Alabama
WOMAN'S PAGE

BULLETIN
ALABAMA COLLEGE, *The State College for Women*
MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA

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WOMAN'S PAGE

A digest of scripts written and presented by HELEN PARRISH, *student in the Speech Department, Alabama College, Montevallo*

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Helen Parrish, student in the Department of Speech, Alabama College, and author of Alabama Woman's Page.

PREFACE

IT WAS on November 17, 1944, that Alabama Woman's Page made its debut over Station WAPI and less than twenty-four hours later that the first request for a copy of the script arrived. Since that time *Alabama Woman's Page* has travelled regularly through the mail as well as through the air.

Believing that some of our listeners would like to have portions of these scripts in permanent form, we send you now this digest and the hope that you'll continue listening to Alabama College—1070 on your dial.

MARYLAND WILSON
Assistant Professor of Speech and Radio Director, Alabama College

ARTHUR FORT HARMAN
President, Alabama College

Montevallo, Alabama
July, 1945

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November 17, 1944

ALL OF US in Alabama, whether we were born here or have just moved in, have a great interest in our state. It's ours. Our forefathers fought to build it, and we today are fighting to keep it. We help to make its laws, and we abide by them. But no matter how great our interest is in Alabama, there are quite a lot of things that we don't know about it.

For instance, did you know that the first typewriter was invented by John J. Pratt, of Center, Alabama, in 1886? Or did you know that William Rufus King, once vice-president of the United States, was from Selma? Or that Robert Lee Bullard, an Alabamian, ranked next to General Pershing in the American Expeditionary Forces in World War I?

Well, if you didn't know these things, don't feel too badly; because I didn't know them either until I started doing some reading.

One thing I found that's going to help focus eyes on Alabama is the new book of Horace Walpole's letters, which has just been published by the Yale University Press. It may sound far-fetched to say that a writer who died in 1797 could have anything to do with the Alabama of 1944, but it's true. Horace Walpole wrote most of his letters and papers at his home on the Thames River. He called the old castle "Strawberry Hill", and this is where Alabama comes in —because she too has a "Strawberry Hill". It's on the state road to Demopolis and was built in 1821 by William Walton, a descendant of the Walpole family in England.

The land on which our "Strawberry Hill" is built was granted to William Walton by the Continental Congress in 1820, in recognition of his services on General Washington's staff. By the way, if you happen to have a picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware", take a look at the man holding the flag. He's Alabama's own William Walton.

Well, after the war Walton came to Alabama and supervised the building of "Strawberry Hill" himself. The timbers of the house were cut from trees on the surrounding acreage and hand-hewn by slave labor; bricks for the foundations and chimneys were made by the slaves; and the nails and iron work were imported from England.

Alabama's "Strawberry Hill" doesn't bear much resemblance to Horace Walpole's magnificent castle. It's a small house, and it isn't filled with 18th century armor and relics; but it is filled with memories of the days when the Walton family held open house for Jefferson Davis, General John T. Morgan, and the Tutwiler, Gorgas, and Hobson families.

In those days "Strawberry Hill" was the center of attraction for influential people from miles around, and you can't very well blame people for taking advantage of the Walton hospitality so often. The company dinners and parties that were held at "Strawberry Hill" were really too wonderful to talk about. In fact, perhaps I'd better not tell you about them because—well, we do still have rationing, and things aren't as accessible as they were in 1850. But anyway here goes. This was a typical Walton dinner: "Three kinds of soup, eight different meats, six vegetables—and the desserts: plum pudding, mince pie, charlotte russe, cocoanut cream, chocolate ice cream, orange custard, and, of all things—onion custard." Oh, I'll bet people had indigestion in those days!

And that reminds me—mothers, get your castor oil out and have the doctor's telephone number at your finger tips, for Thanksgiving is just around the corner. This year Alabama celebrates Thanksgiving on the 23rd of November. Now that we have the Thanksgiving date firmly established again, we are quite content just to have one Thanksgiving day. But some of our New England neighbors want two celebrations. They observe November 23 and December 21. This last holiday is to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

All of you are quite familiar with the story of the Pilgrims, and you may think that we've celebrated Thanksgiving ever since 1630, but that isn't the case at all. Thanksgiving didn't become an official holiday until 1864, when Abraham Lincoln set aside the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving. Up until that date, the people of the United States had held Thanksgiving celebrations whenever they felt especially thankful. In 1784 Thanksgiving was declared

CORRECTION

The *Merrimac* commanded by Richmond Pearson Hobson, and the second ship to bear this name, was purposely sunk in the mouth of Santiago harbor in 1898 in an attempt to "bottle up" the Spanish fleet anchored there. It was the first *Merrimac,* which at that time had been re-named the *Virginia* and was under the command of Admiral Buchanon, that fought the *Monitor.*

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when the Revolutionary War came to an end. In 1789 we had the holiday to celebrate the signing of the Constitution, and in 1815 at the close of the War of 1812.

All this talk of Thanksgiving makes me think of some of our holidays. I don't know how many of you know this, but there are no national holidays in the United States. Each state has jurisdiction over the holidays to be observed. The only national holiday ever proclaimed by Congress was on April 30, 1869, when it ordered that the 100th anniversary of the Constition be observed as a national holiday.

All our holidays this year will be just a little different from what they usually are because in millions of American homes the family circle won't be complete. Some boys will be missing. Of all who are serving in our armed forces this Thanksgiving, I guess the proudest are those serving on ships named for their state. I know a great many Alabama boys stick out their chest just a little bit farther when they say, "I'm on the *USS Alabama*", or "My ship was named for a famous Alabama hero".

These boys and all Alabamians will have a right to be proud because some of the greatest naval feats of all times have been performed by Alabama men and Alabama ships. In 1862 Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson of Greensboro, Alabama, was commander of the *Merrimac* in its historic duel with the *Monitor.* This naval battle has become famous not only because of the daring displayed by Capt. Hobson and his men, but also because with the sinking of the *Merrimac,* the United States realized the great need for a ship that couldn't be easily damaged. And so today we have the modern armored battleships that we can say are direct descendants of Alabama's *Merrimac.*

In 1864 an Alabama ship came into prominence again, and this ship too had an ill-fated end. It was made in London, England, to help the Confederacy in its fight. Captain Raphael Semmes of Alabama, became commander of the ship, and he named it the *Alabama.* For two years Captain Semmes and his crew dashed from one port to another, destroying enemy vessels, and capturing supplies for the Confederacy. At last the United States Government built the *Kearsarge,* an iron-clad vessel, and sent it out to destroy the *Alabama.* The two ships met off the shores of Cherbourg, France; and the *Alabama* was defeated. Every man on the ship refused to jump overboard until the very moment that the ship was ready to sink.

In the very near future two more Alabama names will be added to the roll of Navy ships. One will be the *S. S. Laura Bridgeman,* named for the beloved friend and teacher of Helen Keller. Miss Bridgeman was not a native of Alabama, but she spent much of her life helping the people of Alabama. She lost her own powers of speech and hearing when she was twenty-six months old. With the help of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, she overcame her handicap and spent the rest of her life helping others who had suffered similar misfortunes.

Laura Bridgeman's courage will be fully recognized when the new ship is christened in her name. The launching ceremony for the S. S. Laura Bridgeman will differ just a little from that of most ships. This time the traditional bottle of champagne will be replaced by a bottle of water from Coldwater Springs, Tuscumbia, Alabama. Laura Bridgeman and Helen Keller often drank from this spring. The honor of christening the *S. S. Laura Bridgeman* will go to Mrs. Clare Purcell, wife of Bishop Purcell of the North Alabama Methodist Conference.

The other ship soon to be christened is the *U. S. S. Eufaula.* This famous little town has given rise to more governors and lieutenant-governors than any other town in the state, and it was recently chosen as one of the two most historic towns in Alabama. The *U. S. S. Eufaula* will be christened by Miss Betty Moulthrop, daughter of the mayor of Eufaula.

And that reminds me—did you know that the town of Eufaula once escaped being destroyed by the Union Army by just a few minutes? Just as General Grierson's Federal Cavalry marched into Eufaula, word was received that an armistice had been declared. The Union Army quickly changed its mind about destroying Eufaula and made a very hasty retreat.

Eufaula isn't the only Alabama town to have her name again become important. Huntsville had a thrill on November 5 when a new capataliner was christened "The City of Huntsville". Incidentally, the bottle of champagne was missing from this ceremony, too. A bottle of water from Big Springs was broken for the shower that christened this new plane. At the same time the formal opening of Huntsville Airport took place, and the importance of air express service in the war was discussed by the commanding officer of the Redstone Arsenal. The new airport at Huntsville will save much valuable transportation time by making it possible for war materials to be sent to their destination without having to be routed through Nashville or Chattanooga.

All major airlines will put aside at least one priority this month, however, when Helen Keller makes her coast-to-coast tour of Army hospitals to cheer the blind and deaf war veterans. Miss Keller began her tour on Wednesday of this week, with a visit to the Army and Navy Hospital in Hot Springs, Arkansas. She plans to cover at least eighteen hospitalization centers during her tour. As a woman who has faced her handicap with the greatest courage ever known, Helen Keller is certainly qualified to encourage our sightless veterans in making readjustments to this new life. The best of luck of all to them all!

Major Ketchum, of the Confederacy, Plays Host to General Canby, of the Union – Fairhope, a Single-Tax Colony

DECEMBER 1, 1944

IN JUST a few weeks now, the U. S. will enter her fourth year of war. Many things have happened in this country since the war began—things which have caused sorrow and unhappiness to millions of people. But such a thing as sorrow isn't entirely new to the American people. It may be new to this generation, but to many other Americans, it's the same old story again. Have you ever talked to a veteran about the war he fought in? There are a lot of things he could tell you—sad things and funny. Let's suppose for a minute that we are talking to a veteran of the War Between the States. If the old man has a sense of humor, here's one story that I'm sure he'd want to tell you.

Early in April of 1865, the United States' forces, under the command of General Edward Sprigg Canby, captured the city of Mobile. The commanders of conquering armies always must have a suitable place for their headquarters, and General Canby was no exception to the rule. So after the capture, he and his officers took a leisurely stroll around Mobile to find the proper house. They found dozens of beautiful homes, but none quite suited the General's purpose. Then, just as he was ready to give up, he came to the home of Major William Ketchum. This house was exactly what General Canby wanted, and the fact that it was the home of a Confederate officer made it even more desirable. So he issued orders for it to be turned over to him and his officers at once.

Mrs. Ketchum, an Alabama woman with plenty of spirit, didn't think so much of the General's brilliant idea; and she immediately asked for an interview with him. She was tactful, diplomatic, polite; and she made it quite clear that she didn't intend to vacate her beautiful home and leave it to the soldiers. General Canby was also

polite and he made it quite clear that he intended to have that house and no other.

Perhaps the General had a change of heart overnight, or perhaps he found himself no match for the Alabama woman. At any rate, he finally announced to Mrs. Ketchum that he would let his soldiers stay in the house across the street and that he would use her house for his personal headquarters—if she would consent to act as his hostess and housekeeper. Mrs. Ketchum agreed, and they settled down peacefully and comfortably.

Well, the War Between the States came to an end as all wars do at some time; and Major Ketchum returned to Alabama. You can imagine his surprise when he was forced to obtain a pass to enter his own home, but the biggest shock of all came when he walked into the living room and was greeted with a warm handshake by General Canby of the Federal Army!

Now don't imagine that the war started all over again when this happened! No, after a few rather embarrassed words, a very pleasant relationship was established between the two men. Major Ketchum took his accustomed place at the head of his table, and General Canby sat at his right. All was peaceful between the "Blue and the Grey."

Well, that was an amusing little story; and I thought you would like to know that sometimes funny things do happen in war. Sometimes—but not too often. War is bitter and hard and cruel. . . . Other countries have been knowing this for a long time—take Finland for instance. Before this present generation came along, Finland was hardly more than the name of a far-flung land on the eastern shore of the Baltic. The very word "Finland" on a map looked remote and cold. The only thing that most people knew about Finland was that Jean Siebelius had written music which told of Finnish woods that sang and Finnish hearts that were strong and courageous. That was all. Then in 1939, Finland was invaded by Russia, a country fifty times bigger than she was.

The eyes of the whole world were fastened on Finland, and her tiny army, and the hearts of all courageous peoples quickened with joy when Finland resisted Russia's advances. . . . I think we ought to know more about these people of Finland. They've been strangers to us for a long time—but now with the remotest part of the world practically next door to us, we have a chance to learn and

understand our foreign neighbors. One of the best books that has ever been written about Finland is *Finland Forever,* by Hudson Strode, of Alabama. . .

Another recent contribution to the literary world is Frances Gaither's *The Red Cock Crows.* Mrs. Gaither writes about the people of the South with understanding because she lived here for so long. Her novel dates back to slavery times and deals with the growing tension between the whites and the Negroes. Mrs. Gaither says. . . "I used to wonder if a white person could ever know how Negroes feel. I still wonder."

And this book will make you wonder too—just how far should the lives of Whites and Negroes touch each other? It's going to be an important question in the post-war world and one that's going to require a great deal of thought . . .

You know I mentioned a few minutes ago that Mrs. Gaither had lived in the South for a very long time, but I didn't tell you in what state she lived. I'm sure you've already guessed it—yes, it's Alabama, and her home was in Fairhope. This little Alabama town is known throughout this state and others because it is a single-tax colony. I've always been a little in doubt as to what a single-tax colony is; and now that I've found out, maybe some of you who are a little hazy on the matter would like to know.

The single tax theory operates on the principle that all men are equally entitled to the use and enjoyment of what God has created and of what is gained by the general growth and improvement of the community of which they are a part. Therefore no one should possess exclusive rights to the wonders of nature. In other words, if a man has Niagara Falls in his backyard, he can't get any more benefit from it than his neighbors can.

Here's another part of the tax theory—if improvements are made in increase the value of his possessions, the owner does not have to pay additional taxes. The one tax that he pays on his land includes national, state, county, and municipal fees.

My authority for this description is the summary of single tax as given by the late Henry George, a group of whose followers came from Des Moines, Iowa, just fifty years ago to put his teachings into practice, and selected Fairhope as their site. . .

Heroines of Confederacy Recognized – Descendants Train to Aid Democracy – Two Alabamians Receive Congressional Medal Interesting Place-Names

DECEMBER 8, 1944

ON DECEMBER 9, 1864, just eighty years ago tomorrow, the general assembly of Alabama publicly gave thanks to the women of this state for the supreme courage and devotion they had shown during the bitter years of the War Between the States. The women of Alabama had earned the thanks of their state, for they had patiently suffered many hardships at the hands of the invading soldiers. They had seen their homes, schools, and courthouses burned and destroyed; their livestock, food, family silver, household furnishings and money taken forcibly away from them. Through all of this the women remained strong. They hid what food and money they could from the invader, even took up guns and fought to defend their own homes.

An Alabamian who showed particular courage was fifteen-year-old Emma Sansom. One day in 1863 the Federal troops under General Streight were ordered to destroy the railroads leading to Rome, Georgia. The Confederate General, Nathan Forrest, was ordered to prevent the Federals from carrying out their command. The chase began in Lawrence County, passed through Morgan and Blount Counties, and into Etowah. General Streight almost outwitted the Confederates when he crossed Black Creek close to Gadsden and burned the bridge behind him. General Forrest turned to a nearby farm house to ask about the possibility of crossing the creek at some shallow point.

Emma Sansom, the young daughter of the house, volunteering to lead General Forrest to a ford in the creek, got upon the horse with him. . . When the Federals began firing at her, Emma took off her sunbonnet and daringly waved it at them. Her brave action brought

cheers from both sides, and the firing ceased until General Forrest could carry her to safety.

Through the help of a fifteen-year-old girl, the Federal troops at Gadsden were captured by the Confederates. After this great deed, the Confederate Congress voted its thanks to this patriotic girl and ordered a gold medal presented to her. In 1907 a monument to her memory was erected . . . in the main street of Gadsden. Now her portrait hangs in the main corridor of our state capitol at Montgomery, where it has rightfully taken its place among the portraits of other great women of Alabama.

When the terrific struggle was over, the women again helped in the job of reconstructing Alabama. They looked forward to a life of peace for themselves and their children once again. They couldn't know that before too many years passed, the women of Alabama would be called upon once again to help fight a war—the World War.

This time the fighting situation was changed. Now North and South fought together for the United States. This time women didn't have to hide their possessions from invading soldiers, and they didn't have to do actual fighting to defend their homes. But they helped in the war nevertheless. They organized a League of Women's Service and became active; they formed motor corps to be of assistance to soldiers in training camps; they joined the Red Cross and took care of the wounded boys.

Now once again in World War II, Alabama women are fighting. But this time they are doing more than just fighting from the home front. They are enrolled in the WACS, WAVES, SPARS, WAAFS, WASPS, and Coast Guard. They are serving beside Alabama men on foreign battlefronts, and some of them are giving their lives to save their country. If the women of Alabama have ever deserved thanks, it is certainly now.

Very soon more women are going to be able to be of service in the war, because in January a flight school for training women pilots will be opened by the Alabama Institute of Aeronautics. One of the first of its kind in the nation, the purpose of the school will be to provide a twelve-weeks course in ground training and forty-two and one-half hours of flying to each student who enrolls herself in the classes which begin every six weeks. The school will be able to give instruction to two hundred women at a time at the Van de Graaff Field in Tuscaloosa. During the last five years, the institute has been training American, British, and French air cadets at Van de Graaff. Now the women take over! . . .

