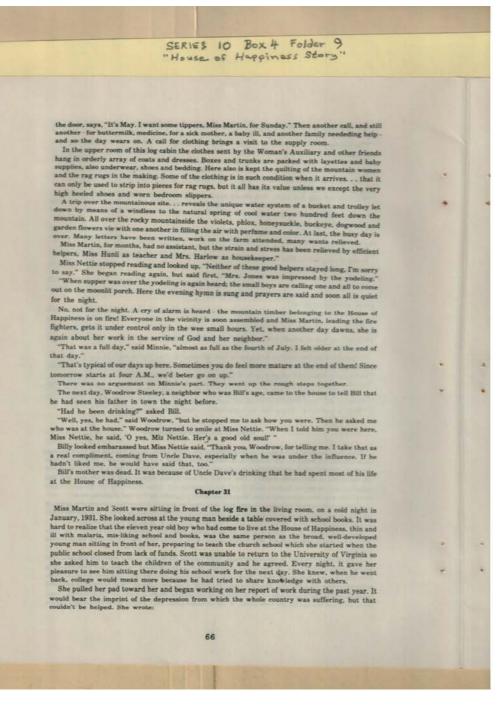
booklet

- , Minnie
- , Nettie, Miss
- , Scott
- , Ted

Hunli, Miss Melton, Mrs. Presley,

Wilson, Albert F., Mrs.

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 70r1004-09-000-0070ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

, Dave, Uncle

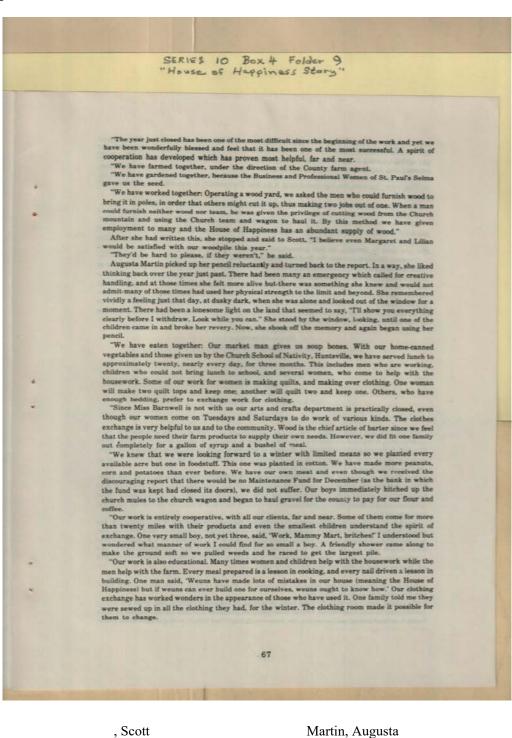
- , Minnie
- , Nettie, Miss

### **Types:**

booklet

, Scott ,Bil Harlow, Mrs. Hunli, Miss Jones, Mrs. Martin, Miss Steeley, Woodrow

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 71r1004-09-000-0071ContentsIndexAbout



Barnwell, Miss

#### Names:

, Lilian , Margaret

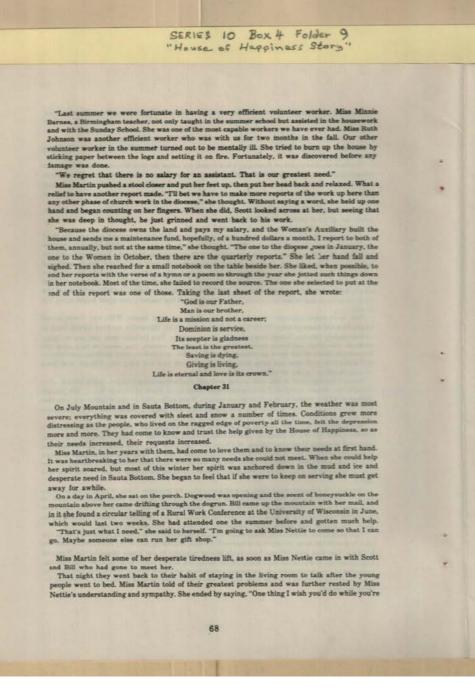
Types:

booklet

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0072 Image 72 Contents Index About

, Scott

Barnes, Minnie, Miss



### Names:

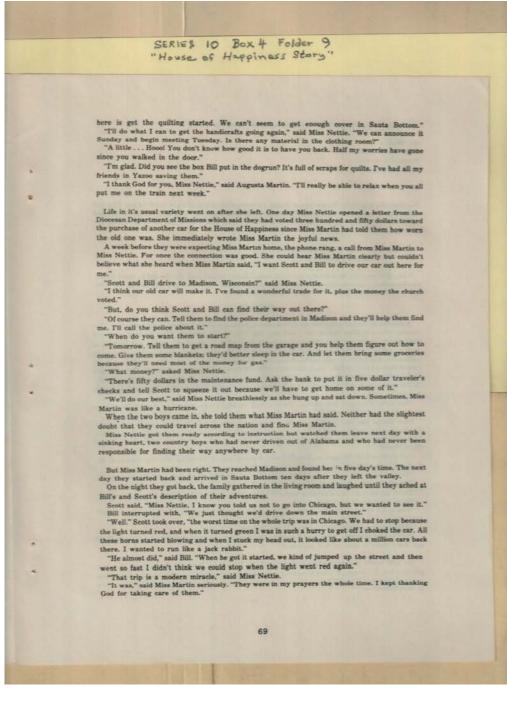
, Bill , Nettie, Miss

### **Types:**

booklet

Johnson, Ruth, Miss Martin, Miss

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 73r1004-09-000-0073ContentsIndexAbout



Names:

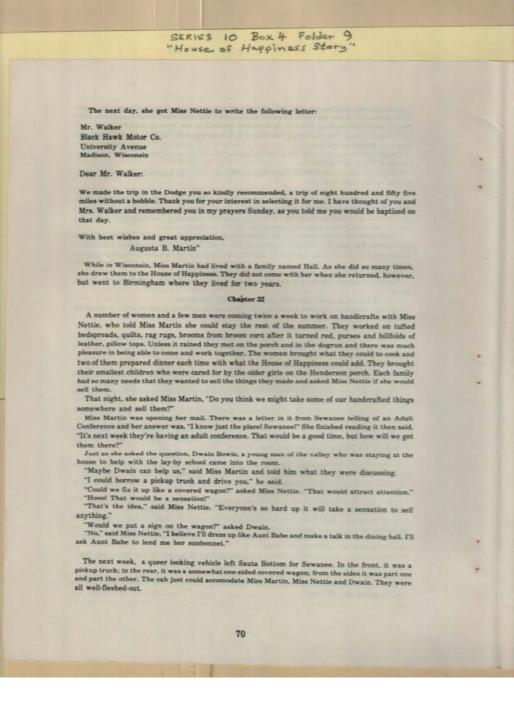
, Bill

Types: booklet , Nettie, Miss

, Scott

Martin, Augusta

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0074 Image 74 Contents Index About



#### Names:

, Nettie, Miss Bowie, Dwain

### **Types:**

booklet

Martin, Augusta B.

Hall,

Martin, Miss Walker, Mr. & Mrs.

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0075 Image 75 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

In the dining hall at Sewanee that night, Miss Martin got permission from the Conference Leader for Miss Nettie to speak, then introduced her as Aunt Babe, from Sauta Bottom. The real Aunt Babe nearly always talked with a lip full of snuff, so Miss Nettie filled her lower lip with sugar and cocoa before she began to talk. In spite of this difficulty, she made herself heraf as ahe told about the House of Happiness and the things they had brought to sell, speaking from the viewpoint of a mean the second. m intain woman.

After dinner, the 'covered wagon' was surrounded by interested people and nearly all of their small objects sold, plus a few of their larger ones.

