
Six Dollars

Spring - Summer

1993

THE HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE
QUARTERLY
Of Local Architecture & Preservation



HAL
PRESENTS HUNTSVILLE

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Founded 1974

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COVER:
Watercolor by Cynthia Massey Parsons.
"Harrison Bros. Hardware" — \$350

THE HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

QUARTERLY

of Local Architecture and Preservation

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Spring-Summer — 1993

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From the Editor:

Appearances are important: when pleasing, they invite one to look again and again. The face and figure of Huntsville still dazzle us. A youthful 188 years old, our city has aged gracefully and with character, owing to preservation of what pleases the eye, jogs the memory, and sustains spirits. That is the message of this issue.

Artists say it best: Huntsville is beauty and interest, color and texture. An especial thanks to HAL and Stuart Siniard, photographer. Writers of all ages, visitors, and even "the enemy" have found fascination here. In this issue, these and "History Day" contributors help us to see ourselves.

More than our Big Spring, square or any public buildings, it is Huntsville's residences that charm. The 1992 Designers' ShowHouse, the Clarke-Dorning House on Adams, invited viewers inside. Thanks to the Designers, the Dornings and especially to the Women's Guild chairman Ginger Fail and co-chairman Ruth Jurenko, the *Quarterly* includes an inside view of this much admired home.

There is a symmetry to this issue. From start to finish we see Huntsville for what it is: pleasing to the eye, the heart and the mind, a place well worth preserving.

From the HHF Board Chairman,

It is now a brief fifteen days into my term as chairman of Historic Huntsville Foundation. I am somewhat in awe of the tasks that await me! As I look at the committee chairmanships which must be filled, the fundraising activities which must be undertaken, the projects which are currently under way and the ones which need to get under way, I cannot help wondering where I will get the people to serve in these capacities. However, I know from past experience with the Foundation, That the Foundation members will come forward. If there are specific areas in which you would like to work, please call me at 539-8737 or drop me a note at P.O. Box 786, Huntsville, AL 35804. I would like to involve as many members as possible in the work of the Foundation.

The Trade Day Committee has been meeting under the direction of Co-Chairmen Wilma Phillips and Pat Ryan. Wanda Carlen is once again working with the vendors and space allocation. Trade Day has become THE activity which lures citizens into the heart of this city. The Long-Range Planning committee, with John Rison Jones as Chairman, has been meeting to map out the direction which the Foundation should take in the next several years. The Bylaws have been reviewed by Nancy Van Valkenburgh and her committee and are just about ready to be voted on by the Board. Harrison Brothers continues to do well under the able direction of managers Wanda Carlen and Aggie Carter. And this is just the work that is in progress, not the work which needs to be done!

I would like to thank Gerald Patterson for all the work which he did as Chairman for the past two years. His tenacity and perseverance are appreciated. I know that Gerald will continue to be a strong worker for the Foundation. He has presented me with a hard act to follow!



HAL GALLERY PRESENTS HUNTSVILLE

Compiled by Nancy Hanning
and Doris Fandre

Black and White Photography by Stuart Siniard

Cynthia Massey Parsons



Randolph Street

Cynthia is a native Alabamian with a BA from Florida State University, is influenced by Thomas Eakins, Singer Sargent, Mary Cassatt and many others which is reflected in her bright and carefree paintings.



3rd Madison County Court House — \$350

Huntsville High 1902





Ed Starnes

Constitution Hall Park "In The Barn"

Mr. Starnes is an accomplished watercolorist influenced by the impressionists during his childhood in Washington D.C. He wants the viewer to share his enjoyment of the interplay of sunlight and shadow. He has won local awards. Selected for inclusion in Exhibitions South 1990 and 1991, he was juried into Panoply and received a Patrons Purchase Award. His paintings are in private and corporate collections throughout the nation.

Mr. Harrison's Umbrella — \$450

Harrison Bros., James and Daniel are said to have carried umbrellas from their White Street homes to their jointly operated hardware store, hence the watercolor of a bit of Huntsville folklore.



**Alma Marks
Sanders**

*First Methodist
Church Steeple*



Park Benches, Big Spring

Taken from atop municipal building, February 1985 Temperature 5°
(This photo was accepted in VBCC juried show.)



Pam Dougherty



Sunday Afternoon at Big Spring — \$300

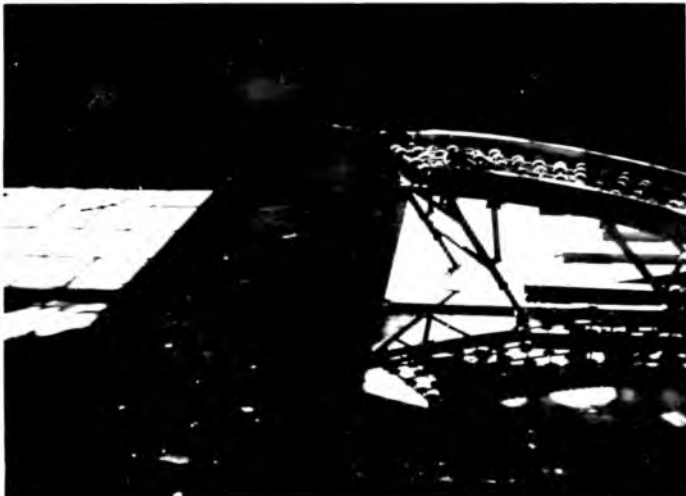
Taken from an old photo in the Heritage room at the public library. The setting looked as though it was out of a Monet or a Renoir painting so she chose to paint it in an impressionist style.