Speaking of soldiers reminds me of the Alabama boys who are winning citations in this war. Of course, you know that the highest award possible is the Congressional Medal of Honor. Only a man who distinguishes himself in actual combat by gallantry at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty may receive the medal. Since this war began, two Alabamians have been awarded the Medal of Honor: Major Charles Davis, of Montgomery, and Capt. W. R. Lawley, Jr., of Leeds.* In the last war only one Alabamian received the Congressional Medal. He was Sidney E. Manning of Flomaton, Alabama. During a battle on the Ouroq River, near Breuvannes, France, Corporal Manning was put in charge of his platoon when both his platoon commander and his sergeant had been wounded. Manning himself had been wounded in nine places, but he led forward the thirty-five men remaining in his platoon and succeeded in getting a foothold in the enemy position. During the fighting, all but seven of his men were killed; and Manning held off a large body of the enemy only fifty yards away by fire from his automatic rifle. On May 9, 1919, Sidney E. Manning was presented the Medal of Honor by the governor of Alabama. . . .

I was looking at a map of Alabama this morning; and you know, I'd never noticed before how many places in this state bear the first names of men and women. There are Jack, Teddy, Uriah, Vincent, and others; while the ladies, of course, aren't far behind—in fact they're ahead, for there are more places bearing women's names than men. Wonder what accounts for it? Did the men name the places for their wives and sweethearts, did the women do the naming themselves, or just how did it happen? There are Dora, Samantha, Yolande, Mignon, Alberta, Catherine, Beatrice, Georgiana, Lottie, and Hazel Green as well as others I've left out.

Another interesting thing about these names is that usually they're found close together. If one town bears the first name of a man or woman, usually there's another close by it which does the same thing. Did large parts of that land at one time belong to various owners who designated the plots they were leaving their children by marking them off and calling them by the names of those children? That could be the way it happened.

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*Editor's note--Four other Alabamians: Commander David Mc Campbell and Sergeant H. E. Erwin, both of Bessemer, Lieutenant Cecil Bolton and Staff Sgt. Paul Bolden, both of Huntsville, have since received this award.

But Alabama doesn't name all of her towns for men and women. No, indeed, it names a lot of them for towns or cities in other states as well as in foreign countries. There are Texas, Kansas, Mt. Vernon, Hollywood, Hartford, Akron, Detroit, Brooklyn, Madrid, Moscow, Java, Dublin, Athens, Bangor, Cuba; and here's one that is definitely a shock—Axis! I wonder how old that town is? It certainly couldn't have been named recently, I'm sure.

And now before I wind up this little discussion on Alabama names, I simply must put this in—these names are really the best of all: Smut Eye, Wren, Trade, Vinegar Bend, Canoe, Echo, Cushion, Shorter, Chase, Normal, Rash, Sunflower, Powderly, and here's my prize—Fleahop! The people who named those towns must have had some terrific experiences!

Well, I may not know how Alabama towns got their names, but I know the Bankhead Highway was named for John Hollis Bankhead, Alabama congressman for thirty-three years. He is known throughout the United States as the "Father of Federal Aid to Good Roads". Since the administration of Jefferson, the United States government hadn't supported highway development from the public treasury. In 1906 Bankhead introduced a bill in the Senate asking that the national government once more take over the improvement of state highways. This bill met with success; and, in 1920, Bankhead secured the appropriation of $200,000,000 for the building of roads throughout the United States.

In recognition of this service for good roads, the Bankhead Highwas was built. This transcontinental highway is the longest one-name road in the world. It begins in Washington, D. C., and crosses the continent through thirteen states to San Diego, California. In Alabama the highway passes through Talladega, St. Clair, Jefferson, Walker, Fayette, Lamar, and Calhoun Counties.

The only other highway which comes close to rivaling the Bankhead Highway in length is the Lincoln Highway, which starts in Times Square, New York, and crosses twelve states to end at the Lincoln Park in San Francisco. . . .

Alabama Accepted Into the Union – Four State Capitols – Julia Strudwick Tutwiler–Samuel Minturn Peck

DECEMBER 15, 1944

ONE hundred and twenty-five years ago, a man received a very important letter. It was a letter that I think all of you should know about, because it played such a great part in your lives. It put you where you live today; it gave you the jobs at which you work; in a way it determined the sort of person you are. Yes, as far as you listeners are concerned, it was one of the most important letters ever received; for it notified William Wyatt Bibb that the territory of Alabama had been officially accepted into the Union.

All of us know that before this happened, Alabama was once inhabited by the Creek, Chickasaw, Choctaw, and Cherokee Indians. We know that De Narvaez and Hernando De Soto were the first white men to set foot on Alabama soil. The French and English explorers followed them, and for 273 years the three countries fought over who would control Alabama.

Of course, these facts are familiar to all of us because we studied them in school; but I think that ordinarily we tend to put them pretty much in the background of our thoughts unless we happen to visit an Indian museum or see the statue of some famous explorer.

No, I don't believe our real interest in Alabama is stimulated until we read about her early statehood, or maybe when we try to trace the history of her four capitols. You know that's a lot of capitols for one state to have. . . . The first capitol, which was only temporary, was at St. Stephens on the Tombigbee River. It was chosen because it was the best town in the territory. Old books tell us that the town had "a newspaper, a bank, some stores, medicine men, and lawyers."

That just by itself wouldn't be much recommendation to us today, and the people way back in 1819 didn't like it so well either.

They wanted to progress, expand, and have a capitol that would be a credit to the state. So the capitol was moved from St. Stephens. Incidentally, if you visit the site of our first capitol today, you won't find a town at all. There's nothing to mark the existence and location of St. Stephens but a stone marker in a small state park.

Our next capitol of Alabama was at Cahaba, and this time the people really outdid themselves to make it a great place. A beautiful statehouse was built, and homes and public institutions sprang up as if by magic. Gay parties and entertainments were given, and the town was full of elaborate surreys and hacks driven by uniformed darkies. It was a typical Southern town, peaceful, happy, and full of laughter and sunshine, but there was one thing wrong with Cahaba as a capitol. It was directly between the Alabama and the Cahaba Rivers; and, at certain times each year, the rivers would overflow and completely flood the town. At those times most of the people would pick up their belongings and move out of town until the waters subsided.

Well, you can see that the town of Cahaba was not well located; so once again our state capitol was changed. With the moving of the capitol, Cahaba followed the same path as St. Stephens and slowly disappeared. Today where once there was such laughter and gaiety, there is a ghost town. There are old torn-down houses, a few dilapidated stores with broken glass panes, the remnants of tall stately white columns—and memories of the almost-forgotten days.

You know, it makes us a little sad to think how quickly things can be put in the background and forgotten after their usefulness is finished. But at least one place that harbored our state capitol wasn't deserted. That was Tuscaloosa. She took over the important job in 1829 and kept it for almost twenty years. During that time Alabama was slowly but steadily forming into the great state which she is today. People were coming from other states by the thousands to settle in the new land, and it looked like the capitol was finally and permanently situated.

Then the Legislature decided that the capitol should be closer to the more thickly-populated centers where political activities could be carried on more easily. When this announcement was made, every town of any size began to clamor for the privilege of being the capitol. Well, perhaps Montgomery was the better arguer, or maybe

she just had more people to argue. At any rate, in 1847 she was finally selected as the new and permanent capitol of Alabama.

You know, I hope I'm not talking about history too much today, because I know none of you want to sit up and listen to a long lecture with a lot of dry facts. But I really think that these things about Alabama are something every good citizen ought to know. It's said that very few Americans know all four verses of the "Star Spangled Banner." I wonder how many Alabamians know all seven verses of our state song? I'll wager very few of us do. And yet it's as good a picture of Alabama and her people, as has even been painted. . .

The words were written in 1868, not long after the end of the War Between the States; but they still carry the same meaning and earnestness as they did so many years ago. The woman who wrote "Alabama" was Julia Strudwick Tutwiler, one of the greatest educators and reformers that this state has ever produced. It was through her efforts that co-education was established at Auburn and the University of Alabama, and with her help and insistance that Alabama College came into existence.

But Julia Tutwiler was more than just an educator. She liked to spend her spare time in writing poetry and stories. It was a sort of hobby with her. Just as some people collect stamps or match-covers for a hobby, Miss Tutwiler wrote poems. She first showed her unusual talent when she was six years old. Late one summer afternoon Julia's brothers and sisters were sitting on the steps talking. Suddenly they discovered that their little sister wasn't with them any more; so they all got up and went to look for her. After quite a search, they found her in the peach orchard, sitting on the ground and holding a small piece of paper in her hand. "I've been writing a poem,," she said. "It's all about the sunset. Would you like to hear it?" And so there in the twilight of the peach orchard, the little girl who was someday to do so much for other people, read her very first poem.

Well, it seems that I'm not only trying to teach history today, but I'm also letting my poetic nature get the better of me. Things like that happen once in a while. Yesterday as I was browsing through the library in one of my very rare vacant periods, I came across a small blue and gold book with a tiny old-fashioned angel on the cover. The name of the book was "Rhymes and Roses" and it was a collection of the early poems of Samuel Minturn Peck. I liked

them so much that I used the remainder of my vacant period to find out a few things about their author. And here's what I learned:

In 1931 Samuel Minturn Peck was chosen as the first Poet Laureate of Alabama, and his old home place in Tuscaloosa became a shrine which all poetry lovers want to visit. Just one look at it tells plainly why Dr. Peck was able to write the poems which so clearly show the true spirit of Southern life. The house with a real plantation atmosphere of fields and woods about it is on the outskirts of town. There's the intoxicating smell of magnolias, nutmeg, rose geraniums, and sweet orange. The garden is bright with petunias, larkspur, and roses of all colors. If you have any imagination at all, you can almost see stately ladies in brocaded gowns walking up and down the garden paths, or you can see darkies under the trees strumming softly on their old banjos.

There in that quiet setting Dr. Peck wrote many of his poems. His only audience for his first readings were his three dogs, "Patrick Henry Peck", a full-blooded Irish terrier with a very adventurous spirit; "Theodore Roosevelt Peck", who liked to chase rats; and "Rip Van Winkle Peck", so named because he looked like "a reclaimed bit of junk-heap dog-flesh". . . .

Professor Ziolkowski Honored–Tallulah Bankhead – Other Alabama Stars – Dramatic Endeavors in This State

January 12, 1945

If ANY OF YOU are like me, and want to stay in these winter nights and listen to the radio, then you'll want to be sure to tune into WAPI Tuesday night at 8:30. At that time Alabama College will present Miecislaw Ziolkowski in a 15-minute piano recital. Mr. Ziolkowski, or "Mr. Z." as he is called by the students, was born in Poland; and almost all of his original compositions describe scenes in his native country. He won worldwide fame when his "Mountain Fantasy" was chosen to be played at the bestowal of the doctor's degree upon Paderewski at the Warsaw University. The great Paderewski was so impressed by the music that he invited Mr. Z. to become his pupil, which he did.

On his program Tuesday night Mr. Z. is going to play his "Mountain Fantasy" as well as Liszt's "Rhapsody No. 10." . . . .

I received the other day a letter from a friend who's in the Navy now and had just come back from a week's leave in New York. He told me all about the plays he had seen, and believe me, he's seen practically every one on Broadway. I'm going to write and tell him that if he gets a chance to go to New York again, he should try to see "Sadie Thompson", a musical by Colton and Randolph. Of course, he won't know until I tell him, that "Sadie Thompson" was first seen under the title of "Rain", and it starred Jeanne Eagles. Then some years later it was produced again, and Tallulah Bankhead played the lead. I imagine Miss Bankhead herself will enjoy seeing the play and trying to find all the scenes that have been changed since her performance of it in 1935.

You know, it's strange the way things die out and apparently are forgotten by everyone until they're revived many years later. Such a thing happened in Tallulah Bankhead's family a long time ago. It was the early ambition of her father, William Brockman Bank-

head, to be an actor. When he was a student at the University of Alabama he used to enact all of the great classics of drama before his mirror every night, and he featured himself standing on a stage bowing to thunderous applause. But because his mother was so opposed to acting, William Bankhead put the idea out of his head and turned to his career of service to the people of Alabama. But always in the back of his mind he kept the idea that Bankheads could act if they were only given the chance; and years later, when his little daughter Tallulah began to show acting abilities, he did everything he could to encourage them.

Miss Bankhead tells this little tale about her first acting "job". Ie seems that when she was five years old, she happened to attend a party that her aunt, Marie Bankhead Owen, was giving for the Wright brothers. One of the entertainments scheduled for the party was a dramatic competition. Young Tallulah decided to enter it quite without her aunt's permission and came away with one of the top prizes. But she didn't really take dramatics seriously until she appeared in a play called "Squab Farm", when she was thirteen years old. That was her start.

From then on she had many pleasant, but not spectacular successes. She went to England in 1923 and became rather popular with the London public; but she still failed to attain the success she wanted. Then in 1924 she portrayed the role of Iris March in *The Green Hat* and she was suddenly thrown into the position of the Number One Glamour Girl of the English Stage. This is also the play in which Ann Harding first achieved recognition.

But Tallulah's great triumph on the American stage came in 1939 when she took the lead in "The Little Foxes". You know, the authoress of this play never exactly stated the name of the Southern town in which the scenes are laid, but Tallulah Bankhead said that there was no doubt as to where the town was. It was in Alabama, of course. She was so sure of this that in several scenes which called for a paper, she used a copy of *The Mobile Sentinel,* dated 1900.

My goodness, here I've been talking on about Tallulah Bankhead as if she were the only star produced by Alabama. And that isn't the case at all. There are Gail Patrick, Helen Claire, Lois Wilson, Mary Anderson, Viola Allen, Johnny Mack Brown, and one of the greatest actors of all time, the late Henry B. Walthall.

Perhaps you won't recall his name at first, but if you remember seeing *The Birth of a Nation,* then you remember how you thrilled

to his performance as the gallant "little colonel". This was Henry Walthall's first motion picture, and yet it was one of the greatest he ever made. Success came to him almost overnight, but he had worked all his life to get where he was. When just a child, he worked in the cotton fields of Shelby County to earn his spending money; he received his education from his mother and father, aided by an uncle who lent him books; and then finally he was able to attend Howard College for six months.

Henry B. Walthall, and all the other actors and actresses from Alabama, became famous only after years of hard labor. Most of them left the state which had so few dramatic opportunities and traveled the long road to New York and California. . . . And yet, Alabama once almost became a dramatic center. Eighteen years ago, in 1927, a movie concern by the name of the Alabama Motion Picture Corporation purchased 300 acres of land on the scenic highway north of Trussville. The owners of the corporation planned to establish a movie colony there; and, as soon as the proposed city had a population of 500, they were going to name it Mason-Dixon City. The Mason-Dixon Studio was going to specialize in western, historical, and romantic pictures, and it hoped someday to make a picture about Alabama with all Alabama people in the cast.

Well, I don't know what became of the beautiful dream of Mason-Dixon City. I haven't been able to find out anything else about it. Whether they decided the company wouldn't pay in Alabama, or whether it was actually formed and fell through, I don't know. If any of you listeners know what happened, I wish you'd write in and tell me. You never can tell, I might get ambitious and decide to start a dramatic company of my own someday!

If I do, I think I'd like to produce some plays about Alabama and the people who live here. So many of the stories about the Deep South are superficial, and they miss the real understanding of our way of life. The kind of plays I'd want to put on are like those to be found in the new book, *Alabama Folk Plays,* by Kate Porter Lewis of Greenville, Alabama. As a child she played with the children in a sawmill village and wrote plays for all the little darkies. In each play there can be found the real South—a land of red earth ploughed by surging rivers—a place of brooding silences, of swamps and dark bayous, of deep forests and sunlit grassy hills—the whites and the Negroes who lead lives that are so different, and yet so closely tied together. . . .

Josiah and Amelia Gorgas – David McCampbell Honored – Anniston, Huntsville Feature in News–Wright Brothers Visit Montgomery

JANUARY 19, 1945

TODAY WE here in Alabama pause for a moment to honor the memory of a great man, Robert E. Lee. He wasn't an Alabamian; I'm not sure that he even set foot on Alabama soil but he was one of the finest Southerners that ever lived. . . . .

And while I'm talking about the War Between the States, I think it's only fair that I tell you about an Alabama general who played such a great part in it: General Josiah Gorgas. When the war began General Gorgas resigned his commission in the U. S. Army, and it was really his work that enabled the Southern armies to put up their gallant fight against the Union. After the war, General Bragg said that Gorgas had organized the only successful military bureau during our national existence; and it was especially surprising because he had less foundation to go on than any of the other men in the Confederate Army. . . .

When her husband was made president of the University of Alabama, Amelia Gorgas was at his side, helping with administrative work, and looking after the University boys. In those days there was no hospital at the school, and Mrs. Gorgas fitted up the finest room in her house to care for the sick students. One of the patients she nursed paid her this very high compliment, "The man who first used the word 'gentle' must have known her."

The spirit of Amelia Gorgas lives on today in every woman who is helping in some small way to ease pain and suffering. Any man who has been fighting for his country and who has returned home safely should be thankful for this great pioneer in the nursing field.

One of our men who has recently been sent home from overseas and who, incidentally, celebrates his 35th birthday this week, is Bessemer-born David McCampbell. He distinguished himself in

the Pacific area when he downed 35 Japanese planes single-handed. Every time Air Group 15 flew, Commander McCampbell chalked up another Jap to his credit, and at one time, assisted by only one plane, he broke up a formation of sixty enemy aircraft.*

For his outstanding courage McCampbell was awarded the Navy Cross, Distinguished Flying Cross, and a Gold Star in lieu of a second Flying Cross. But last week he received the highest honor possible, the Congressional Medal of Honor from the President of the United States. In the citation, President Roosevelt mentioned this heroic action: "Commander McCampbell's plane was almost detsroyed by a 40 mm. shell which completely destroyed his radio, brakes, and landing gear. His plane was on fire in the tail, but in spite of these difficulties, he managed to land the ship safely and get out before it was completely on fire."

Now that I've come to the present war and the Alabamians who are fighting in it, I also want to tell you about the Alabama ships that are fighting too. The *U. S. S. Alabama, Birmingham, Mobile, Eufaula,* and *Laura Bridgeman* are already in the thick of things, and on January 2, the *U. S. S. Anniston* will join the fighting ranks. You know victory ships are named for smaller towns in each state, and the towns are selected for their historical background as well as their role in the war effort.