Even though they were taking the bedspreads back with them the next day, they felt that their trip had been a success. Many more people now knew about the House of Happiness and they had a

trip had been a success. Many more people now anew assure the interval of the product of the orders. "Miss Nettic, you were more like Aunt Babe than her twin sister." said Dwain. "In August 26, 1931, Miss Nettie wrote the following letter to Minnie Barnes, All summer long I have been saying. I will write Minnie as soon as I finish these letters," then you know what happened. Here would come another batch before I finished those I had started. Miss Martin would have to go away, there would be dinner to get for our crowd and sometimes the twelve tribes of Israel, it seemed to me. I have barely been able to keep my nose above water on the letters. We have spoken of you and wished for you, many, many times. "Sister Ruth (Miss Martin's sister) is here now. She came back with Miss Martin on Sunday night. Isn't abe a joy? She is taking the responsibility for the housekeeping and doing most of the cooking of dinner. Mankind! What a relief! Miss Martin is teaching the lay-by school with Dwain Rowin, the brother of Mae who taught in the winter, as her assistant. I am trying to work up the

Bowie, the brother of Mae who taught in the winter, as her assistant. I am trying to work up the industrial arts, as our plan was the very first time I came up here. Besides, of course, I am writing the letters and keeping the books and other odd jobs, like playing for the singing, coaching pageants,

"Miss Martin, Dwain and I drove up to Sewanee during the Adult Conference and carried a load of tufted counterpanes, hooked rugs, quilted pillow tops and other articles to display and sell. I advertised them by appearing in the dining room in my Aunt Babe costume with slat sunbonnet, dip-stick and all, and telling 'what that woman waw doin' on yon side of Sauty Creek, introducing Dwain (who is over six feet) as my least 'un that I was trying to get educated,' and finally telling Dwain who is over site rever as iny mass, on that I was taying to give contacted an inductive them where the things were on display and asking them to buy. We sold a good many of the small things, but folks did not have much money, and the larger articles did not go. However, we were able to interest them in the work and that was the main purpose of the visit. You should have been along to help me out. Miss Martin and Dwain wouldn't play. Lots of people thought I was the

genuine article until the Director of the Conference told them who I was, when I had finished. "Can't you, Miss Martin says, come up and pay us a little visit before your school opens? We would love so much to have you. We have only Fred, Bill and Dwain with us right now, but Scott is coming back from his Mother's tomorrow."

A spring Alabama Churchman that year had said. "The Rev. J.W. Fulford has just completed a successful preaching mission at the House of Happiness. He writes, 'Miss Martin has a truly wonderful program of service in Sauta Bottom. The people come every week for real work in the house, yard and fields. Every Friday night is play night, when the young people come for games and use socials. Daily, the school is making its way into the lives of the children. On Sundays, Miss Martin gathers up two cars full of children and takes them to Scottsboro to church, then comes back for an alternoon service at the House of Happiness."

The June, 1931 Alabama Churchman had said, "Miss Nettie Barnwell is back at the House of Happiness. She is sorely needed and has a big work to do." In spite of this, she went home in the fall. Chapter 33

Before the County Board of Education began, in 1930, offering buss transportation to the pupils above the sixth grade in Sauta Bottom. Miss Martin and her helpers had tried to teach any who came, sometimes teaching through the ninth grade. In spite of the fact that only six grades were being taught, the Happy Hollow School reached its peak enrollment in the 1931-32 school year when

#### 71

### Names:

, Babe, Aunt

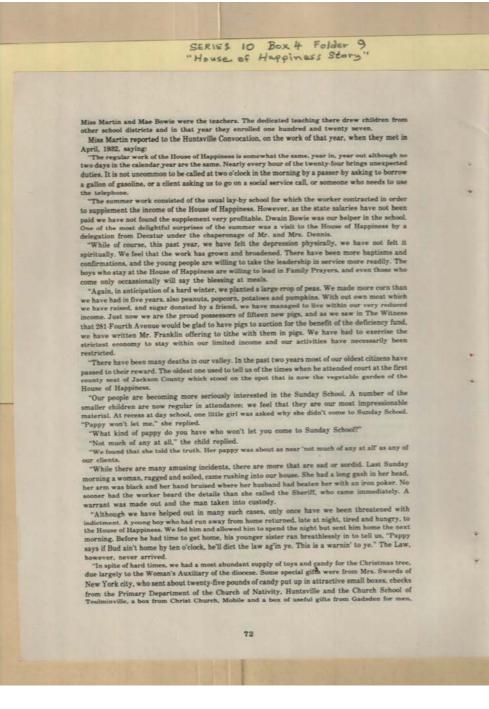
- , Bill
- , Dwain
- , Fred

### **Types:**

booklet

, Nettie, Miss , Ruth , Scott Barnes, Minnie Barnwell, Nettie, Miss Fulford, J. W., Rev. Martin, Miss

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 76r10\_04-09-000-0076ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

Bowie, Dwain Bowie, Mae

### **Types:**

booklet

Dennis, Mr. & Mrs. Franklin, Martin, Miss Swords, Mrs.

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0077 Image 77 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story

women and girls. For most of the recipients, these were the only Christmas gifts they had. "When we first came to Sauta Bottom, it was hard to get the children in school. Now they come to stay with relatives and friends in order to attend the Happy Hollow School. Four children walked six miles each day to attend here, rather than attend in their district. "Although we teach diligently and continuously, trying to eliminate ignorance and superstition, it is a long, tedious job. Not only do our neighbors still plant their beams and kill their hogs by the

We many, tendots pair to our mergeneous sum pairs there beens and an iter more been sogn of the moon, they even wash by the signs of the moon. Last Saturday, we were washing feed sates from which to make little boys jackets. A neighbor who was helping me, said, "It's no use trying to wash the letters out of these feed sates, unless its on the light of the moon." Another, helping to cook dinner, said, "You must have killed your mest on the light of the moon." Won't lie flat in the pan." "The interest of the women in their Club has lagged, because there have been so few sales of their

The meters of the Wolman here Could be agged, because here only been soft when on the hadron of the hadron of the stability of their work has improved greatly and we hope when times improve we shall be able to establish a profitable industry for them. "The Young People's Service Leagues has increased in membership and usefulness. Five members had the pleasure of attending the meeting in this district at Decatur. This was the first time any of

the members had had the opportunity of meeting with ther Leaguers and they gained much

the members had had the opportunity of meeting with ther Leaguers and they gained much inspiration from the visit. "Since our last Convocation, clubs for men, boys and girls have been organized. They have given much pleasure as well as useful instruction to the members. Under the auspices of the Men's Club the County Health Unit with the cooperation of doctors and dentists of Scottsboro gave us an evening of motion pictures, showing good methods of sanitation and the importance of inoculation against diptheria, typhoid and smallpox. As a result, several families which could not before be persuaded to take such treatment, are now having the family inoculated. "After the dispersive storm in our county this (Charach did has not in called work. The works are

persuased to take such treatment, are now having the taminy inoculated. "After the disastrous storm in our county, the Church did her part in relief work. The worker and the big hoy went out in the car to carry clothing from our supply room to the sufferers. "Our special needs now are clothing for hoys, large and small. The worker's work shoes have been loaned to pupils to wear to day school and to Sunday School for several weeks. Many boys who

could like to go with us to Scottsboro for services are unable to do so because they lack suitable clothes."

As usual, she ended with a prayer. 'O God, Merciful and compassionate, who art ever ready to hear the prayers of those who put their trust in thee; Graciously hearken to us who call upon thee, and grant us thy help in this our need; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."  $\ast$ 

#### Chapter 34

On a cold night the next winter, when Miss Nettie stood by her phone in Yazoo City and a long fistance connection was made, she did not recognize the voice speaking to her. It was so hoarse that she couldn't tell whether a man or woman was speaking.

"Is that you Miss Nettie?" "Yes, this is Nettie Barnwell."

ne and stay with us awhile, until I get over pneumonia?"

"Could you come and "Is this Miss Martin?"

"Of course. Who did you think it was?"

"I didn't know." She paused only a moment before she said, "Yes, I can come. Could Bill meet the ain tomorrow evening?"

"He'll be there," the hoarse voice said, then, "Goodbye."

Miss Nettie arrived on schedule and was met by Bill. He put her suitcase in the car as she got in. As soon as they started for the country, he said, "I'm sure glad you're here, Miss Nettie. Maybe Miss Martin will stay in the bed and do like Dr. Boyd wants her to." "Is she in bed upstairs?" "Yes'm."

\* Prayer Book, page 41

Boyd, Dr.

