

ALABAMA'S CULTURAL HERITAGE

*Published
by
ALABAMA
COLLEGE
Montevallo
Alabama*

Alabama's Cultural Heritage

*A series of scripts written by the Radio Workshop
of Alabama College and based on the lives of those
who contributed to the cultural history of the state.*

Edited by

MARYLAND WILSON

Director, Radio Service, Alabama College

These scripts were originally written as one of the Radio
Services of Alabama College for the Birmingham Public
Schools and were first broadcast during 1947-48.

Preface

NOW AVAILABLE to all high schools and club groups of the state, these scripts from the Radio Workshop of Alabama College were originally written for broadcast by the Birmingham Public Schools. In their preparation, two problems have confronted the writers: first, the abundance of material available regarding some of the contributors to Alabama's cultural heritage; and second, the almost complete dearth of written personal information regarding others.

It is from this second group, and in an effort to share our research that we have chosen the scripts included in this booklet. Other scripts in this series furnished by Alabama College are, however, also available upon request. Featured in these subsequent programs are the lives of William Crawford Gorgas, Father Ryan, General Joe Wheeler, Oscar Wilder Underwood, Jefferson Davis, George Washington Carver, Braxton Bragg Comer, Helen Keller, Richmond Pearson Hobson, and Julia Tutwiler.

Numerous other scripts broadcast by the college itself, together with other publications from this campus, are also available on request. A list of such material may be found in the back of this book.

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Director, Radio Service, Alabama College

June 1, 1948
Montevallo, Alabama

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MARYLAND WILSON

Director, Radio Series, Alabama College

June 1, 1944
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William Wyatt Bibb

By HELEN PARRISH
Faculty Assistant in Radio

SOUND: *Theme ("Alabama"). Fade into banging of gavel on table.*

MOORE: Gentlemen of the Territory of Alabama, we are gathered here on this the 19th of January, 1818, to form the official laws by which Alabama will be governed in the future. You have just heard the report of James Titus, President of the Legislative Council. Now is there additional business to come before the Assembly? Do others wish to speak?

SOUND: *Low murmur of conversation up and under.*

MOORE: Is there no other business? Then I declare this First Territorial Assembly of Alabama recessed for a period of ten minutes. We will meet back in this room at the end of that time to hear an address by our future Governor, William Wyatt Bibb. You are dismissed, Gentlemen.

SOUND: *Banging of gavel on table. Crowd noise up and under.*

FIRST MAN: Well, my friends, we have a few well-earned moments of rest.

SECOND MAN: Aye, 'tis welcome. These last few hours have been tiring ones. I never realized it would be so difficult to select the officials of Alabama's first legislature.

THIRD MAN: But our selections have been good ones, haven't they? If we had stayed here all night we couldn't have chosen a more capable Speaker than Gabriel Moore. Nor could we have a better councilman than James Titus.

SECOND MAN: Agreed. Agreed. They have taken over their duties admirably. I only hope we will be equally pleased with President Monroe's selection of Alabama's new Governor. The Georgia physician, William Wyatt Bibb, is not my idea of the man for the job.

FIRST MAN: Why, my friend! Have you reasons to believe that Dr. Bibb won't prove capable in his new position?

SECOND MAN: Of course I prefer not to come to a definite decision until I've met the Governor and heard him speak. But I feel very strongly that he's going to prove unpopular in Alabama.

THIRD MAN: Come, come, give us your reasons!

SECOND MAN: Well, in the first place he is a doctor. I am a firm believer in the tradition that a man should not try to go outside his profession. Furthermore, I'm opposed to him because he's not an Alabamian. Now that we've finally become organized as a Territory, we

need a man who is familiar with Alabama's people and their problems. Dr. Bibb is from Georgia and his political thinking has been centered around its needs. He knows nothing of Alabama. And besides, not only is he not an Alabamian, but at the moment he's in ill-favor with the people of his own state. He is Georgia's representative to the National Senate, and yet it has just demanded his resignation. If he's not wanted in Georgia, why should we want him in Alabama?

THIRD MAN: I beg to correct you, Sir! It's all true that Dr. Bibb is at odds with his Georgia constituents, but he was not asked to resign. The resignation was his own decision. The present criticism against him is bitter, I admit, but it will soon pass. He should have kept his seat and continued the fight.

SECOND MAN: I disagree with you! It was far better that he vacate. Now perhaps his wild idea about raising Congressmen's pay will die out. If it doesn't, when Alabama becomes a member of the Union, she may find herself with a tax burden far too great for her ever to pay. Georgia is already an established state, but she is objecting. Think what it will do to Alabama!

THIRD MAN: I could stand here all day and argue with you about this, but we haven't the time. There comes Gabriel Moore into the assembly room now—and look, the governor is with him! Let's go in, Gentlemen!

SOUND: *Crowd noise up and under banging of gavel.*

MOORE: The meeting will please come to order! Let us have order, Gentlemen! The First Territorial Assembly of Alabama is again in session.

SOUND: *Crowd noises fade out.*

MOORE: Gentlemen of the Legislature, today it is our great privilege to have with us the man who has been chosen as the leader of our newly founded Territory of Alabama. I feel confident that all of you share my pleasure in having him present at this time, and I know that we all join in wishing him success and joy in his new position. Gentlemen, may I now present the Governor of the Alabama Territory—William Wyatt Bibb.

SOUND: *Applause up and fade to silence.*

SOUND: *Three chimes.*

ANNOUNCER: Today the presents the story of William Wyatt Bibb, first Governor of Alabama and the first political contributor to our *Alabama Heritage*.

SOUND: *One chime.*

FIRST NARRATOR: Thus did the gentlemen of the First Territorial Assembly of Alabama meet their new Governor for the first time. You have heard some of the dissenting remarks which were made about

the thirty-six year old man who had assumed such a high position of leadership, but those remarks were instantly forgotten when the Governor began the inaugural address in which he stressed the need for education and improved methods of learning. (*Fade.*)

SECOND NARRATOR: The reception given Governor Bibb's inaugural address was tremendous and an inspired group of legislators set to work on Alabama's future. Many things were accomplished that day in St. Stephens, but despite the great success of the Assembly, it was not to last for long. The population of Alabama grew so rapidly that by December, when the legislators met again, Alabama was qualified to petition for Statehood. Once again William Wyatt Bibb took the lead in making plans for the future, and it was through his influence that the town of Cahaba was selected as Alabama's new seat of government. Work was begun on the capitol at once, and when Alabama finally received Congressional permission to frame and adopt a State Constitution, it was almost finished.

SOUND: *Theme up and under.*

FIRST NARRATOR: Alabama's first Constitutional Convention was called at Huntsville on July 5, 1819, but William Wyatt Bibb was not among the legislators who gathered. His duties as Governor ceased when the Territory went out of existence, and his opportunity to serve Alabama again must wait until a later date when the first State elections were held. When that time arrived a group of St. Stephens' leading citizens called at the Bibb home. (*Fade.*)

FIRST CITIZEN: We hope you will forgive our intrusion at this late hour of the evening, Governor Bibb. We would have waited until morning, but our mission is very important and we wanted to talk with you as soon as possible.

BIBB: I am honored by your visit, Gentlemen, I assure you it's no intrusion. But come in. My wife and I were in the parlor having a cup of tea. We'll be delighted if you'll join us. (*Raising voice*) Mary, my dear, we have visitors. Gentlemen, you know my wife?

SOUND: *Voices murmur: "How do you do, Mrs. Bibb?" "Pardon our intrusion," etc.*

MRS. BIBB: You are always welcome in this house, Gentlemen. Please join us for a cup of tea.

SOUND: *Rattle of dishes up and under.*

MRS. BIBB: Mr. Dale, will you sit here—and Mr. Rogers, here is a seat for you. Mr. Greene, on my left.

FIRST CITIZEN: Thank you, Mrs. Bibb. You're very kind. This is an unexpected treat. We didn't intend to make a social visit this evening. We came on business.

MRS. BIBB: Oh, then in that case I'll leave you gentlemen to yourselves.

SECOND CITIZEN: No, no, Mrs. Bibb, please don't leave. This concerns you as well as your husband. We'd like for you to stay. Now, Governor Bibb, since we don't want to intrude upon your entire evening, we'll come straight to the point. We've been thinking about the officers who are going to govern Alabama when she becomes an official state of the Union. Now, Sir, you've been our Territorial Governor for almost two years, and in that time you've never failed us when we needed guidance. We're going to require even more help in the hard days ahead, so we want permission to announce you as candidate for Governor of the State.

MRS. BIBB: Oh, William, this is the nicest thing that's ever happened to us!

BIBB: Thank you, Gentlemen. You make me very proud. And you pay me the highest compliment I've ever known. While it was an honor to serve as Governor of the Alabama Territory, I was in that position only through the choice of one man—the President of the United States. If I am chosen now by all the people of Alabama, I shall be doubly honored. But Gentlemen, we had better begin planning our campaign. What opponents do you think I'll have? There are many capable men who disagree with my policies and who should be delighted to run against me.

FIRST CITIZEN: Not as many as you might think, Sir. As soon as you were mentioned as a possible candidate many of the dissenters dropped out. They all realize that you possess an ability far above them.

MRS. BIBB: But surely William will have some opposition!

SECOND CITIZEN: There is one who may oppose us—Marmaduke Williams, of Tuscaloosa.

BIBB: Williams? Why, isn't he the brother of Robert Williams, former Governor of the Mississippi Territory?

THIRD CITIZEN: Yes, Governor, he is, and he's rather popular in the Black Warrior and upper Tombigbee regions. You know the people in those sections have always resented the fact that the State Capitol is located at Cahaba and they hold you responsible for it.

MRS. BIBB: But surely they would not allow the site of the Capitol to influence their selection of Governor!

FIRST CITIZEN: I am afraid they will, Mrs. Bibb. If I am not badly mistaken, the fight over the State Capitol may become one of the biggest arguments in the whole campaign. (*Fade.*)

NARRATOR: And as it had been predicted, the location of the State Capitol became a major issue. The people in the Southern part of the state demanded that the Capitol be retained at Cahaba, while those in the Tennessee Valley and in the northern section wanted it at Tuscaloosa. It was with the northern group that Marmaduke Williams took his stand. The political picture in Alabama grew darker. (*Fade.*)

SECOND CITIZEN: Mr. Bibb, something must be done. Our position at the moment is precarious, to say the least. We are not putting enough into our fight!

BIBB: We've done all we can. Have you anything else to suggest?

SECOND CITIZEN: I have an idea, Sir. There are a large number of Georgians settled in the Tennessee Valley. You have always had the friendship of their state, so perhaps a direct appeal to them might win their support. Nothing can be lost by trying.

THIRD CITIZEN: And if that idea does not get results, Sir, we can begin a direct attack on Marmaduke Williams himself.

BIBB: Gentlemen! Once and for all, let me make my position in this contest clear. I am campaigning for Governor not from any desire for personal gain. My sole purpose is to serve the people of Alabama. If it is their will that I be elected, then I shall emerge victorious. But if the people do not wish me as their leader, then I shall be defeated. I shall fight to win, of course, and I shall do all in my power to triumph. But, gentlemen, hear what I say and remember it—this contest shall be a fair one and it shall be fought decently. Nothing which might harm the character of my opponent will ever be used in my campaign. Only honorable methods shall receive my endorsement!

SOUND: *Theme up and under.*

NARRATOR: The high moral character and unsurpassed honor of William Wyatt Bibb did not go unnoticed by the people of Alabama, and at the conclusion of the state election he emerged with a majority of over 1200 votes. The followers of our first Governor were unable to control their enthusiasm. Many great things were predicted for Alabama and high hopes were held for the Governor's success. In the first few months of Bibb's administration the people were not disappointed.

Under his guidance the legislature passed a bill authorizing the sale of lands for educational institutions. It authorized the counties to use part of their income to improve navigable streams; and it made the obstruction of such streams against the law. Dueling was prohibited; fraudulent land transactions were made punishable; a patrol system to preserve order among slaves was created; and all religious societies were given the right to incorporate and hold lands.