On this basis, Anniston certainly deserves the honor which has come to her. She was first settled in 1863 by Samuel Nobel and Alfred Tyler. Most of the people who came after them were attracted by the iron ore, coal, and limestone deposits. In 1872, the famous Woodstock furnaces were built and the growing town was named Woodstock. But a little later, the founders discovered that there was another Woodstock; so they changed the name to Anniston for Alfred Tyler's wife, Annie.

Today the industries founded so long ago are still going strong. Anniston now produces more cast iron soil pipe than any other city in the world. Its textile plants outrank in number any other textile center in the world, and its chemical manufactories are contributing vital materials to the war effort. In addition to all this, Anniston also is the site of Fort McClellan, one of the largest Army ex-

*Editor's note--With a score of 34 Jap planes to his credit, Commander McCampbell is the highest scoring ace to survive World War II, succeeding to this title upon the death of Major Richard I. Bong.

amining centers in the United States. So you see how fitting it is that a new ship should be named for this famous Alabama city.

By the way, an Anniston sailor, Herschell F. Locklear, recently sent his mother quite a unique gift. It was a silver dollar which he had carried half-way around the world with him. Locklear is serving on the *U. S. S. Nevada,* which took part in the invasion assaults of both Southern and Western France, and was in the midst of the fighting during D-Day. The residents of the state of Nevada are so proud of the ship bearing its name that they sent it a huge treasure chest of silver dollars, one for each sailor.

But ships aren't the only things to be named for places in Alabama. In November, a plane was named for the city of Huntsville. It's interesting how this place came to be founded. In 1805, a man named John Hunt came to what is now Madison County in search of a big spring which he had been told emerged from a steep cliff. When he found the spring, he decided to settle there and make a home for his wife and children.

Other people followed John Hunt, and soon a thriving little settlement was established. As yet it had no name, but in 1808, during one of Hunt's long trips to Tennessee, the National Government sold the land to Leroy Pope, and the settlement was named "Twickenham". It might still have that name today if the people hadn't realized that without John Hunt, the town might never have come into existence. So in 1811 the name was changed to Huntsville.

You know, I imagine it seems strange to some people that an airplane should ever have been named for an Alabama town because thirty-five years ago, when the Wright brothers brought the first airplane to Montgomery few people believed that men would ever fly. Of all the people who gathered to witness the famous flight, no one has ever given us such a graphic description of it as has Earl J. Kreis of Montgomery. At that time Kreis was an eager thirteen-year-old youngster who was always snooping around garages and investigating mechanical things. He was fascinated by the flying contraption, and every day after school he went to watch the activities.

There's an interesting angle to the way Kreis got a ride with the Wright brothers. In those days, there was no such thing as a shower bath on the rough flying field. All the brothers had were two

big barrels filled with water. One day they noticed the crowd of boys standing around and one of them said to Kreis, "Son, if you'll see that these water barrels are filled each afternoon, we'll give you a ride."

Well, with the help of his friend, Kreis got his ride and even though he was thrilled, he was also scared stiff. Orville Wright was the pilot, and the ship flew at an altitude of about seventy-five feet. The speed was the amazing amount of 60 miles an hour.

After that flight the young boy became the envy of all his schoolmates, and the despair of his teachers. While the other kids talked about dependable "old Dobbin", he was constantly chattering away about the new airyplane". His studies suffered, of course; and the teachers stormed, but to no avail. His eyes were always on the sky, and his heart was winging away on every flight of the fascinating new contraption.

When aviation was firmly established and Maxwell Field was built, Earl J. Kreis came to offer his services. That was a long time ago, but he's still there. Today he's an assistant civilian personnel officer at the field. He sees planes come and go every day but after all this time, he still has the same love for aviation as did that thirteen-year-old boy who watched the Wright brothers make their first flight. And I imagine that when a huge squadron of planes wing their way overhead, he looks at someone that used to be a skeptic and says in a proud tone, "I told you men would fly someday."

You know, it's strange how modern and antique methods of transportation can often be found so close together. For instance, in one place in Alabama, an airplane, our newest discovery, will pass over the oldest form of transportation known—the ferryboat. Yes, times have changed a great deal; and many new things have been developed; but on the highway between Rockford and Clanton, a ferryboat is still used to carry passengers across the Coosa River. The ferryman has a motor on the boat to turn a paddle wheel, so he doesn't have to exert much energy; but that's the only modern thing he'll agree to use. He spends his time crossing the river in much the same way that his forefathers did. He fishes, and sometimes he catches pretty big ones. Maybe the life of a ferryman isn't so bad after all. I know a lot of people who would jump at a chance to take his place. . .

Oscar Wilder Underwood and the National Democratic Convention – Vice - President William Rufus King – Selma – and "Fighting Joe" Wheeler

JANUARY 26, 1945

AS A CITIZEN of Alabama I should know a great deal about my state. I should be familiar with its government, the way it was formed and with the men who worked to build it. And yet I find out each day how little I do know about Alabama.

I remember my high school history mentioned Oscar Wilder Underwood and the positions that he held in Congress, but I don't remember that it told how he was almost nominated for President of the United States. In fact, the first I knew about it was when I read the story of the great new motion picture, *Wilson.* A part of the picture deals with the Democratic Convention at Baltimore in 1912. On full exhibition is the delegation from Alabama, complete with overalls, straw hats, and a possible nominee for President.

All of you would enjoy *Wilson* for two reasons—first, because Mary Anderson from Birmingham plays one of the daughters; and second, to see those few scenes about Oscar Wilder Underwood. And now before you see the picture, and just in case your history is as rusty a smine, I'm going to tell you a little about Underwood's life. He wasn't a native of this state, but we claim him anyway because from the time he moved to Birmingham in 1884, at the age of twenty-two, he worked for Alabama and her people. Throughout his whole career he was a staunch follower of the Democratic Party, and he has the distinction of being the only Democrat since the time of Henry Clay to be titled leader of his party in both houses of Congress.

In a way it's amusing how Underwood almost became nominated for President. As floor leader of the Democratic Party in the Senate, it became his duty to arrange all controversial debates and contests which all too often resulted in physical encounters. His coolness when other men were upset, his fairness towards opponents and loyalty to his party, challenged the admiration of the na-

tion, and made the people of Alabama want to nominate him for President.

Underwood agreed to enter the race, but that was about all he would do. He was far too busy to give any personal attention to a new political campaign; but, nevertheless, under the guidance of John Hollis Bankhead, the campaign assumed enormous proportions. At the Democratic Convention Alabama put up a stiff fight for Underwood, but in the end he was defeated, and Woodrow Wilson was nominated in his place.

And by the way, since I've already mentioned the movie about Wilson's life, I think I ought to tell you about the new book which his sister-in-law, Margaret Arson Elliott, has just written. The name of it is *My Aunt Louisa and Woodrow Wilson.* . . .

I hope a lot of you will find time to read *My Aunt Louisa and Woodrow Wilson,* and in case you aren't able to find it in your local library, why just write to the Home Study Service at Alabama College, Montevallo, Alabama, enclosing four cents postage, and it will be sent to you right away.

You know, I just happened to think—a few minutes ago I told you about Oscar Wilder Underwood and how he failed to attain the highest position in the land. Now I think it's only fair that I tell you about an Alabamian who didn't fail in his attempt. He was William Rufus King, the only man from this state to become Vice-President of the United States. This was in 1852, during the administration of Franklin Pierce.

During his life-time he lived in Washington, Naples, Russia, and France. He dined in beautiful palaces with many foreign diplomats and kings, but he was never satisfied with a life of continuous parties. His heart was always at Chestnut Grove, his quiet little home in Selma, Alabama. There he was able to get away from the stress and strain of political life, and enjoy the ease and occupations of rural life.

It was a simple home such as any bachelor would appreciate. He could spend his days on a fine horse riding over the estate, and the evenings reading before a crackling fire. He had a splendid library of books, which he read time and time again; but one of his favorites was the collection of poems by Ossian. It was from one of these poems, "The Song of Selma", that William Rufus King se-

lected the name of his town. Selma is a Greek word meaning "high seat or throne," and he thought it particularly fitting for the town which rested on a bluff of the Alabama River.

Perhaps one of the reasons that King loved his home and Selma so much, was that he knew they would always be there whenever he wanted to come back to them. The last time that he came back, he was desperately ill; and yet he traveled all the way from Cuba to reach his home. Once there, he gathered his friends and servants about him, took a longing look at the house he loved, and died.

In Selma today, things are vastly different from what they were when William Rufus King lived. The beautiful Chestnut Grove with its great collection of books and gold and silver ornaments is gone. In its place stands a new house built in memory of the vice-president from Alabama. In the public library of the city there hangs an oil portrait; and in Live Oak Cemetery, there stands a monument to William Rufus King.

And now before I stop, I want to pay tribute to a great Alabamian whose birthday we are celebrating, "Fighting Joe" Wheeler. Like so many of the men who fought to make this state what she is, he was an adopted Alabamian. His birthplace was in Georgia; and it wasn't until 1870 that he moved to Alabama.

Perhaps he never would have come here to live if it hadn't been for the insistence of his father-in-law. The old man wanted his daughter with him in his declining years, so General Wheeler brought her back to Lawrence County. It was then at the age of thirty-four that he decided to take up the study of law.

It's really very funny how he came to get his first case. His wife's brother, Tom Jones, became involved in a fight with a blacksmith at Courtland, Alabama; and as a result, the blacksmith died. Jones was arrested and taken to the county seat for trial; but before the trial came, he quarreled with his attorney and dismissed him. Joe Wheeler, after much discussion with the judge, succeeded in getting a continuance of the case for six month.

And do you know why he did this? Because in six months he would have read enough law to pass his bar examination; and in that way, he could be his brother-in-law's attorney. Needless to say, when the case finally came to trial, "Fighting Joe" won. . .

Joe Wheeler was one of the poorest students in his class at West Point. At graduation, he stood fourth from the bottom, his poorest grades being in cavalry tactics. In spite of this, Joe Wheeler became one of our greatest generals. He was the only officer ever to become a corps commander in the United States Army after holding the same position in the Confederacy. He was in years the youngest, and in stature the smallest officer in America to be commissioned as a major-general. As for his poor grades in cavalry tactics—well, General Robert E. Lee said that Wheeler was one of the two outstanding cavalrymen in the War Between the States.

If you've liked these few little things I've been telling you about "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, then I think you'll want to read the new book abou this life. John P. Dyer is the author, and the name of the book is simply *Joseph Wheeler*. It's the first attempt to put down on paper the General's whole career, and it paints a graphic picture of Alabama in the 1870's. You may borrow this book also by writing the Home Study Service at Alabama College and enclosing four cents postage. . . .

Homes of Post-War World – Augusta Evans Wilson – Alabama Secedes From the Union President Davis Arrives in Montgomery

FEBRUARY 2, 1945

ONE ILLUSTRATION of how our post-war lives are now being formed, is given by Charles R. Byrd, president of the Birmingham Association of Home Builders. He recently attended a meeting of the National Association in Chicago, and came back with many revolutionary things to tell us about the homes to come. For instance, how would you like to be able to put a house completely together in twenty minutes? That may sound silly, but it's true. You'll be able to sit down to breakfast some morning, pick up the telephone and order a new house. Then you can invite your friends over for dinner in the new house that night. When they get there, they'll find a complete set of furnishings, electric stove, refrigerator, all in place, and an electric heating system installed.

Of course, such miraculous buildings will have to be confined to only those who want one-bedroom houses. Those who want a larger house will have to wait longer for it to be built—all of ten minutes longer!

Other interesting and very useful things to be found in the post-war homes will be an electric dish-washer that washes, rinses, and dries dishes without the aid of hands; an electric eye for opening and closing garage doors; and a new type of plaster or plasterboard for the walls. It will be supported by clips, leaving a half-inch space to form a sort of floating wall designed to eliminate plaster cracks.

Also, there's a possibility that post-war blankets may weigh but a few ounces, and yet be much warmer than the heaviest furs and woolens now available. This will be made possible by the waterproof "Santorel", which is one of the strongest and most versatile chemical skeletons known to man. It pours like water, looks like fine snow, and contains air cells which show the transmission of heat and cold.

Well, these modern conveniences sound all right, but I believe I'll stick to the old-fashioned house. They have a dignity and charm that new houses just don't seem to have. And then, I'm afraid that if the houses change too much, the people in them will change.

Look back in the past for a moment, and think of some of the great books you used to love. A lot of them were written by people who led simple lives. One of the greatest Alabama writers was Augusta Evans Wilson. I know many of you remember reading at least two of her books—*At the Mercy of Tiberius,* and *St. Elmo.* The latter was named for Mrs. Wilson's home in Mobile, Alabama; and it shows clearly the important part that the house played in her life. . . .

Incidentally, one of Mrs. Wilson's books, *Macaria,* almost failed to reach the readers of today. It was a war novel; and one of the favorites of the Southern soldiers, who found in it more human nature and more of the logic of possible events than it revealed to the ordinary reader. Naturally it stands to reason the kind of literature popular in Southern camps wouldn't appeal forcibly to the Northern army, and a Federal officer in Kentucky captured and burned all the copies of *Macaria* that he could find.

Mrs. Wilson managed to slip a copy of her new book across the lines to a publisher in Virginia. Then it was found that another publisher, a Northerner, also had a copy of the book, with an edition of 5,000 ready to issue to the Federal soldiers only. Mrs. Wilson almost started a private war all her own in the attempt to gain control of her book; and finally, she won. *Macaria* and the other books by Augusta Evans Wilson were great favorites in those old days; but to some of us who read them today, they seem rather strange. We're so far removed from the life of the 1800's, that we can't quite understand it. . . .

And now for a few minutes, I want to say something about an event which took place on February 4, 1861, just 84 years ago this coming Sunday. On that day a convention met in Montgomery, Alabama, for the purpose of deciding whether Alabama would remain in the Union or escede.

The delegates from Alabama put up the strongest arguments of the whole convention, with the state standing divided on the question. North Alabama was definitely against secession; for she had "no intention of permitting her citizens and cotton to run the gauntlet of passports, custom houses, and the other machinery of a foreign government as they went to market."

The question was finally settled when it was put to a vote; and the Ordinance of Secession made Alabama a free, sovereign, and independent state. As soon as the news spread, people from all over Montgomery rushed to the convention hall to take part in the excitement. A new state flag was made by the women of the city and raised over the capitol. On one side of the flag was a representation of the Goddess of Liberty holding in her hand a small flag with one star. In an arch just above the figure were the words "Alabama—Independent Now and Forever." On the other side was the figure of a cotton plant with a rattlesnake coiled at its roots. Above the snake were the words "Touch me not."

Soon after his action took place, the other Confederate States banded together and decided to form a nation independent from the Union. They elected Jefferson Davis President of the Confederacy, and made Montgomery, Alabama, the capital. On February 17, 1861, President Davis arrived in Montgomery and was greeted with such an ovation as had never before been witnessed in all the South. Thousands of people lined Dexter Avenue to catch a glimpse of him; bands played; and the President-elect's carriage drawn by six white horses rolled slowly behind the glittering military escort.

The spot upon the capitol portico where Jefferson Davis stood as he gave his inaugural address is marked by a large brass star of six points set in the tiling of the portico. Since that day, several Presidents of the United States standing on this star, have addressed the people of Alabama. One of those Presidents was Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

If the city of Montgomery was affected by President Davis' arrival it was even more stirred by the coming of his wife. It seemed that the entire city was at the dock to greet her. Their cheers were accompanied by a salute of seven guns fired by the boat.

After Mrs. Davis took over as the first lady of the Confederacy, the capitol became one of the gayest places ever seen. . . But even behind these scenes of gayety there was a feeling of tenseness, for the sound of war was being heard in the distance.

Today, many years after President Davis lived in Montgomery, the White House of the Confederacy is still there—just as he left it. His Bible, comfortable chair, slippers, and gloves are left just as he last used them. And one of the tables in his study marks the place at which he wrote his *Rise and Fall of the Confederacy*. . . .

John J. Cullman Settles in Alabama
Historic Mobile

FEBRUARY 9, 1945

EARLY IN 1860, a man named John J. Cullman, had a terrific disagreement with Bismarck, the powerful chancellor of Germany. To avoid further trouble and any unpleasant consequences, Cullman left Germany and hid away on a boat coming to America. Once here, he got a job with the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and, in 1870, was sent to Alabama as a land agent.

At that time sections of Alabama looked anything but promising. The great plantations and rolling fields had been ravaged by war; land could be bought for a song. But to John J. Cullman it was a land of plenty. He saw in the north central section of the state a haven for his fellow refugees from across the seas. So Cullman brought scores of German settlers to Alabama, and with their help he founded a great farming community.

It was then that he introduced into this state two things for which she is noted today—diversified farming and the cultivation of the strawberry. Other communities soon heard of Cullman's new crop, and they also began to produce it. Now, after years of hard work, Alabama is exceeded only by Louisiana as the largest strawberry producing center in the United States.

The founding of Cullman by a German is typical example of how many portions of this state have been ruled by different people. One city, Mobile, has had five flags to fly over her since she came into existence—French, English, Spanish, Confederate, and the United States. Today Mobile still bears signs of each of these periods of her life. On one street there stands a Spanish house, built as early as the beginning of the last century. On another street can be found the French house in which General Lafayette was entertained when he visited Mobile in 1825. Then there is the All-Saint's Church, built in Colonial times, and last, but not least, there can be found the wall of one of the oldest American theatres. . . .

Northington General Hospital – "Alayam"

Lee De Forest

FEBRUARY 16, 1945

SINCE A well-remembered day in December, 1941, the state of Alabama has changed. It doesn't look at all like it once did. New industries have sprung up almost over night; gigantic munitions plants have come into existence; air fields and army camps can now be seen; and every other man we've seen on the street is in the uniform of our country. Yes, there's no doubt about it—Alabama has gone to war.