Pam is a professional artist working in pastels loving the pure colors and immediacy. She captures excitement in her work by combining techniques of the impressionists and post impressionists.

Linda Terry

*Reflections of Dallas
Mill — \$100 each*

Linda, with a B.A. from U.A.H. in Studio Art, has been a graphic artist and illustrator for 15 years, currently with Rockwell International. She uses both traditional graphics materials and methods and computers.



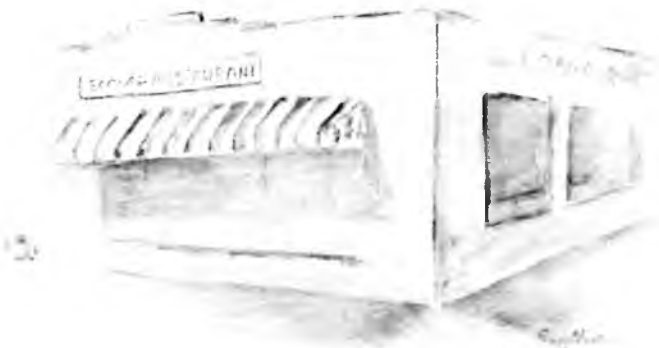
Peggy Montano



Weeden House Doorway

Peggy's aunt and uncle owned the Bon Air. They owned a produce market and home there. Peggy's parents worked and she spent most of her childhood at the restaurant.

Bon Air Restaurant



Marcia Leonard



Cederhurst — \$200

Cederhurst on the corner of Drake and Whitesburg was built in 1825. It is the site of hauntings by Sally Carter even in these recent times.



Mariel Hearn

*Randolph Street —
\$100*

Mariel holds a BA in English from Georgia State, a BA in Studio Art and a BA in Interior Design from U.A.H.

*Stone Wall -
Adams Street —
\$100*



Lois Phillips



Old Federal Square — \$400

Built between 1888-1890, demolished 1954. Situated on Green and Randolph Streets, it housed the Post Office and Federal Court.

Lois paints in watercolors, preferring its freshness and spontaneity. She prefers landscapes and still-lives.

Southern Cotton Seed Oil Company



Anita Hoodless



Weeden House — \$325

Built in 1819 Federal Style at 300 Gates Avenue the birthplace of Miss Maria Howard Weeden. An accomplished artist, Miss Weeden provided for her impoverished family after the Civil War by teaching art in this house.

Anita has her BA from Auburn University. Watercolor is her medium for its challenge, spontaneity and freshness. The fluidity of the medium adds excitement to her paintings.

Constitution Hall — \$360

"Constitution Hall" - Built in 1819. This served as the site for the State's Constitutional Convention.



Marty Vinz



Huntsville Infirmary \$150

Located at corner of Hall and Oak streets, served as Huntsville medical facility from 1904 - 1926.

Marty has taught at Huntsville public schools, HMA, HAL and privately. She has a BS from the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa, UAH, Athens State and Arrowmont School in Tennessee. Dramatic lighting and color, negative space forms, and texture are used to express the artist's feelings toward the subject.

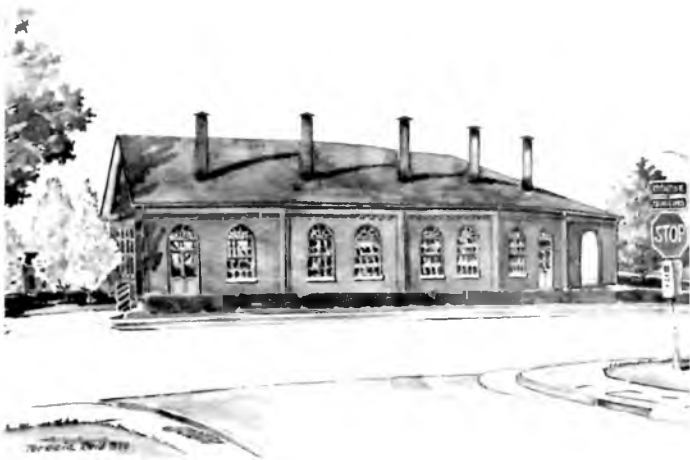
Teresia Reid



Carnegie Library — \$400

St. Mary's Church of the Visitation — \$400





Depot Roundhouse — \$400

First United Methodist Church — \$400

A native Huntsvillian, Teresa's realistic rendering in watercolor and pen and ink, is a real joy to her. She has taken workshops from nationally known artists and has learned lots from working on her own. She is becoming well-known in the area for her paintings of private homes, old buildings, and historic landmarks.



Louise Marsh



Molly Hutchins House — \$425

This house was located at 301 Oak Ave. and Fountain Row. Faced Fountain Row.

Courthouse



Dorothy Montgomery



Old Jones Valley

Dorothy has her associates degree in Fine Arts from El Camino College in California. Having traveled extensively in the US, Europe and the Pacific, her work reflects a variety of subject matter, including landscapes, seascapes and florals, done in a realistic style.

This piece causes one to relive a bit of Huntsville history when the Delta Queen docked along the shore of the Tennessee River.