73

### Names:

, Bill , Nettie, Miss

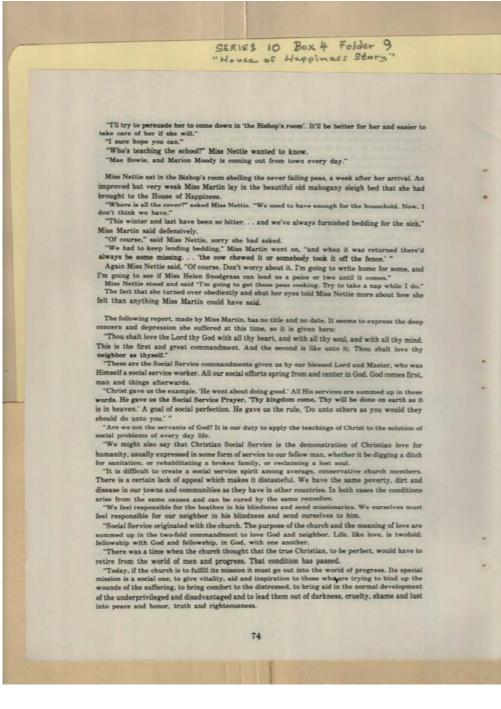
**Types:** 

booklet

Barnwell, Nettie

Martin, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 78r1004-09-000-0078ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

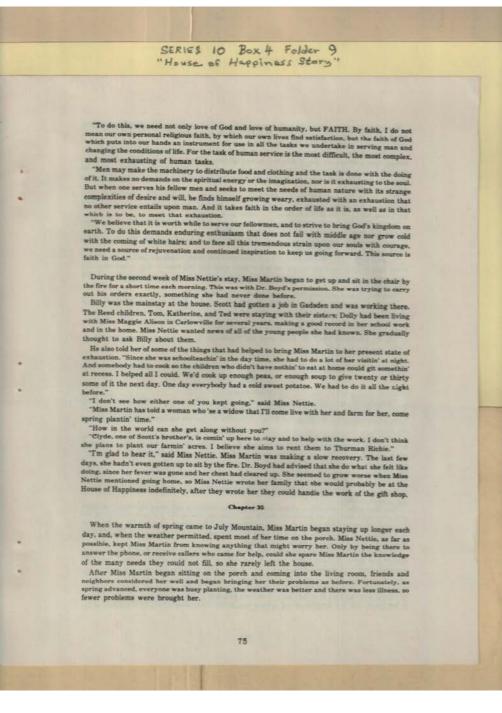
, Nettie, Miss Bowie, Mae

### **Types:**

booklet

Martin, Miss Moody, Marion Snodgrass, Helen, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 79r1004-09-000-0079ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

- , Billy
- , Clyde
- , Dollie

#### **Types:**

booklet

, Nettie, Miss , Scott Alison, Maggie, Miss Boyd, Dr. Martin, Miss Reed, Katherine Reed, Ted Reed, Tom Richie, Thurman

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 80r1004-09-000-0080ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story" Miss Nettie could see after each visit from someone who had a problem. Miss Martin grew more asist resule could see after each visit from someone who had a problem. Miss Martin grew more depressed, but there was nothing she could do about it. If she tried to get the visitor to tell her his needs, instead of Miss Martin, Miss Martin became upset. One day in June, the mail was unusually heavy. There were several requests from church groups, and one from a college, for Miss Martin to come and tell them of the work she was doing. Just as she finished reading the letters, a mother arrived with a very sick child. As Miss Martin of other descerate needs. desperate needs desperate needs. When the mother and child were on their way to town in the church car driven by Clyde. Miss Nettie went to find Miss Martin. She found her in bed, sobbing. In broken sentences she asked. "If I Nettice went to find Miss Martin. She found her in bee, soloning. In proken sentences she asked, 'Il 1 can't help her... can't do God's work ... what good am I?" Nothing Miss Nettice said, or did, helped her stop crying, so ahe called Dr. Boyd. He came at once, having just seen the woman and baby brought by Clyde. After giving Miss Martin a sedative and staying with her until she was quiet, he came into the living room to talk to Miss Nettie. "As soon as possible. Miss Martin must get away from our valley where she feels responsible for every soul. But she has some congestion in her chest again and will have to stay in bed here until she's stronger physically. She's so depressed it's going to be hard for her to get physically well. It'll Take careful nursing." "Can you suggest anything that might help?" asked Miss Nettie. "I believe if her sister. Ruth, and Martha Reed could come, that would be the greatest help. And she said something about a letter from a Mr. and Mrs. Hall. She seems to want them to come." "Twe seen their letter. We wrote and asked them if they could come up for the summer. Ill get in touch with them, and I'll call Sister Buth and Martha." "There's something else." Dr. Boyd went on. "Could abe be cared for on the sunporch?" "We can put her bed out there." In the fall, the Alabama Churchman carried the following letter from Miss Martin, telling of her "The Bird's Nest Seale, Alabama Through the generosity of a Presbyterian friend, Martha Reed, affectionately called Martha-by-the-Day, oldest daughter of the House of Happiness, now a graduate nurse, came to nurse me during my serious illness last June. . . I feel that having her was instrumental in restoring my health. my nearth. "God has been merciful in sparing my life. I felt the force of the prayers of the church and of my personal friends strengthening me in my struggle for life. Three times the doctors thought I could not possibly recover. However, not once was I unconscious but was able to direct the work which was efficiently carried on by volunteer workers. The sympathetic spirit of my people was beautiful. was efficiency carried on by volumeer working are space-more in the room except the doctor They all came to see me but when told that I could not have anyone in the room except the doctor and nurse, they said, "Well, let me look through the window at her," and many would hold up their babies to see me in the sunporch. When I was able to take chicken broth they brought me chickens and garden produ and garden produce. "The Huntsville Convocation, several Branches of the Auxiliary and many individual members sent gifts to be used by me personally during my illness but due to the depleted treasury of the House of Happiness I felt that more would receive benefit if these were placed to the credit of the Maintenance and Faith funds. One of the most generous gifts was made by our own Mrs. Charles Henderson with a beautiful tribute to our work. "The most comforting experience of my illness was the period when, like St. Paul, I was 'between heaven and earth.' I heard distant music of heavenly strains, and saw as it were, a beautiful heavenly strains, and saw as it were, a beautiful neaven and earth. I neard distant music of heavenly strains, and saw as it were, a beautiful mountain gorge with the rays of the setting sun reflecting the loveliest purple glow against its rocky sides. Through this gorge, on my right, approached a vested choir, an innumerable company, led by an imposing figure who kept his face turned away. On my left, holding my hand, was Lena, one of our clients who had been ill in the Laura Henderson sunporch all fall and was expecting an addition to her family. She was begging me not to leave her. Behind Lena were all the little children of the 76

### Names:

, Clyde

, Lena

, Nettie, Miss

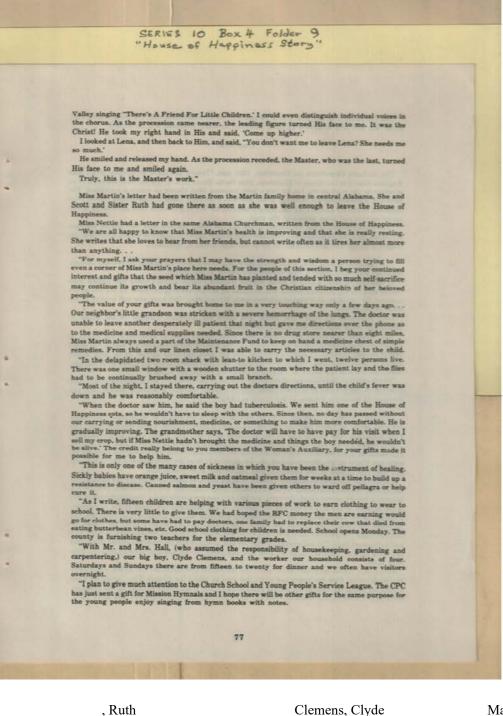
### **Types:**

booklet

, Ruth Boyd, Dr. Hall, Mr. & Mrs. Henderson, Charles, Mrs. Henderson, Laura Martin, Miss Reed, Martha

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 81r10\_04-09-000-0081ContentsIndexAbout

, Scott



Names:

, Lena

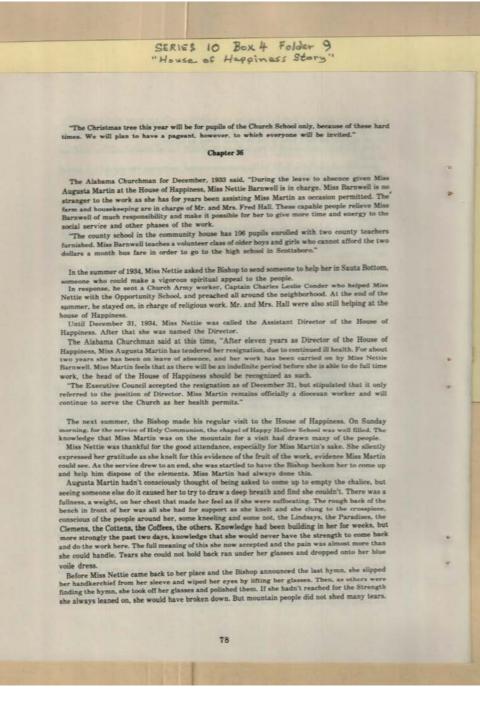
, Nettie, Miss

### **Types:**

booklet

Clemens, Clyde Hall, Mr. & Mrs. Martin, Miss

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 82r1004-09-000-0082ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

, Nettie, Miss Barnwell, Nettie, Miss

### **Types:**

booklet

Clemens, Coffee, Cotton, Hall, Fred, Mr. & Mrs. Lindsay, Martin, Augusta, Miss Paradise,

# Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 83r10\_04-09-000-0083ContentsIndexAbout

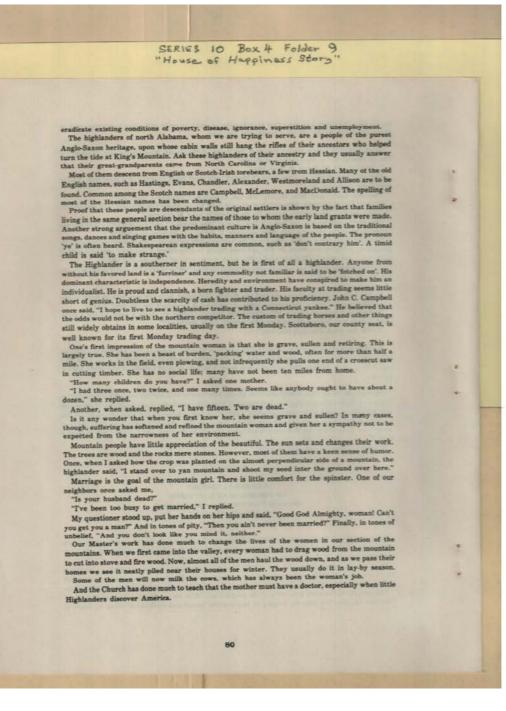
	SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"
	By the time the hymn was over, God gave her the strength to smile and speak to all who came to shake her hand as she sat on a bench near the door.
	Later, when they were having dinner at the House of Happiness, Miss Martin said, "Bishop, I'd
	like to ride as far as Birmingham with you." "Certainly. I'll be happy to have you." Miss Netlie said with consternation, "I thought you were going to make us a long visit. You've
	only been here two days." "Not this time," and Miss Martin. "I'm not as well as I thought I was."
	When they left the table, Miss Nettie went with Miss Martin to get her suit case, and said to her, "I wish you felt like staying longer. So many people want to see you."
	Miss Martin sat down on her bed and looked up at Miss Nettie. "I just realized today that I'm not going to have the strength this work requires. It hurts to have to admit it."
	Miss Nettie sat down on the other end of the bed, and said earnestly, "Many times up here. I stop and ask myself what you would do. I've just been trying to keep things going until you come back. I don't have the drive a director needs. The work needs you, or someone like you."
	As Miss Martin closed her suitcase, she said with finality, "Miss Nettle, I'm sure I'm not going to be able to come back."
	On the drive to Birmingham, she told the Bishop, "Til never have the strength to work in the
	mountains again. During the service today, I admitted it to myself for the first time." "Nobody can take your place. Miss Nettie and Captain Conder are doing a good job but I think Miss Nettie and heading formatic former to the trans."
	Miss Nettie was looking forward to your return. Does she know?" "I told her what I've just told you."
	The Bishop was not surprised to receive a letter from Miss Nettle saying that she had accepted an offer to do mountain work in North Carolina, her resignation to take affect the first of the year. She
	ended by saying. "If Miss Martin can't come back, I believe Captain Conder would make a good director."
	Through the years, Miss Nettie and Miss Martin had labored together on several general reports of the work and the people they worked among. A composit report was made from four of these and sent Miss Martin with a Christmas greeting, a card Miss Nettie designed and painted herself. On the
	card she said, "I have made the following report from four that you and I made during our years of work here. It seems to me this compilation gives the gist of the four, and I wanted you to have a
	copy." This compilation is our next chapter.
	Chapter 37
	A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF HAPPINESS
	Mountain Work of the Protestant Episcopal Church In Alabama
	Among the foothills of northeast Alabama, where the Cumberland plateau touches Sand Mountain
	(both part of the Appalachian chain of mountains), nestles the House of Happiness, the only mountain mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Alabama. On an overhanging cliff up the side of July Mountain, the double-pen log cabin, like a veritable
	On an overnaming clini by the safe of only information, the observe parts is the center from which bird's nest, almost hidden from view by the native growth of cedars, is the center from which radiate the activities of Christian social service of the Church among underprivileged highlanders.
	The purpose of this work is to bring all the people whose lives we touch under the influence of the Christian religion. We hope by helping to improve the homes and methods of living, to begin to
	79

, Nettie, Miss **Types:** 

Names:

booklet

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 84r1004-09-000-0084ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

Alexander, Allison, Campbell,

### **Types:**

booklet

Campbell, John C. Chandler, Evans, Hastings, MacDonald, McLemore, Westmoreland,

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 85r10\_04-09-000-0085ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

The steep hills and bad roads (sometimes no road, just a trail) have isolated these people, and made their lives different. When the brown earth is warm and soft underfoot alter the winter freezes, and the air is mellow, the women and children come tumbling from their dark little cabins (like children let loose from school) to play at work on the hillsides and by the water courses. The time for planting is when the oak leaves are as big as a squirrel's paw. They follow this, and when it is time to hoe, that is done by the entire family. It is no unusual sight to see six or eight members of a family chopping, each taking one of the rows curving around the steep hillside. The fastest hand leads while the baby lies on a quilt under some convenient bush and the other small children play around. Little wonder that much of the work is not well done and the yield so disappointing.

Their small acreage of tillable and and lack of transportation, have limited their production resources. Moonshining is one result. Corn is the principle crop. It is much easier to convert corn into liquid and transport it in jugs tied to a rope and thrown across a mule than to haul this same amount of corn to market by wagon and team. If they had a wagon and leam and a road to drive them on. The price of the condensed product is from five to six times the amount they would get for it in bulk. The practice of moonshining was not unknown to the ancestors of our highland people, even before they came to this country. The moonshiner has inherited the feeling that he has a right to distill his corn and sell it. He has little regard for laws that affect his personal rights.

It is only by education and persuasion that he will be induced to give up the making of it. Three of our neighbors have come of their own accord to say that they had quit; that they never expected to make another 'drap.' Like the ballad, moonshining has survived in the mountains because conditions have been suitable

Like the ballad, moonshining has survived in the mountains because conditions have been suitable for survival.

Due to limited acquaintance with sanitation, infectious and contagious diseases are prevelant among mountain people. Typhoid fever and tuberculosis are the principle ones in Sauta Bottom. The use of the common drinking cup, and the custom of 'setting up' with the sick have contributed largely to the spread of disease. Then, too, the cabins have no windows, only solid wooden shutters. Lack of ventilation and limited sleeping space have caused whole families to contract a disease. Limited sleeping space and lack of sufficient clothing and bedding necessitates crowding logother

Limited skeeping space and lack of sufficient clothing and bedding necessatates crowing together in order to keep warm by the close contact of bodies. This condition is most unwholesome and it is often the cause of immoral, or unmeral, relations between brother and sister, or father and daughter. Mental retardation is due to the intermarriage of close relatives, or their interrelations.

often the cause of immoral, or unmoral, reasons between vertices and shows, or having that the daughter. Mental retardation is due to the intermarriage of close relatives, or their interrelations. This house that the Church has built on July Mountain, in the midst of these mountain people, like a bird's nest, is a temporary home for many. Here, neglected, delinquent, undernourished and underprivileged children are sheltered and cared for as their needs demand. It is here that many of them are brought under the influence of Christian home life for the first time; many have never said a prayer and know God's name only to take it in vain. Each child is taught to say his prayers and take part in morning and evening worship as long as they are in the House of Happiness. We are not an institution, but care for the children temporarily, until their lives can be -justed.