Perhaps one of our greatest contributions to the war effort is the Northington General Hospital at Tuscaloosa. There we not only take care of boys from all over the United States, but at the present time we also have five hundred Alabama boys who are patients.

The war casualties at Northington are the more seriously wounded soldiers—those whose cases seem almost beyond help. And yet the doctors and nurses are working wonders. Boys who thought they'd never walk again, see, or be able to take an active part in the world around them, are being taught to rebuild their lives. The treatments aren't easy or pleasant, and they can't be accomplished in just the space of a few weeks, but when the boys do leave Northington they are confident and secure in the knowledge that they won't be a burden to their parents and friends. . . .

But Alabama is doing more than just healing soldiers who have been wounded in battle. We're also busy adding new food products to the civilian market. Have you heard about "Alayam"? Well, perhaps you haven't, but at any rate, you're going to hear the word a great many times.

"Alayam" is the trade name given to a product now being made from sweet potatoes by the Alabama Agricultural Experiment Station at Auburn. The finished products take varied forms. There are prepared breakfast foods, taffy, cookies, spreads and garnishes,

flour, and drinks. They differ from ordinary dehydrated foods in several respects: They are fully prepared and ready to serve when received; in preparing "Alayam" neither steam nor water touches the product, thus no sugar or minerals and vitamins are lost; and they differ in regard to the variety of products, furnishing food in at least seven different classes.

It's hard to believe that all of these advantages can be derived from the lowly sweet potato, but it only goes to show what wonders science can perform. Of course, these "Alayam" products are now made only in the experimental pilot plant at Auburn, but already acceptance tests have been started in 15 Alabama towns and in the same number of out-of-state towns. If "Alayam" goes over in these trial tests, there will be a greatly extended market for Alabama grown sweet potatoes. So in anticipation of the new gold mine, maybe you'd all better consider planting potatoes in your victory gardens from now on. . . .

Around sixty years ago a Congregational minister and his family moved to Talladega, Alabama. The minister, Henry DeForest, a white man, had come as the new president of the Talladega College for Negroes; and he and his children got anything but a warm reception from the townspeople. They were snubbed, shunned; and had to be content with Negro playmates.

Lee DeForest, the older boy of the family, tried to escape from the situation by playing at inventing. He made cotton pickers, fish traps, a handcar, and a gate which the driver could open without getting down from his wagon. At last when Lee DeForest was old enough, he went to a scientific school to study, hoping against hope that he could invent something worthwhile for the world.

The road was hard, and everything seemed to stand in his way; but on January 29, 1907, the thirty-four-year-old inventor, impoverished and battered by misfortune, filed a patent on the discovery which changed the course of history and the destiny of mankind. Lee DeForest's grid-audion tube introduced a new era in communication, and yet the people of the United States called him foolish. He couldn't even get them to try his new invention. But during the first World War, France and German realized the value of the vacuum tubes and used thousands of them.

It's hard to believe, but Lee DeForest didn't get one bit of money out of all the sales because he hadn't been able to raise the $125 necessary to keep his European patents in force. He still wasn't discouraged, though, and decided to set up a radio station for himself. For a while he was the lone broadcaster in the U. S. He filled the air with "radio concerts", news, and even advertising of a primitive sort until irritated Federal radio inspectors shut him up. The next year commercial broadcasting was born.

During those long years when Lee DeForest was struggling for success, he was repeatedly called a failure; but now at last he has received full recognition of his great invention. Two radio schools pay him an enormous sum for the use of his name and for his supervision of courses. He is also the founder and technical director of the Lee DeForest Laboratory in Hollywood. Perhaps his greatest recognition came when Lee DeForest Day was celebrated at the San Francisco World's Fair. . . .

Washington County Pioneers – General Holland Smith – FM Broadcasting – Flag of the "Yellowhammer" State

FEBRUARY 23, 1945

THIS WEEK the American forces on foreign battlefields have made great and startling advances. They have advanced on important bases which will ultimately lead to the downfall of Germany and Japan. Yes, for us here in the United States, it's really been a triumphant week. And yet, even though all eyes have been turned on our heroes of today, we've still had time to pause and think of another American, who put up an equally great fight over 164 years ago.

That man was George Washington, whose birthday we celebrated yesterday on February 22. But did you know, Washington really wasn't born on February 22 at all? It was on February 11. All this must sound very confusing, but it's true. When Washington was born, the world kept time by the Julian Calendar which had been used for centuries. However, in 1752, the calendar was changed; and ten days were dropped from it. In other words, suppose that one day were February 11—then the next day, instead of being February 12, would be the 22. . . .

While most people think of George Washington just on his birthday every year, there's one place here in Alabama that has an occasion to think of him every day. Yes, it's Washington County, the oldest of the Alabama Counties. It came into existence in 1800, almost nineteen years before Alabama was formally admitted into the Union; and it was truly a pioneer in the American way of life. Many things which helped Alabama and the Union to progress were begun there in Washington County. Our first state capitol was at St. Stephens in that county; the first academy for higher learning in Alabama was also there; and the first river steamboat to navigate Alabama water was built at St. Stephens; and the first theatrical performances in Alabama were given there.

So this week while we're all paying tribute to George Washington, our first President, I think we also want to remember the people of Washington County, and the work they did and are still doing, for this state.

But speaking of war heroes, let me say something of one of Alabama's brightest military stars of today: Holland Smith. He was born at Seale, in Russell County, and began his military career during the first World War. He really wanted to get into the army; but since it had no commissions open, he decided to enter the Marines because it was the toughest and most active branch of the United States fighting forces.

Now he has really distinguished himself. In 1939, before the present war started, he began to work with the Marines in establishing bridgeheads. Very little was actually known about this type of warfare; and General Smith, with Admiral King as his associate, was put in charge of expanding the knowledge. His men spent seven hard months in the Carribbean training; and by the time war was declared, he had crack amphibious units trained for both Army and the Marines.

In 1942 he supervised the Army division which took Attu, the 3rd Marine Division, which fought at Bougainville and the five regiments which landed on Kiska. His men also are to be found in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy.

For his great work in behalf of his country, Holland Smith was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General after the Marianas campaign—making him the third Marine to attain that rank. . . .

You know, the post-war era is going to be one of the most important times in our nation's history. Not only because it will mean the return of our men and women to normal life; but also because since the war began, many new things have been invented and are now only awaiting peace time to become available to the public. One thing which all radio fans will welcome with joy is FM broadcasting.

FM or "Frequency Modulation" is a type of radio wave that will entirely eliminate all static and fading. . . .

Alabama is already planning to use this new gift to radio reception. Seven applications for FM stations are filed with the Federal

Communications Commission in Washington now. The stations seeking to build the new broadcasting studios are WAPI, WBRC, and WSGN in Birmingham; WBHP in Huntsville; WALA, Mobile; and WSFA and WCOV, Montgomery. . . .

Something else which is being planned for post-war Alabama is the extension of the city limits of Bessemer. Up until a few years ago, Bessemer had the honor of being the fourth largest city in the state; but now she's dropped down the line a bit. The main reason for this is the fact that the city limits of Bessemer haven't been extended, whole those of other Alabama cities have. Since the war began, many housing projects have been erected just outside Bessemer, and if the city limits are extended to include these, then after the war Bessemer may once again reach her place of fourth largest city.

By the way, it seems that I slipped up a little last week when I let the birthday of our state flag pass unnoticed. It was adopted by the House of Representatives on February 16, 1895; and like most state flags, it was chosen to be a simple one. It consists only of a crimson cross of St. Andrew on a field of white. It is designed so as to preserve some of the most distinctive features of the Confederate flag, and the flags have the same shape and measurement.

While I'm talking about Alabama emblems, I wonder how many of you know how our state bird was chosen. Well, calling Alabamians "Yellowhammers" originated with a Confederate soldier named Will Arnett who belonged to Nathan B. Forrest's regiment in Hopkinsville, Kentucky. In 1861, a company from Huntsville, Alabama, came to join Forrest's men. The officers and men were handsomely uniformed; and on the sleeves, collars, and tails of their coats were bits of brilliant yellow cloth.

As they marched past the Kentucky troops, Will Arnett cried out "Yellowhammer-Yellowhammer-flicker-flicker-flicker." There was a roar of laughter at his wit and from that moment the Huntsville soldiers were spoken of as the Yellowhammer Company. The term quickly spread throughout the Confederate Army and was applied to the State of Alabama, so that today we have the Yellowhammer State. . . .

Alabama Celebrates Another Birthday – Story of the Great Seal – Flowers and Books – The Bellingrath Gardens

March 2, 1945

MANY LONG year ago the territory which is now Alabama, was a vast untamed wilderness. Not a trace of the white man's civilization had penetrated its borders; the modern world of today with its implements for death and destruction were unheard of. And yet there was a war going on; one stronger people was trying to subdue and conquer a weaker group; there was suffering even as there is today in the countries of Europe.

Let's pretend for a moment that we're back in those older times, that we can see exactly what took place then. Picture in your minds a band of refugees, tired and defeated. They have fought courageously to keep their homes from the invader; but slowly and surely they have been driven back, their land destroyed. Now they wander in search of a new place to live, to rebuild their homes. Then one day they suddenly come upon the banks of a great river. They stop and look around, the chief walks slowly forward, raises his spear into the air, and says softly, "Alabama! Here we rest!"

So it was that the Alibamo Indians came to this land and settled. They built up from nothing a new civilization, and paved the way for the white settlers who were to create the State of Alabama so many years later.

By the way, tomorrow is the 128th birthday of Alabama. Yes, it came into existence as a territory on March 3, 1817, with William Wyatt Bibb at the first governor. Incidentally, it was he who designed our Great Seal. When he came into office, he realized that the commissions and other state papers which he issued needed an official seal; and under the laws of Congress he was authorized to select the design.

He thought on the matter for quite a while and finally decided that no design could be more effective than a map of the state, showing its river courses. Around the map were to be the states bounding Alabama. This seal was designed and adopted, but in 1869 it was found to be unsatisfactory.

The Reconstruction Legislature of Alabama had just been formed, and many of its members were Carpetbaggers. They wanted to force the people who had fought against the Union to use the United States emblem on their official papers. So a new seal was designed. This one bore a shield of the United States and resting on it was an eagle. In his mouth he held a scroll reading "Here We Rest." This Great Seal was used by the state of Alabama for 71 years until 1939, when the Legislature restored use of the original seal of William Wyatt Bibb. . . .

Alabama is the possessor of four nicknames: "The Cotton Plantation State", the "Cotton State", the "Lizard State", and the "Yellowhammer State". It got the first name because cotton-producing states in the South are usually spoken of in such a manner. The name, "The Cotton State", designates that its possessor is the central state in the cotton belt. The next name really surprised me—"The Lizard State". It seems that during the earlier times along Alabama streams lizards were numerous. The people lived along the borders of these streams or hidden in the woods, so their lives were said to be similar to those of the lizards. And now for the "Yellowhammer State" which is the one most of us call Alabama—but I remember, I told you about that one last week. . .

The goldenrod was adopted as Alabama's state flower through the efforts of Mrs. Aurora Pryor McClellan of Athens. Back in 1889, interest was widespread in suggestions for a national flower. Mrs. Pryor was anxious for the glodenrod to be chosen because as she said, "It blooms in so many parts of the country and does so much to brighten a gloomy part of the year." The goldenrod wasn't selected as the national flower; but Mrs. Pryor continued to advocate it, until in 1927, the Legislature of Alabama passed a bill making it our state flower. . . .

Not so long ago it was suggested that the state flower be changed to the camellia. I think this must have been advocated by the people of Greenville, because so many camellias grow there. And that

reminds me—I heard the other day that the class of 1945 at the Greenville High School has joined a community campaign to make their city famous as a camellia center. The class is making a gift to the school of a landscaped camellia garden on the campus. The garden will be located near the street where it can be seen by the townspeople, and will be one of many proposed plots designed to attract flower-loving tourists to Greenville. . . .

And now I have something I'd like to say about the founding of Greenville. In 1819 a wagon train of immigrants from Greenville, South Carolina, stopped for the night in a lonely spot in central Alabama. Eight families and several men with twelve wagons and fifty-two horses composed the party. They meant to move on in the morning, but were so pleased with the location that they decided to stay there and make their homes. Each selected a spot for a home site and erected a cabin.

A few weeks later another party of immigrants arrived; and later in the year, still another. Thus the town had its beginning, but it wasn't named Greenville then. The first name given to the settlement was Buttsville, in honor of a Georgia Indian fighter. It was formally changed to Greenville in 1822, because its first settlers were from Greenville, South Carolina.

And now I think that's enough about Alabama's past history for the moment. There are things in the present that are important too. For example, there's a new Broadway play by the name of *Foolish Notion,* which stars Alabama-born Tallulah Bankhead. . . .

Another Alabamian who is being frequently spoken of lately is the author, William March. His first book, *Company K,* published in 1933, was considered one of the classics of the first World War; and it's written in such a way that it still fits in with this world of the second war. In 1936 Mr. March wrote *The Tallons,* a story of life and people in a small town of rural Alabama.

Now once again this great author is at work, and his current book will be a collection of fifty-five short stories entitled *Trial Balance.* About half of the stories have appeared in earlier collections, the other half in magazines. Mr. March considers them to be the best stories he has written so far and the ones he'd like most to have preserved. . . .

You know, a few minutes ago when I was talking about flowers I meant to tell you about Bellingrath Gardens in Mobile. . . This spot is one of the show places of the United States, and thousands of people visit it every year. But I don't think too many of them know how it first started. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Duncan Bellingrath bought the estate in 1918 from Creole descendants of French Colonial settlers. . . They remodeled the old houses and used the place first as a fishing camp. Becoming more and more attached to it, however, they enlarged it into a summer place adding a lighting plant and other modern improvements.

People who visited the Bellingraths were always entranced with their wonderful collection of azaleas and their other flowers, so at their insistence, Mr. Bellingrath decided to expand the gardens. He secured the services of a well-known Southern architect, and with 100 laborers skilled in stone, brick work and forestry, and planting, began to rebuild. Wherever possible, each old tree, vine and plant was left in its natural setting undisturbed. The gardens were build around them.

Today the visitor to Bellingrath Gardens finds a semi-tropical jungle terraced to perfection. Driveways and flagstone paths wind around the emerald lawns. Brilliant splotches of pink, gold, and purple are silhouetted against the gray of native shrubs, and moss-hung century-old oaks reflected in the clear waters of lakes. Across the lagoon a rustic bridge leads to half-hidden cottages of the gardeners. . . while swans and brilliant peacocks mingle with scented flowers. All this goes together to form a paradise for the lover of beauty and it can truthfully be said that Bellingrath Gardens is one of the greatest attractions in Alabama. . . .

Recreation Facilities at Home – Talladega – Heroes Homer Givens, Robert Lee Bullard, and William Weaver

March 9, 1945

A QUICK GLANCE at my calendar today showed me that the first day of Spring isn't far off. You know, now that warm weather is so close at hand, we in Alabama are going to start thinking about ways to get out in the open and enjoy life. We'll want to go hiking, fishing, swimming, boating, and do all the other things that are popular in the warmer months.

In the past Alabamians have been able to go to any part of this state or others for their recreation; but this year the government is asking everyone to travel as little as possible; so we'll have to count on finding our diversions close at hand. This shouldn't be too hard to do because somewhere among its peaks and crags, its plains, lakes, and streams, Alabama has a sport or recreation to please every taste.

People in Mobile and Baldwin county, for example, can stay right there and enjoy the azalea trail, surf bathing, fashing and all the seacoast activities. Those in Coosa, Talladega, and Shelby Counties can find all the mountainous scenery and camp sites they want by visiting the state parks there. And then if there are people who like to visit historical spots, there are Fort Toulouse in Elmore County, and the Little River State Park in Escambia and Monroe Counties.

Perhaps none of thees recreations appeal to you, however. Well, then you might try a suggestion given by Miss Dawn S. Kennedy, head of the Art Department of Alabama College. In a recent issue of *Design,* Miss Kennedy outlines the house-building plans of Don Buel Schuyler, Alabama architect.

This is Mr. Schuyler's philosophy of building: Don't borrow money, save some, and then start out to build your own house with

your own labor in your spare time. Build a small portion of your house as you are able, and then move in. In this way you can be right on the site of the building and so better utilize your time.

Mr. Schuyler recognizes the fact that most people, women in particular, think they must build quickly for there is a loss of social standing in living in an uncompleted house. Well, this is not so, for there is much more gained than lost by having a house that is really yours in every sense of the word. One which you yourself have helped to build will give you the feeling of permanence.

I particularly liked Mr. Schuyler's suggestion of building materials for the house. The new material now devised is permanent, fireproof, well-insulated, beautiful, and inexpensive. It's an improvement on the old type of cement stone. The stones now have smooth faces on all sides and can be placed with their straight joints both horizontal and vertical. Any shrinkage takes place in the joints and does not crack the stone. What is even better, no skilled workmen are needed to make these stones and they can be turned out for as little as ten cents each.

So that's a suggestion as to how to spend some of your leisure time this summer. Just get to work on your post-war house.

But just a few minutes ago I said something about our state parks, and did you know that there are twenty-one in Alabama which form a total area of about 23,285 acres? Our first state park was established in 1930, and many years of planning and study went into the building of it. Over one hundred possible locations were considered. Every acre of these lands was viewed from the point of suitability and availability.

When the right spot was finally chosen, work camps were established; and the project was supervised by the engineers of the National Park Service. The developments included construction of roads, foot trails, bridle paths, obesrvation towers, public camp grounds, and firebreaks. Dams were built to create lakes for fishing and swimming. Trees and shrubs were furnished by State Forest Nursery. The work was slow on that first park because no state funds were available for it, and almost all of the money came from the Federal Government. Even the land itself was donated by public-spirited citizens of Alabama.