Excursion to Huntsville — \$400



Melinda McCleary

The Depot — \$650



Betty Bacon

Red Bridge - Big Spring Park



Dana Brown
St. Mary's Church



Karen Young
McCormick House — \$295





Barbara Ward
Lyric Theatre

Pam Nelson
Old Town

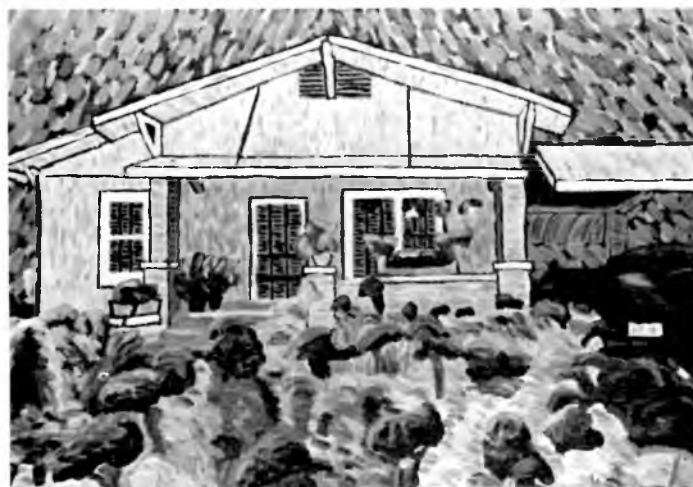


Tom McDonald

First Presbyterian Church

Ollie Oliver

House on Randolph Street



THE HUNTSVILLE ART LEAGUE

On November 24, 1991, the Huntsville Art League stepped into a new era and opened the HAL Gallery and Studio in the Parkway City Mall. Now, seven days a week the public may browse and buy some of the best art available. From traditional art forms to jewelry and crafts, the Gallery exhibits the works of over 50 local artists.

Usually, an artist or two is on hand and a variety of classes is offered throughout the year. By supporting local artists, Huntsvillians have an opportunity to get in on the ground floor and watch their investments grow.

Having lead a peripatetic life — the Terry Hutchens Bldg (1988), the Heart of Huntsville Mall, the Lobby of the Russell Erskine Hotel, shuttled from the Merts Center to Parisians' community room, the Art League is now at home in a busy shopping center that hopefully will insure it a long and profitable residence.

Organized in 1957, HALMA set about trying to secure a museum for the growing community. But, when the Art Museum finally became a reality, "there wasn't room for the organization." (*Huntsville Times*, April 6, 1986)

Membership is open to all. The Art League is a non-profit community organization, a member of the Arts Council, and an important "visual" voice in the community.



Many of these Huntsville paintings are still on display. Inquiries are welcome. Prices are available.

THE CLARKE-DORNING HOUSE

518 Adams Avenue
Huntsville, Alabama

The Clarke-Dorning House is located in the Twickenham Historic District, Huntsville's oldest residential district. It is a handsome late Federal style dwelling built in its entirety in 1835 by Mrs. William Clarke. The house was embellished in the 1850's by Mr. John J. Fackler with antebellum wall and ceiling ornament.

Architectural Design and Notable Features:

The house is built in late Federal design, symmetrical in plan and elevation, two rooms deep, central stair hall, upstairs bedrooms, ground floor reception rooms including large double parlors. It's notable features include a beautiful and correctly proportioned one story Ionic tetrastyle (tetra=4; style=columns) portico, typically Virginian basement consisting of double dining rooms on the north side, connected by a wide service hallway to service areas — butler's pantry and warming kitchen — on the south, and a range of slave quarters. Throughout the house, the simple architectural details are made from fine-grained local timber.

Much remains of the robust handpainted and stenciled 1850s ornament, which provided a sumptuous setting for the balls and masquerades given by previous owners, the Facklers, whose household included four marriageable daughters and eighteen slaves.



Past and Present Owners:

The house has been loved and lived in by many interesting families, including Mrs. Parmelia Bibb, wife of Alabama's second governor, Thomas Bibb. Its charm and character results from the activities of four of its owners:

- Mrs. Susan Clarke, who built the house in 1835.
- Mr. and Mrs. John J. Fackler, who added the elaborate Victorian painted and stenciled wall and ceiling ornament just before the Civil War.
- Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Powell, who from 1943 to 1991 maintained the house with a minimum of structural changes and modernization.
- Mr. and Mrs. Claude Dorning, present owners, who have lovingly preserved the house's fine architectural features and evocative atmosphere, while sympathetically adapting it for gracious, hospitable modern living.

House's Name:

In accepted fashion, the house is currently known as the Clarke-Dorning House, named for it's current owners, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Dorning, and its first owner, Mrs. Susan Clarke. Historically, houses used to be named in a variety of ways: for their present owners, for the most famous person who lived there, for the family who built it, for the family with the longest tenure, etc. For houses that have had many owners throughout the years, the most authoritative, widely accepted nomenclature is:

Original Owner's Name (hyphen) Present Owner's Name

Thus, though many Huntsvillians know this house as the Pynchon-Powell House (named for two recent owners), the Designer's Showhouse '92 follows accepted current practice in calling the house the Clarke-Dorning House. By any name, the house is a rare architectural and decorative treasure.