Then on July 10, 1820, only a few months after being elected to the State's highest office, disaster struck the Governor. As he was riding home late one afternoon a violent thunder storm suddenly cut the air—

SOUND: *Sudden loud burst of thunder up and under. Hoof beats.*

BIBB: Whoa! Whoa, boy! Easy, take it easy, Roger! You'll be all right. It's only a thunder storm, old boy.

SOUND: *Thunder builds—hoof beats quicker.*

BIBB: Roger! Roger, stop it! Slow down, boy! We'll soon be home and

then you'll be all right. Whoa, boy! Whoa! Roger, look out for that tree! Roger!

SOUND: *Terrific clap of thunder—heavy crash, then silence.*

SECOND NARRATOR: As his frightened horse bolted, Governor Bibb fell heavily to the ground—to lie there senseless. He never regained consciousness from that fall, and a few days later there came to an end the life of Alabama's first Governor—one who had made great contributions to the educational, political, and moral culture of our *Alabama Heritage*.

SOUND: *Three Chimes.*

SOURCES

1. *Memorial Record of Alabama*, Vol. I; Brant & Fuller, Madison, Wisconsin, pp. 42-46.
2. More, Albert Burton. *History of Alabama and Her People*; American Historical Society, Chicago, 1927. Vol. I, pp. 133-149.
3. Pickett, Albert J.: *History of Alabama*; Robert C. Randolph, Sheffield, Alabama, 1896, pp. 634-669.

William Rufus King

By HELEN PARRISH
Faculty Assistant in Radio

SOUND: *Tolling of bell up and under. Crowd noises up.*

SOUND: *Brisk tapping of stick on desk. Crowd noises fade.*

STUDENT: Quiet! Quiet, everybody. Be quiet, I say! I want to address the class. Now then, our head-master seems to be a little late in arriving this morning, so I take it upon myself to begin our class recitation. I trust you other students all approve?

SOUND: *Laughter, shuffling of feet, voices saying "Yes"—"Go ahead."*

STUDENT: Very well, I shall proceed. Now, Friends, North Carolinians, and Countrymen, lend me your ears.

SOUND: *Burst of laughter up and under.*

STUDENT: In behalf of the senior class, I come to praise you, not to bury you!

SOUND: *Applause, laughter, and cheers.*

STUDENT: (*Gayly*) Yes, Gentlemen, on this the eighteenth day of September, 1798, I come to praise you for having the courage to enter the

portals of the University of North Carolina. As our head-master will undoubtedly say when he arrives—you freshmen are embarking upon a great adventure; one which will enrich and ennoble your lives. But come, this is no time for speech-making! You have to spend the next few years together, so you ought to be learning all about each other. To begin with—you—you over there in the corner—you haven't been saying very much. Why don't you get up and tell us your name first of all?

KING: (*Softly*) Do you mean me? Why, my name is King.

STUDENT: King? King what? Come on, man, speak up! We can't understand you when you whisper like that! Stand up and tell the class who you are, where you're from, what you're going to study, and—Well, upon my word! I thought this class was supposed to be composed of men. You're no man! You're nothing but a little boy! What on earth are you doing here? The University of North Carolina doesn't take in kindergarten pupils. Are you lost, little boy?

KING: (*Angrily*) Of course I'm not lost! I know exactly where I am! I'm in the Latin class of the University of North Carolina, and this is where I'm supposed to be. I came all the way from Sampson County to study law here and I don't care if I am smaller than the rest of you—I'm going to stay here until I learn to be a good lawyer! And you can stop calling me a kindergarten pupil! I'm twelve years old!

SOUND: *Shouts of laughter and crowd noises up and under.*

STUDENT: (*Sarcastically*) Twelve years old! My, my, how amazing! Gentlemen, we have a child genius in our midst! I trust you are all properly impressed. But now, my brilliant little friend, if we're not being too inquisitive, would you mind telling us your name again? We want to mark you down as a man to watch—as our man with a future!

SOUND: *Laughter up and under.*

KING: My name is William Rufus King and I don't think you're being a bit funny. I came here to study and learn, not to be laughed at!

STUDENT: And just what do you propose to do when you've finished all this studying and learning?

KING: I'm going to be a lawyer and maybe I'll even be a politician someday. I'm going to travel to all the different sections of the United States, and see all the big important cities. Maybe I'll even go out into the wilderness and start a settlement all by myself. And I'm going to Europe, too, and meet the great kings. (*Dreamily*) And someday I'll be a famous man. Everybody in America will know who I am; they'll take off their hats and cheer when I ride by; they'll hold up their children to get a glimpse of me; and the name of William Rufus King shall be heard in every household.

SOUND: *Terrific outburst of laughter up and under theme.*

NARRATOR: Today thepresents the story of William Rufus King, a great statesman and a gallant contributor to our *Alabama Heritage*.

SOUND: *Theme up and under.*

NARRATOR: As we have heard, the future looked very dark for William Rufus King as he began his studies at the University of North Carolina. Because of his extreme youth he was definitely set apart from the other students. Wherever he turned, people were sarcastic, thoughtless, and unjust; every mistake he made was pounced upon for the classes to ridicule.

But William Rufus King never lost the firm conviction that someday he would be a great man and every day he worked steadily toward that goal. Then gradually the attitudes of the people around him began to change, and when he left the University at the end of five years he carried with him the respect and high regard of every student and teacher.

SOUND: *Theme up and under.*

NARRATOR: William Rufus King had made many youthful predictions about his future life and as soon as he finished school he set about to make those predictions come true. He took a position first of all in the law office of William Duffy of Fayetteville, North Carolina, and there he worked many hard hours until 1805 when he was granted his own license to practice. Thus William Rufus King climbed the first rung on his ladder to success. But greater and more important days were not far ahead.

In 1806, at the very young age of twenty, he surprised the people of North Carolina by being elected to the state legislature; and in 1810 he became a member of the federal Congress despite the fact that his age was less than that required by the Constitution. Yes, William Rufus King was young, but he was serious and eager to learn. As a Congressman he was such a success that he was re-elected three times and was finally given the honor of being appointed secretary to the American diplomatic legations in Naples, Italy, and St. Petersburg, Russia. This work was another step upward and for a while it seemed that King might turn to diplomacy.

Then in 1818 he made a decision which greatly changed his future career. As he explained it to his sister—(Fade).

KING: I've asked you to come here tonight because I've arrived at a very important decision, and I want you to know about it. I've decided that I'm going to leave North Carolina.

MARY: Leave? Why, William, what on earth do you mean?

KING: I mean just what I say. I'm leaving North Carolina. I've decided that I want to settle in a new territory. I want to meet new people and do new things.

MARY: Good heavens, William, are you crazy? You've been meeting new people for the past twelve years, and if you don't call traveling all over Europe doing new things then I don't know what to say!

KING: Just the same, I'm not satisfied. Do you remember what I said once when I was a child? I said that someday I wanted to go out into the wilderness and start myself a settlement. Well, Mary, I've found the wilderness that I want to live in. It's the new Territory of Alabama.

MARY: Alabama? Alabama?

KING: Yes. You know, it's a part of the old Mississippi Territory and borders right on the state of Georgia. Oh, you'll love it, Mary, when you and all the others come there to live with me!

MARY: William! What are you saying? We can't leave North Carolina! All our friends are here; our homes are already established. We can't just pick up and walk out into a wilderness. Why, we don't know anything about being settlers! And besides, we don't even know where we'd live!

KING: Oh, but I know exactly where we'll live, Mary—in the central part of the state. (Dreamily) The people who've told me about it say it's beautiful. It's dense and thick; the land is rich and fertile; there's an abundance of wild game; and there's a river which flows right through the county. I want to settle on that river, Mary, and build my house on a high bluff overlooking it. It'll be a large plantation with a wide circular drive surrounding it. You and the others will have houses on either side of me and in the back we'll have the slave's cabins. There'll be trees in front of the house and I'll have miles of long, smooth bridle paths on which to ride. I'll call my plantation "Chestnut Grove"—and the town which I'll build shall be called Selma—or high throne.

MARY: William! Stop talking like that! You sound like a man who's lost his mind! Think of all the wonderful opportunities you'll be giving up if you go to this Alabama!

KING: Mary, it's strange, but I have a feeling that if I go to Alabama I'll find more opportunities than I've ever dared to dream about. (Fade.)

SOUND: *Music and under.*

NARRATOR: Alabama did indeed hold many opportunities for William Rufus King, because only a few months after his arrival in what is now Dallas County, Congress authorized the people of this territory of Alabama to form a state. Unanimously the voters of his county chose King to speak for them at the constitutional convention; and a few months later he was selected as Alabama's first representative to the Federal Congress.

Few men can rival William Rufus King's exciting career in our highest governing body. For thirty-one years he served as one of the foremost political figures in America, and no other senator was more highly respected than he. He not only worked in Washington to help his people;

he also spent every spare moment in leading the development of Selma. Because he was so popular, many important tasks were naturally laid upon King's shoulders, but none ever rivaled the frightening mission entrusted to him in 1844. In that year—

SOUND: *Roar of cannon, explosions, gunfire up and under.*

NARRATOR: War suddenly loomed over our country and President Tyler hurriedly summoned William Rufus King into a secret conference. *(Fade.)*

TYLER: Senator King, I deeply appreciate your returning to Washington at this time. I realize that your duties as senator from Alabama keep you terribly busy, and I know how much effort you're putting into advancing the growth of Selma. But I felt that I had to talk with you. I need your help very badly.

KING: I'll be only too glad to help you in any way that I can, Mr. President.

TYLER: Well, Senator, I'll get to the point at once. I've called you here to present before you a matter of grave importance—one which may envelop our country in a war if we don't act quickly.

KING: You're referring to the Texas question, aren't you, Sir?

TYLER: Yes, Senator King, I am. But I don't think we can any longer speak of it as the Texas *question*. It's now become the Texas *problem*. Of course it's an old story to you that for the past several years Texas has been applying for admission into the Union. Well, up until now you Congressmen haven't seen fit to do anything about it, but gradually your thoughts are turning toward allowing her to enter. I'm glad, because we can gain a great deal from having Texas as one of our states. Her large oil and cotton supplies are certainly to be desired.

Now, we come to our problem—the government of England has suddenly seen fit to oppose our annexation of Texas. She's anxious to control the cotton supplies of this territory for herself, and she's threatened to bring about decided pressure against us if we continue in our plan to adopt Texas.

KING: But, Mr. President, England won't dare defy us! She'd be afraid to commit acts which might lead to a war.

TYLER: You're right. England won't dare to oppose us—*alone*. But what if another European power should join her in objecting?

KING: Another power, sir? Why, what other country would care about the annexation?

TYLER: I have here in my hand, Senator, a message from the government of France. King Louis Phillipe is seriously considering joining England in opposing the United States. Up until now he's been very friendly with us, but his Prime Minister, Guizot, is a great believer in working hand in hand with the British. He may turn the King against us.

KING: Why, this *is* serious, Sir! The American people are all in favor of the annexation of Texas, and if they're opposed too much they may

say and do things which will lead to war! What are we going to do about it, Mr. President? Shall we stop our plans to bring Texas into the Union?

TYLER: No, Senator, we won't stop our plans! Texas will be annexed no matter how England and France feel about it! What we must do is to stop France from joining with England. Then the English would be powerless to act alone. To accomplish that we must immediately send an ambassador to France to negotiate with Louis Phillippe.

KING: That's going to be a delicate job, Mr. President. It will take a smart man—one who's well acquainted with foreign politics—to handle it.

TYLER: Yes, Senator, it will take a smart man, but I think I have the right one already in mind.

KING: Really, Sir? Who is he?

TYLER: You, Senator King.