Since then, however, the De Vare Act has been passed by the Alabama Legislature, providing funds to secure additional sites for parks and to expand those already built. One of our most thoroughly-equipped state parks today is in Talladega County. Here there is a territory unequaled for timber growing and scenic interest. Appalachian hardwoods and short-leaf pine mingle with the long-leaf pine of the Coastal Range. During their seasons, hundreds of species of wild flowers add rich color to the woods.

The region surrounding this park is noted for its historical background. Before the white man came there to settle, it was on the boundary line between the Creek and Cherokee Indian lands. During the Creek uprising of 1813, there were several battles fought by the forces of General Andrew Jackson and the chiefs of the various tribes. One of the most decisive battles of the conflict took place on the present site of Talladega. Not long afterward, white settlers began to make their appearance, and they called the newly-found territory Talladega, which in the Creek language meant "Border Town."

In Talladega today reminders of the past mingle with those of the present. One place which all tourists like to visit is the Elliott Museum, which contains American, Colonial, Indian, and Confederate States relics and art objects. The collection of fans is unusually varied; the costume display includes a wedding dress of the early 1800's once worn by a Talladega bride. The children's room contains dolls of many nations, with native costumes. Also prominently displayed is a page from an old newspaper advertising a reward for the capture of Jefferson Davis.

Of all the contributions Talladega has made to the betterment of this state, perhaps one of the greatest is the Alabama Institute for the Deaf and Blind. All children of the state between 6 and 21 may be admitted to the school. In addition to receiving academic training through the high school grades, they are taught trades and vocations according to their abilities. The blind pupils have an opportunity to learn music, vocal and instrumental. They are taught Braille, and many of them learn to use the typewriter efficiently. The school also stresses physical education, and the children engage in wrestling, racing, tumbling, and on occasions, football and besketball.

With the advantages made available by the Alabama Institute for the Deaf and Blind, the graduates of the school are now ren-

dering service in bakeries, print shops, sewing rooms, music houses, and serve their country in many other home-front activities by working on the production line for war materials.

Speaking of the things which these Alabama people are doing for the war effort makes me think of what other Alabamians did during the last war. They helped establish one of the greatest services to the soldiers—the American Red Cross. Before the war started, the Red Cross served mainly to relieve disasters and epidemics; but in 1916 when the great preparedness movement swept the country, the association laid plans for active war work. Red cross chapters sprang up everywhere, and Alabama was one of the first in the matter of organization. Men, women, and children gave their time, money, and the labor of their hands to do their part in the struggle. The high standards of the supplies turned out by the Alabama chapters were difficult to equal anywhere.

In the war drives for funds for the use of the Red Cross, Alabama went "over the top" in every case. In 1918 her quota was $450,000, and she raised the amount of $1,500,00. One county even exceeded its quota over 1,000 per cent. From the Tennessee line down to the Gulf, there wasn't a community, no matter how remote, that didn't respond to the call for labor or money. When the armistice was signed, nearly 150,000 Alabamians wore the emblem of the Red Cross.

You know, a lot of great men became known during World War How many of you remember the newspapers that came out a short time after our boys began fighting in France? They all had headlined in tall black letters—F. A. H.! These letters stood for First American Hero. And do you remember who he was? Well, it was Homer Givens from Florence, Alabama.

He was a corporal who had been sent with four other men to a listening post to find out what the Germans were planning to do. After the men had been hidden in a shell hole, under fire for forty minutes, the Germans began advancing. Four of the men in the hole ran and were captured, but Corporal Givens stood his ground and fought back. He killed three Germans before he was wounded and left for dead. Later he was carried to a hospital, and twenty-three pieces of shell were removed from his body!

Yes, he lived, and later was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the people of France. General Pershing himself was present at this occasion, and told Homer Givens that he was one soldier who had done his part and he was going to be sent home. Gorporal Givens, however, still had plenty of fight left in him, and he said, "I'm not

going anywhere, Sir, until I get even with those Huns."

Another Alabama hero of the first war was General Robert Lee Bullard of Opelika. Before the war began, he had already distin uished himself in the Geronimo Indian campaign and in Cuba. He was twice commended for bravery in the Philippines, and served for a time as Governor of one of the Moro Provinces.

But in the World War his deeds were especially noted for their valor. He was commander of the first division of American troops which captured and held Cantigny, the first blow struck by the American Army. It was he who told the French commander that "American soldiers would not understand the order to retreat."

"We are going to attack," he said.

They did attack and drove back the enemy at Chateau-Thierry. From that moment, American forces went steadily forward, never losing ground. And finally, as Corps Commander at Saint Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne offensives in 1918, which caused the final downfall of the Germans, Robert Lee Bullard was promoted to Lieutenant General, ranking next to General Pershing in the A. E. F.

But all the brave deeds by Alabamians didn't take place in the last war. Every day we hear of some heroic act by a boy from this state; and today, even as in 1918, they are willing to stay on and fight, even when they've already given so much.

I'm thinking in particular right now of William E. Weaver of East Tallassee, Alabama. His ship was torpedoed in the Atlantic in 1942; and he, along with other survivors, spent forty-one days in an open lifeboat. After that he was rescued and sent to a German prison camp for two years. Now that he is back in America again, he wants to return to his post as soon as possible and get back in the fight. He says, "How can we win a war if guys like me stay on the shelf?"

According to William Weaver and others who have been in Germany, the conditions are worse than we know. The people are short of clothing, black market is conducted everywhere, and the disrupted transportation systems are making it difficult for civilian and military supplies to get through. The Americans in the prison camps have to take just what they can get from their captors, and they say that the brightest spot in the whole dreary week is the package of Red Cross food they receive. This might be something for all of us to think about when we make our contribution to the Red Cross Drive. . . .

The First Street Car – Alabama's Natural Resources – Post-War Projects – William Parrish Chilton – The Automobile and Railroad Arrive in Alabama

March 16, 1945

HELLO AGAIN, and a happy St. Patrick's Day Eve to you all. Yes, tomorrow is the big day for the Irish. . . . Some of their traditions are quite different from ours in America, and may seem rather strange to us, but it's just that our customs aren't alike. You know, we may think that we have customs firmly established for all time to come, but sooner or later, they are going to be changed.

Take our custom of using the horse and buggy as the chief means of transportation, for example. In the past, people were willing to use the railroad to travel long distances, but to go a short way, they never even considered the possibility that something might take the place of the horse and buggy.

For that reason, on March 25, 1886, in Montgomery, Alabama, the few people who were still up at 3 o'clock in the morning witnessed an amazing sight. The first street car in the Western Hemisphere to be run by electricity was making its way up Court Street.

Until that time electricity had been used only in telephone, telegraph, and light development. It was first applied as a motive power by Charles Van Depoele, a Belgian inventor. It might not have come to the people of Alabama for many years, if Joseph A. Gaboury of Montgomery had not heard about the car and become interested in it. He visited the inventor and asked him to come to Montgomery and see if street cars could be made to run there.

So the tracks were laid, and that night in March a small group of people gathered to try the electric car. They had a thrilling ride, all of three blocks long; and despite the fact that they were almost scared to death for fear the car would run away, the experiment was a success.

After that other tracks were laid, and the citizens of Montgomery became overwhelmingly enthusiastic over the new invention until the electricity from the tracks began killing their horses when their hoofs touched the rail. Then they said it was an outrage for so dangerous a thing to be allowed in the city. But Mr. Van Depoele finally corrected the mechanism and made the street car safe.

And that reminds me, not only was Montgomery the first city to use the electric street car; but Anniston, Alabama, was also one of the first in the country to turn to the electric light for illumination, you know.

These advantages, now greatly improved, are such a part of our lives of today that I sometimes wonder if maybe we aren't a little too complacent about them. If a fuse is blown, we may silently thank Thomas A. Edison when the lights come on again, but do many of us ever stop to think about the tremendous lot of water power that is being exerted to give us the light?

We in Alabama have one of the most highly developed electrical power systems in the United States, but it hasn't always been like this. In the early days of the state's history our great rivers were very unsatisfactory. There were many times during the year when the water was low and only the smallest flatboats could navigate. Planters lost hundreds of thousands of dollars every year because they had no way to get their crops to market.

Then at other times the waters would rise and flood all the lands for miles around. Still other difficulties were created by settlers who used the falls and shoals to run their grist mills, cotton gins, and furnaces. These small water power developments were constructed without regard to the navigation of the streams, and they became obstructions rather than improvements.

These hindrances were experienced because there was, as yet, no legal or scientific means of controlling them. But since the General Dam Act, restricting the development of water power on navigable streams, has been passed; and the Alabama Power Company has come into existence. Today, under the direction of this company, fourteen hydroelectric plants generate power for all our modern machinery; and the dams and reservoirs help to control floods.

The limit of Alabama water resources, however, still hasn't been reached. Only recently a bill was passed by Congress appropriating

$60,000,000 for post-war development of the Coosa River. Plans have already been made as to the building projects, and they include twenty-one power dams and additional locks and reservoirs.

These new constructions will mean great things to the people of Alabama. Not only will they create new jobs, act as flood controls, and utilize many long-forgotten minerals; but they'll also mean the development of recreational centers which will even exceed the Tennessee River project. Cabins, boating, fishing, and hunting will make the Coosa River a playground for all outdoor-loving people of the South.

One county in Alabama that I know will be glad for these post-war developments to begin is Chilton County. The two Coosa River projects there, Lay Dam and Mitchell Dam, have already meant a great deal to the development of the county; and the new opportunities in store will mean even more.

And now, just in case some of you listeners may be visiting the recreational spots in Chilton County after the war, I'm going to tell you a little bit about it. It has the distinction of having been created, not as a separate county in itself, but of having been taken from portions of four other counties—Autauga, Bibb, Shelby, and Perry. The need for a new county . . . was felt by many people, whose chief objection was that the county seats were too far off.

The population had greatly increased after the War Between the States, and people had to travel to the county governments much more often than they had in the past. In those days a distance of more than twenty-five miles was a long way to travel by ox-cart or horseback. So in 1868, the people of Autauga, Bibb, Shelby, and Perry got together, formed a new county, and named it Baker County, in honor of Alfred Baker of the Autauga section. It kept that name for almost five years and was then changed to Chilton County. Incidentally, William Parrish Chilton for whom this county was named, wasn't an Alabamian by birth.

He came to this state from Kentucky in the 1830's, and for the rest of his life Alabama was his home. He gave his first service to the state as a lawyer and judge in Talladega County; but, he wasn't to stay there for very long. His honesty and integrity in his profession soon brought him to the attention of high officials in the state; and in 1839, he was elected to the Alabama Legislature.

From there he went to the State Supreme Court to become the Chief Justice, and then later on to the Senate as a representative of Macon County.

About that time the shadows of war were in the background, and Alabama was seriously thinking of seceding from the Union. William Chilton believed that secession was not the solution to the problem; yet he was against dishonor in the Union. He wanted to continue the government as his forefathers had created it. . . So because of his beliefs in the matter, he resigned from the Senate and went back to his law firm. All through the bitter arguments about secession he refused to take sides; but after the step was finally taken he agreed again to serve his state and country as a member of the Confederate Congress. And in honor of William Parrish Chilton, the county of Chilton was named for him in 1874.

And now since I've told about the first street car to come to Montgomery, I think it's only fair to tell you about the reactions that the first automobile got in Chilton County.

One Sunday night, in 1904, most of the people of Clanton, Alabama, were at church. The town was dark and silent, until suddenly an unfamiliar sound filled the air. It was a choke, a sputter, and a horrible roar. Then came a blood-curdling yell, and a man was seen running up the road at breakneck speed. Everyone in town turned out for the excitement, and those at church thought surely that the end of the world had come.

But it was nothing so bad as that. An automobile had just come to town from Montgomery and the man who did the horrible yelling thought the headlights were a monster's eyes. After the excitement had died down, the new car went chugging on its way to Birmingham; and when it arrived, a new speed record was set. The whole trip from Montgomery to Birmingham—seventy miles—had only taken the better part of two days.

Well, unintentional as it may have been, I seem to have devoted almost all my time today to talking about transportation; so I might as well end by telling about the first railroad in Alabama.

This state was nearly fifteen years old when David Hubbard of Florence, Alabama, built the first railroad west of the Allegheny Mountains. Mr. Hubbard was a planter, and every year he had

trouble shipping his goods to market because of the shoals in the river near Florence. So when he heard about the new way, he decided to go to that state and find out about the new method to move goods that was being used in Pennsylvania.

He left Florence on horseback and rode all the way to Pennsylvania, where the first railroad in the United States was being run. It was very crude, but David Hubbard decided that it had great possibilities, and he made up his mind to make one in Alabama. A number of people agreed to help furnish money for the work, but only one kept his promise when the time actually came. So with only the help of this man, Benjamin Sherrod, David Hubbard went to work on his railroad.

The work took a very long time because only twelve or fifteen miles could be built in a year, and these cost $5,000 a mile. The tracks were made by putting down wooden rails and fastening heavy iron bars on top of them.

Well, at last the 40 miles of railroad were finished; and the builders bought a little engine with a copper fire box. The cars were piled high with cotton and a brave man stood at the throttle. Great crowds gathered all along the way and cheered loudly as the little engine came puffing by at the rate of ten miles an hour. After a few trips, however, the triumph of the new railroad was dimmed as the engine grew unmanageable; and the owner had to lock it up in a shop and hitch horses to the train.

And now, hoping you have a little bit better appreciation of the traveling accommodations of today, I'll say goodbye until next week.

Demopolis, a Vine-and-Olive Colony – Gaineswood – Legend of Monte Sano Mountain and of Whistler and Reform, Alabama

March 23, 1945

ALL OUR LIVES we've heard the sayings that "every cloud has a silver lining" and "There's some good in everything." Many times, I know, we've thought of this when the going has been pretty hard, and maybe it's helped us just a little. But today when we think of the hardships our boys are facing, it's hard for us to believe that any good can be in a war. And yet stop for a minute and consider—these boys are benefiting from opportunities they've never had before: they're learning new trades, seeing places they've dreamed about all their lives; and above all, they're learning to know the different people who make up this world of ours.

We in Alabama have been knowing about this last for years because, since this territory was first settled, we have had people from many different countries to live here. There have been the Spanish, English, German, and, of course, the French. Each group of people made a definite and important contribution to Alabama, but I think that the group that had the most interesting history was the French. Let me tell you a little about these people who settled in the town of Demopolis.

In 1817 when Napoleon Bonaparte was overthrown in France, many thousands of his followers were ousted from the country. A great many of them decided to come to America, for here they saw a chance to live together in peace and form a miniature republic of their own. They first arrived on this continent at Mobile and immediately petitioned Congress to grant them a portion of land in the Southwest.

This was done by an act of March 3, 1817, granting to the French four townships in the Territory of Alabama. Under the conditions of the grant, the people were to cultivate grapes on one acre in each quarter section, and olives upon another; and at the

end of fourteen years, they were to pay the government two dollars per acre.

So the Vine and Olive Colony came into existence, and it can be truthfully said that no stranger colonists ever penetrated a wilderness. They were cultured people of old French aristocracy; the women had enjoyed the favors of Josephine and Marie Antoinette; the men had followed Napoleon in his sweeping conquests; none had ever set foot in a plowed field. And yet they came to the wild interior of Alabama where their only neighbors were traders, and stolid Indians.

But the French were willing to work. Dressed in rich uniforms, they cleared wooded land and plowed it. Their wives, delicate women still in Parisian gowns, milked the cows, carried water to men in fields, cooked meals over coals in the fire-places.

And at night, after the work was done, the people would gather in their fine clothes and there would be feasting, dancing and goiety. Well, gradually their little town began to grow, and in 1818 they decided to name it Demopolis, which meant "City of the People."

But the good fortune that the French had expected to find in America wasn't there for them. Their attempts to raise grapes and olives failed; they were unable to hire workers to help take care of the lands; swarms of mosquitoes caused dozens of them to die; and then the final blow came when the French found that Demopolis lay outside their land grant. They moved; but in every place they went, bad luck followed them. At last many of them gave up and went back to France, and then other colonists moved in to take their places in Demopolis.

This time the people were wealthy Americans with a knowledge of the right kind of crops to plant, and with slaves to do the hard work for them. These American planters brought with them to Alabama skilled designers and builders, and each constructed a mansion that was characteristic of his character and background. Perhaps one of the most beautiful homes to be built during this period was Gaineswood, owned by General Nathan B. Whitfield, of North Carolina.

When this art of Alabama was still being settled, George Strother Gaines was one of its most influential men. He kept on friendly

terms with the Indians and the white men alike; and whenever new settlers came, they always sought his advice as to how to get started.

One of the settlers, Nathan B. Whitfield, liked Alabama as soon as he arrived here, and he visioned a magnificent home on the place where Gaines' two-roomed cabin stood. So it was that in 1842, there was begun the home which today ranks as one of the finest examples of Greek architecture in this country. It was designed by General Whitfield himself, and it was carried out by expert artisans from Philadelphia. Back in those days it was no easy task to burn bricks and lime, saw and dress beams, trim and flute the columns by hand; but the new settlers managed to do it.

When the house was completed, it was named Gaineswood in honor of George Gaines, and furnished with the finest things that could be imported from France and Italy. One of its outstanding features, which, incidentally, no longer exists, were the grounds. They extended out in front and surrounded the house in a fan-shaped area, holding in the center a beautiful lake filled with swans and tiny boats. The lake was surrounded by many colored flowers, and encircled completely by a wide graveled walk.

But at Gaineswood time was not always spent in entertainment and festivities. Particular care was given to the slaves at all times. The big plantation bell would ring every morning, and all the men would assemble to get their instructions for farm work from the overseer. And by the way, the overseer had a very good way of checking on who was loafing in the field. He sat on top of the big house and watched them with his spyglass! Later on when he scolded the slaves, they always wondered how he knew that they weren't working. I wouldn't doubt at all that they sometimes thought the overseer was gfted with a strange all-seeing power!