Owners' History:

The Susan Clarke Era

After the end of the War of 1812, Alabama statehood and peaceful conditions in the Tennessee Valley frontier lured large numbers of Virginians to Madison County. A number of these emigrants, including Captain William Clarke, were members of the famous militia company, the Richmond Blues. Clarke and his wife settled first in a log cabin, then on a large, increasingly productive plantation in Mooresville. In September 1835, after William Clarke's death and the distribution of his handsome estate among his widow and their ten surviving children, Mrs. Clarke purchased 1.85 acres of unimproved property a few blocks from the Huntsville City Square from Benjamin Patterson and James J. Pleasants for \$1,700. Construction of the imposing two story brick mansion, in late federal style, began immediately.

It has been assumed for some years that Mrs. Clarke built only a small dwelling on the Adams Street site, comprising the south portion of the present house. Earlier historians assumed that the double parlors and bedrooms on the north side were added by a later owner, perhaps John J. Fackler, in the 1850s. Historians have determined that this hypothesis must be based on a confusion of the house's history with that of a nearby dwelling also owned by Mr. Fackler.

For some time this version of the house's history has puzzled historians. They noted that the late federal design and detail of the entire house are remarkably uniform, consistent with a date of 1835. They also noted that in 1844 Mrs. Clarke was paid \$10,000 for property she had purchased unimproved for \$1,700 nine years earlier. Real estate and construction documents surviving from the late 1830's for similar Huntsville properties indicate that such a large difference in buying and selling cost could only result from the improvement of the property by the addition of a large and well-built house.

One of the most exciting "finds" of the current restoration has confirmed the new theory that the house was constructed in its entirety by Mrs. Clarke. In the spring of 1992, an inscription dated 1835 was discovered beneath layers of wallpaper removed from a second floor bedroom wall on the house's north side. The inscription — the height measurements of two of the younger Clarke children and the name of their tutor — is definitive documentation that the house was built in its entirety in 1835.

We now know that Mrs. Clarke's new house was, from the beginning, a commodious, well-proportioned, fashionable residence, ideal for a mother and her large family.

Clarke Genealogical Notes:

Captain William Clarke's children were John; Mary (wife of William Mastin); Isabella (wife of Joseph C. Bradley, grandmother of William Bradley and Mrs. Emily Van Valkenburg); William; Ashley; Richard; Sue (wife of Judge William Wynn of Florida); Thomas; Henry; and Jane (wife of Frank Sanders of Abingdon, Virginia).

William Clarke's estate was extensive. It included eighty-nine slaves, shared among his heirs. Not only land but money was also shared; proceeds from Clarke's 1833 cotton crop alone totaled \$2,229, a large cash sum for the period.

The Parmelia Bibb Era

In 1844, Mrs. Clarke moved to Florida. She sold the house and property for \$10,000 to Parmelia Thompson Bibb, daughter of Virginia emigrants Robert and Sara Watkins Thompson of Belle Mina plantation north of Mooresville, and widow of Alabama's second governor, Thomas Bibb.

Bibb Genealogical Notes:

The Bibb children included Adeline (wife of Major James Bradley); Emily (wife of J. J. Pleasants); Thomas; William Dandridge; Porter; Elmira (wife of Archibald Mills); Robert; and Eliza (wife of A. M. Hopkins).

The John J. Fackler Era

After Mrs. Bibb's death in July 1859, the house was sold to Mrs. Margaret McClung, the widow of Madison County legislator Colonel James W. McClung, the brother of the noted duelist Alexander McClung. Two days later, for a \$2,000 profit, Mrs. McClung sold the house to John J. Fackler, a commission merchant, or factor, i.e., an agent who bought and sold goods for the plantation owners he represented. Fackler had been living in the house for several years.

Although Fackler had been described as a cotton commission merchant from New Orleans, recent research indicates that he lived in Huntsville for much of his life. Fackler, a member of Huntsville's earliest Presbyterian congregation, was married on January 17, 1826, to Elizabeth W. Turner, who had moved in Huntsville in 1823 from Caroline County, Virginia.

The John J. Fackler family was large, with family ties to Memphis and New Orleans, important markets for Huntsville cotton. In 1860, the year after Fackler bought the house, U.S. Census records indicate that his Huntsville household consisted of John J. Fackler, age 55, commission merchant; his wife Elizabeth M., also 55; their son, John T. Fackler, 31, a lumber dealer; and four daughters: Jane (possibly "Gypsy", 23); Sallie (Sarah Morgan, 21); Elvira, 19; and Mary Y., 16. According to the 1860 Alabama Slave Schedules, eighteen slaves also lived on the property.

Sixteen slaves were on the property of John J. Fackler:
Four black women - ages 65, 45, 30, and 25

Two mulatto males - ages 35 and 20
Two black males - ages 18 and 17
Eight children -
 One black boy - age 10
 Three mulatto boys - ages 11, 9 and 7
 Two mulatto girls - age 4
 Two mulatto girls - ages 3 and 1

In addition, John T. Fackler's two slaves are also registered as living on the Adams Street property:

One black male - age 18
One mulatto woman - age 16.

Fackler Genealogy Notes:

Documents indicate that Fackler had several children, including Gypsy, Sara Morgan, John William, and Calvin. In addition to the names recorded in the 1860 census, Mrs. Fackler's 1871 will lists Charles W. Fackler (a son or grandson?); Elizabeth Nichol of Nashville, Tennessee (another daughter? another name for Elvira? Elvira's daughter?); and J. Kirk; Calvin B.; and D. Turner Fackler of Danville Kentucky (most likely John T.'s sons). A July 26, 1854, Huntsville newspaper reports the July 5 marriage of Mr. John T. Fackler of New Orleans to Miss Jane C. Reed of Boyle County Kentucky. John T. later moved to Danville, Kentucky where he was living when his mother's will was probated in 1871.