KING: I? But, Mr. President—

TYLER: Now, now, don't start objecting, King. I know you don't want to do it. It's a ticklish job, but more than that it will mean that you'll be away from home for a long time. I know how you love that plantation of yours, and Selma, and I hate for you to have to be away from it. But America needs you, Senator King. *(Fade.)*

SOUND: *Music up and under.*

NARRATOR: After considerable insistence from President Tyler, William Rufus King journeyed to France. There he met with a reception which taxed every diplomatic power he possessed. On the one hand stood Louis Phillippe—friendly, courteous, anxious to cooperate in every way. On the other hand stood the wily Guizot—twisting King's statements around, opposing his suggestions, whispering lies to Phillippe. Few men could have persuaded the French ruler to ignore America's plan to annex Texas, but Senator King was a skillful speaker and in the end he triumphed. France withdrew her opposition and left England without support.

A wonderful reception awaited King when he returned to his own country; everywhere he turned, people praised him; his name was shouted with pride; he was reappointed to the United States Senate; and then in 1852 he came to the attention of the Democratic National Convention—*(Fade.)*

SOUND: *Crowd noises up and under banging of gavel.*

CHAIRMAN: Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Let us have order! The Chair recognizes the delegation from Alabama.

SOUND: *Applause and cheers up and under.*

ALABAMIAN: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention, as representative of the delegation from Alabama, I wish to nominate as can-

didate for vice-president of the United States—Senator William Rufus King of Selma!

SOUND: *Terrific roar from crowd. Shouts of "King! King! King!"*

MISSISSIPPIAN: Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman! The delegation from Mississippi wishes to speak!

CHAIRMAN: Let the Mississippi gentlemen have the floor.

FIRST MISSISSIPPIAN: Mr. Chairman, the State of Mississippi wishes to offer Jefferson Davis for nomination!

SECOND MISSISSIPPIAN: Who wants Jeff Davis?

FIRST MISSISSIPPIAN: Mississippi does!

SECOND MISSISSIPPIAN: Mississippi has changed her mind. She wants William Rufus King! Mr. Chairman, we withdraw the name of Davis. Mississippi casts her vote for King!

FIRST MISSISSIPPIAN: I object. Mississippi does not withdraw Jefferson Davis!

SECOND MISSISSIPPIAN: We do withdraw! Sit down and be quiet. You don't know a good man when you see one! We want King! Go on and sit down!

Sound: *Applause, cheers, and shouts of "King!"*

NARRATOR: William Rufus King received the nomination as vice-president and at the election he triumphed easily over his Republican opponent. At last he had reached the top of the ladder of success. He was in the second highest position in the land.

But King was not to know the thrills of victory for very long. He became very ill and was forced to set sail for Cuba in an attempt to regain his health. There, on the soil belonging to Spain, he was administered the oath which made him vice-president of the United States. But even as he pledged to perform the constitutional duties of his office, a part of his thoughts were not on the tasks ahead. They were on his home in Selma, the place he loved above all others.

The longing to return to his quiet place of retreat became so great that William Rufus King once again set sail. At top speed his ship rushed toward Alabama, stopping only to refuel. At last King reached Chestnut Grove, and he gathered all his relatives, friends, servants and his beloved books about him—*(Fade.)*

KING: *(Weakly)* It's so good to be home. You know, my friends, no matter how exciting a life may be, no matter how filled it is with success, it's not complete unless it's where it belongs. I belong here in Alabama and I always have. The trees are taller, the fields are greener, and the people are more wonderful than they are any place else in the world. *(Fade.)*

NARRATOR: And so, with all of his precious memories surrounding him and with the deep love for his adopted state burning brightly in his heart, William Rufus King died at his home in Selma. The years since that time have been long and hard, but no one has ever forgotten King's great contributions to our *Alabama Heritage*.

SOUND: *Theme up and under.*

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Octavia Walton LeVert

By MARYLAND WILSON
Director, Radio Service

SOUND: *Musical theme ("Alabama"). Fade into murmuring.*

FIRST MAN (Lamartine): She's the most charming woman I ever met!

WOMAN: I defy anyone to spend an hour in her company without becoming a wiser person.

SECOND MAN (LaFayette): There's but one such in America.

THIRD MAN (Washington Irving): She is such a woman as occurs but once in the course of an empire.

WOMAN: Alabama is certainly *proud* of Octavia Walton LeVert!

FOURTH MAN: She's our first author to receive national recognition!

WOMAN: And in spite of the fact that she's charmed two continents, she's as unspoiled and natural as can be.

CHILD: You know, Mother, when you took me to see Madame LeVert when we were in Mobile, I was scared because you told me she was such a fine lady. But after I sat by her a little while, I found out she isn't a fine lady at all; she's just like *me*; and I love her.

SOUND: *Musical bridge.*

NARRATOR: Ladies and gentlemen, the voices you have heard belonged, not to us in the studio, but to great figures of history: John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Washington Irving, the Empress Eugenie, Alphonse de Lamartine, the Marquis de LaFayette. The woman they were praising also belongs to history—and to Alabama.

MUSIC: *Theme, up and under.*

NARRATOR: Today, the brings you the story of Octavia Walton LeVert and her contribution to *Our Alabama Heritage*.

MUSIC: *Theme, up and under.*

NARRATOR: Georgia-born Octavia Walton's earliest years were spent in Florida where her father served as Secretary of State and later as Governor. Her earliest recollections were of Pensacola where they lived—her father's home the center of social life—for Pensacola was the rendezvous of the United States vessels of the Gulf station. Many evenings young Octavia spent gazing over the stair-rail at the gallant officers of the fleet and the Southern belles with whom they danced; and many more did she spend dancing herself when she was older. Nor was the young daughter of the governor left behind when entertainments were held on board the ships or moonlight excursions on the bay and picnics in the magnolia groves. But young Octavia was not a social butterfly. True, she moved about the drawing and ball rooms with ease and grace; but there was a more serious side to her nature as well.

MAN: Governor Walton, it is imperative that I speak with you.

WALTON: Then by all means come with me to my office. It's but a step down the hall here.

MAN: It is good of you to see me at once. The matter is urgent or I would not disturb you.

WALTON: My good man, that is what I'm for—to listen to the people of Florida when they need to talk with me.

MAN: You are very kind.

WALTON: Not all all, not at all. Ah, here we are.

SOUND: *Door opening.*

WALTON: Walk right in, my friend, and have a seat.

MAN: But, sir—

WALTON: Yes? What's the trouble?

MAN: My message is extremely confidential. Would you ask that child perched on the stool yonder to leave us?

WALTON: Certainly, if you insist. But I assure you that, even if she remains, Octavia will know nothing of what you say. She is that absorbed in her work.

MAN: Is that possible?

WALTON: Not only that, my friend, but you would be even more surprised if you knew what she's doing.

MAN (*Sarcastically*): Attending to your personal correspondence, I suppose?

WALTON: Exactly—to my correspondence, at any rate—my official correspondence. You see, in my office, I receive, of course, many important letters connected with affairs of state—a number of them in French and Spanish. My daughter, Octavia, has the best command of those languages of any of my acquaintances; so I have her make my translations for me.

MAN: You can trust her not to reveal the contents of such letters?

WALTON: Certainly; and there's the advantage of having her close at hand when I need her.

MAN: Amazing! How old is this child?

WALTON: Octavia will be twelve on her next birthday.

SOUND: *Musical bridge.*

NARRATOR: Thus Octavia Walton early displayed the talents that were to characterize her life and bring her a wealth of admirers of all nationalities. Even that day as she sat in her father's office intent on translating his letters of state, another letter—this one of great personal importance—was on its way to her father. It was written by her paternal grandmother.

WALTON: "My dear son: I have had today a letter from the Marquis de LaFayette with whom your father served during the American Revolution and who, as you know, was his very dear friend. He has expressed the desire to see me during his trip to America and requests that I meet him in Mobile from whence he shall sail for France. My health does not permit me to make the journey, but I should like greetings from the Walton family to be extended the Marquis, and I should like these greetings borne by Octavia if you will accompany her to Mobile."

OCTAVIA: Father, Father, of course, you'll take me!

WALTON: Yes, Octavia, of course I'll take you. (*Fade.*)

NARRATOR: So Octavia and her mother and father, son of the illustrious George Walton, signer of the Declaration of Independence and former governor of Georgia, made the trip to Mobile. There she presented LaFayette with her grandfather's miniature.

LAFAYETTE (*foreign accent*): A perfect likeness! The living image of my brave and noble friend! Forgive an old man's tears, my child, and sit here on my knee while I dry my eyes.

OCTAVIA: Ne pleurez-vous, monsieur. Parlez, a moi.

LAFAYETTE: So the little one speaks French! Oh, mon enfant, je suis tres heureux. A truly wonderful child, madam. I predict for her a brilliant career.

NARRATOR: Ten years later, in 1835, this brilliant child, now grown up into a brilliant young lady, moved to Mobile with her parents. But before leaving Florida she made one contribution which will ever live in the name of its capital—Tallahassee. Now, after moving to Mobile, she began her first trip of considerable length when, with her mother and brother, she traveled over the United States. These were the days of stage coaches; and travelers whose journeys were long were thrown together sometimes day after day. Octavia's party became interested in conversing with a gentleman who had been with them much of the way; but convention did not permit inquiry as to his identity. Then one day he told his companions of a bullfight he had witnessed in Spain some years previously.

OCTAVIA: That's a very interesting story. I remember reading it some years ago.

IRVING: I am sorry to contradict you, but I am sure there is no written record of this particular incident, and you tell me you have never been in Spain.

OCTAVIA: Then how—wait a minute—of course! I should have remembered it before. *You are Washington Irving!*

IRVING: And pray, *why* am I Washington Irving?

OCTAVIA: Because now I remember that Mr. Somervell, of New Orleans, told me this identical incident, and added that Washington Irving stood by his side when he witnessed it.

IRVING: Then you are indeed possessed of a keen memory.

OCTAVIA: By all means, Mr. Irving.

IRVING: Then keep a journal starting with this, your first experience as a traveler. Some day you'll find it an invaluable resource, for one as gifted as you will some day be a writer.

OCTAVIA: You over-estimate my abilities, Mr. Irving, but I appreciate it and I'll follow your advice. Perhaps I'll have a great deal to write in my journal after my visit to Washington, for I'm hoping to attend the debates in Congress.

IRVING: Then you must allow me to introduce you to the chief figures of those debates: Calhoun, Clay, and Webster. You'll gain much from knowing them as you will from hearing their debates.

SOUND: *Music, up and under.*

NARRATOR: Octavia's four new friends became life-long admirers whose paths were to cross and re-cross the pages of history. But now the young writer merely recorded their speeches dutifully and returned home where the following year she became the bride of Dr. Henry LeVert, leading physician of Mobile. Their home on Government Street soon became the meeting place of the literati, and Madame LeVert formed many friendships. Among the closest of these was that with Lady Emmeline Wortley, daughter of the Duke of Rutland. In 1853, Madame LeVert, with her father and daughter, visited England where she was royally entertained by relatives of Lady Emmeline. Particularly cordial was the Duke of Rutland; and it was while the Americans were guests at Belvoir Castle that quite an exciting event took place—just at meal-time.

SOUND: *Clink of china and silver.*

BUTLER: I beg your pardon, Madame LeVert, but this package has just arrived for you. It is undoubtedly important.

OCTAVIA: Yes, yes—I see it bears the royal arms. What on earth could it be?

EMMELINE (*British*): Then open it at once. I was not aware that you had yet been presented at court.

OCTAVIA: I haven't. There must be some mistake. Oh, I'm afraid to open it.

EMMELINE: Nonsense.

SOUND: *Card being taken from envelope.*

OCTAVIA: Why, why—it's a card to a State Ball.

EMMELINE: Then, my dear, you are doubly honored, for this is a decided exception to court etiquette. Not even a crowned head is invited to a State Ball without the preliminary of an introduction.

OCTAVIA: Whom shall I ask to escort me?

EMMELINE: Mr. Ingersoll, the ambassador, of course. I understand he admires you greatly.