You know, such beliefs in 1842 weren't unusual among plantation Negroes, and today in 1945 a great many of them still exist. For instance, if we traced the naming of Monte Sano Mountain back to its beginning, we'd find this old Indian legend behind it all.

Many long years ago there lived on a mountain in Alabama a happy and contented tribe of Indians. They led normal, comparatively uneventful lives until one day a young white man came into their midst. This man—let's call him John—was quite a handsome

man, and so in time, Monte, the beautiful daughter of the Indian chief, fell in love with him.

The laws of the tribe forbade her to meet John alone, but every afternoon she would slip way from the other maidens and go to the man she loved. Now it happened that a young man of Monte's tribe was also in love with her, and he became suspicious of her being absent so much of the time. So he followed her one day and saw her and John together.

His jealousy and hate were so strong that he forgot his friendship for John and ran back to the village to tell the council what he had seen.

It was the custom of the council to hold a trial whenever there had been a crime committed; so on that same night, the princess Monte was brought before her accusers. Now Monte's father loved her very much, and he told her that if she would promise never to see John again and would marry one of her own tribe, the council would forgive her; but if she admitted that John was her lover, the penalty would be death.

So the council asked the fatal question—"Had she been meeting the white man secretly?" Monte didn't answer at once—she stood very silent, and then she heard her father's pleading whispers, "Monte, say no. Monte, say no!"

But Monte loved John so much that life without him meant nothing; and she confessed that she had been meeting him.
The council decreed death, and at sunrise the following morning Monte flung herself from the highest peak of the mountain. This then is the tragic Indian legent which gave Monte Sano Mountain at Huntsville, Alabama, its name.

And now I believe I just have time to tell you about the naming of another place in Alabama. It's the small town of Whistler in Mobile County. On hearing this name for the first time people usually suppose it was named for James McNeill Whistler, the famous artist. And you know, in 1936 when a Whistler postmark was issued by the United States Government, stamp collectors from all over the world provided the Whistler, Alabama, post office with a rushing business on Mother's Day because they were sure that the town had been named for Whistler.

But these people had it all wrong. According to tradition, a group of surveyors, while working there, were saluted every day by a passing locomotive engineer who gave long blasts from the engine whistle. The surveyors began calling the engineer "the whistler" just as a joke, of course, but when a name was needed, they decided that Whistler, in honor of the engineer, was the best name it could have. . . .

And now I'm going to tell you about the farm settlement of Reform, Alabama. It was first settled in 1817 by pioneers from South Carolina. In those days few missionaries ever came to the Alabama territory; but when these first settlers arrived, Lorenzo Dow, a Methodist circuit rider, came with them. He traveled up and down the entire territory, making no effort to organize churches, but preaching in forest clearings to assemblies of settlers and half-breeds.

The fame of Lorenzo Dow spread, and people came from far and near to hear his fiery sermons. At last when the settlers decided to name their little village, they asked Lorenzo Dow for a recommendation; and he replied, "Call it Reform, brethren, call it Reform!" And so it was named. . . .

Greenville and Birmingham, Camellia and Jonquil Centers – Vestavia – Negro Folk Symphony – Maxwell Field Is Named

April 6, 1945

HELLO, AGAIN, everyone, and welcome to April, one of the most fateful months in all the history of the United States. No, I'm not trying to pull an April Fool's gag on you today. I really mean what I said; for it was in this month that the Revolutionary War began with the Battle of Lexington and Concord; that the War Between the States began with the firing on Fort Sumter; that the Spanish-American War started; and that the declaration of war against Germany was made in 1914.

Well, these things sound pretty bad but the majority of us don't think about them when we hear April mentioned. We usually think first of April Fool's Day, and then of Spring, "A young man's fancy," beautiful flowers, and music.

Maybe our constant thoughts of flowers are what is making this state of Alabama one of the "beauty spots" of America. For many years one city of this state, Mobile, has attracted nature lovers from all over the U. S. because of its famous Bellingrath Gardens and Azalea Trail.

Now, however, Mobile is going to have a rival—two rivals, in fact. For with azaleas getting so much attention, other cities are planning to adopt flowers as their official symbols. One of these cities is Greenville, already known throughout Alabama as the "Camellia City" because this flower grows in such abundance there. But the people of Greenville aren't content to rest on their state-wide fame. They're working every day to make improvements in their camellias; and before too many years, they hope to be as well known throughout the United States as Mobile is.

Now for the second rival city of Mobile — Birmingham. This year the garden clubs of greater Birmingham decided to use as their

major project the planting of daffodils in every available spot in the city; and throughout the month of March the sunshine flower could be seen along the Jasper Highway, in the grounds of Vulcan Park, and the front yards of small homes. The garden clubs are going to increase the project this Fall by giving away a million daffodil bulbs to Birmingham home owners. So look for this city to be acclaimed the daffodil center of the South.

You know, the floral arrangements in our cities and towns of today are certainly different from what they were in the past. They're so simple now, but in the ante bellum days people tried to model their gardens after the show places of European estates. In the Black Belt section of Alabama especially, such places were to be found. There were winding walks that led to a fountain, statue, or marble urn. The grounds were laid off in small flower beds and bordered with primly cut dwarf hedges. Inside of the tall box hedges were rows of jonquils, hyacinths, and giant narcissi. In the summer there was a blaze of glory from roses, dahlias, verbenas, and phlox.

I'm afraid that such places as these would seem rather artificial to most of us today. There's something about having your own little garden and being able to work among the flowers yourself, that no landscaped showplace could give. And yet, there are still homes in Alabama that have this elaborate floral pattern. One of these is Vestavia, home of the late George B. Ward of Birmingham.

I suppose a great many of you listeners have visited this place at one time or another;but for those of you who haven't, let me tell you a little bit about it. In the early 1920's, George Ward made several trips to Italy and Greece to study the Greek and Roman architecture. One day, while visiting the crumbling temples near Rome, he noticed that they were all fashioned after the temple of Vesta, the earliest goddess of them all.

As he stood there, he conceived the idea of returning to America and making a home of his own, with the circular classic lines of this old building. So he came back to Birmingham and began his house on the top of Red Mountain, using as building materials the rich vari-colored ones of his native hills.

Today this place is visited by people from all over the United States. They always exclaim over the large circular rooms with

their modern furnishings, but the ground and flower gardens get their special attention. Midway between the house and entrance gate is an oval pool edged with ferns and moss. In the center rises a tall-basined fountain, the bowl in each tier filled with glowing plants and flowers. Tiny boats float on the pool while underneath the water are placed jade and blue light bulbs.

Under a spreading tree nearby is a dias, and on it a throne-like seat. Then there is a pedestal bearing a bowl of bronze; marble busts of Caesar, Virgil, Sappho, and others: and claiming the center of attention is the goddess Vesta on a moss-covered slope surrounded by cypress and chinaberry trees.

All around the house are the gardens filled with every imaginable flower, from roses to delphiniums, to wistaria and honeysuckle. I could go on and on about Vestavia and the gardens, but that's enough about flowers for the moment. If you'll remember, I said that in April people thought of another element of Spring—music. Now this is where Alabama really shines, for she has made many contributions to the musical world.

Some of those who have made good are Alice Chalifoux, first harpist with the Cleveland Symphony, Mary Fabian, Patricia O'Connell, and two that I know you're all familiar with—Mildred White Wallace, and Hugh Martin, Jr. Mrs. Wallace wrote "Dream Boat", "Black Belt Pickanniny", "Sometime, Somehow, Somewhere" while living at Magnolia Manor in Columbiana.

And now as for Hugh Martin, Jr., we all know him as the composer of the popular "Trolley Song," theme of the new motion picture, *Meet Me in St. Louis.*

But of all the musicians to come from Alabama, one of those who has attained the highest success is William L. Dawson, director of the Tuskegee School of Music. He was born in Anniston in 1899; and from the time he was big enough to think about school, he was determined that nothing should stop him from going to Tuskegee. So at 13 he ran away from home and headed deeper South; but once at the school, he found that he didn't have enough money to pay the fee. Then Booker T. Washington, the founder of Tuskegee, heard of the boy and gave him a place working on the institution farm. During the seven years that he worked there, William Dawson spent every spare minute with music. He learned to play also

every instrument in the school band and orchestra, and then he took up the study of piano and harmony.

When he graduated in 1921, he went to Kansas to get his bachelor of music degree, and from there to the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago for his master's degree. Then in 1930 he was invited to return to Tuskegee to organize and conduct its school of music. There at last he was able to realize the dream of a lifetime, that of writing a symphony derived from Negro folk music and spirituals.

The symphony consisted of three movements—the first was en titled "Bond of Africa" and was symbolic of the link uniting Africa and her rich heritage with her descendants in America; the second, "Hope in the Night," telling of the Trinity who forever guides the destiny of man; and the third was entitled "O Lemme Shine."

"The Negro Folk Symphony" by William Dawson was brought to the attention of famous music critics, and in 1943 it was played at Carnegie Hall by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, directed by Leopold Stokowski. So it was that William L. Dawson gavve to the world the first symphony by an Alabamian to win national fame.

And now since Alabama has played such an important part in the musical world, I think I ought to tell you a little about how music got started here. The first music known to exist on Alabama shores was that produced by the Indians for their ceremonial dances. They used reed flutes, drums, and gourd rattles, and it wasn't until the French and Spanish came that formal hymns, chants, and spirituals were introduced.

Up until the third quarter of the nineteenth century Mobile was the center for musical performances in Alabama. The first recorded compositions were the piano works of Josephine Huett Phillichody of Mobile, in New York in 1847.

But most people didn't go in for the piano in those days. The guitar was fashionable, and no young lady was considered "accomplished" until she could play at least one or two pieces. The harp, spinet, and violin appeared in the big plantation houses; and slaves were trained to play them for dances.

At Spring Hill College, in Mobile, Joseph Bloch joined the faculty in 1847; and the teaching of music in schools was formally introduced to Alabama. Mr. Bloch also founded the Mobile Music Association, was concert master at the Mobile Theatre, and proprietor of a small music publishing business where the city musicians met to try out their compositions.

Musical activity in Alabama was interrupted by the War Between the States, and war songs replaced opera and concerts. In those days "Dixie" was the most popular song. It was composed by Dan Emmett of Ohio; but the band score was written by Dr. Herman F. Arnold of Montgomery, Alabama, and was played for the inaugural parade of President Jefferson Davis.

Speaking of Montgomery, did you know that Maxwell Field came into being just 27 years ago this month? When the Federal Government bought the field, which, incidentally, was the exact site of the Wright Brothers' famous flight, it was known as "Engine and Repair Depot Number Three." Not until November, 1922, did it officially become Maxwell Field, named for William C. Maxwell, of the Third Aero Squadron stationed in the Philippines.

Young Maxwell, a native of Atmore, Alabama, was making a flight one day when suddenly his motor went dead. He circled in an effort to retain his altitude, and then headed for a clear field just ahead. He was so intent on watching the ground for holes, that he failed to see the slender steel flagpole arising from the top of a huge sugar refinery, and a moment later the plane crashed into the pole, killing the flier. With full military honors, his body was sent home to Atmore, and among the crowd that watched the sad departure was Major Roy Brown, his commanding officer.

A year later Major Brown was sent to Montgomery and put in charge of the supply depot there. Then he decided that the greatest honor he could pay his friend William Maxwell was to have the field named for him. So it was that the first school in the world for training combat pilots became Maxwell Field. Today it has changed from a small, unknown piece of land to one of the largest air corps centers in the United States; and thousands of boys from there have followed William Maxwell into the service of their country. . . .

Tribute to Two Great Americans – Justice Hugo Black Receives Jefferson Award – Alabama Heroes of This and Other Wars

April 13, 1945

SINCE THIS country of ours came into existence so many years ago, her destiny and fate have been ruled by men and women from all walks of life. Some of these people made great contributions to America; others are scarcely remembered by us today. But all of them, great or small, had one thing in common—they lived according to an ideal, one which each formulated for himself and which fitted the road of life he wanted to follow.

Since "Alabama Woman's Page" was presented last, this country has lost two men who were considered really great—Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Ernie Pyle. There's nothing we at Alabama College can say about our President that hasn't already been said. We, like the rest of the world, feel a deep sense of grief and loss. To most of us, he was the only President we had ever known; to all of us he will live forever in memory.

And for Ernie Pyle we had a special sort of feeling too. Instead of being the man who made the news, he was the one who brought the news to us. He followed our boys to all corners of the world, and he told us truthfully the things that were happening to them. Some of the things weren't good; but Ernie Pyle knew how to pick from the lives of these boys amusing and happy incidents, which proved to us back home that the American spirit still lived in them. So for making us see the human side of this inhuman war, we thank and remember Ernie Pyle.

And as we think back over the ideals with which these two men have inspired us, let us think too of other Americans—among them Thomas Jefferson. Last week on Friday 13th the 202nd birthday of this great man virtually passed unnoticed because of our nation's sadness over the President's death. But Jefferson's ideals are so

much like those of the President's that I think it's fitting that we speak of him today.

"Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God" became his code when he was still a boy, with no thought of his public career aheadof him. His other belief—"freedom of the common man"—was born from a later knowledge of how the people of his country lived.

Jefferson tried to live up to these ideals as author of the Declaroatin of Independence and of the Statute of Religious Liberty in Virginia; as founder of the University of Virginia and as third President of the United States.

Several year sago, the Southern Conference for Human Welfare decided to hold up Jefferson's life as a model to the people of America; and it created the Thomas Jefferson award for the outstanding contribution to the nation's progress.

This year, for the second time, the award was presented to an Alabamian—Hugo Black, of the Supreme Court. Justice Black rightly deserved this honor; for throughout his career his aim like Jefferson's, has been, "freedom of the common man." He was born among the people he fights for, in Harlan, Alabama, a small town in Clay County. For the first five years of his life he lived on a farm; then his parents moved to Ashland, where they set up a general store.

His father never believed in giving spending money to his children, so Hugo Black had to work in the cotton fields to earn what money he wanted. But he didn't have to pay for his own education. His older brother, who was a doctor, decided that he too should become a doctor, and the boy fell in with his wishes enough to complete a two-year medical course at the University of Alabama. Then, however, he decided that the medical profession was not the one for which he was best fitted; and he switched over to the University's law school. He stuck all the way through that long course and received his degree in 1906.

His first law office was over a grocery store, and it can be told now that he wasn't a very successful lawyer. But it really wasn't his fault. The town of Ashland had a population of only 500, and no man could get very rich from practicing law in a town that size. So it was rather a relief to Hugo Black when the grocery store

burned down, and he then had a good excuse to move his practice to Birmingham. He arrived in the big city with $9 in his pocket and with loads of inexperience. He lived in cheap boarding houses, knocked at the doors of established lawyers asking for desk space, and at times he didn't eat any too regularly.

His first break came when he took the case of Willie Morton, a colored convict who had been kept prisoner twenty-two days after his sentence had legally ended. Morton got $150 in damages; Black got $37.50.

Politics had always interested Hugo Black, who when he was twenty-four years old, was chosen judge of the municipal court. In the months that he sat on the bench, he startled Birmingham with his many attempts at reform; and a few years later he had a chance to do even greater things when he was elected to the United States Senate.

A great many things could be told about the career of Hugo Black—from his first fight to restore Muscle Shoals to public operation on through his efforts to pass the Wage and Hour Bill, but I think his whole career was summed up in these few words from the speech made at the presentation of the Thomas Jefferson Award —"as a senator he was a tribute to the Common Man. On the bench he has been pre-eminently the guardian and protector of the basic freedoms of the common man. Moreover, he has ever been conscious of his South, of her special social and economic problems, of her peculiar political traditions, and of her fierce and loyal pride."

You know, as I was reading about Hugo Black and Thomas Jefferson, I was impressed by the fact that they both began their rise to fame when they were still young men. And I decided that since we're always hearing so much about what this man or that woman did for Alabama, why not take a little time to find out what contributions young people have made to Alabama?

I'm sure you can already think of many names. There was Richmond Pearson Hobson, commander of the *Merrimac* while in his early twenties; Emma Sansom, who led General Forrest and his men to safety at Gadsden; and Julia Tutwiler, who began her work for education when she was just a girl.

There are other people too, and today I'm going to tell of some not so well known as those I've just mentioned. One was John Pel-

ham, of Jacksonville, Alabama. When the War Between the States broke out, this young boy left West Point and joined the Confederate Army. He was made a First Lieutenant at once, and sent to Virginia where he first fought in the battle of Manassas. From then on, other officers began noticing Pelham's aim and calmness in the face of fire, and the by-word of the camp became "Leave it to Pelham." He was never afraid of danger, and so distinguished himself in every fight that General Stonewall Jackson himself paid personal tribute to him and Robert E. Lee bestowed upon him the title of "The Gallant Pelham."

But in spite of his greatness, John Pelham did not live to become a noted general to lead the Southern Army to victory. Two years after the war began, he was dining one evening with friends in Virginia. Suddenly he heard the booming of guns; and although he had none of his men with him, he mounted his horse and made toward the sound of battle. At Kelly's Ford he found the fighters badly in need of a leader. He rode before them and gave the order to charge. That was his last command; for as he spoke, a bullet struck him and "The Gallant Pelham" died on the field of battle.

Another young Alabamian who proved his greatness was William B. Travis, of Conecuh County. He lived during the time of the Mexican War, and because of his leadership, was placed at the head of the United States forces organized to combat the Mexican leader, Santa Ana. When the enemy marched upon San Antonio, Texas, with four thousand men, it found Colonel Travis in command of the opposing forces of only 145 men. Travis was determined to hold Fort Alamo until reinforced and he refused to surrender. For twelve long days the little group of men held out against terrific odds, their courage kept up only by the defiance of their commander. When the Mexicans finally broke into the fort, William Travis stood by his men and fought with them until they were all killed.