Another Fackler son, Calvin M. Fackler, is reported in a January 26, 1853, Huntsville newspaper as married in Memphis on January 12 to Miss Anna S. Kirk, of Memphis.

An October 24, 1828 Huntsville newspaper records the October 21 death of "William Fackler, young gentleman." William may be John J.'s brother, cousin, or possibly another son. The John J. Facklers were married in 1926, and had a son William, who predeceased his mother.

Embellishments and Ornamentation:

Fackler, his wife and family were extremely hospitable. Their home was the setting for lavish balls, masquerades and other entertainment, complete with string orchestra and perfumed with flowers from the Fackler's terraced gardens. Traces of the garden, reputedly laid out by an English gardener, survived into the 1960's.

Recent preservation efforts reveal that the Facklers embellished the house's principal rooms with bold, handsome wall and ceiling ornaments, executed in a combination of stencil and hand painting. Preserved by later wallpaper, much remains of this handsome Classicizing Victorian ornament, in a sophisticated palette of grays, deep green and Venetian red.

Trompe l'oeil chandelier medallions featured rounded, handpainted acanthus leaves. In the parlors, handpainted leafy motifs, connecting the ceiling medallions with corner ornaments, divide the ceiling into four quarters, each infilled with simpler stenciled motifs. At the top of the walls are remains of a handpainted molding consisting of a repeated motif of horizontal foliage bordering classical medallions. On the walls, fool-the-eye illusionistic painted pilasters create frames for now-low cost Classical vistas; and trompe l'oeil frames above the mantelpieces once enclosed nostalgic painted scenes of classical ruins.





Decorative Painting Notes:

During the Victorian era, cold, multicolored classically derived ornamentation replaced the earlier simplicity of whitewashed walls. Expensive, luxurious wallpapers catered to this new decorative taste — but only if the purchaser was in no hurry, for it took months for those living in inland cities to order and receive goods.

Itinerate artists could complete decorative schemes more quickly — and usually less expensively. Combining freehand painting and stencilwork, they created ceiling, wall, and border treatments that echoed the designs of the most popular wallpapers but had the added charm of handiwork. They brought their equipment with them -- tools for measuring and laying out their designs, long handled brushes, dry colors that could be mixed on the spot into paint, and stencils cut from heavy paper coated with oil, paint, and shellac to make them flat and firm.

The Pynchon and Powell Era

In 1871, Sara Fackler Pynchon, the wife of a physician, inherited the house from her mother, with whom she had been living for some years. She lived in the house until her death in 1924, continuing the family tradition of hospitality.

After Mrs. Pynchon's death, Calvin Morgan Fackler of Danville, Kentucky inherited the house. Two other families, Ruth W. and John Lee Robinson, then Anne Ford and James Blythe, owned the house before its purchase in 1943 by Dudley Sale and Kathryn W. Powell, who lived here for many years. The house was recently purchased from Mrs. Powell by the present owners.

NOTE: Before Mrs. Pynchon died, she carefully labeled her possessions — furniture, utensils, and family memorabilia with the names of the relative designated to inherit it.

Wonderful and Curious Facts About the Clarke-Dorning House:

Much research has been done on the house and its history, some by its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Dorning, and some by Huntsville historians.

Curious Facts: Front Parlor

Workmen uncovered the inscription "Bill Johnston (Johnson)" and a date of 1877. The Dornings have discovered that he was a cotton commission merchant with Calvin (Cal), Fackler's son.

Curious Facts: Dining Room



Visitors to the house often wonder why one light fixture in a major downstairs room is hung off-center from the painted ceiling medallion. The medallion came first, a handpainted ornament added to the house when the Fackler family redecorated in 1859. Later, when the house was electrified, workmen running electric wiring drilled through the ceiling — and in the wrong place! Rather than risk damage to the painting, the cord opening was left as it was — a curiosity, and an unexpected idiosyncrasy.

Curious Facts: Back Parlor

Visitors will enjoy seeing a precious pair of 18k gold errings in a special display. During the renovation, these errings were found in a crack between the heart of pine floors in the back parlor. Perhaps these errings were lost by a young Fackler daughter during a spirited waltz or gavotte; perhaps they were hidden from Union soldiers during the Civil War. It's easy to imagine romantic circumstances for this delightful find.

Curious Facts: Master Bedroom

The locks on the doors throughout the house also attest to its 1835 origins. They were all made by Carpenter and Co., in Willenhall, Staffordshire, England. (The handles were also made in Staffordshire.) The locks bear a brass seal attached to the front plate bearing the words "Carpenter and Co, Patentees," a phrase used by the company to identify its products until 1844.

The keepers of these locks are all embossed with the British Royal Arms. All bear the initials of W R, which stands for "William Rex", King William IV, who ruled England between 1830 and 1837. Such initials indicate the name of the reigning monarch (when William died, these initials were replaced by V R for Queen Victoria). Thus, the locks and their keepers are mute evidence of the dating of the entire house to 1835.

Carpenter and Co. made locks in England starting about 1790; quite expensive — exceptionally sturdy — they are also the handsomest locks used in early nineteenth century American houses.