We are not an institution, but care for the children temporarily, until their lives can be -dusited. Sometimes they need to be built up physically before they go back to their homes. Sometimes they have been explected or deserted by their parents and need to have a hom. 'hund for them. Some are mentally deficient and need the care of an institution. We work in cooperation with the Child Welfare Department and various orphan's homes to place these children where they may develop into good Christian citizens. Approximately one hundred and thirty children have passed through the House of Happiness.

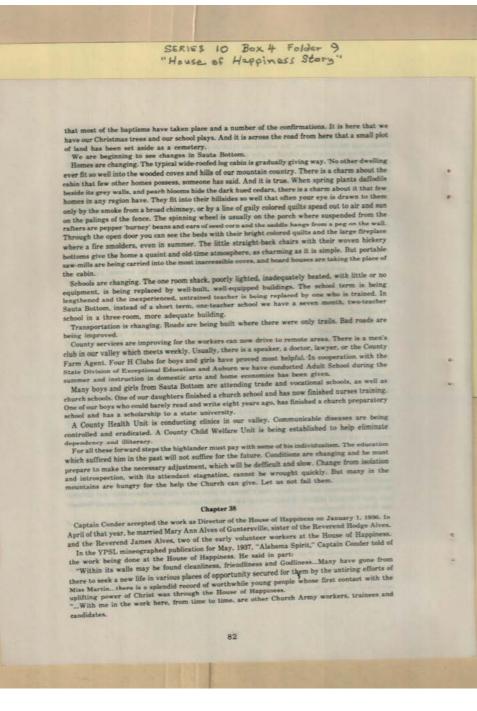
We had hoped, in this location, to be able to conform to the original plan of using the House of Happines: solely as a center for social service. But we have found it necessary to continue as a temporary institution for the care of children, and some adults whose needs are desperate, until we new moke plans for them elsewhere.

can make plans for them elsewhere. Down and around the slope of the mountain from our doublepen log dwelling is the 'board house'. Down and around the slope of the mountain from our doublepen log dwelling is the 'board house'. At the worker's suggestion the County Board of Education borrowed it for the Happy Hollow School. After a large room was added, it became also a recreational hall on Friday nights and an Episcopal chapel on Sundays. In it, every Sunday afternoon, is held Sunday School, followed by a Episcopal chapel on Sundays. In it, every Sunday afternoon, is followed by a Sing. It is here that our people of Sauta Bottom come when one of our clergymen, or our Biahop comes to us. It is here

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Types: booklet

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 86r1004-09-000-0086ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

Alves, Hodge, Rev.

**Types:** 

booklet

Alves, James, Rev.

Alves, Mary Ann

Conder, Captain

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0087 Image 87 Contents Index About

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SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story

The regular program of the House includes Worship, Religious instruction, pastoral visitati The regular program of the riouse includes worship, reengings instruction, pastoral visitation, education, recreation, evangelism and social service in many forms. There are sixty baptized and thirty confirmed members of the Church in Sauta Bottom where ten years ago the Church was unknown. More than half of these have come in during the past two years, evidence that the Church is better understood and that Miss Martin's and Miss Barnwell's patient work with the young has borne fruit.

borne fruit. The week's program begins with Sunday School in the Community House with a Junior vested choir singing. In the afternoon, another Sunday School is held at the other end of the community in a private home. It is called St. Luke's in-the-Cotton, and in the summer meets outdoors under shady trees at the edge of a cotton field, with an attendance of up to fifty in good weather. At night, evening service takes place in the Community House-sometimes we have the Prayer Book service, sometimes an informal song service, sometimes a stereoptican service. "In school season, Monday finds up to a hundred children gathered in the Community House for school. The school principal is a member of the House of Happiness family and a valued worker. On Turesdays and Thursdays, one of the Church Army workers conducts chapel exercises for the school and grives Christian teachinz.

and gives Christian teaching.

"At certain seasons, the Men's Club meets on Tuesday nights to sit and smoke around a log fire, or At certain seasons, the men's Chub inters on Theshay ngince to set and smoke around a log fire, or play ping pong or indoor horseshoes. From time to time special classes are held, such as first aid training for boys and girls, Girl's Club, adult education, etc. These are not held regularly but according to the seasonal work in the fields, at times when the people can better get together. "Wednesday nights are given up to Evangelism in the form of meetings in the homes, or in summer under the trees. Most parts of the community are reached in this way and everyone in the first of the trees.

district hears the Gospel sometime during the year. In the daytime, preparatory visiting for these meetings affords many a chance for heart-to-heart talks about our Lord and what He can do when hearts are open to Him.

"Thursdays have no definite engagements but are often occupied in social service investigation

and other work in the county. "Friday night is always a happy night. Between fifty and a bundred and fifty young people usually gather then to enjoy a social evening. Games are played, the string music of local musicians provides lively tunes for the folk dances as young and old Chase the Squirrel, Wave the Corn and Shoot the Buffalo

"Saturday finds from ten to sixty people from the community, men, women and children engaged in a work program at the House. They stack wood, chop wood, haul logs, wash windows, sweep floors, pull weeds, build walls, repair fences, and do lots of other jobs. They receive pay in the form of pun weeds, ound waits repair inners, and do loss of other jous. Inty receive pay in the offm to clothing tickets and once a month a clothing sale is held. The contents of the boxes sent us, of new and used clothing, from Woman's Auxiliary branches, Laymen's Leagues. YPSL's and others, is spread out on tables in the Community House and the people pick their choice and pay with the tickets they have earned during the month. This system of practical self-belp is very popular in the community and assists many a hardworking family to have the things they would otherwise miss.

The Alabama Churchman for January and February 1936, said, "Work at the House of Happiness seems going nicely. Captain Charles Leslie Conder is in charge of religious work, Mr. Fred Hall is in charge of the farm, Mrs. Hall is in charge of social service, and Miss Mae Bowie (sister of Hampton

charge of the farm, airs, that is in charge of social service over, " and Dwain Bowie) is in charge of Church educational work." The Alabama Churchman for May and June, 1996, said. "The large library at the House of Happiness has been made available to a wider circle through a traveling library, serving CCC Camp. a Convict Camp. Cumberland Moutain Farms and several schools." In one of the last reports signed jointly by Miss Augusta Martin and Miss Nettie Barnwell, they

"We hope the time is not far distant when the Church will have established a chain of mission

we nope the time is not an distant when the child with the needed work." stations throughout the mountainous sections...it is truly a much needed work." In Captain Conder's report in 1937, it seemed as if their hope might be coming true, for he said, "The work at the House of Happiness has proved so worthwhile that another nearby community at Skyline Farms has donated forty arres of land to the Church for a similar institution. A Church

### 83

### Names:

Barnwell, Miss Barnwell, Nettie, Miss Bowie, Dwain

### **Types:**

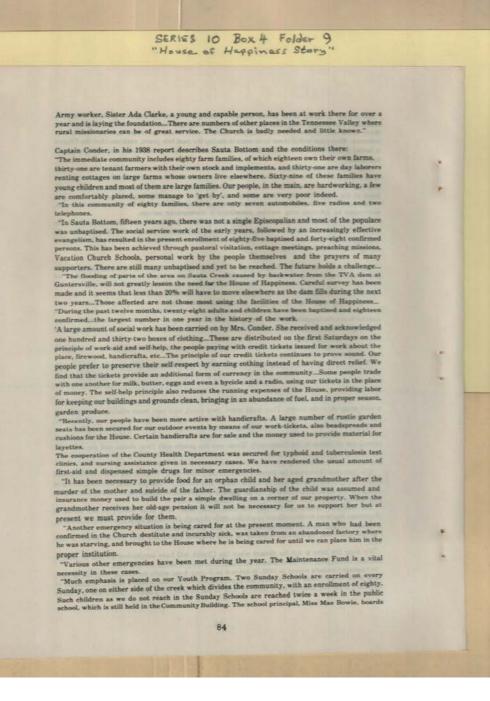
booklet

Bowie, Hampton Bowie, Mae, Miss Conder, Charles Leslie, Captain

Hall, Fred, Mr. & Mrs. Martin, Augusta, Miss

Martin, Miss

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 88r1004-09-000-0088ContentsIndexAbout



Names:

Clarke, Ada, Sister

**Types:** 

booklet

Conder, Captain

Conder, Mrs.