MUSIC: *Music, up and under.*

NARRATOR: And so the Alabama traveler met Victoria and Albert—and the crowned heads of other countries. Not only these, but such figures as Disraeli, Dumas, Lamartine, Robert Browning and his famous wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning became her friends. Then back to America and Alabama came the distinguished Madame LeVert, the hearts of two continents at her feet. But she was not to rest on her laurels, this energetic woman who now bent herself to various activities. She translated Dumas' "Musketeers", which was followed shortly after by a translation of "The Pope and the Congress", which appeared in the col-

the duties and graces of a gentleman. Those graces did not include music, however; for people of that period looked with pitying eyes at anyone who sought to make a career of music.

FIRST NARRATOR: But Sam became interested in the piano; and although his family disapproved, Judge Peck finally agreed to let him take lessons, with the understanding that music would not become his life work but only a hobby to occupy his free time. When Mr. Evans, the piano teacher, noted Sam's increasing ability and interest in music, he asked for a conference with Judge Peck. Teacher and pupil waited for the judge in the drawing-room.

SOUND: *Piano music: Chopin's "Minute Waltz".*

EVANS: I, too, think Chopin was a great artist, Samuel, but you were to have studied Beethoven for today.

PECK: I know, Mr. Evans. But Beethoven's music is so depressing, so sad. I like my music sweet and happy, not sad. I shall never play anything but music that sounds as if it were full of the love of life.

EVANS: To be truthful, I don't care what kind of music you play. Music alone is the important thing. I only hope your father will—(*Door opens*) Oh, here he comes now. Good morning, Judge Peck.

JUDGE: Good morning, Mr. Evans, Samuel. I received your message saying you would like to see me.

EVANS: I wanted to talk to you about your son.

JUDGE: Samuel?

EVANS: Yes. You remember several years ago, before Sam became my pupil, he would sit at the piano and strike chords without really knowing how to play.

JUDGE: I remember. I didn't like the idea of his playing; but I thought if he were going to do it anyway, he might as well know how to do it properly.

EVANS: So you brought him to me.

JUDGE: I brought him to you. Is that all you wanted to say to me?

EVANS: No. I wanted to tell you that Samuel has proved himself a born musician. He has music in his blood, music in his fingers. He is capable of becoming a great pianist.

JUDGE: What are you trying to tell me, Mr. Evans?

EVANS: That you should send your son abroad, so that he may study music as a profession. I have taught him all that I know.

JUDGE: Send Samuel abroad, eh?

PECK: I'd like to go, Father. Mr. Evans is right. I have music in my blood. I can feel it there surging, pushing, trying to get out.

JUDGE: You're talking like a madman. I gave you piano lessons, yes. But not with the view of your making music your life work. You are my son, and my son shall not make a living by strumming on a piano.

PECK: But, Father, there's nothing disgraceful in being a musician. Music is art—

JUDGE: Music is stupidity. You're not old enough to realize what you want from life, and it is my duty to make your decisions for you. Most people would think you a lost creature if I permitted you to go abroad to study music. They would think you had thrown away what might otherwise be a useful life. Do you understand what I mean, Samuel?

PECK: You've made it very clear, I think. I can't go.

JUDGE: Yes, boy, and you'll thank me for doing this later. And, Mr. Evans—

EVANS: Yes, Judge Peck?

JUDGE: If you have taught Samuel all that you know, I hardly think your services will be needed any longer. You need not come back to this house. (*Fade.*)

FIRST NARRATOR: Samuel Peck's hopes for a musical career thus came to an abrupt end, but his formal education continued. During the Civil War, since he was too young to do any fighting, he had gone to school in Tuscaloosa and in Rockford, Illinois. And now after completing his preparatory studies, Peck attended the University of Alabama, where he received his Bachelor's degree in 1876, and later his Master's degree.

SECOND NARRATOR: After leaving the University, he went to Bellevue Hospital Medical College in New York, because his father and his mother wanted him to become a doctor—a good one. His heart wasn't in his work, however; and shortly after his graduation to the position of a fully-qualified doctor, he decided that he would never practice the medical profession. Informing his father of this decision was a difficult task.

SOUND: *Knock on door.*

JUDGE: Come in. (*Door opens and closes.*) Oh, hello, son. Sit down.

PECK: Hello, Father. (*Pause.*) I suppose you've been wondering when I intend starting my practice.

JUDGE: Oh, don't worry about that. I haven't said anything to you because I know you worked hard getting your degree, and you need some rest. Take all the time you want. But when you get ready to hang out that shingle—well, the people of Alabama can certainly use a good doctor.

PECK: But, you see, Father, that's just it. (*Pause.*) I'm not going to be a doctor. I'm not going to practice medicine.

because I am getting rather old and stiff, but you may come and swing as much as you like. Affectionately, Samuel Minturn Peck.

SOUND: *Musical bridge.*

FIRST NARRATOR: Sam Peck was always learning. He was always reading and studying. It seemed to be his destiny just to keep going to school. He took courses in literature and drama in Paris and New York. At forty he studied at Columbia University. He went abroad six times. He took bicycle tours over England and France. At the close of the First World War, he wrote a poem that was printed everywhere, and that is still in use today as a verse on cards of consolation.

PECK: I send my love unto my dead each day;
I know not how; I only know it goes
Forth from my heart, and going, ever grows;
That as it flies, there's nothing can affray;
That, like a dove, it fondly keeps its way
Through dark and light along the path it knows;
That in its faithful flight it never slows,
And if I toil or sleep goes not astray.
I send my love unto my dead, and they—
They know 'tis sent, that I have not forgot!
For often when I am alone I feel
Their love return—and, oh, no words can say
The peace that comes to me! It matters not
What woes betide, I have wherewith to heal.

FIRST NARRATOR: Samuel Minturn Peck did not stop writing as he grew older. Rather, he wrote more than before. He turned his talents to fiction for a while, setting all his stories in a small town called Oakville, supposedly referring indirectly to Tuscaloosa. Then he returned to his first love—poetry. Finally Sam came back home to Alabama and settled down to stay. He wrote verse when he felt like it, and lectured when he felt like it. The people of Alabama welcomed his return, and thought of one way in which they could show him their appreciation.

SECOND NARRATOR: In 1931, the Alabama Writers Conclave, meeting at Alabama College in Montevallo, invited him to be a guest at the conference. Secret plans had been made for a ceremony in which Sam Peck was to take a featured part. One evening, following a concert of chamber music, he was asked to read two of his best known poems, "My Grandmother's Turkey-Tail Fan," and "The Grapevine Swing." Palmer Auditorium was hushed as he was concluding his final reading. . .

PECK: "As I wend through the fevered mart,
I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing.
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I would I were away
From the world today,
Swinging in the grapevine swing."

FIRST NARRATOR: There was thunderous applause, and then another sudden hush as one of the chairmen of the conclave approached Dr. Peck on the platform.

CHAIRMAN (Woman): From you, our dear friend, Samuel Minturn Peck, have come many contributions to the advancement of literature in the State of Alabama. Not only are your poems beloved in your own state, but they are recognized for their literary merit in a national sense. Not for these virtues alone, however, but for your kindness, your congeniality, your wisdom, your sincerity, your generosity, your love, the members of the Alabama Writers Conclave take pleasure in announcing that by virtue of an act recently passed by the state legislature, upon you, Samuel Minturn Peck, is bestowed for the first time in the history of the State of Alabama, the title of—Poet Laureate!

SOUND: *Applause.*

SECOND NARRATOR: There were tears in the old man's eyes as he tried to express his gratitude for their faith in him. After a half century of putting his heart and soul into lines of verse, he was receiving a just reward. And so at the age of seventy-seven, as a mark of recognition for his place in the literary history of Alabama, Samuel Minturn Peck became the first poet to receive the title of Poet Laureate of the state.

FIRST NARRATOR: Sam Peck continued to make rhymes until his death in 1938, seven years later. Today he rests as one of the greatest of Alabama's poets—the first and only Poet Laureate that Alabama ever had. He is known today as a man who in every poetic sentiment and feeling was truly Southern—truly Alabamian, whose songs will continue to be sung, and whose poems will continue to be read and loved as long as there is an America, as long as there is an Alabama. Today we hail Samuel Minturn Peck as one who contributed infinitely to the cultural heritage of a great nation, and to the cultural heritage of a great state—to the heritage of our Alabama!

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Emma Sansom

By HELEN PARRISH
Faculty Assistant in Radio

SOUND: *Theme ("Alabama"). Fade into cheerful whistling up and under.*

BOY: Come on, Bill, let's cross over Black Creek bridge. I want to show you the statue of Emma Sansom. It's right there at the exact spot where she led General Forrest across the creek. See! Here it is. Gee, just look at that statue, Bill! Isn't it swell? (*Reading slowly*) "To Emma Sansom—in grateful appreciation of her heroic aid to the Confederate Army—presented by the Gadsden chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy." (*Fade.*)

SOUND: *Three chimes.*

ANNOUNCER: Today the presents the story of Emma Sansom, a courageous pioneer of *Our Alabama Heritage*.

SOUND: *One Chime.*

NARRATOR: A few moments ago we heard two Alabama school boys talking about Emma Sansom and wondering what she was really like. At the time her statue was dedicated in 1907 many people might have told the boys what they wanted to know, for Emma spent the early part of her life in Gadsden. Her family lived the simple life of the early pioneers, working and struggling to maintain their home. Many hardships were forced upon them in those days, but the greatest of all came in the 1860's when war descended upon Alabama. (*Fade.*)

SOUND: *Burst of gunfire up and under gallop of horses.*

MOTHER: Oh, good heavens! There go the Yankees! They're heading for the fields! Mary! Mary! Where is your sister? I can't find her anywhere! Mary, where is she?

MARY: I don't know, Mother! I haven't seen her! Maybe she's out in the field. I'll call her. (*Calling*) Emma! Emma! Mother wants you, Emma! Come here!

EMMA: (*Calls from off-mike*) I'm coming, Mary! Here I am! (*nearer*) I'm running as fast as I can! Oh, Mother, what is it? What's the matter? Has anything happened?

MOTHER: Oh, Emma, where have you been? I've nearly gone crazy looking for you! Didn't you know the Yankees have just ridden past the house?

EMMA: (*Calmly*) Yes, I saw them, but I'm afraid I was a little too busy to bother with them.

MOTHER: Busy? What on earth were you doing?

EMMA: Plowing.

MOTHER: Plowing! Oh, Emma, why do you act like this? You know the Yankees are all over this vicinity. I've asked you time and again not to go into the field alone!

EMMA: I know you have, Mother, but I can't stay here in the house and hide all of the time. Somebody has to get the ground ready for the Spring planting. Why, there's plowing to be done, seeds to be sown, fences to be mended—oh, don't you see, Mother! I'm the oldest girl, and with father dead and all the boys away at war, there's nothing else I can do. We don't want to starve, Mother.

MOTHER: But, Emma, what about the Yankees? If they see you working out there in the fields, there's nothing on earth to stop them from picking you up and perhaps carrying you off forever!

EMMA: (*Laughing*) Oh, Mother, don't paint such a terrible picture. The Yankees are fighting a war. They don't have time to be bothered with a fifteen-year-old girl like me. And I assure you I would bother them if they tried to capture me. I'm never going to run and hide from anybody. I'll fight right back at them. (*Fade.*)

NARRATOR: Emma Sansom's attitude about the Northern soldiers surprised and frightened her mother. The older woman had heard the stories of Yankee plundering and she lived in constant terror that her home would be the next to be visited. It's easy to understand her fear, because in the spring of 1863 there was virtually no military protection to be found in the northern counties of the state. Although they weren't in the war as a ground of major contest, they were continually harrassed by raids. Detachments of Federal troops marched up and down the valley, foraging, looting, burning, destroying the countryside as a basis of supply. During this time all available Alabama troops were engaged along the main battle lines, so that the only people left to oppose the Federal raiders were a handful of old men and boys. As guerilla fighters they made a noble effort to defend their homes, but on April 19, 1863, all seemed in vain as Colonel A. D. Straight marched his army into Etowah County. The home of Emma Sansom was among the first to be visited. (*Fade.*)

SOUND: *Clanging of swords, stomping of horses, footsteps, loud talking up and under.*

STREIGHT: Hello! Hello! Anybody home? Sergeant! Go in that house and drag them out.