More Curious Facts: Frescos in the Double Parlors
(Taken from an article in *The Huntsville Times*)

Mrs. Claude Dorning knew the frescos were in the parlors from historians who had written about the house and former residents, yet when she began removing layers of wallpaper she had no idea what she would uncover. Through painstaking work on the walls and ceilings, enough of the original designs have been uncovered to give artist Cecilia Alonso a good idea as to how the room should look. Even the muted tones of the frescos have been mixed to match bits of paint left on the back of the removed wallpaper.

Fragments from a Newcomer's Kaleidoscope: First Impressions of Huntsville

Diane Ellis

Rust-red earth ... clayey ... can't be cotton country down there. Cotton grows in the Mississippi Delta and someplace called the Black Belt, doesn't it? Look, it's flat over there by the airport, but those hills in the distance don't look agricultural. I wonder what went on around here before this place became the Rocket City?

A newcomer's first impressions about a place can sure be off the mark — especially a Yankee newcomer's notions about a place in the South. In her book *Alabama: A History*, Virginia Van der Veer Hamilton exposed one Yankee's ignorance about the South's most famous crop with the story of the soldier who, more familiar with coats of Union wool than Confederate cotton, astonished a resident of Louisville, Alabama by asking her to identify the white flowers growing in a nearby field. I can sympathize with the fellow. On a July day shortly after I arrived in Huntsville, I found myself stopping by a field to peer closely at some unfamiliar plants and their blossoms. I thought they were probably cotton plants, but, by now having read Hamilton's anecdote, I didn't feel like asking questions for fear of being the latest laughingstock from the North. It was only in October, when I saw, near Madison, the vast cocoa-colored fields sprinkled with their unmistakable snowy crop that I realized Huntsville was indeed cotton country.

Well, perhaps a newcomer may be forgiven for not getting it right at first: The experiences of one's early days in a city create colorful but fragmentary first impressions, not the whole mosaic. Still, even an unfinished painting can illustrate truth, and a newcomer's views offer a fresh perspective on things that old-timers may take for granted.

I've gathered the fragments of my first impressions of Huntsville and examined them against the patterns of other places and experiences. I scatter these images here before they fade, and before the time comes when I can no longer plead "newcomer" as an excuse for ignorance and wrong turns. Before long, I'll be expected to know the identity of the mystery mansion on Kildare near Oakwood and the difference between mustard greens and collards, and to enjoy sweetened iced tea and unsweetened corn bread. My kaleidoscope will glitter with new fragments, and when someone asks, "Where are you from?" I'll answer without hesitation, "Oh, Huntsville, Alabama!"

TIME TRAVELER

"Yes, ma'am" and "no, sir" ... dip dogs at the Zesto for 89 cents and grilled cheese sandwiches at Mullins for a dollar. ... grocery clerks who not only carry groceries to your car but also unload them from your basket to the check-out counter ... neighborhoods ... front porches and porch swings and front doors open late on summer nights ... storm cellars ... bungalows ... hipped roofs, peaked roofs, tin roofs and more tin roofs ...

Coming to Huntsville from the East Coast megalopolis was like entering a time-warp. Not that Huntsville is a slow and sleepy Mayberry. People here certainly drive like Yankees, going Northerners one better by disdaining the use of the turn signal. And it isn't that progress and modernism have bypassed the city; Huntsville is a cosmopolitan city and a locus of leading-edge technology whose showcase — the U.S. Space & Rocket Center — is also the state's leading tourist attraction. The city encourages new ventures and the newspapers are full of plans for future growth.

Yet, when I came to Huntsville I had a strong feeling of stepping into the past — not the expected romanticized antebellum past, but a familiar past of my own experience. I grew up in the Midwest and in Connecticut with no first-

hand knowledge of the South till I was an adult. Why did I have this feeling of *deja vu* and even a growing sense of longing? After awhile I began to realize that what I was feeling was a catch-in-the-throat nostalgia for a 1940s and '50s childhood, triggered by the remnants of life in those decades that are still present in Huntsville. Bargain prices for lunch counter "fast food"; old-fashioned bungalows with porches where families idle away summer nights telling stories; warm greetings between friends and good manners between strangers; neighborhood restaurants where everyone knows everyone else; a "downtown" I might have visited as a child, these are some of the small-town pleasures I remembered from my childhood and rediscovered in Huntsville.

To my surprise, many Huntsville residents seem nostalgic for that time, too, and even for the earlier years of this century. In a Civil War town rich in antebellum structures and home to families that were here before 1861, I expected constant encounters with stories about life in the Old South, with Civil War heroes and demure belles and old plantations. In fact, it's the recent past that I've heard more about, the days when Huntsville was truly a cotton town and textile producer, before the dawning of the Space Age. For many, it is the mill that's remembered, not the mansion.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH!

Magnolias and crape myrtle ... storytelling ... family trees ... Southern hospitality ... hushpuppies and barbecue ... Temperance Street ... grits ... the kindness of strangers ... teetotalers ... debutante balls for dogs ... "Christian Painters" ... churches! ...

"Oh, Huntsville's not like the rest of the South, or even Alabama," I heard so often after I arrived. But to a Yankee newcomer, there's still plenty about Huntsville that is very Southern indeed. One of my delights has been experiencing first hand those aspects of the South that I'd read so much about in the literature of the region.