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0089 Image 89 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

with us and cooperates in all our program. Eighteen children have graduated from the sixth grade in with us and cooperates in all our program. Eighteen children have graduated from the sixth grade in the past two years, and a large group of children now go to High School-a striking contrast to former days when none went, and many never passed the third grade. Our school now has very few retarded pupils. The Clothing Bureau has a good deal to do with this, by providing clothes to enable the children to endure the wintry weather. "The recreational side of the life of youth is considered very important. For the Junior boys and cirls we have cluby where they meet for yourse reading and character building recorring.

girls we have clubs where they meet for games, reading and character building programs. Once a 

"Our thanks are due to the Branches for their splendid support in sending boxes of clothing. . . The new roof they donated last year has been a great comfort. . . We have been honored by visits from many Auxiliary members and are expecting a pilgrimage soon of one whole branch of the YPSL in Birmingham. We extend you an invitation to come and visit us. This is YOUR enterprise. The workers in the field are thankful for your support and urge you to continue that the work here may be yet more effective in establishing the Kingdom of God in Sauta Bottom."

Signed: Captain and Mrs. C.L. Conder (workers)

#### Chapter 39

Cora Jean Thetford, from St. Mark's, Boligee, Alabama was a volunteer worker at the House of Happiness under Captain and Mrs. Conder. These are some of her memories: "The main activity during my six week's stay at the House of Happiness, during June and July of

1938, was the Daily Vacation Bible School. In the week or so prior to its beginning, we visited in the valley to tell everyone about it and ask them to come. Captain Conder explained that as I was a Church Worker, the people whom I visited would expect me to have prayer with them. Leading prayer in this manner was new to me: how I did depend on my Prayer Book! "My Bible School responsibility was a class of teenage girl. There must have been ten or twelve

of them, all cooperative and eager to learn. After the worship service, led by Captain Conder, each of cheffin, all consections can easily to room for the lesson and handicraft work. We collected wild flowers to press and identify. John Miller made two crosses of cedar about five inches tail and gave one to me. We used it in our classroom and it is yet one of my treasured possessions. . . "Bible School must have lasted two weeks. A few days before the end of the second week, Bishop

"Bible School must have lasted two weeks. A few days before the end of the second week, Bishop Carpenter came for baptism and confirmation services for three adults and two young people. They desired to be immersed and the service made a deep and lasting impression on me. We gathered toward the end of the day at 'a hole in the creek." Bishop Carpenter, Captain Conder and the men to be baptised wore white shirts and trousers, and the women and girls white dresses. The Bishop looked as churchly as in his usual robes. At sunset, the simplicity and the beauty of the service were in accord with nature and God's plan for His children. There was confirmation and a sermon by the Bishop at the service that night, It was a festival occasion. "An old tenant house is cometime known as 'the board bouse' or Henry Hollow School was used

Bishop at the service that night. It was a festival occasion. "An old tenant house is cometimes known as 'the board house', or Happy Hollow School) was used for services and community activities. Seats were arranged in the large room for Sunday School and preaching, then put back against the walls for Friday evening recreation. Square dances are called 'play night's oas to avoid seeming to condone an activity which some in the community felt improper for Church people.

"On one of our play-nights, Captain Conder asked John Miller, a fine looking young man of twenty, to lead me through the Ocean Wave. Another dance was Chasing the Squirrel. John knew them well and did them with grace while keeping me going in the right direction.

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Conder, Charles

Leslie, Captain &

Names:

Carpenter, Bishop

**Types:** 

booklet

Mrs. Miller, John Thetford, Cora Jean

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0090 Image 90 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

"Captain Conder was in charge of everything. Mrs. Conder took care of the housekeeping and we took turns belping in the kitchen. There were Mr. Green from Rhode Island, and a young man from Michigan, who were considering entering the Church Army. Miss Maude Van Arsdale was around forty and drove a little grey roadster. It was the only car, so she was called on for a lot of chanffeur duty. She met me when I reached Scottaboro by bus, went in for groceries, took people to the doctor, etc. Our going in the valley was done on foot. "Sister Phelps and I shared a room over the porch-dining room, off the kitchen. She was very conscientious and sincere. I've wondered if she did marry her Church Army Captain.

"The eighth member of our household was a man who had come wandering in, last spring. He needed shelter, so he was taken in and did the old jobs around the place. He left just as he came. "Word came on Saturday afternoon that an elderly lady was sick and the family needed someone to sit up with her during the night. Mrs. Conder, Sister Phelps, one of the boys and I went after supper. When we got there, Mrs. Conder felt that only one of us was needed for the night. I stayed, to give the medication on schedule, and to have someone there in case she passed away was great that she didn't that night. "The early Sunday morning was beautiful as I walked back to the House of Happ ne there in case she passed away. My relief

"One week while I was there, a Holy Roller meeting was going on in the valley. The young men, Sister Phelps and I went one night to pay our respects. L frankly, was curious. The service was in an old one room log hut, with benches around the walls. There was a feeling of mysticism in the air, but no one shouted or rolled.

"The mountain people were friendly and most pleasant. I was not struck with backwardness or poverty but I'm sure there was little money around."

A yellowed, mimeographed paper by an unknown writer, entitled 'The House of Happiness' says in part:

"The House of Happiness was founded by Miss Augusta B. Martin (now a member of St. John's, Montgomery) in 1923. Miss Martin was, I believe, Jackson County's first welfare worker. Her headquarters was in Scottaboro. In her case work she found many children who were either orphans

or neglected in some way... "Soon Miss Martin moved the House of Happiness activities to Sauta Bottom, where the present house is, reputedly because it was the most heathemest place in these parts' and the most in need of the Gospel as well as educational and social work. With local labor she built a story-and-a-half log ed of house a short way up July Mountain, near the spring where Sequoyah is said to have invented the

Cherokee alphabet, and where Jackson County's first court was held. "An existing dwelling was turned into a school house and was also used for Sunday School and church services. Miss Martin carried on her welfare, religious and educational work in this place until her retirement. Miss Nettie Barnwell, her assistant, continued it a short time longer.

until ner reurement, miss viettie Barnweit, her assistant, continued it a short time longer. "In 1936, Captain C.L. Conder of the Church Army, together with several assistants, took over the work. They continued considerable social work and aided in education, but chiefly emphasized the evangelistic aspect of the work. Over one hundred persons were baptized between 1935 and 1941, a tribute, both to the wonderful good will Miss Martin had created for the Church and the Church Army's efforts in reaping the harvest where she had sown. The House served as the Church ter in those days Army's chief rural train

"In 1941, bad days, and years began. The school was closed, and a series of unfortunate evo kept any of Captain Conder's successors from staying very long. Four captains came and went from

1941 to 1946. For a few months the place was actually closed and without services. "It must not be supposed, however, that the good work of Miss Martin, Captain Conder and their associates was nullified. It lived on and still lives on in the lives of many individuals, most of whom moved away during this period, contributing to the decline of the House of Happiness and its ning good church people and good citizens elsewhere. community, but b

Captain and Mrs. Conder were at the House of Happiness from 1936 until 1941 when he left to become an Episcopal priest. Five Church Army Captains, three of them with their wives, followed.

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### Names:

Barnwell, Nettie, Miss Conder, Charles Leslie, Captain

### **Types:**

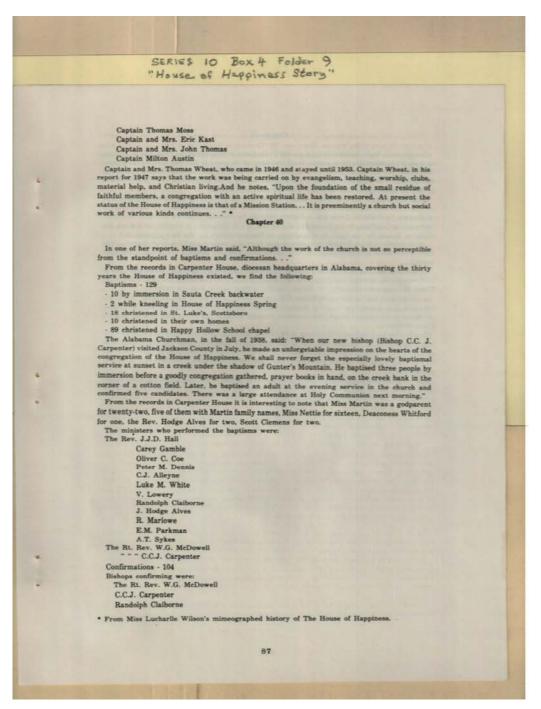
booklet

Conder, Charles Leslie, Captain & Mrs. Green,

Martin, Augusta B., Miss Phelps, Sister

Van Arsdale, Maude, Miss

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### Names:

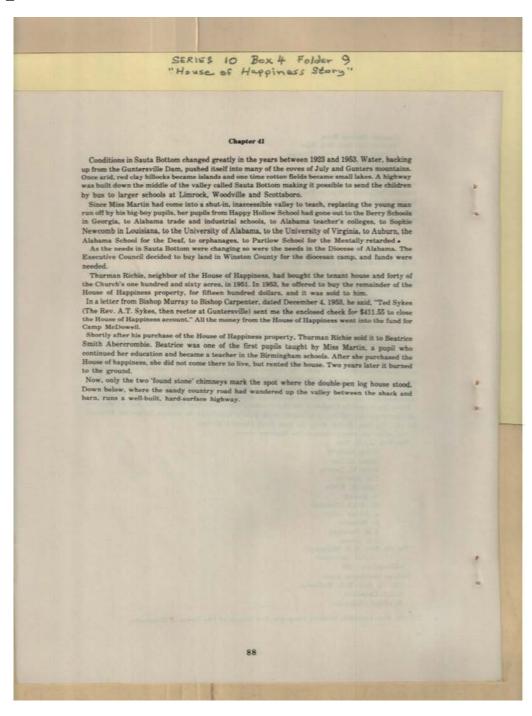
, Nettie, Miss Alleyne, C. J., Rev. Alves, Hodges, Rev. Alves, J. Hodge, Rev. Austin, Milton, Captain Carpenter, C. C. J., Bishop Claiborne, Randolph, Rev.

**Types:** 

booklet

Clemens, Scott Coe, Oliver C., Rev. Dennis, Peter M., Rev. Gambel, Cary, Rev. Hall, J. J. D., Rev. Kast, Eric, Captain and Mrs. Lowery, V., Rev. Marlowe, R., Rev. Martin, Miss McDowell, W. G., Rev. Moss, Thomas, Captain Parkman, E. M., Rev. Sykes, A. T., Rev. Thomas, John, Captain and Mrs. Wheat, Thomas, Captain and Mrs. White, Luke M., Rev. Whitford, Deaconess Wilson, Lucharile, Miss

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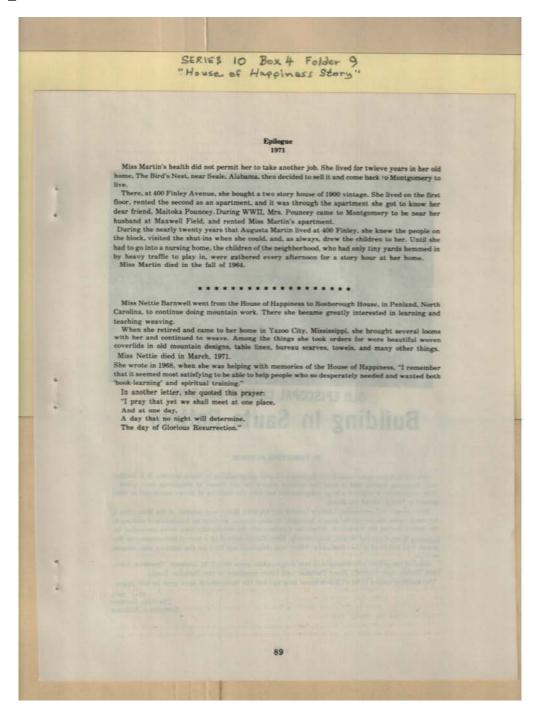
### Names:

**Types:** 

booklet

Abercrombie, Beatrice Smith Carpenter, Bishop Martin, Miss Murray, Bishop Richie, Thurman Sykes, A. Ted., Rev.

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 93r1004-09-000-0093ContentsIndexAbout



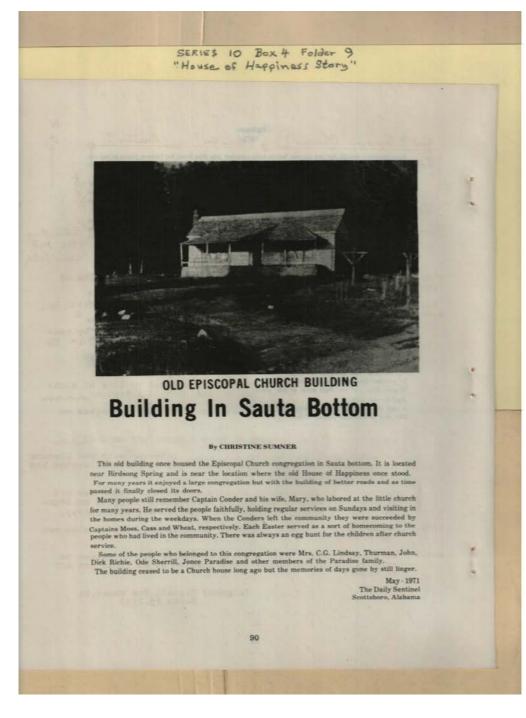
Names:

**Types:** 

booklet

Barnwell, Nettie, Miss Martin, Augusta Martin, Miss Pouncey, Maitoka

## Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 94r10\_04-09-000-0094ContentsIndexAbout



### Names:

Cass,Captain Conder, Captain Conder, Mary Episcopal Church Building

### **Places:**

Scottsboro, AL

### **Types:**

booklet

#### Dates:

May 1971

Lindsay, C. G., Mrs. Moss, Thomas, Captain Paradise, Jonce Richie, Dick

photograph

Sherrill, Ode Sumner, Christine Thurman, John Wheat, Thomas, Captain

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 95r1004-09-000-0095ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story" Brewton to .5 to acre 40 anc mountain mounter Smith Woodlan Woodlaw TA IT JA AHgH E Etracti Queens 1946-7 Acentate! This is a map made by Captain Thomas Wheat but reduced in size by Campbell Long. "Legend- old corners established by survey under Miss A.B.Martin by a Mr.Caldwell, still extant and accepted as present corners. -same as above only original marker lost. Now marked by men-ory and agreed to by all parties concerned-an iron pipe--boundary marked by landmarks or trees.Caldwell survey still accepted \_\_\_\_\_\_ -boundary established by Caldwell, relocated by line of sight between accepted points and agreed to by all parties -boundary established by Wheat and Richie and described on deed \_.\_....... -approximate lines marking 40 acre squares(not marked) ..... -nete-the lines not marked A A between Smith and Clemens and Ritchie and House of Happiness have not been relocated but are not in dispute. -corner"S" is accepted by Ritchie and Smith.Clemens has not raised any question and stated willingness to agree on boun-dary approximating as nearly as possible Caldwell survey. Richie land is nearer 40 acres than appears here. Sketch not Notetoo accurate. No conversations with Brewton or Keller but no reason to suppose any'disagreement' (word guessed at as it is cut off of paper) Note-(signed) Captain Tom Wheat,CA March 25,1953 91

### Names:

Brewton, Caldwell, Clemens, Jim House of Happiness area Lewis, Long, Campbell Martin, A. B., Miss Owens, Richie, Smith, Wheat, Thomas, Captain

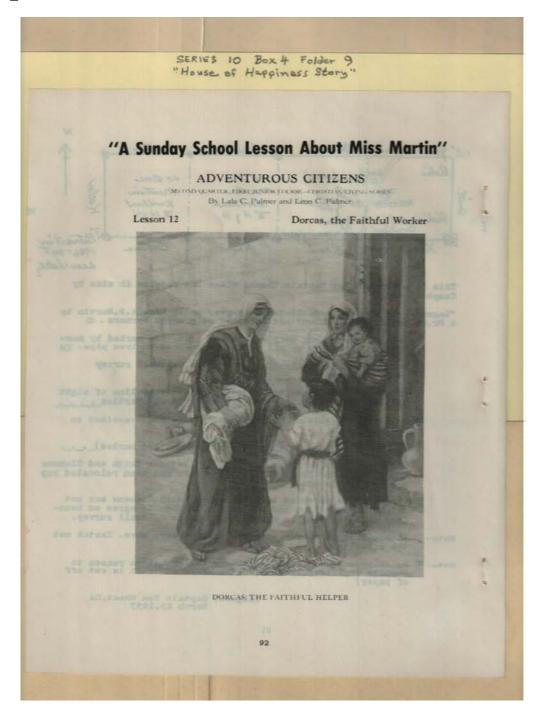
### **Types:**

map

### Dates:

Mar 25, 1953

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 96r10\_04-09-000-0096ContentsIndexAbout



Names:

Martin, Miss **Types:** program Palmer, Lala C.