SERGEANT: Yes, Sir! I'll get them, Colonel!

SOUND: *Footsteps running across porch, knocking, smashing against door.*

SERGEANT: Some on! Open up, I say! Stop holding that door or I'll break it down!

SOUND: *Hard smash against door.*

MOTHER: (*Fearfully*) Oh, please, please don't! We'll open it.

SOUND: *Door opens.*

SERGEANT: Well, well, nobody here but you and your little girl? Where's the rest of your family? Speak up, woman! I said are you the only ones who live here?

MOTHER: No—no—there's one other—I have another daughter. (*Call*) Emma!

EMMA: (*Off-mike*) Here I am.

SERGEANT: Well—And where were you when we rode up?

EMMA: I was out at the woodpile.

SERGEANT: Ah hah! Hiding from us, were you?

EMMA: Not at all. I was getting wood to make a fire for supper. I have other things to do besides playing games of hide and seek.

MOTHER: Emma! What are you saying! Be careful!

SERGEANT: Hump! You're a sassy little lady. All right, Miss, now get us something to eat!

MOTHER: All we have is a little hard bread—some cold stew left from yesterday—a little coffee—and

SERGEANT: Bah! We can't eat that sort of food! It's not fit for pigs! Well, don't just stand there! If you can't feed us you can at least get us some water, can't you?

MOTHER: I'll—I'll get it.

EMMA: You'll do no such thing, Mother. Let the Sergeant get his own water! He's not helpless!

Mother: *Emma!*

SERGEANT: Bah! You Southern women make me sick! You think you're too fine to do anything! I said go get that water or I'll—

STREIGHT: Sergeant! That'll be enough out of you! Go get your own water and food! Do as you're told, Sergeant!

SERGEANT: Yes, Sir. I'm sorry, Colonel.

STREIGHT: I'm afraid I must apologize for my men. They're a little rough, but they don't mean any harm. They're just so tired and hungry—that they've completely forgotten what manners they ever had.

EMMA: We're hungry too, Colonel, but we haven't forgotten how to act like human beings. We don't go around to our neighbors' houses and kick the door down to get food!

STREIGHT: Perhaps you haven't needed food as badly as we have! My army is in a terrible condition!

EMMA: (*Coldly*) The *South* is in a terrible condition also, Colonel.

STREIGHT: If you don't like the hardships you're having to endure, why don't you quit?

EMMA: Because we believe in what we're fighting for.

STREIGHT: And just what are you fighting for, little miss? The right to take other human beings like yourselves and rule them as you see fit?

EMMA: Of course not! We're fighting for more than just the right to keep slaves! In fact, our family doesn't even own any slaves! We want the right to make our own decisions and to govern ourselves as we think best!

STREIGHT: And do you think you'll ever have that right?

EMMA: I think God is on our side and that we'll win!

STREIGHT: Well, you are a plucky little lady! My soldiers could certainly take a lesson from you!

EMMA: Your soldiers could certainly use some kind of lesson! Look at them! They've cut up our only saddle, they're taking our plow horse away, they've eaten all our food, they've torn the very curtains from the windows, and now they're ripping up our clothes! Look at them!

MOTHER: Oh, Emma, what shall we do?

STREIGHT: I'll put a stop to that, Madame, never fear! (*Shouting*) All right, you men! Come out of that house! Take the woman's horse back to the barn. All of you get on your own mounts! All right, Captain, you can start the men toward the creek. You, Corporal, take another man and post a guard around this house! See that nothing in it is disturbed! All right, Sergeant, get a piece of fire from that hearth. We're heading for Black Creek and we're burning the bridge behind us! All right, men, let's go!

SOUND: *Crowd noise and snorting of horses up and under.*

MARY: Well, Mother, there they go.

MOTHER: Oh, thank heaven! I thought they'd never leave! They could have so easily killed us and burned our house to the ground. We're so very fortunate!

EMMA: But look, Mother, they've set fire to the bridge! They're using our fence rails as torches. Oh, come on, both of you! We're got to try to put that fire out! As big as that company is there are sure to be some Confederates not far behind them. If that bridge is destroyed our men will never be able to follow them! Come on, Mother, hurry! (Fade.)

SOUND: *Music up and under.*

NARRATOR: Emma Sansom and her family worked desperately to extinguish the burning bridge, but their efforts were in vain. The only passage across Black Creek was completely destroyed. And so Colonel Streight and his band of 1500 mounted men continued in their march. Their destination was Rome, Georgia, and there they expected to seize Confederate stores and cut railroad lines without any opposition at all. But unknown to them, the Confederate general, Nathan Bedford Forrest, had found out about the move and at that very moment was hard upon their heels with 600 men. Before the charred timbers of Black Creek bridge had cooled, the yard of the Sansom home again echoed with the sounds of men and horses. Shooting split the air as the Yankee soldiers guarding the house began to fire, and General Forrest sprang into action. (Fade.)

SOUND: *Horses and shooting.*

FORREST: You men—hurry up! Take cover! There are Yankees hiding in that house! Sergeant, get your horses out of sight! They're firing right at you! Concentrate your aim on that window at the side! All right—now while you've got them busy—Captain, take about a dozen men and start toward the back of the house! Close in on them slowly and take them alive! All right—get started! Now—two of you others come with me! I've just seen three women over there by that creek bank. I'm going to ask directions from them. (Fade.)

SOUND: *Gallop of horses up and under.*

MARY: (Screams) Oh, look! Mother! Here come some more soldiers!

MOTHER: Quick, Mary, you and Emma run and hide! Maybe they haven't seen us yet!

MARY: Oh, no! It's too late, Mother! They're already here!

SOUND: *Horses come to abrupt stop.*

FORREST: Please don't be afraid, Madame. I'm General Forrest of the Confederate Army. We won't hurt you.

MOTHER: Oh, thank heavens you've come! We've been nearly frightened out of our wits by the Yankees! They came only a few minutes ago and

looted our house completely! They took most of our food, they burned our fences—they—

FORREST: You say they just left? Quickly, Madame, which way did they go?

MOTHER: Across the creek in that direction. They're resting behind that steep hill, but there's no way to follow them, General. They burned the bridge behind them! And you don't dare bring our men out into the open. They'll kill every one of you!

FORREST: If this isn't the luck! Here we are within a stone's throw of 1500 of the Union's best men and we're completely helpless! They'll fire at us until they've shattered our ranks, then they'll head straight for Cherokee County! They'll completely destroy the iron furnace there and after that there's nothing to stop them from making a clean sweep into Rome, Georgia! We must get across that creek somehow!

EMMA: Oh, General Forrest, I've just thought of a way to cross the creek. There's an old ford about 200 yards above the bridge. Our cows used always to cross there when the water was low.

FORREST: Get up here on my horse with me and show me the way to go. The rest of you stay here and start firing to draw the Yankees' attention away from us. Are you ready, Miss? Then let's go!

MOTHER: Emma! Emma! What do you mean? Come back here! You'll be killed!

SOUND: *Small burst of gunfire then terrific barrage.*

MOTHER: (Off-mike) Emma! Come back! Come back! (Fade.)

SOUND: *Dramatic music up and under.*

EMMA: General Forrest, we're almost at the edge of the wood now. In another moment the Yankees will be able to see us. We'd better get off the horse and crawl the rest of the way. It isn't much farther. There it is, Sir, it's just ahead and we'll be—

SOUND: *Sudden shot.*

FORREST: Good heavens, child! Are you hurt? Did they hit you?

EMMA: (Laughing) Of course not, General! They only wounded my skirt!

FORREST: Thank heavens for that! But here get behind me! I'm glad to have you for a pilot, but I'm not going to make a breastworks of you.

EMMA: Don't worry, General, I'm not afraid! They won't dare hurt a girl. Look! I'll take off my sunbonnet and wave it as them! Then they'll see me and maybe they'll stop firing! Hello! Hello, all you Yankees! We're not afraid of you! We're not a bit afraid! (Laughs gaily.)

SOUND: *Firing suddenly stops. Cheers come slowly up.*

FORREST: (*Softly*) Now I've seen everything. They've stopped firing completely. We're going to have a chance to cross the creek. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I never would have believed it. A little girl takes off her sunbonnet and waves it at one of the toughest companies in the Union Army, and shooting and killing automatically stops. My dear, yours is a courage that will never be forgotten as long as freedom-loving people shall live!

NARRATOR :(*Fade in*) And Emma Sansom never has been forgotten. Through her unselfish act General Forrest was able to capture Streight and his soldiers. The raid upon Rome, Georgia, was prevented, and so another step was taken toward bringing peace to our *Alabama Heritage*.

SOUND: *Theme up and under.*

SOURCES

1. Matthews, Mrs. Pitt Lamar: *History Stories of Alabama*, Dallas, Texas, Southern Publishing Co., 1924.
2. Owen, Marie Bankhead: *Our State—Alabama*, Birmingham Printing Co., 1927.
3. Owen, Thomas M.: *History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography*, Chicago, S. J. Clarke Co., 1921.
4. Taylor, Elberta: *Stories of Alabama*, Richmond, Virginia, Johnson Publishing Co., 1924.
5. Newspaper clippings.

Henry B. Walthall

By MARYLAND WILSON
Director, Radio Service

SOUND: *Music theme ("Alabama"), fade into loud applause.*

WALTHALL: "The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?"

SOUND: *Applause up and loud and long, fade in audience murmuring.*

WOMAN: He's wonderful!

MAN: Never saw a more convincing Shylock in my life.

SECOND WOMAN: Who is he, anyhow?

MAN: Somebody said he was a professional actor brought from New York to play the part.

SECOND WOMAN: Oh, surely, a professional actor wouldn't come all the way from New York to Harpersville, Alabama, to take part in a production with amateurs.

FIRST WOMAN: No, that fellow's no professional, though he might well be one. That's Henry Walthall from over at Malloreys.

SECOND WOMAN: Really?

FIRST WOMAN: Yes. I heard the director say there wasn't a boy in the whole high school here in Harpersville who could play the part of Shylock, and he was tearing his hair out till somebody suggested he invite young Walthall over to take the part.

MAN: Well, he certainly was a God-send! I'll never think of the Merchant of Venice again without remembering that fellow.

SECOND WOMAN: No, and if you ask me, you'll be hearing from that young man again. He has the makings of a real actor.

SOUND: *Gong.*

NARRATOR: And the whole world did hear of Henry B. Walthall before many years had passed. Today the brings you the story of Alabama's greatest gift to stage and screen: Henry B. Walthall.

SOUND: *Gong.*

SECOND NARRATOR: Throughout his entire youth Walthall displayed an intense interest in dramatics. Then in 1901:

SISTER: My goodness, Henry, you certainly are dressed up. Courting tonight?

WALTHALL: Yes I am, Sis.

SISTER: Who is it this time? One of the Allen girls?

WALTHALL: Not on your life.

SISTER: Jenny Warren?

WALTHALL: Guess again.

SISTER: The visitor from Atlanta the Hills have been expecting?

WALTHALL: 'Fraid not, Sis; the courting I'm doing is of a more intellectual sort.

SISTER: Oh?

WALTHALL: Yes, I'm going up to Birmingham tonight to see "She Stoops to Conquer." There's a grand play for you, though, of course, Goldsmith doesn't compare with Shakespeare as a dramatist.

SISTER: I'll declare, Henry, ever since you got out of the Army, you've certainly spent your life going up to Birmingham to see stage shows.

One would think you were an actor yourself. I'm beginning to believe the plays you've been directing around here in the neighborhood are giving you ideas!

WALTHALL: Could be, could be. There's nothing in the world I'd like better than being an actor.

SISTER: Hen—ry! Really!

WALTHALL: Really.

SISTER: How wonderful. Do you think that Mother—

WALTHALL: No, she'd never consent. She's already told me that, and I've promised I'd never leave her as long as she lived.

