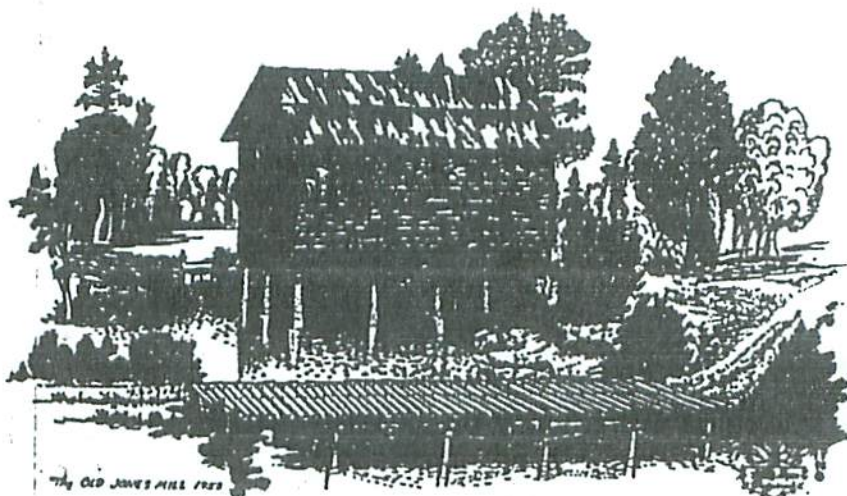


Jaye
3-25-05

Jones' Mill



"The Old Jones Mill" c1952 by Willie Logan

There were numerous mills built during the migration of families into Alabama in the late 1800's. I remember one in particular. It was built by my great-grandfather, Reuben Jones and was located on Binion Creek in the NE quarter of Township 18S, Range 11W, Tuscaloosa County. It was called "Jones' Mill" or "Reubens' Mill". A daughter of Reuben which was my grandmother, Rosetta Jones, told the story of how her Dad and several men took 2-4 wagons and stayed about two weeks on North River gathering rocks. They crafted the grind rocks and put holes in them.

Grandfather Reuben owned approximately 1500 acres of land in this area and passed it on to his children. Louvinnie, Reuben's second wife was paid \$400.00 for her part. The children deeded all the real property to Sam Jones and he in turn made deeds to each child. This was done to save the cost and expense of recording long deeds.

Uncle Sam Jones, one of his children, lost his hand and part of his arm working in the cotton mill, and enjoyed terrorizing us children with his arm.

For years the mill ground corn, ginned cotton, and sawed logs. My mother remembers making mattresses at the mill. At one point the cotton mill closed, but the old mill continued to grind corn. You could make a real corn pone from this meal.

There was no money in those days and the miller would take a portion for grinding. Over the years, the mill had several owners and operators. Some of them were: Grandpa Reubin and all his children, Floyd Jones, Sam Jones, Mr. Anner Freeman, Mr. Hosea Camp.

Resident men would gather here to grind their corn, chew tobacco, dip snuff, discuss the news of the day, talk about crops, and tell stories. I would imagine some of them were real stories and some were exaggerated.

It was here I took my first boat ride. My brother, James, and I were going to Grandma's (Rueben Jones' daughter, Rosetta), and Mama cautioned us to "stay away from the mill pond". As we passed, James noticed a flatbed boat tied up above the dam and suggested we take a ride. He paddled up-creek until he had to roll his pants up, get out of the boat, and push us out of the mud. He paddled back downstream, tied the boat, and we continue with our trip to Grandmas. It was years later before we told our parents.

We knew when we got to Grandmas she would have left-over biscuits and slices of salty ham in the old wooden safe (cabinet) that had tin in the doors. And we would be HUNGRY!

Also, I remember going with my Dad to get corn ground into meal. We had a safe that Grandpa Logan made. It had a bin on either side in the bottom. The left side was for a bushel of flour and the right side for a bushel of meal.