More than any other American geographical section, the South retains distinctive traits. These can be puzzling, or maddening, or endearing, but they're never boring. Even in the midst of this bustling, high-tech city with its New South outlook and international population (a WLRH library report said that of the library's collection of foreign language films on videocassette, more are in Chinese than any other foreign language), the regional characteristics are all here: the penchant for storytelling, the intense ancestor worship and preoccupation with genealogy, old-time religion, temperance, and hospitality.

The oral tradition, for example, is alive and well in Huntsville. On our first trips to the city to buy furniture and arrange for the services we would need, my husband and I never could finish half our errands because everyone had a story to tell. Selling a sofa was secondary to relating an account of growing up with an errant father ("Daddy always had money, but he never spent it at home"). The washer and dryer could wait; there were views on the best fishing holes to exchange. One had to be patient. After awhile we fell into the rhythm of these ceremonies and got to like the stories and to value the personal interest that underlay strangers' inquiries about us. Back East, there isn't time for these exchanges. Life's too intense, things move too fast, people are too guarded. Trying to be friendly with strangers would, as a friend once said about trying to drive courteously in Boston, just complicate things.

I began to get an idea of why the narrative tradition is so strong in this part of the world when amusing things reminiscent of a Flannery O'Connor tale started happening soon after I arrived. I wasn't in Alabama three weeks before I'd won — what else? — a watermelon. But not an ordinary watermelon. Mine was an exploding watermelon. Shortly after I brought the prize home, I heard a groaning sound coming from it and noticed that it looked a little frothy. Then I read the newspaper stories about watermelons afflicted with a disease that caused them to explode. I quickly disposed of mine while it was still in a pre-

detonation state of ooze, but the reality of exploding watermelons made me wonder what I was in for in my new home. A few days later, suffering from the allergies Huntsville natives had warned me about, and feeling near death's door, I heard footsteps on the front porch and opened the door to find two earnest young women wanting to sell me cemetery plots. How did they know??

Southern storytelling, of course, glows with colorful language, and since I've been in Alabama I've encountered wonderful expressions: "poor as Job's turkey" and "common as pig tracks" (gleaned from Virginia Foster Durr's autobiography), and the doleful imagery of "alcohol put patches on my jeans," learned from Mississippi friends. More sparkle was added to this tradition one evening when a Huntsville television weather reporter predicted that the night would be "warm and starry."

The narratives included talk about who is "kin" to whom, and how and when, and what the consequences of that kinship are. Even when folks aren't connected by blood or marriage, everyone seems to know everyone else. It's difficult to sort all this out. Trying to untangle the skein of relationships that binds Huntsvillians past and present is not for the fainthearted; anyone wanting to do so should first practice on something simple, like the family tree of the House of Hapsburg. Southern ancestor worship is itself storytelling material. According to our Mississippi friends, the poet Louis Untermeyer was once invited to speak to a group of Southern women. After long thought about what topic to lecture on, he decided to discuss the mead-hall in early English poetry. He delivered his lecture to an attentive audience, and afterwards an excited woman hurried to the podium. "Oh, Mr. Untermeyer," she beamed, "I so much enjoyed your lecture: my mother was a Mead!"

In truth, coming from a part of the country where so many people are in transit, and where family ties and connections to a hometown have weakened or disappeared, I find the continuity of these relationships reassuring. Many

descendants of early citizens still live here. Streets are named for forebears of current residents. This continuity contributes to Huntsville's high level of historical consciousness and strong sense of identity and guarantees a core of citizens determined to preserve the city's treasures, tangible and intangible. This continuity also contributes to the special civic pride that defines Huntsville, a community spirit so contagious that even a newcomer feels responsible for preserving the city's unique characteristics.

Southern historical continuity also persists in the presence of old-time religion. Churches, high and mighty, and low and modest, dominate the landscape and the culture. here are churches in humble garages and churches with magnificent mosaics that allude to modern exploration of the heavens; storefront churches and churches that might have been lifted intact from an English town; sprawling suburban churches that seem to be complete communities unto themselves; and churches with marvelous names and mysterious theologies: Full Gospel Church of Deliverance, Restoration Foursquare Church, Truth Independent (an alarming notion to a born-and-bred Catholic!) Baptist Church, and the confident Unfailing Love Fellowship. Here are Living Christmas Trees and Live Nativities.

Old-time religion appears, too, in an ad for "housecleaning by Christian sisters," in a sign on a panel truck advertising "The Christian Painters," and in the assumption underlying the question I've been asked several times: "What church do you attend?" This is a question that never would have been asked in other places I've lived. At first I was shocked by it, but I began to realize that it was asked in a friendly spirit of invitation and - in the same way one might be asked about family connections - was meant. as Virginia Durr writes, to "place" me.

Old-time religion also plays a major role in the South's attitudes towards drinking. The temperance tradition is especially strong in a homogeneous population with little influence from ethnic groups whose cuisines and rituals

include alcohol. I imagine Huntsville is probably more liberal than much of Alabama, but still there are laws here that stem from strong religious views about drinking. Surprisingly, beer and wine are sold in that respectable venue, the supermarket. But not on Sunday, not even non-alcoholic beer. And you have to carry it out in a bag. It does encourage one to skulk. Occasionally, I've sensed a touch of defensiveness on the part of wine and beer buyers at the supermarket and disapproval of these purchases from other shoppers. There are also euphemisms. Some convenience stores and mini-marts advertise their alcoholic wares as "beverages," like the Victorians, whose sensibilities led them to refer discreetly even to piano legs as "limbs."