SOUND: *Music (brief).*

NARRATOR: And so it was not until after the death of Walthall's mother that the young would-be actor left his home in Shelby County, Alabama, and set out for the great White Way that so many years later was to carry the name of Henry B. Walthall in its very brightest lights. In his pocket were letters of introduction to one of the greatest producers of all times: Charles Frohman, and to others influential in the world of the theater.

SOUND: *Musical bridge.*

SECOND NARRATOR: Walthall's earliest stage successes are now but a page in history. "Secret Service", "Under Southern Skies", "The Great Divide", "The Faith Healer", and "Pippa Passes"—mighty plays with a mighty cast; names prominent in the annals of the theater; among them always that of Henry B. Walthall. Then came 1909:

SOUND: *Music ("Sidewalks of New York"). Fade in street noises.*

WALTHALL: Pardon me, sir, but I'm looking for a concern known as the Biograph Company which makes those peep shows everyone is talking about.

Man: (*Tough*) Oh, you are, huh?

WALTHALL: Yes, I've looked all over New York for it, but no one seems to know where it is.

MAN: I don't wonder no one'll tell you where it is. Them people that takes pictures of folks and shows 'em on the streets!

WALTHALL: Maybe that's going to be a great business someday.

MAN: Humph! Ain't got no use for actor folk anyway. Sure you ain't one?

WALTHALL: I give you my word I've never been in pictures.

MAN: Process server, maybe? Say, that's good. I'll tell you where that place is that makes the pictures. It's over on East Fourteenth Street.

WALTHALL: Then, I'm just about a block away. Thank you very much for your help.

SOUND: *Musical bridge, fade into knocking at door.*

MAN: Come in.

SOUND: *Noise of door opening.*

WALTHALL: How do you do, sir? I'm sorry to disturb you.

MAN: That's quite all right. What can I do for you?

WALTHALL: My name's Walthall, Henry B. Walthall. I'm an actor, and I'm looking for a young man to take part in a try-out play. I thought perhaps you could recommend someone.

MAN: There's a young fellow around here named James Kirkwood might be willing to take a part-time job. He'll be in after a while; why don't you sit down and wait?

WALTHALL: Thank you, I will. I had quite a bit of trouble finding you and I'm rather tired.

MAN: Yep, we're sort of small potatoes right now; but I believe that if we have the breaks, someday we might grow into big business.

WALTHALL: I've the same sort of feeling. You may be on the threshold of something really great.

MAN: Say, didn't I see you in "The Great Divide"?

WALTHALL: You may have. I was in that play.

MAN: You were plenty good, all right. You'd have to be to play with Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller.

WALTHALL: It's a privilege to work with actors like Miss Anglin and Mr. Miller.

MAN: Yeah. Say, I was just wondering—

WALTHALL: What?

MAN: Did you ever think of going into pictures?

WALTHALL: Into acting for pictures, you mean?

MAN: Yes.

WALTHALL: No, I'm afraid I've confined my interests to the stage.

MAN: Would you like to try a picture?

WALTHALL: Thank you very much, but I'm afraid I haven't time. I'm going to England shortly with the cast of "The Great Divide", and I'm afraid I'd better not try anything else just now.

MAN: Oh, it'll just take a couple of days at the most to make a reel of film. Might be good experience for you. And I've got a swell story: the name of it's "The Convict's Sacrifice".

WALTHALL: "The Convict's Sacrifice"! Heavens, what would Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller think!

MAN: Well, one good thing about it is that probably they'd never know. Nobody knows who the actors and actress are in these reels, and unless Miss Anglin or Mr. Miller just happened to see it—

WALTHALL: You're right. I believe I'll do it. It might be an interesting experience.

SOUND: *Music (brief).*

NARRATOR: Making the new moving pictures was an interesting experience for Walthall—so interesting, in fact, that when he returned from England, he decided to cast his lot with this newest acting media under the leadership of a new friend, David Wark Griffith.

SOUND: *Music, fading into voices mounting with montage effect.*

FIRST MAN: Hey, Walthall, did you know Mr. Griffith's going to move his winter offices to California and keep his summer offices here in New York?

GRIFFITH: Cut! Hold it! Shoot!

FIRST WOMAN: Mr. Griffith, it's going to rain. Don't you wish we could take pictures inside the house so the rain wouldn't bother us?

GRIFFITH: Close up! Hold her hand in yours. Turn this way and smile! Shoot!

FIRST MAN: Did you hear that Griffith's going to make a *two-reeler*?

SECOND WOMAN: Yeah, some sort of Indian name—Ramona.

SECOND MAN: Mr. Walthall, this is your new leading lady, Miss Mary Pickford.

GRIFFITH: Get ready to shoot. *Smile*, Miss Pickford. Drop your head, Walthall, and walk slowly away. That's it, that's it! Shoot!

FIRST MAN: Walthall's surely a hit in pictures, isn't he?

FIRST WOMAN: I'll say! He's made "Judith of Bethulia", "Lord Chumley", "Strongheart", and "Classmates", one after the other.

SECOND MAN: Hey, Walthall! Walthall! Mr. Griffith wants to see you right away. Says he's found a book that'll make the most wonderful picture in the world.

WALTHALL: Tell him I'll be over right away.

SOUND: *Music, knock on door.*

GARRICK: Come in, Walthall. I've been looking for you.

WALTHALL: So I heard. The boys tell me you've found the plot for the great American epic.

GARRICK: I think maybe I have, Walthall. It's a book called *The Clansman*, by Thomas Dixon; and it tells the story of the Reconstruction days in the South, and its rebirth. It's really the story of *the birth of a nation*.

WALTHALL: But I thought you hadn't any money to pay for stories.

GARRICK: I haven't, but I've an idea that perhaps we can persuade Dixon to take an interest in the picture instead of making a cash sale.

SOUND: *Music.*

GRIFFITH: Walthall! Walthall! Guess who's agreed to play in *The Clansman*.

WALTHALL: Lillian Gish, probably. Or her sister, Dorothy.

GRIFFITH: You're right both times. And Mae Marsh besides. And I've engaged the best-known rodeo riders in California for the rides of the Ku Klux Klan.

WALTHALL: Wonderful! But now don't you think it's time you told me what I have to do with the picture?

GRIFFITH: For heaven's sake, Walthall, don't you know? You're to play the part of Ben Cameron, the little colonel! You're a natural for the part.

WALTHALL: Well, at least I'm a genuine Southerner, sir.

GRIFFITH: Of that I'm convinced. Now what's concerning me is how we're going to pay to get this company to the South—or at least where there're some honest-to-goodness cotton fields.

WALTHALL: Perhaps I can help you there. You know, I've a piece of land in Arizona where I raise cotton. I'll be happy for you to use it if you like, Mr. Griffith.

SOUND: *Music.*

L. GISH: Mr. Griffith, I want to talk to you.

GRIFFITH: Of course, Miss Gish, what can I do for you?

L. GISH: Well, you see, Mr. Griffith, I'm a little embarrassed but—

GRIFFITH: It's about money, isn't it? Well, I told you, Miss Gish, nobody feels any worse than I over the situation. Here we have a masterpiece on hand, and lack the money to pay the salary of a single member of the cast.

L. GISH: Oh, that's all right, Mr. Griffith.

GRIFFITH: No, it's not, either. I've no right to keep you people from other jobs. None of you are under contract to me, and I think what you

need to do is to think about yourselves. You've been grand troupers, all of you, but it's no use.

L. GISH: Mr. Griffith, what I'm trying to say is this. My sister and I have \$300 we've saved, and we want to offer it to you. That's how much faith we have in you and this picture.

GRIFFITH: My child, you don't know how much good what you've just said has done me. But I know that \$300 is all you have in the world, and I've seen you bringing your lunch with you in paper bags and your costumes in others. How did you pay for those costumes, anyway?

L. GISH: My mother made them.

GRIFFITH: And the faith that you and your mother and your sister; and Henry Walthall and all the other members of the cast have put into this film will be kept. This will be the greatest picture of all times, Miss Gish. You wait and see.

SOUND: *Music.*

NARRATOR: And faith was kept with these fearless men and women engaged in their monumental task. In a private projection room in New York a few weeks later:

GRIFFITH: Well, there you are, Dixon, there's your story on celluloid—twelve reels of it. I hope you're not too disappointed.

DIXON: Disappointed! Man, I'm overcome with the magnitude of what you've done.

GRIFFITH: Then you're not ashamed to let us call this *The Clansman*?

DIXON: Of course not, but this is *bigger* than *The Clansman*. It needs a more inclusive title.

WALTHALL: May I make a suggestion, Mr. Griffith?

GRIFFITH: Certainly, Walthall.

WALTHALL: Something you said to me when you were telling me about the book has always stuck with me, and I've thought of it many times while we were making the picture. Remember—you said this was the story of *The Birth of a Nation*. How's that for a title?

SOUND: *Music, sharp chords.*

NARRATOR: And so in New York City *The Birth of a Nation*, the first twelve-reel film in history, opened at the Astor on March 6, 1916, and ran nearly a year in New York, Boston, and Chicago, earning thirteen million dollars—the greatest record set by any picture till *Gone With the Wind*. Critics went wild, and Woodrow Wilson declared "It is like writing history with lightning." But equally as great was the acclaim given the winsome little Colonel, Alabama's Henry B. Walthall.

(*Montage effect for the following*)

WOMAN: Oh, Mr. Walthall, I've seen *The Birth of a Nation* three times. You're simply wonderful!

SECOND WOMAN: Would you give me your autograph, Mr. Walthall?

MAN: What's your next picture, Mr. Walthall?

WOMAN: Mr. Walthall, is it true you're to make "A Tale of Two Cities"?

MAN: Well, Walthall, they tell me you stole the show from Will Rogers in "Judge Priest".

SECOND WOMAN: You're the most wonderful actor I ever saw!

WOMAN: You get better and better. I'll never forget you in Ibsen's "Ghosts"!

MAN: Nor "Pillars of Society"!

SECOND WOMAN: "The Sin of Nora Moran"!

WOMAN: "Viva Villa"!

MAN: "Men in White"!

SECOND WOMAN: "Bachelor of Arts"!

WOMAN: Dante's "Inferno"!

MAN: "Helldorado"!

SOUND: *Music.*

NARRATOR: So rang the praise that will forever resound through the pages of theatrical history, pages that will forever acclaim Henry B. Walthall, contributor to *Our Alabama Heritage*.

SOUND: *Theme music ("Alabama").*

SOURCES

1. Information supplied by Mrs. W. J. Ashton, sister of Mr. Walthall.
2. Newspaper clippings.
3. *Reader's Digest*, "The Birth of a Nation," January, 1938.

Augusta Evans Wilson

By MARYLAND WILSON
Director, Radio Service

THEME: "Alabama" *up and under.*

FIRST WOMAN: A twenty-three-year-old girl wrote a book like *Benlah*? Impossible!

MAN: That's what I told my wife. But she insists her sister in Mobile knows the girl.

SECOND WOMAN: Someone else told me that she's the same girl who wrote *Inez*. You remember—it's the book that was published anonymously two or three years ago.

FIRST WOMAN: I suppose the next thing you'll be telling me is that she wrote that while she was still in her cradle.

MAN: As a matter of fact, she practically was—that is, if it is the same woman, she couldn't have been more than about fifteen when she wrote *Inez*. It was written several years before it was published, you know.

SECOND WOMAN: What's her name? The author's, I mean?

MAN: Augusta Evans. She lives in Mobile.

SOUND: *Musical bridge.*

NARRATOR: So buzzed literary conversation in Alabama throughout 1859—the year *Beulah*, the second novel by a new writer definitely established for its author a permanent place in the literary circles of the South. It is the story of this author, Augusta Evans, and her contribution to *Our Alabama Heritage* we have chosen for today . . . as brought to you by

MUSIC: *Theme, up and under.*

NARRATOR: Although she lived to publish many novels and to become one of the best-known literary figures of her generation, the life of Augusta Evans was characterized by such modesty that of the author herself little has been written . . . and in such matters as dates her biographers disagree. Yet measured by eternity, a year or two is naught; and measured by her contributions to her fellow man, tomorrow is as yesterday, and yesterday as tomorrow.