Palmer, Leon C.

#### **Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection:** Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9 Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973 r10 04-09-000-0097 Image 97 Contents Index About

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

#### DORCAS, THE FAITHFUL WORKER



FEW YEARS ago a woman in Alabama named FEW YEARS ago a woman in Alabama named Augusta Martin decided that she would give her whole time to helping the Church bring in the Kingdom of God. She had spent many years getting a good education and had had much experience in teaching and working with children; and she wanted to use this training to help others. When she told the Bishop of her draine to help headd. desire to help, he said :

"There is much work to be done and we need many leaders, but there is no one to explain to you the special kind of work I wish you to take over. I would like to have you go up into Jackson county and find out how you can best help the people in that mountain country of North Alabama; but I must leave it largely to you as to just what to do and how to do it."

Fortunately, Miss Martin had many ideas of her own, and she was sure that God would help her and show her what needed to be done. So she went up into the mountain country of North Alabama, and, far out in the country, at the foot of a mountain, she found an old abandoned farm with a little tenant house on it which was about to fall down for lack of repairs. Then she went out among the Church people nearby and asked them to help her buy this old farm and the little old house on it. After they did this she went to work to make the place as pleasant and attractive, and as much like Heaven as she could.

Now God had done His part by making this section of the country very beautiful; the land was rich, the woods were filled with bright flowers, the air was cool and refreshing, there was a cold, sparkling nowers, the air was cool and refreshing, there was a cold, sparking spring on the farm, and, still more unusual, there was a blowing cave under the mountain where milk and butter could be kept as in a re-frigerator. First Miss Martin repaired the old tenant house so that it could be used as a school building, for the children had no school. Then she built a house which she called the "House of Happines," Then she built a house which she called the "House of Happiness," and in this house she took to live with her many children who did not have any fathers or mothers. She made a happy home for them, took care of them when they were sick, mended their clothes and made other clothes for them, and was a friend to all. Each week she would invite the children from all the surrounding country to come to the House of Happiness for games and play with the children.

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Names:

, Dorcas

**Types:** program Martin, Augusta

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SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

Miss Martin worked for years at the House of Happiness, and people throughout the South have heard about it. She is no longer there, but if you go to Jackson county now and ask about her, people will say: "Oh, we remember Miss Martin. She came up here and did what she could to help everybody." A man will tell you, "I was an orphan boy, and Miss Martin took me into the House of Happiness and saw to it that I got an education." A mother will tell you, "When my children were little we did not have enough clothes for them to wear, so Miss Martin had us come up to the House of Happiness and gave us clothes." A Churchwoman will tell you, "We had a 'Dorcas Society' in our Church and we sewed for the children who needed clothes at the House of Happiness."

And when we hear the name "Dorcas" society, it reminds us of another woman, very much like Miss Martin in many ways, who lived nineteen hundred years ago and is told about in the Bible. In the Book of Acts there is related the story of Dorcas, the woman who, like Miss Martin, did what she could to make others happy.

Dorcas lived at Joppa, a seashore town, and she was always going about doing good, working, and giving money to help others.

And it came to pass that she fell sick and died, and they laid her body in an upper room. And the disciples sent for St. Peter at Lydda which was not far away, and asked him to come down to Joppa.

And Peter came to Joppa as they requested, and when he had come they brought him into the upper room and showed him the coats and other garments that Doreas had made while she was with them. The widows and children and others she had helped were standing by weeping.

But St. Peter put them all outside and kneeled down and prayed; and then, turning to the body of Dorcas, he said, "Tabitha, arise." And she arose and opened her eyes, and when she saw St. Peter she sat up. He gave her his hand and he raised her up and presented her alive to her friends and relatives; and it became known throughout all Joppa how St. Peter, the follower of our Lord, had raised Dorcas from the dead.

Today in many places all over the Church, we have Dorcas societies, made up of persons who give or make clothing to give to the poor.

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### Names:

Dorcas Society

Types: program Martin, Miss

### Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 4, Folder 9Long, Cambell, "House of Happiness Story," 1973Image 99r1004-09-000-0099ContentsIndexAbout

SERIES 10 Box 4 Folder 9 "House of Happiness Story"

#### I thank:

My daughter, Mary Ann Kelber, and my friend, Mary T. Brown, who have read this manuscript and given many valuable suggestions. My friend, Carrie Sechriest, who worked with me in copying information at Carpenter House while I was a guest in her home. Bishops Carpenter and Murray and their staff who helped me gather material in Carpenter House. Maitoka Pouncey, who inherited all of Miss Martin's papers and pictures and lent them to me. Miss Nettie Barnwell, who had me come to visit her and who came to visit me, who helped me with chronology of events and who wrote some of her memories. Margaret Morrison, Minnie Barnes, Cora Jean Thetford Barrett who shared their memories. The Rev. Hodge Alves who shared his memories and lent his pictures. Mr. and Mrs. Scott Clemens who had me in their home in Scottsboro and went back with me to the site of the House of Happiness in the summer of 1968. My friend, Louise Miller, who spent a long, hot day going with me to gather information. Mr. Aubrey Clemens, County Cuperintendent of Education in Jackson County, one of Miss Martin's first pupils, who helped me gather information. Mrs. Clyde Clemens and Mrs. George Blackwell of Scottsboro who lent me many pictures and an old, mimeographed account of work at the House of Happiness up to 1946. Mrs. Hugh Boyd, niece-in-law of Dr. Hugh Boyd, for lending me his picture. Mrs. Bruce Owen of Carlowville for lending me a picture of her aunt, Miss Margie Alison, plus other pictures and information. Mr. Mio Howard for use of material on the Martin family in the Department of Archives and History, for the gift of the picture of Se Jones of Camden for the picture of her exister, Marcia Boykin and her class. Bishop Furman Stough for trying to help me find a publisher, and for his interest.

I am grateful.

juan Campbell Brow Fort

Gratitude from the whole diocese should go to the women who served as treasurers for the House of Happiness maintenance fund. Without it the work could not have been done. I know the names of only three of them: Miss Beasie Bouchelle of Boligee, Mrs. Carl Lay of Gadsden, and Mrs. George Meriwether of Birmingham.

#### Chief Sources of Information were:

Memory of two periods of working at the House of Happiness. Material left by Miss Martin and loaned by Mrs. Pouncey which included: Five general reports, undated: twenty-four quarterly or annual reports, mostly undated; several outlines for talks and fragments of reports plus an old notebook: a dozen old newspaper clippings, some cut out so that you could not tell date or paper. Those with dates and names were -2 from Montgomery Advertiser, 3 from Birkingham News, 3 from Jackson County Sentinel. Material in Carpenter House was: Copies of the Alabama Churchman from 1923 to 1953. Parish records from the House of Happiness and St. Lukes, Scottsboro, and old letters. Old letters saved by Minnie Barnes, Nattie Barawell and Lilian Prout. Talks with Miss Nettie Barawell, Maitoka Pouncey. Minnie Barnes, Hattie Lyman Carroll, Margaret Morrison. A seven page mimeographed history of the House of Happiness by Lucharlle Wilson.

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### Names:

Alison, Maggie, Miss Alves, Hodges, Rev. Barnes, Minnie Barnwell, Nettie, Miss Barrett, Cora Jean Thetford Blackwell, George, Mrs. Bouchelle, Bessie, Miss Boyd, Hugh, Dr. Boyd, Hugh, Mrs. Boykin, Marcia Brown, Mary T. Carpenter, Bishop Carroll, Hattie Lyman Clemens, Aubrey Clemens, Clyde, Mrs. Clemens, Scott, Mr. & Mrs. Howard, Milo Jones, Ellen B., Mrs. Kelber, Mary Ann Lay, Carl, Mrs. Long, Lilian, Campbell Prout Meriwether, George, Mrs. Miller, Louise Morrison, Margaret Murray, Bishop Owen, Bruce, Mrs. Pouncey, Maitoka Sechriest, Carrie Stough, Furman, Bishop Wilson, Lucharile

### Types:

booklet

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