In the state capitol at Austin, Texas, there's a monument commemorating this episode in the state's history. The inscription says: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

But the heroic deeds of the young people of Alabama can't belong just to the past. Today more than ever, we are seeing their great courage and ideals come to life. Someone said to me the other day, "Young people are so thoughtless now. All they want

to do is run around and have a good tme. I hate to think what the next generation will be like." If they say that to you, tell them this —in every war loan drive held in Alabama, the children and young people have played a major part. They've braved cold, rain, and the indifference of many adults to trudge through their neighborhoods for hours on end trying to sell bonds and stamps.

They've used their after school hours to collect tin cans, scrap, and old newspapers. In Birmingham alone, schools reported approximately 100,000 pounds of paper a week brought in by the children.

Then you tell those skeptical people about how the teen-agers of Alabama are coping with the problem of juvenile delinquency. They've set up youth centers in Birmingham, Bessemer, Greenville and other cities, where boys and girls can come for wholesome entertainment such as playing games and dancing. They don't feel that they have to go to road houses or stay out half the night in search of amusement. They make their own rules in these youth centers, and they abide by them.

But the greatest claim to glory can be made by the boys of Alabama who are fighting on battlefields all over the world. Let me mention briefly Lieutenant Alvin W. Vogtle, Jr., of Birmingham, who was a German prisoner of war for twenty-six months and finally escaped after five desperate trials; Clyde Austin Dunning, of Thomasville, in whose honor the Liberty cargo ship, the *S. S. Clyde Austin Dunning,* was named; and Lieutenant J. S. Daniell of Central Park, who accomplished the noteworthy act of shooting down five enemy planes in one day, thus becoming an official ace.

Then perhaps you've heard of Private Charles Gann of Birmingham, a member of that fabulous group of American paratroopers, "The Filthy 13." These boys terrified enemy and Frenchmen alike when on D-Day they appeared as the first demolition section of their regiment, dressed as bearded Indians and wearing awe-inspiring scalp-locks. Their brave deeds on the Normandy coast will go down in history.

Yes, through all the wars our country has ever fought. American courage has never failed. American people have been strong; American leaders have been strong. That strength will be with them to the end; and to the accomplishment of all their hopes and dreams they had for us, we at Alabama College humbly pray today.

The Dancy Sisters – Public Education in Alabama – Little Jerusalem – Alabama Caverns

April 27, 1945

ALMOST thirteen years ago a little-known Alabama woman died, and with her passing there came into existence one of the present great traditions of Alabama College, the Dancy Foundation Lectures. The woman who was responsible for this inheritance was Miss Unity D. Dancy of Morgan County. Today there aren't very many things known about the life of Miss Dancy, but we have been able to piece together these few facts.

She was born near Somerville, Alabama, in 1858, just before the beginning of the War Between the States. Her father, the distinguished and very wealthy Decatur physician, Doctor Charles F. M. Dancy, was co-owner of the thriving Decatur Land Company; and her mother was the possessor of extensive lands in the rich Tennessee Valley. In the midst of these surroundings Unity Dancy and her older sister, Mary Lou, grew up.

It's not known what education the girls received, but it's thought that they probably didn't study outside the state. At any rate, whatever their early training may have been, their interest in books and travel in their later years showed a distinctive cultural development.

But much as the two sisters liked to travel, they had very little opportunity to see the world together; for their mother became an invalid; and they never left her on the plantation alone. One of the girls would remain with her for six months while the other traveled. They went repeatedly to Europe and the Orient, and spent a great deal of time in New England. A few years later, when their mother died, the Dancy sisters inherited her estate equally; and for the first time were able to travel together. But strangely enough, their wanderlust seemed somehow to have worn off; and they began to spend more and more of their time in Decatur.

It was then that they became interested in the boys and girls of Morgan County, and the education of many underprivileged children was financed by them. But the public never knew of the good works, for the sisters took great pains to keep them secret, and they always showed complete disdain for charitable benevolence.

Therefore, in 1928 few people were surprised when the older sister, at her death, left her entire fortune to Unity Dancy, and

made no public endowments. She did this, however, because she wanted to be assured that her sister would have complete comfort and care as long as she lived.

Somehow Miss Unity must have sensed this; for when she died in 1932, she bequeathed, in the name of her mother and her sister, all her estate to educational institutions. One provision endowed Alabama College with $12,500 for the purpose of supplementing the services by the departments of English and Speech and providing for a series of lectures every two years.

The first lecture of the Dancy Series was delivered in 1939 by Doctor Douglas S. Freeman, author of the biography *Robert E. Lee.* The topic for discussion was "The South to Posterity—A Review of Southern Historical Literature." After that came "Southern Architecture" by the noted author, Lewis Mumford. And now this week we have had the third in the series of Dancy Lectures—"Oratory in the South," by Doctor Francis P. Gaines, president of Washington and Lee University.

Each of these lectures is designed to bring to the people of the South original research or fresh criticism relating to the development of their Southern culture; and, if possible, to make the people in this section of the country more and more conscious of their obligations to the American way of life.

We at Alabama College have another reason, however, for establishing the Dancy Lectures—we hope that in this way we can pay just tribute to the woman who did so much for Southern people and education.

And now while I seem to be on this subject, let me go a little more into it and tell you about the beginning of public education in Alabama. Its real birthplace was the Barton Academy in Mobile, and it came into being through the tireless efforts of Willoughby Barton. You know, it's interesting how Mr. Barton went about getting the educational system of Mobile started.

Over 109 years ago he, as a member of the State Legislature, went in with other public spirited men of the city and for the sum of $2,700 purchased a block of land on famous Government Street for the purpose of building a school.

In those days the Legislature of Alabama was far from strict, or it never would have permitted the different ways Barton used to raise the money he needed for the school. But at any rate, with a little insistence from Willoughby Barton, the legislature sanctioned a commission to operate a lottery to raise not more than $50,000. And furthermore, the members of that esteemed governmental body

also appropriated funds from the sale of licenses for bear-baiting and bull fighting to give to Barton.

With this unusual form of state support then, Barton Academy was able to open its doors on October 1, 1839, with a total enrollment of four hundred. Pupils who attended the school were required to pay from five to seven dollars a month; but as the teaching standards were raised, more money was needed; and once again the legislature was called on for help. This time the entire amount came from the taxes collected from the licenses authorizing the retailing of spirituous liquors, the use of nine or ten pin alleys, and the use of billiard, pool, or any board upon which games were played. The school itself also helped by renting space in the building to private and denominational schools, rooms to individuals for lodging, and to fraternal and secret societies for meeting places.

But in spite of all these difficulties, the ideal of public education was too inspiring to be given up; and somehow the school prospered. Enrollment increased year by year; scholastic standards were raised; and branch schools were established over the city and county to take care of the increasing number seeking an education.

For a time, however, in 1853, Barton Academy gave itself for something besides education, for it was then that the yellow fever plague struck Mobile. Nine-tenths of the population of the city fled to escape the menace; the other one-tenth stayed to nurse the victims. They formed the Can't-Get-Away-Club, using as their headquarters, Barton Academy.

During the War Between the States, the school again served the people of Alabama when a big soup kitchen was established there for the thousands left homeless by the war.

And now for just a moment let me vary from the educational angle of Alabama schools and tell you about St. Bernard College, which is the site of one of this state's most unique features—the Ave Maria Grotto, or Little Jerusalem, as it is usually called. This Roman Catholic school was founded in 1892 by the Right Reverend Abbot Bernard Menges and it was he who first undertook the building of Little Jerusalem in 1932. I imagine a great many of you listeners have seen this place, but for those of you who haven't, I'm going to give you a brief description.

It's set in a rocky woodland glade, ornamented with Talladega marble, slag, crystal, and other rock formations. Stone steps descend from the iron entrance gate to a clearing in the woods, and there is Little Jerusalem. The tiny city is made up of forty miniature reproductions of shrine ruins, mosques, temples, monastaries,

noted churches, statues, and scenes in the Holy Land. Then, too, there are the ruins of the Vatican, and everywhere can be seen small plants, lagoons, and fountains.

Little Jerusalem presents a picture of almost unbelievable brilliance and color; for it is made of old jewelry, pieces of glass and shell, old automobile parts; and it's all carefully fitted into place by cement. It's the product of an imaginative mind of long years of hard work. For that reason, we place Little Jerusalem, at Cullman, near the top of our list of famous Alabama sights.

And now that I seem to have hopped over to Alabama oddities, let me tell you about another fascinating place. Those of you who long for the old days when tires and gasoline were plentiful enough for travel to nature's wonderlands all over this country, can just sit back and relax. For in Clay, Alabama, there is something to equal almost any sight—the Alabama Caverns.

This cave, which is said to be the largest one south of Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, was first opened to the public in 1927. It was a great surprise to the people who visited it, for in those days almost everyone thought of caves as tiny crevices in the rock with slippery muddy floors. The entrance to this cave, however, is around fifteen feet high, and the descent of seventy-five feet is made by cobbled steps. Everywhere the lights cast queer shadows of various colors; little balls of roses with queer petaled leaves are formed out of stone; and the quartz reflecting through looks like tiny fireflies encircling the flowers.

Then farther on there is the magnificent throne room. Water dripping into this room for hundreds of years has formed a huge throne with a canopy of crystals hanging in the background. Right behind the throne hangs a rock umbrella for the king, and all around the room there can be seen queer drapery formations.

Next comes the Grand Canyon with it's banks filled with flowers—of brown and yellow, and there is a big stalagtite hanging from the ceiling like a gourd. This is said to be almost as large as any in Mammoth Cave.

Many more interesting things can be seen in Alabama Caverns—the Natural Bridge, the White House dome, the Three Bears, the Devil's Den and other things that I just won't have time to tell you about today. I guess the best thing would be for you all to visit Alabama Caverns the next time you get a chance. A trip there will make you all the more certain that Alabama can certainly compare with any other state in the union and it will also give you a very respectful attitude toward Mother Nature. . . .

The Mobile Centinel Appears – State's Journalism Mirrors the Ages – Contributions of Alabamians to Every Branch of Science

May 4, 1945

THE ONE THING in Alabama which we usually take for granted without a thought to the years of hard work which have gone into the making of it is the daily newspaper. So today I'm going to tell you about how the newspaper gots its beginning in this state.

Many historians have undertaken to find where and when the first paper was published; and after a great deal of controversy, they have agreed that the place of honor belongs to Fort Stoddert, near St. Stephens, the first capitol of Alabama. The name of the paper which appeared on May 23, 1811, was the *Mobile Centinel*; and the publishers were Miller and Hood.

You know, it's interesting how these two men happened to come to Alabama. In those early 1800 days, this state was still a part of the Mississippi Territory; and Mobile was in Spanish hands. But despite this fact, the Americans had hopes that before very long they would be able to overcome the Spanish and take Mobile for themselves. Land speculators deluded people from this territory and others into buying lots around the Spanish-held land. Of course, after the people had gotten almost to Mobile, they found that they had payed their money for nothing because as long as the Spanish held the city their land grants were worthless. But believing that soon the city would be freed, they gathered at a spot on the Mobile River near St. Stephens.

Among the men who decided to join the land rush were Miller and Hood. They probably expected to select a few choice lots for themselves in Mobile; but their main reason for coming was to furnish the old town with a real newspaper, something which it had never had before. So they provided themselves with a printing outfit and began their journey. Like the other settlers, they were stop-

ped at St. Stephens; nd it was there that they published the first issue of the *Mobile Centinel.*

The paper, which was such a marvel to the pioneer people, was all of four pages long and sold for the amazing price of only four dollars a year, payable in advance. In all, sixteen issues of the paper were published; and though Miller and Hood were among the first to enter Mobile when it fell in 1813, it's not known today whether any of the issues of the *Mobile Centinel* were ever actually published in Mobile.

In those days the lack of operating capital was always a pressing and constant problem. Local merchants ran advertisements when they received shipments of new goods, and planters sometimes advertised the escape of a slave, but it was almost impossible to secure advertising from other states. The editor, who had to write to firms outside the state, usually offered his space for from $25 to $35 a "square" but he generally accepted what he got.

It's also interesting to note the lack of cultural influence that the paper had. Some of the editors filled much of their space with poems from the works of old English writers, but the majority printed the crude poetic efforts and effusive letters of their subscribers. Items that would be ridiculed by our present day newsmen were given front page prominence. Then, too, the editors always seemed to think that their readers looked to them for advice. *The Mobile Weekly Register* once came forth with this warning note—"You ladies who use the fans now in vogue should be careful to fan yourselves with each hand alternately, lest one arm should assume a size quite out of proportion to the other."

Another old time account is found in the *Alabama State Intelligencer,* printed in Tuscaloosa in 1830. Those were the days of Andrew Jackson, river packets, horses, slaves, and plenty of money. The paper was written in an almost primitive style, but it tells in intimate, personal words, the days that used to be in the South.

I think this information taken from that 1830 paper gives an excellent description of conditions in Alabama. In the City Hotel of Tuscaloosa, people could secure board and lodging for only $92 a year. Breakfast or supper was 25 cents, and dinner was thirty-seven and one-half cents. Horses were boarded for "half price." No profanity or "grossly vulgar" language was tolerated in the City Hotel. Admittance to the dining room was at the sound of the bell only, and doors of the hostelry closed promptly at 10 p.m. except on extraordinary occasions.

This type of newspaper reporting continued until the beginning of the present century. Then editorials disappeared from the front pages, and were replaced by last-minute accounts of world events. Dailies began supplanting weeklies; and these took on the faction and comics from the big newspaper syndicates.

In 1945, Alabama had 20 daily papers, 114 weeklies, and more than 20 monthly publications. The Negro press was represented by seven weekly papers, and there are also two labor papers published in Birmingham.

In 1943, a new kind of paper was published for the first time in Alabama. It was edited by Mrs. Katherine Orndorff Harper, of Birmingham, and was dedicated to the parents, wives, and sweethearts of American prisoners of war. Each night Mrs. Harper tuned her radio in on Axis propaganda broadcasts, which read the names of prisoners between the news items. Mrs. Harper took down the name of each man mentioned and notified his family by wire, phone, and letter. The paper, which she issued at her own expense, contained letters from prisoners whose people she had notified.

This is just another example of the many and valuable services that the newspaper is able to render to the people of Alabama and other states.

And now that we've found out about this important item in Alabama history, let's take a look at some other important things with which many people aren't too familiar. These things are the many contributions Alabama has made to the nation and world in the way of scientific research and discovery, inventions, art, and industry. Few other states can count a larger number of men and women who have been as outstanding in their respective fields. Today let's take a look at some of those who are noted for their discoveries and inventions.

There was John J. Pratt of Center, who gave the world the first typewriter, and William Seward Burroughs, of Mobile, who invented the first practical adding machine.

The automobile horn which has served so many lives came from Miller Reese Hutchison, of South Alabama. This man was a right hand assistant to Thomas Edison and had to his own credit more than 1,000 patents.

Then a native of this state, a Cherokee Indian by the name of George Guest, devised an alphabet for the Cherokee Nation.

General William Crawford Gorgas, of Tuscaloosa, discovered that a certain mosquito was responsible for the yellow fever which

terrorized the Gulf Coast during the warm months. Because of his help, the building of the Panama Canal was possible.

And how many of you knew about this next thing? The weather signals used by the U. S. Weather Service today were originated by Dr. Patrick Hues Mell, teacher of botany and biology at Alabama Polytechnic Institute. In the 1880's when Dr. Mell presented to the U. S. Government his signals, a thorough testing was given to them. When the government realized their great value, it called upon Mell to perfect his plan. When this was done the weather signals were adopted as the official signal system of the department.

Another Alabamian for whom we are all thankful today was Sewell James Leach, who gave us our present method of taking pictures out-of-doors. Leach wasn't a native of this state but was born in New York. However, when still just a young man he came to Alabama and went into jewelry business, dentistry, and, for a while, farming. He lived in various places, but it was in Tuscaloosa that he first became interested in photography.

He studied this subject for a while, and finally advanced the theory that pictures could be taken by sun rays reflected by glass. Then Dr. Barnard of the University of Alabama heard of Leach's idea, and the two of them together succeeded in making pictures by this method. So it was that photography advanced to the modern picture making of today. But James Leach didn't become a famous photographer after this. He spent the rest of his days in dentistry, realizing neither profit or credit for his sun picture discovery.

Now before I switch from the subject of inventions, let me tell you about three things which came from William A. Alexander, of Mobile, Alabama. One was the first ironclad warship, a boat that revolutionized naval architecture throughout the world.

Another was the first rapid fire repeating gun to be used in America. It came into use when the Union soldiers began trying to sieze Mobile.

The last invention, and the one which has perhaps affected our lives more than any of the others, was the submarine. It was during the War Between the States that a Confederate Navy man decided to undertake the task of building a boat that would float under water. Work was begun in New Orleans; but when that city fell to Admiral Farragut, the boat was sunk; and the building

transferred to Mobile. There William Alexander took over the job of construction, through his efforts the first submarine was finally created. The *L. H. Hunley,* as it was named, had the amazing speed of four miles an hour and a depth cruise of three inches below the surface. It's builder, however, insisted that it could reach a depth of six feet if necessary.

This wonderful submarine sounds quite different from those we have today, doesn't it? But its cruising depth wasn't the only thing that we would consider odd. It was twenty-five feet long, five feet wide, and six feet deep. Furthermore, it was operated by hand power. On the propeller shaft there were eight cranks at different angles, and the men inisde the sub turned the cranks. There was no periscope, and the officer in charge guided the ship by looking through the glass porthole in the hatch covers. Oh, yes, the illumination inside the sub came from candles; and the only air was that which was enclosed when the hatch was fastened for submerging. Well, when the strange new ship was finally finished, General Beauregard asked that it be transferred to Charleston, S. C., and there she went by rail. On the first trial run eight men were killed, after that still others went down. In all a total of twenty-three sailors lost their lives in an attempt to navigate the *Hunley.* After the last sinking the men refused to try the sub again, then finally members of the 21st Alabama Regiment persuaded Beauregard to let them raise it for one last attempt.