MUSIC: *Theme, up and under.*

NARRATOR: It was in the neighboring state of Georgia that Augusta Evans was born, and in the frontier state of Texas that she spent her childhood. The year 1847 found the twelve-year-old girl in San Antonio where for two years her father owned a store. The Mexican War was at its height, and her home was near the Alamo. Small wonder it is then that the memories young Augusta Evans brought with her when her family moved to Mobile should someday find their way into a book.

SOUND (*off-mike*): *Group singing "Jingle Bells".*

MOTHER (*off-mike*): Augusta! Augusta! Come on down and sing with us!

AUGUSTA (*calling*): I wish I could, Mother, but I can't right now!

MOTHER (*off-mike*): You've been shut up there for hours; you can't still be working on Christmas presents. Come on down!

AUGUSTA (*calling*): Mother, I can't explain what I'm doing; but it's important, truly it is.

MOTHER (*approaching mike*): Then maybe I'd better come up and let you tell me what it is.

AUGUSTA: It's—it's a surprise for Father. I hope he'll like it.

MOTHER: Of course Father'll like anything you make for him. What is it?

AUGUSTA: Here, look at it.

MOTHER: Why, it's a book you've covered for him. What is at? A scrap-book?

AUGUSTA: Look inside.

MOTHER: "*Inez, a Tale of the Alamo*, by Augusta Evans. Presented to her father, Christmas Day, 1850." . . . Augusta, I'd no idea you were writing a book.

AUGUSTA: Do you think Father'll be pleased?

MOTHER: He'll be as pleased and proud as I am. Not many families have a fifteen-year-old authoress in their midst! (*Fade.*)

NARRATOR: To say Squire Evans was proud of his daughter's work was putting it mildly, for he lost no time in showing it to anyone and everyone who came to call. And the visitors were likewise impressed—so much so that five years later, in 1855, *Inez*, with its story of the Texan War of Independence, was published . . . although the name of its youthful writer was omitted. This did not disturb Augusta Evans, however, for she was busily engaged in writing *Beulah*, in which book she attacked the growing skepticism of the world around her. This novel, to which the author's name was proudly affixed, caused a storm in literary circles; and was perhaps the most popular book of its day. Then came 1861 and the War Between the States.

FATHER (*off-mike*): Augusta, Augusta, have you heard the news?

AUGUSTA: It must be good, Father, you're smiling. Is it another victory for our Army? Tell me quickly, Father. Or have you heard from Brother Howard? Is he coming home?

FATHER (*laughing*): One thing at a time, Augusta, one thing at a time! How can I tell you the news if you rattle on like a magpie?

AUGUSTA: I'm sorry, Father; but you know in war time when one has news, it must be very good or very bad. I'll keep still now and let you tell me.

FATHER: The camp near Summerville has been named Camp Beulah in honor of your novel!

AUGUSTA: Really, Father? Oh, I can't believe it! I don't deserve it! What can I ever do to repay such kindness?

FATHER: I guess that sort of makes you patron saint of Camp Beulah, doesn't it?

AUGUSTA: Oh, I wouldn't want any such honorary position as that. I really would like to do something to help those boys.

FATHER: Well, of course, you can drive over there in the carriage with your mother when she goes and take the boys some fruit and vegetables from the garden. That's about all you can do for them, I guess.

AUGUSTA: There ought to be other ways I can help them too. Maybe I could act as sort of a nurse. Of course, I haven't had much experience along that line, but I could run errands for them, and write letters, and maybe just talk to them when they're lonely. And I can roll bandages and do things like that. Yes, I'm certainly going to try.

SOUND: *Music (rather fast).*

FIRST MAN: Miss 'Gusta, could I have a drink of water?

SECOND MAN: Miss 'Gusta, my legs hurts something awful!

THIRD MAN: Will you write a letter for me, Miss Augusta?

FOURTH MAN (*off-mike*): Can you help me find a bed for this man, Miss Evans? He's badly wounded, I'm afraid.

AUGUSTA: Of course I can, doctor. And the rest of you just keep quiet a minute, and I'll be there as soon as I can. Tom, any soldier can talk as much as you can needs to dry up a little. And George, that leg wouldn't hurt nearly as much if you'd stop thinking about it and get that letter written to Sally. Any girl as pretty as that won't lack for attention long even if you do neglect her . . . I'm coming over and help you with your letter, Sam, just as soon as I can. You be deciding what you want to say. (*Fades.*)

FIRST MAN: I declare, Miss Gusta's a peach.

SECOND MAN: She *was* born in Georgia, you know, but she's been here in Alabama a long time.

THIRD MAN: If it hadn't been for her, I wouldn't be getting well right now. But the night the fever broke, she sat with me all night just like she was my own sister.

SECOND MAN: Even bad news isn't so hard to take from Miss Gusta. Maw said she didn't feel nearly as bad off when she got Miss Gusta's letter 'bout my being wounded as she woulda if somebody else had told her. But Miss Gusta made it sound like everything was going to be all right, and she told Mom everything she wanted to know and didn't leave out a lot like most people do.

FIRST MAN: Hey, Miss Gusta!

AUGUSTA (*off-mike*): Yes, Tom?

FIRST MAN: Are you married?

AUGUSTA (*off-mike*): No, Tom, I'm an old maid!

FIRST MAN: Then all I got to say, Miss Gusta, is just you wait! Just you wait!

AUGUSTA (*approaching mike*): All right, Tom, I'll wait. But what I want to tell you now is that I'm going to be away from you for a few days.

SECOND MAN: Miss Gusta, you ain't going off to get married now, are you?

AUGUSTA: No, no, nothing like that. You know my brother, Captain Howard Evans, is with General Bragg's army over on Lookout Mountain. My mother and I are anxious to visit him.

THIRD MAN: You go right ahead and have a good time, Miss Gusta. I'll keep these hoodlums here in order!

AUGUSTA: Thank you, Sam. I'll count on you to do just that!

SOUND: *Musical bridge.*

NARRATOR: But Augusta Evans and her mother were doomed to disappointment; for when they arrived at Lookout Mountain, just before the battle of Chickamauga, young Captain Evans had already been sent to the front. They were, however, hospitably received and given a hut in which to spend the night after their long journey. In a little while the travelers were fast asleep. Then suddenly:

SOUND: *Heavy knocking at the door.*

MAN: Miss Evans, Miss Evans! Are you awake?

AUGUSTA (*sleepily*): What is it? Are we in danger?

MAN: No, Miss Augusta, there's no danger. But the men have heard you are here, and they've clamored to see you until we're afraid of a riot. Could you just step here to the door and say a word or two to them, maybe?

MOTHER: Augusta, you'll do no such thing! It's ridiculous for a bunch of grown men to act like such babies. Send word you'll see them in the morning.

MAN: A lot of them won't be here in the morning, Miss Augusta. I won't say any more than that. But they will be disappointed if they don't get to see you. They've read your books; but most of all, they want to thank you for the work you're doing over at Camp Beulah. Some of the men have been there themselves, and others have friends or relatives you've been kind to.

MOTHER: But it must be all of midnight.

MAN: So it is, ma'am.

AUGUSTA: Never mind, tell the men I'm coming. (*Aside*) I'll just throw my coat on over my dressing robe, and I'll leave my hair down. They can't see me very clearly in the moonlight anyhow.

SOUND: *Door opens and closes. Immediately a loud cheer goes up from the assembled men outside.*

MAN: Make us a speech, Miss Gusta!

SECOND MAN: No, sing us a song, Miss Gusta!

ALL (*ad lib*): Yes, sing us a song . . . We know how you sing to those boys back at Camp Beulah . . . Come on and sing for us, etc.

AUGUSTA: All right, all right, I'll sing for you. But remember, I'm only a handy-man at Camp Beulah; not an opera star; so don't one of you leave now!

ALL (*ad lib*): You know we won't! . . . Come on and sing for us, etc.

AUGUSTA: Then I'll sing a song that I think will live long after this war is over . . . long after all wars are over. It was written by a friend of mine; and while it's about his own native state, it typifies the spirit of all the South. The writer's name is Randall—James Ryder Randall—and the song is "Maryland, My Maryland."

ALL: (*Cheer loudly. Augusta starts song, all join in and fade out on very last line.*)

NARRATOR: When Augusta Evans returned to Camp Beulah, she took with her still greater zeal for the Southern cause. The spirit, the enthusiasm, the burning desire of those men just before the battle of Chickamauga kept crowding into her mind. Then, without lessening her duties to the sick, Augusta Evans began to write again. A moment before bedtime, a few seconds here and a few more there . . . a pencil racing across the small notebook that she carried in her apron pocket . . . and *Macaria*, the great novel defending the Southern cause, was born. So powerful was this work that one Federal officer ordered burned all copies of *Macaria* that could be found. Augusta Evans herself slipped a copy of the book across the lines to a publisher friend in Virginia.

SOUND: *Musical bridge.*

MOTHER: Here is a letter for you, Gussie. I brought it over here to the camp because I thought it might be about your book.

AUGUSTA: Thank you, Mother.

SOUND: *Opening letter.*

AUGUSTA: Yes, it's from my friend in Virginia. It seems to be two letters.

MOTHER: What do they say? Hurry up and read them, my girl!

AUGUSTA: The first one says: "My dear Miss Evans: Your book, *Macaria*, reached me a fortnight ago and was read with much interest . . . although the wrapping paper on which it was printed does not make for easy reading. Permit me to say, my dear Miss Evans, how grateful

I, as a Southerner, am to you for writing such a book. It should undo much of the damage inflicted by the vitriolic novel of slavery, the name of which I do not permit to soil my lips or pen . . . Being unable to do any publishing at present, I have taken the liberty of referring your book to the J. B. Lippincott Co., and arranged for its publication by this most excellent concern. A copy of a letter from Mr. Lippincott is enclosed. Permit me once again"—and so on and so on. (*Fade.*)

MOTHER: Well, what does the letter from Mr. Lippincott say?

AUGUSTA: Let's see. I'll skip his comments—ah, here we are. "I find that another publisher has obtained a copy of this book through some source and has already an edition of 5,000 copies ready to issue. At first he refused to consider any payment of royalty to the author, but I have persuaded him that such refusal would be only another example of the rank injustice that is now being shown the South. So, Miss Evans, permit me also to congratulate you on your splendid work. The literary world will expect other novels from the pen of so excellent a writer."

SOUND: *Musical bridge.*

NARRATOR: Nor was Mr. Lippincott's prediction in vain; for in the four years which followed, four additional novels took their place beside the already-completed works of Augusta Evans. *Vashti*, *St. Elmo*, *Infelice*, and *At the Mercy of Tiberius* raised their author to new glory. And then, Augusta Evans laid down her pen to assume other duties.

Following her marriage in the late 1860's to L. M. Wilson, she moved from the home in which she had written so many books to Ashland which soon became the literary center of Mobile. During the years which followed, she still engaged in charitable pursuits, becoming one of the founders of the Protestant Orphanage and instigating, with Bishop Wilmer, construction of the Mobile Infirmary.

Later years were to bring forth two last novels: *The Speckled Bird* and *Devota*. These were the twilight years, for 1909 brought to an end the life of Augusta Evans Wilson, contributor to *Our Alabama Heritage*.

SOURCES

1. Forrest, Mary: *Women of the South Distinguished in Literature*, Derby & Jackson, New York, 1860, pp. 328-332.
2. Pickett, LaSalle Corbell: *Literary Hearthstones of Dixie*, J. B. Lippincott, 1912, pp. 283-305.
3. Newspaper clippings.

Nicholas Hamner Cobbs

By MARYLAND WILSON
Director, Radio Service

SOUND: *Unison singing, softly, the following baptismal hymn to be found in the Episcopal Hymnal:*

Father of heaven, who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this child, who at thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way!
O make it thine, thy blessing give
That to thy glory it may live,
Father of heaven! *(Fade out on last line.)*

MINISTER: Nicholas Hamner, "I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock; and so sign him with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end." Amen.