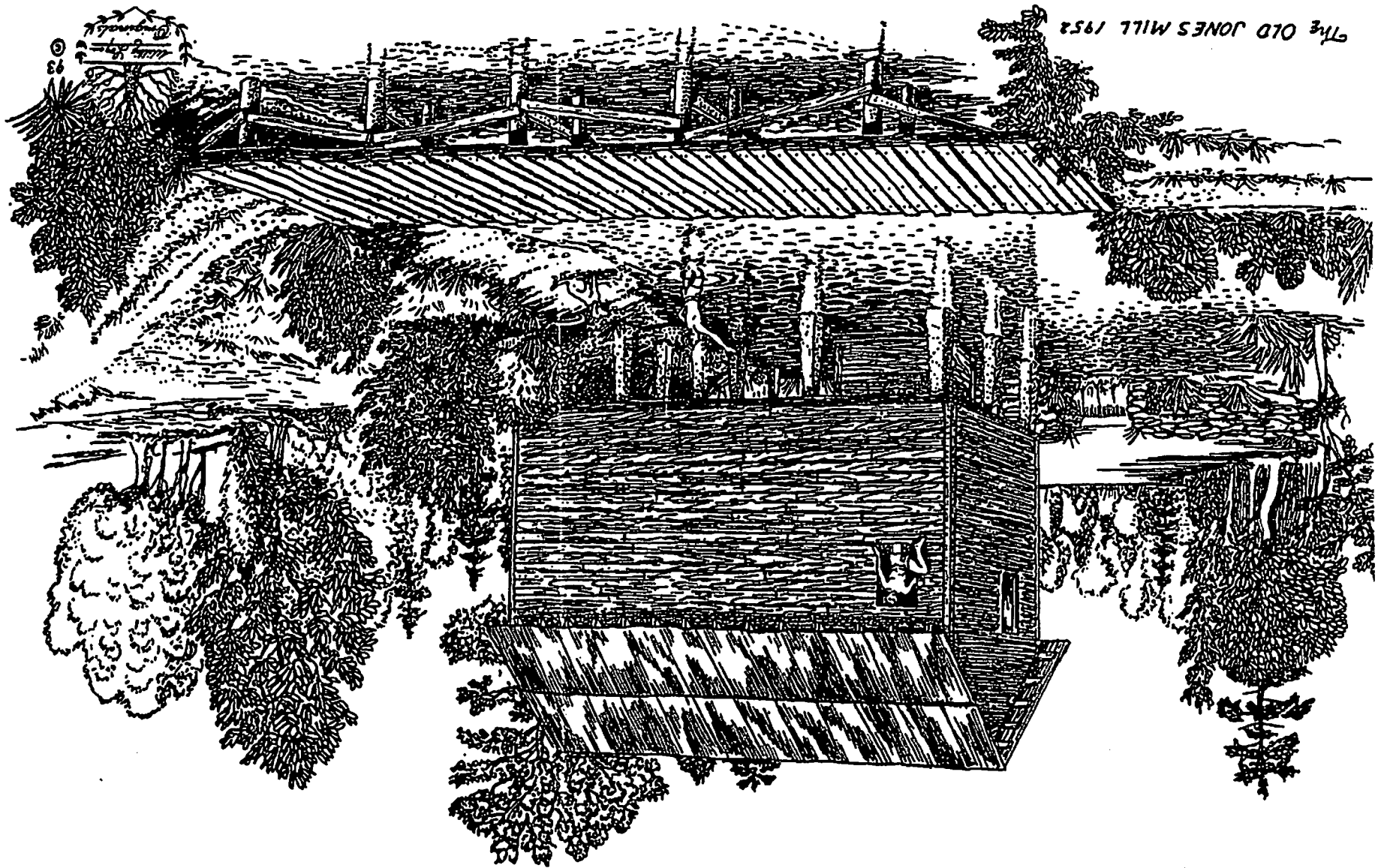
A few hundred yards southwest of the mill, a Deserters' Den was constructed. Men who did not want to go into service hid out here to avoid serving in the Civil War.. It was a mound with a rock levee surrounding it. Someone mentioned that the men made shoes or repaired them.

The mill pond like other bodies of water in the area was also used by churches to baptize new members.

I remember young people gathering at Jone's Mill Pond to go in swimming. The artist who did the drawing *The Old Jones Mill* was one of those teenagers. When I contacted him (Willie Logan) to see if he had done a painting of the mill, he stated he could do it from memory.

In these days, time was plentiful and life was sweet.

Information compiled from tales told by the
"Jones Family"
Nell Oswalt Naugher



The Old Jones Mill 1952

© 1952
The Old Jones Mill
1952