For many weeks these men drilled a crew, and after a great deal of hardship and daring, they announced that they were ready to attack the *Housatonic,* a large Union sloop-of-war. So on February 17, 1864, the *Hunley* crept up on the *Housatonic* as it lay in Charleston harbor and discharged a 90-pound torpedo. The charge struck the Union ship at the stern, and she sank within three minutes. But the gallant *Hunley* had fought her first and last battle, for the sinking *Housatonic* settled on the sub and crushed it to bits.

Well, I guess that's all for today, except maybe this—in thinking over the great contributions that the men and women of Alabama have made in the past, don't forget that now in the present we are all having a chance to do things just as fine and glorious by our work in the war effort. Maybe we won't go down in history individually, but we can be sure of one thing, the generations to come will look back and thank us.

History of the Rainbow Division

May 11, 1945

AT SOME TIME or other everyone has had at least one moment in his life that meant more to him than any other he had ever experienced. Such a moment came for many of us in America and Alabama this week when we heard the official announcement that a major part of this terrible war was over. It brought to us the vivid realization that before too long many of our loved ones will be coming home, that we won't have to worry about them any more. Yes, it's been a happy week; there have been celebrations and cheers. But through it all the people have been solemn with a deep sense of thankfulness and gratitude to God who has made these things possible.

So while we're having these serious thoughts and emotions, let us in this state stop for a moment and remember another day in May, twenty-six years ago. That day was different from the one that has come this week, for it meant more than just the end of the war with Germany—the end of bloodshed and death. It meant for the people of Alabama the return of those who had been gone for so long—the Alabama Rainbow Division had come home.

You know, all that was a long time ago, and many things have happened since then to turn our thoughts away from the last war. But yet, even today when the Rainbow Division is mentioned, people stop and look back. They remember the gallant deeds and brave sacrifices of our Alabama boys; and they recall such names as Sidney E. Manning, of Flomaton; Ralph M. Atkinson, of Montgomery; James L. Wall, of Birmingham; and Colonel Wllliam P. Screws, of Montgomery.

I imagine that a great many of the original members of the Rainbow Division have thought quite a lot about their group this week, and maybe some of them still remember stories of how it came into existence.

It happened something like this. In May, 1862, there was formed in the Confederate States Army a new branch of the service composed entirely of men from Alabama. It was called the "Fighting Fourth", and throughout the War Between the States was

noted for the daring service it rendered. When peace was finally declared, the men who had made up the 4th Alabama Infantry returned to their homes and became members of other regiments of Alabama state troops.

The soldiers all thought that peace had come for good and that the "Fighting Fourth" would never again see action in the field. But those men were wrong. They couldn't look into the future and see that in 1911 a possible war with Mexico would be in the background and the 4th Infantry reorganized. This time it was to be made up of many men who were the descendants of those who had fought in the original division who, like their forefathers, were willing and eager to fight for their country.

So they began their training—daily "setting up" exercises, drills, parades, long hikes, and practice on the rifle range. It was the aim of each company commander to make his unit the best in the whole outfit. Of course, the enlisted men were just as enthusiastic as their leaders, but I also have an idea that their ardent work came, not so much for the glory of the company as it did for the admiration of the pretty girls who came to visit the camp. You see, every afternoon parades were held; and the city of Montgomery always turned out to see the boys do their best.

The lightheartedness of the "Fighting Fourth", however, didn't last. The men began to tire of their life of parades and dances; they thought that if anyone should see action against the Mexicans, it should be their outfit. Finally in 1916 the order came through that the division was to leave for Nogales, Arizona. The men were wildly happy; and when the special trains were shoved into the siding at Vandiver Park, they worked like mad to get their things aboard.

There was a big crowd at the station to see the soldiers off because in those days there were no censorship rules. Everyone knew when the trains left and over which routes they would pass. You see, then warfare was vastly different from what it is today. There were no spies to blow up the railroad trestles, no swift planes to deal death to the troops. In fact, when the Alabamians reached Arizona, there wasn't even a war going on. They had to make their camp in the deep hill country, and there they had their biggest fights with the cold weather and centipedes.

But finally they were allowed to visit the town of Nogales and see for themselves just what a war with Mexico was like. The dividing line between the two troops was a narrow street. On one side were the American sentries; on the other were the Mexican

troops. The enemy which the Alabamians had come so far to fight failed completely to act like an enemy. They slept in their sentry boxes; and during the daytime, many of them would come across the street and help our army engineers work on the roads that they were constructing throughout the town.

At times, of course, shots were fired back and forth across the boundary line; but no particular harm was done. So for nine months the 4th Alabama Infantry led this sort of life. They didn't actually fight; but by the time they left Arizona, they were real men, toughened by hard living.

Well, when the men finally got back home it was expected that the regiment would be disbanded; but instead it was kept together; and the number of men increased. It was renamed the 167th United States Infantry, and the men were sent to join other National Guardsmen in New York. It was then that the different outfits were given the name of the Rainbow Division, for the units which composed it were from twenty-six states of the Union, and their locations formed an arc across the map like that of a natural rainbow.

While all this extensive training was going on, war with Germany was coming closer and closer. Slowly units of the Rainbow Division began moving out, and when the time came for the 167th Infantry to leave, the men were quiet and serious. As they boarded their ship, the *Andania,* they knew that this time it was different from the trip to Arizona. Now they were going overseas, perhaps never to return. They saw other ships pass in the night carrying men, not to France, but back to America. Those were the men who had fallen in battle.

But throughout the lonely voyage there was one exciting moment. As the Alabamians' ship was anchored in the harbor at Halifax, a larger ship crowded with khaki figures came out of the mist. Eagerly the troops on the *Andania* searched her decks with glasses. Then suddenly a soldier, disobeying orders, climbed half-way up the mast of the Andania and signaled by flag, "What outfit?" Instantly there came back from the other ship "A-L-A".

The band on the *Andania* burst forth into the stirring strains of "Dixie". Cheer after cheer went back and forth across the increasing space, while the messages of "Good luck!" were being exchanged between the Alabamians. The men on the other ship were the First Battalion, the Signal Battalion; and the machine gun company of the 167th Infantry.

After meeting the rest of their unit, the men on the *Andania* felt

much better; and when they finally landed in England, they were ready for anything, even fun. Another ship full of Scotch-Canadians were unloading at the same time the *Andania* arrived, and the Alabamians nearly drove the Scotchmen crazy with their repeated questions as to why they wore skirts.

Then another amusing incident almost caused Alabamians much embarrassment. A very efficient young English officer was grandly directing the troop movements. He turned to an American captain and said, "Now if you will give your company 'Right wheel!' please!" The captain straightway gave the command "Squads right!" and his company bumped headlong into another whose officer had given a different interpretation to the order.

But in spite of this bad beginning, the Alabamians became fast friends with the British. They visited the historic spots of England together; and when the Americans prepared to leave on November 24, a British band led the way to the station. For some strange reason, the band played "Marching Through Georgia".

And then the Alabamians reached the shores of Sunny France. Only it wasn't very sunny. The weather was damp, cold, and penetrating; the officers' headquarters at Uruffe were dirty, scantily-furnished rooms with little or no heat; the enlisted men were quartered in old barns half filled with hay. But even this didn't stop the 167th Infantry. They went to work and cleaned up their living quarters; and when they had to move on to another town, they cleaned that one up, too.

At last the Alabama soldiers awoke one morning in 1917 to realize that Christmas wasn't far away. To many of them it was their first Christmas away from home; and though they naturally felt just a little blue as they remembered the good times they had always known, they decided that they could still celebrate Christmas in France—so a good supply of extra rations was secured, and the cooks stayed up all Christmas Eve night to prepare the feast. There was roasted turkey, cranberries, figs, dates, and all the other good things which were so necessary for that time of the year.

There was a real Christmas tree, too, and children danced around it just as they did in America. They were wild with joy over the presents the soldiers gave them, and the soldiers themselves were happy because of the children. This then was the regiments' first and last Christmas in France, for on that day the next year they were on the Rhine in Germany.

Many stories could be told about the things our men did in Germany, but that would take more time than one fifteen-minute program allows. Perhaps all of those noble deeds can be summed up in this way: the 167th Infantry had the distinction of being in the face of the enemy longer than any other we sent to France; when it was ordered to the Champagne front on June 18, 1918, it had completed 110 days in the line without relief; in July it met the Germans hand to hand at Foret de Fere, and for nine consecutive days, without a sign of replacements and with very little food, the regiment kept in action.

They fought on until November when the armistice came, and then they became a part of the great army which went in to occupy Germany. The story is told that as the Alabamians approached the Rhine River, a rainbow, the symbol of their regiment, appeared suddenly in the sky, and the band began playing "Dixie". In this way the troops entered the city of Sinzig.

Well, there's little more to tell about the Alabama Rainbow Division. In April, 1919, the soldiers embarked for the U. S. They landed in New York City on April 25th, and in the early days of May the governor of Alabama received a telegram from Colonel Screws with this message—"Regiment Alabama bound!" A great thrill went out over the state as the news came that 1,451 Alabamians were on their way home; and on May 9, when the regiment finally set foot on Alabama soil, the crowds were waiting.

They cheered the returning veterans through Gadsden, Huntsville, Albany, Decatur, and Brmingham. But the official welcome-home ceremonies were reserved for the capital city, Montgomery. There floral arches of triumph lined the route from the railway station to the state house, and a hundred young girls dressed in rainbow-hued costumes threw roses before the heroic soldiers. The long parade was led by Governor Kilby and Chief Justice Anderson of the Supreme Court, and behind them Confederate and Union veterans rode together to demonstrate the closeness of the United States.

Then just before the regiment itself came into view, there was borne a memorial to the dead—a huge arch of white roses worked with gold stars and carrying the figures 616, the number of those who had started out with the "Old Fourth" in 1917, but hadn't come back with them on the day of victory.

The final chapter on the regiment was closed on May 18, 1919, when the last members were returned to civilian life at last. . . .

Alabama Faces Challenge of Post-War World – Heroes Return – Sergeant H. E. Erwin Is Awarded Congressional Medal of Honor

May 18, 1945

TODAY, May 18, 1945, is official Good Will Day through out the world. . . It was established in 1899, and marked the opening of the first Hague Peace Conference, which established the Permanent Court of Arbitration. For several years now no one has felt very much like celebrating Good Will Day because there has been so little peace and good will on this earth. But now, with the end of the war in sight, people once again give thanks and look forward to a day when good will is the theme of the world.

We at Alabama College especially have a feeling of good will today because this is the last day of school. . . But despite the fact that school is over and we're all so anxious to get home, many of the underclassmen will stay on the campus until after graduation on Monday. The reason for this delay in leaving is the fact that the principal speaker for the graduation exercises is to be Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, member of Congress and wife of the popular screen actor, Melvyn Douglas.

You know, we're all terribly anxious to hear Mrs. Douglas if for no other reason than that she is one of the few women representatives to Congress. This position has usually been reserved exclusively for men, and they've always played ridiculous pranks on any woman who was "unlucky" enough to get in. But Mrs. Douglas was an exception to the rule. Her work in international affairs, as well as with labor and social problems, gave her the ability to fit right in with the Congressional patter.

It was she who did a great deal toward gaining for motion picture artists the right to join labor unions; and she served on the national advisory committees for the WPA and the National Youth Administration. Then in 1940, she was named to the Democratic National Committee and later placed in charge of all women's activities for the organization. Mrs. Douglas has also taken part in

many other national affairs which are too numerous to mention now, so I'll just say that she herself will share many of her experiences with the people of this state when she addresses the graduating class of Alabama College. . . .

And now while we're talking about the graduation exercises at Alabama College, let us stop for a moment and think about what this great occasion means to the people of this school and others throughout the state. It's a time of mixed emotions for everyone. . .

The lives of those who are graduating now in the midst of wartime aren't going to be easy ones. . . Problems which perhaps they never dreamed they would have to solve will arise. They'll have to make decisions in their personal lives, in their associations with the people around them, and in the types of work they are doing. Many graduates will be able to solve their problems through the training they have received in school, but there will always arise things which just four years of training have failed to provide for. Then the young people must turn to others for help.

Such help will be given to the people of this state and others when Alabama College holds its annual Summer Workshop Program in June and July. . . Trained men and women from all over the United States will be here to contribute their knowledge to the problems that people present. There will be conferences on art achievement, health and its related activities, resources of Alabama, and school music. In addition, a nursery school will be operated from June 7-July 18, accommodating twelve children and serving as a demonstration agency for experienced nursery school teachers.

Then an observation, work, and study program as found in Progressive Education schools will be carried on; and last, but not leats, there will be discussions devoted to early childhood problems, and the cultural activities for mothers in the field of literature, art, and music. Graduates who are coming face to face with life's complex situations will welcome the aid given by the Summer Workshop Program, for it will solve for them a great many things.

Speaking of the end of school and the problems which the graduates will have to face, brings to my mind the end of something else—the war in which our country has been engaged for four long years. Soon service men will be coming back from Europe and the Pacific. . . They'll want the chance to get back to their old way of life, their old jobs, and the girls they left behind.

Well, these wants sound pretty simple, don't they? But at a time like this we can't underestimate their importance. The fact remains that no matter how little the returning veterans ask from the people back home, there are sure to be problems arising. One of the greatest of these perhaps will be the task of giving further education to the thousands who left school and went into the armed forces. When we realize that almost four-fifths of the men who left skilled or semi-skilled jobs are coming home bent on beginning a career in professional fields, the situation becomes rather alarming.

The state of Alabama alone will have sent almost 300,000 men into the Army by the end of the war. Of these 25,300 are high school graduates, eligible to go to college. Another 10,900 have had one to three years of college and are eligible to return to complete their courses for degrees.

And yet in spite of this tremendous number of men, the Army tells us that only those who are twenty-five years of age and under are interested in returning to full-time college study.

At this rate, Alabama colleges can expect to enroll only between 15,000 and 18,000 former Army men after the war. What will become of the others as they return to civilian life is a matter of speculation. Some will go into business of their own; others will return to farm life; and still others will plan careers in industry as employees. So you all might be thinking about this turn-about in the state's economic situation. It's coming before very long, and it will be up to us at home to help solve it.

Now that we're talking about Alabama service men, let's take a look at some who have been in the news lately.

There is Private First Class J. C. Jackson, of Guntersville, who has recently returned to the States with the Purple Heart with two clusters, a Silver Star, and a Bronze Star. He was awarded the Silver Star when he and another soldier intercepted a twelve-man Nazi patrol one night, killed four of the enemy with machine guns and captured the others. The Bronze Star was awarded after Jackson went out between the Yank lines and the enemy's lines in Holland despite machine-gun and sniper fire and carried to safety a lieutenant whose leg had been broken. For these brave deeds Private First Class J. C. Jackson will go down in Alabama history.

Another soldier who has recently come back to the states is Corporal William K. Smith, of Red Bay, Alabama. For three years afthe the fall of Corregidor he was a prisoner of the Japanese, and his story of the torture that he underwent at their hands should make us all the more resolved that we will do everything in our power to bring the war with Japan to a quick finish.

Incidentally, Corporal Smith is the son of another Alabama hero, the late William K. ("Big Bill") Smith. "Big Bill" joined the Army in 1913; and when only nineteen years old, won the Distinguished Service Cross, the French Medaile Militaire, and the Croix de Guerre. At that time he was in the same class of heroes as Sergeant Alvin York; and after the war was over, Sergeant York said that Smith was the greater hero of the two. So in the Smith family of Red Bay, Alabama, history has certainly repeated itself.

Word has also come through that another Alabamians, Edward D. Ball, of Birmingham, was the only news correspondent in the Allied Armies to make the Rhine Crossing with the Third Army in Germany.

And now for the biggest news of all—an Alabama boy has just won the Congressional Medal of Honor. He is Sergeant H. E. Erwin, of Bessemer, and the great honor came to him for the daring he displayed on a recent B-29 raid over Tokyo. During the flight one of the fire bombs on the Superfortress came loose from its fastenings and began to flame. Without hesitation, Sergeant Erwin picked up the molten mass with his bare hands and threw it from the plane. By this brave act he saved the lives of every member of the B-29 crew.

Well, today I seem to have devoted a large part of my time to the service men who will come home after the war is over. But other post-war situations in Alabama also should be considered. For instance, there are the building projects which will begin as soon as war regulations can be lifted.

At this time the State Planning Board is considering a large-scale hospital construction program involving the expenditure of almost $23,500,000. If the plan is carried out, there will be hospitals at Montgomery, Gadsden, and Decatur; additional facilities at Birmingham, Mobile, and Dothan. The project also calls for a 700-

bed hospital affiliated with the State Medical School at Birmingham.

Another city in Alabama which may come into new importance after the war is Troy. At least it will be far ahead of the other cities in its post-war aviation development. You see, it happened like this —not so long ago the Army Air Forces leased the municipal field at Troy with the intention of making it an auxiliary field for Liberator Bombers from Maxwell Field. Then Liberator training was suddenly discontinued to make way for B-29 Superfortress training, and the Liberators used at Montgomery were moved.

The Air Force Command then took one look at the Troy airport and declared that it was much too small for B-29's; so now the field has been declared "surplus". If and when the Army cancels its lease on the airport, Troy will find itself with a fully equipped and up-to-date landing field for Alabama land travel.

And now with post-war developments in this state ahead of us, we come to the last paragraph of *Alabama Woman's Page* for this year. In bringing you these programs, I've learned a great deal concerning this state of ours, and I hope that in some small way I've helped give you listeners a better picture of the sort of men and women that make up the state of Alabama. We have a history worth remembering; our present is marked by its greatness; and our future—well, who knows about that? Let's just say that the future of Alabama is being formed now by the soldiers on foreign fields and by the patient families at home.

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