SOUND: *Unison singing, softly, to the same tune as before:*

O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave.
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
And make it evermore to be
A child of God, a home for thee,
O Holy Ghost! *(Fade.)*

MINISTER: Mrs. Cobbs, it gave me great pleasure to baptize your infant son today. And you have no idea how gratified I am to know that your determination that he should be baptized in your church was so strong that you brought him sixty miles by horseback.

MRS. COBBS: Indeed I would have him baptized in no other church. With his father an agnostic, I feel the need of all the religious support I can muster in bringing up my son.

MINISTER: Perhaps Mr. Cobb's faith isn't as weak as he thinks it is. Perhaps in a few years the Episcopal Church will recover its strength in Virginia. Our country is so young yet—just think, the United States of America is only nineteen years old! It may well be that young Nicholas Hamner Cobbs will lead his father back to religion.

MUSIC: *(This may be instrumental, or it may be hummed. It also is taken from the Episcopal Hymnal.)*

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end:
Be thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend! *(Fade under the following.)*

NARRATOR: Almost half a century was to elapse before that prophecy came true: yet en route to the wilds of Alabama, where he was to become first Episcopal bishop, Nicholas Hamner Cobbs confirmed his father in his own faith. It is the story of Bishop Cobbs, Saint of the Southern Church, that thehas chosen for today.

MUSIC: *Theme, up and out.*

NARRATOR: When the mother of Nicholas Hamner Cobbs promised to bring her son up in the tenets of the Episcopal Church, she dedicated herself to a heroic task; for as to ministers and missionaries there were none in the settlement near Lynchburg where they lived, nor even in the whole country. She must have done her job well, however, for young Cobbs' interest in the church was a genuine one. At the age of twenty-one he made a hurried trip to the home of a friend some miles away.

SOUND: *Knocking at door.*

MRS. CAREY *(off-mike)*: Just a minute. Just a minute!

SOUND: *Door opening.*

MRS. CAREY: Why, it's young Nicholas Cobbs. Come in, son. I hope nothing's the matter. You look rather warm and excited.

COBBS: Yes, Mrs. Carey; it's awfully hot, particularly when you're traveling as fast as I've been. But I was afraid I'd be too late if I didn't.

MRS. CAREY: Is your mother ill?

COBBS: Oh, no, ma'am.

MRS. CAREY: Your father?

COBBS: No, no, Mrs. Carey; nothing's wrong. I just hurried to see if you had any of those prayer books left. I understand that Bishop Moore has formed a society for distributing copies and that several had been sent to you. I was hoping you'd have one left.

MRS. CAREY: Only a second-hand one, Nicholas; and it's a dollar and a half. Do you happen to have that much ready cash?

COBBS: Yes, I have a little I've saved from my teaching. That's an awful price to pay in cash, but I've wanted a copy a long, long time. I dare say the backwardness of the church in this section of Virginia can in a large part be attributed to the difficulty of securing copies of the prayer book and to its cost.

MRS. CAREY: You are probably right, Nicholas. But Bishop Moore is beginning to gain response in his effort to re-establish the church in Virginia. They say that last year he consecrated two churches, ordained three candidates for holy orders, and admitted four more.

NARRATOR: Bishop Moore's success in re-establishing the Episcopal Church in Virginia was to continue; and more young men continued to enter the ministry. It was on the twenty-third of May, in the year 1824, that Nicholas Hamner Cobbs journeyed to Staunton, where he would take the examination for ordination. Almost as frightened at the thought of the service was he; for in all his twenty-nine years, Cobbs had participated in public worship according to the usage of the church only once.

MUSIC: *Instrumental or hummed: "Oh, Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."*
Fade under the following:

NARRATOR: Ordained as deacon, and admitted in 1825 to the priesthood, Cobbs labored earnestly for his own livelihood and that of his growing family, teaching school five days during the week and devoting Saturdays and Sundays to his priestly duties. Then, in 1834, came his appointment as chaplain at the University of Virginia. His sincerity was never more clearly shown than one evening when he was among the guests at the home of a friend. After dinner he approached one of the other guests, a student at the university:

COBBS: Mr. Galloway?

GALLOWAY: Yes, Mr. Cobbs?

COBBS: I want to tell you how indebted to you I am for the anecdotes you told at the table this evening. I refer, of course, to those related to the ministry and those who serve as ministers. It is not often, my dear sir, that we of the clergy have the benefit of hearing our faults so frankly commented upon. I thank you and trust that I shall profit by your observations.

GALLOWAY: Why, sir, I never dreamed that you were a minister; or I never would have told those stories! Pray, forgive me.

COBBS: There's nothing to forgive, Mr. Galloway. I was in no way rebuking you. My gratitude was sincere.

NARRATOR: This deep sense of humility was to remain with Cobbs throughout his lifetime and was, to a large degree, responsible for his success in all he undertook. Leaving Charlottesville, he held several other churches before becoming bishop; the last of these charges being in Cincinnati. Resigning that post to become bishop of Alabama, he called his slaves around him.

COBBS: All of you have served me faithfully and well. You have given me the gift of yourselves: the work of your hands, the loyalty of your hearts. Such kindness deserves in return that which is equally as great; and since there is no other kindness which is equal, I can give you

back only that which you have so abundantly given me. Therefore I am giving each of you your freedom.

WOMAN: But, suh, us'n don' wan' ter be free. Us'n hain' got nobody ter tek keer of us but you. Tek us with you.

NARRATOR: And so Cobbs' slaves came to Alabama with him, stopping on the way from Cincinnati at the family home where the bishop received his father into the church. By boat he came then to New Orleans and on to Mobile, taking up his residence at Tuscaloosa, then capital of Alabama. His diocese numbered 450 communicants, and covered the whole state. The only railroad in the state ran from Montgomery to the Georgia line; so the chief method of travel was by the boats that plied the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers and on horseback . . . It was early in his residence that Bishop Cobbs announced his intention to pay particular attention to the slave population in the diocese and to remove, if possible, one of the grounds of objection to his church, called the slaveholders' church by some classes. This was prompted perhaps more by resentment of the financial ability to own slaves than by the moral issue involved. In addition to this, Bishop Cobbs pointed out the necessity of drawing men from this section into the ministry; for, as he pointed out, one is better able to serve those he understands; and one naturally understands and is understood better by the people of his own section.

COBBS: Members and friends of the parish: As you know, I have but recently organized a colored congregation in Montgomery. This morning I want to discuss the relationship of owners and slaves, taking as my text the story of Naaman and the Hebrew maid. (*Fade.*)

NARRATOR: Nor were Cobbs' admonitions untimely, for storm clouds were gathering rapidly over Alabama. These were the years of the Mexican War, and heated debates were taking place over the admission or prohibition of slaves in the territory thereby acquired. Alabama, and particularly Montgomery, which had become the state capital in 1846, was the center of the political storm and accused of being the true seat of the slavery and secession propaganda and movement. It was in this town now that Cobbs made his home, following the moving of the state capital; and he also served as rector of St. John's. The slavery and secession problems were troubling him greatly; he believed in union at all costs. But, he was also interested in training Southern ministers:

COBBS: Members of the convention: I should like to submit my plan for a Southern university. The object of the proposed university is to afford a thorough education under the sanctions of the church in a locality convenient of access to our southern youth.

SECOND BISHOP: Bishop Cobbs, the people of New Orleans are vastly interested in the establishment of a Southern university. I have already pledged from the people of my diocese half a million dollars.

COBBS: Thank you, bishop. Alabama will do her share, too, I know. I have sent a circular letter to the bishops of the Gulf states, Georgia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, and Arkansas: the ten plantation states. Enthusiasm is unlimited.

NARRATOR: Enthusiasm *was* unlimited; and on Independence Day, 1857, the bishops of seven dioceses, and hundreds of other interested Southerners, met on the summit of Lookout Mountain to consummate in a common educational interest, the long-desired and much-needed union of the Southern church. Because the scheme had excited suspicion in the North, Independence Day was deliberately chosen for the meeting; the American flag was borne before the procession by one of the last surviving soldiers of the American Revolution, and a band played patriotic airs. Bishop Otey's sermon loudly denied desire of secession:

OTEY: We rear this day an altar, not of political schism, but an "altar of witness" that we are of one faith and one household. We contemplate no strife, save a generous rivalry with our brethren as to who shall furnish to this great Republic the truest men, the truest Christians and the truest patriots.

MUSIC: *Unison singing: "The Church's One Foundation." Fade into bridge at end of first four lines.*

MRS. COBBS: I declare, Bishop Cobbs, the last time you wrote to the Judge, it was to condole him on the loss of his wife. Now here you are writing to congratulate him on the acquisition of another!

COBBS (*laughing*): Well, every man ought to marry; I'm just encouraging the Judge a little.

MRS. COBBS: There's no use wasting your time when he's already married. You'd better encourage Mr. Walker and Mr. Hunt, two of your own ministers. I understand both of them say they'll never marry.

COBBS: Give 'em time; they'll come to their senses!

MRS. COBBS: I'm glad you appreciate the ladies, Bishop Cobbs.

COBBS: A woman is a noble influence on man, Lucy. She forces him to show the better side of his nature. I've noticed when traveling with ladies what a protection to the aesthetic sense they are. That's another reason I want the boys at the University of the South to live in private homes if possible. I really wish that not one student would be allowed to sit at a table of which there is not a lady present to pour the coffee.

MRS. COBBS: Do you think the new University of the South will be located at Huntsville?

COBBS: I've done my best to convince the trustees that Huntsville is the ideal location, but Tennessee seems better to fulfill all the requirements; so the new University of the South will be at Sewanee.

MUSIC: *Instrumental or hummed: "Blest Be the Tie That Binds". Fade under the following:*

NARRATOR: But, although the Southern Church had found unity at last; the impending crisis had not been staved off. Frantically Bishop Cobbs and clergymen everywhere begged for peace and for the continuance of the Union. But he also was thinking of the future and dreaming another dream which in after years was to be realized . . . that of an American Cathedral.

COBBS: Son, I believe a bishop's place is at the Capital, where his influence would be truly metropolitan. I am sometimes tempted to have you come and begin with me my great plan which I wish my successor to carry on, and for which I design to collect materials.

SON: Father, you don't need me to help you.

COBBS: If I were ten years younger, I would start the work at once and would teach the classical school myself, but I'm not. Then, too, as David felt himself unworthy to build the temple, but contented himself with collecting materials, I am restrained from beginning the work not only by my age but by a feeling similar to that of David.

NARRATOR: And it was not until the Secession he had fought had come and the Union been restored that Congress consented to the construction by the Episcopal Church of the National Cathedral—located, as Cobbs had visioned, in the capital. Meanwhile, as dark days of Alabama grew nearer, the aging bishop continued to plead for unity.

COBBS: I wish—I wish that I might die before I'd see Alabama leave the Union!

MUSIC: *Hummed: "The Church's One Foundation". Fade under.*

DAUGHTER: Have you told him?

MOTHER: That South Carolina's seceded? No.

DAUGHTER: I don't see how you've been able to keep it from him this long.

MOTHER: He's too sick to notice anything; and he's conscious so little of the time.

DAUGHTER: I'm glad he doesn't know.

SOUND: *Knock at door.*

MOTHER: You answer that. I'll take a look at your father.

DAUGHTER: All right.

SOUND: *Door opening.*

MAN: Message for Mrs. Cobbs. Here it is.

DAUGHTER: Thank you, I'll take it to her.

MOTHER: Here I am, daughter. I'll take it here.

DAUGHTER: I didn't hear you come up behind me, Mother. Is Father all right?

MOTHER: Your father is asleep. I fear he will not waken.

DAUGHTER: And the message?

MOTHER: The message reads: "Alabama has seceded from the Union."

SOUND: *Bell tolls*—

SOURCES

1. Information supplied by descendants of Bishop Cobbs.
2. White, Greenough: *A Saint of the Southern Church*; Thomas Whittaker, New York, 1900, p. 175.
3. W. P. A.: *Alabama, A Guide to the Deep South*; Richard R. Smith, New York, 1941, pp. 107, 234.

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