On the matter of religion, I'm still trying to figure out the link between the gospel and football. I know there is one because football keeps cropping up in religious contexts, sometimes sharing equal billing with the presumed Object of one's attention. I've heard a minister discuss football scores during a sermon, and have witnessed the introduction of a visiting clergyman to a business group as the spiritual adviser to two famous college coaches.

Finally, Huntsvillians have turned the good old tradition of Southern hospitality into a fine art. To newcomers, they are kind, generous, and genuinely concerned about the new arrivals' well-being. Courtesy is the medium of exchange between folks going about their business. There is also extensive entertaining in Huntsville, which reinforces all kinds of relationships while upholding the reputation Southerners have for loving a good party.

THE LADIES: TIME TRAVELING AGAIN

Women who don't work outside the home ... women who don't work outside the home AND have maids! women who are called "ladies" and don't object ... fashion plates ... volunteers!

I suspected that women might occupy a different social position here from that of women in the Northeast when I noticed that almost all the business, professional, and military travelers at the airport were men. Although I haven't seen the statistics, it appears that there are far fewer working women here than in many other parts of the country, where women who don't hold jobs outside the home are often hard to find. In Delaware, for example, activities for women wouldn't be scheduled during the day, and one would find nowhere near the number of teas, luncheons, fashion shows, fundraisers, and similar "women's" gatherings. And in Huntsville, women are often still called "ladies." Other little clues suggest that the participation of women in business and the professions is not fully realized: signs in a downtown parking garage advise their customers that certain "businessmen and professional firms will validate parking fees for customers and clients;" guest nametags for meetings of a business and professional service organization anticipate only male attire when they instruct the wearer to "slide card into breast pocket."

Women aren't as involved in politics here as they are in the North either. Of 140 Alabama state legislators, eight (about 5 percent) are women. Only Kentucky and Louisiana have fewer women in their legislatures. Huntsville has no women on its city council. There isn't even a chapter of the League of Women Voters in the city. Politics is a man's game here. Yet women are especially qualified for political leadership: they have always been experts, for example, on the very issues that need so much attention — education, social welfare, health care, and the family. And studies show that women, perhaps because they are culturally conditioned to seek harmony and avoid confrontation, are adept at conflict resolution and consensual decision-making and problem-solving — good skills for legislators.

If men and women play distinctly different roles here, occupying "separate spheres," to recall again the Victorians, it's the boardroom and legislature's loss, but the city of Huntsville's gain. Scores of talented and capable women

have contributed their energies, commitment, and creativity toward building a community with strong social services, remarkable cultural excellence, and great civic pride. To accomplish this, Huntsville women have had to exercise the same skills top players in business, politics, and the professions exercise, from complicated financial management to savvy marketing strategies to the fine art of the deal. I have a feeling that many of Huntsville's riches owe their existence to the cleverness and determination of talented women on a mission.

HUNTSVILLE'S SPECIAL TREASURES AND PLEASURES: THE PRESERVATION IMPERATIVE

The farmer's market ... dog-trot barns ... pansies ... Monte Sano ... Fort Book ... Gazebo Concerts ... luminaries ... UAH and A&M ... vistas and views ... Big Spring Park ... architecture ... music, art, theater ... the railroad depot ... diversity ... museums ... WLRH ... the Botanical Garden ... community spirit!

In less than a year, I have come to appreciate Huntsville for its natural beauty, diverse architectural treasures, rich cultural climate, and unique community spirit. The city's cultural climate and community spirit weave together, blending Old Huntsville's values of preservation and continuity with New Huntsville's influences of diversity and cosmopolitanism. The result is a rich tapestry of talent and civic pride that includes musicians, actors, artists, and dancers; interest groups (for quilters or calligraphers, fern growers or herb fanciers, folk dancers or embroiderers, sacred harp singers or dulcimer devotees, toastmasters or table tennis players); societies (of Sons of the American Revolution, women engineers, Iwo Jima veterans, government accountants, amateur and professional historians and preservationists, literature lovers, and jazz and poetry buffs); volunteers (over 350 just at the Adult Learning Center); and a host of cultural and civic benefactors. Corporate sponsorship and support of community projects is especially strong.

It is the continuing vitality of Huntsville's community spirit on which we must depend for the protection of the city's physical and architectural riches. Our natural treasures are obvious: mountains, breathtaking vistas, a spring-fed lake in the middle of town, native flora, fertile fields, waterways. Some of these blessings have been transformed by human creativity into parks and gardens, such as the delightful botanical garden. Preserving them in the face of growth is challenging. Residential development on the mountains, pressures to build near Big Spring Park, the tendency to throw up new buildings instead of recycling older structures, the constant threat of encroachment from the automobile's appetite for land all warrant vigilance. Over the last 10 years, I and other Delawareans witnessed a highly touted business boom destroy thousands of acres of beautiful forests and irreplaceable farm land, along with their ecosystems. These precious resources gave way to tract housing, shoddy strip malls, and highways that somehow never eased the nightmarish traffic jams brought about by the much vaunted "economic growth."

It is not only nature's gifts that want safeguarding. Buildings need protection, too. The third courthouse, the Carnegie Library, the post office at Eustis and Green, which was demolished to make way for a parking lot, are accessible now only in photograph or watercolor. And only the Lowe cotton mill building (now a warehouse) remains for possible use as a museum about an important part of Huntsville's history. Of course, many communities have suffered worse depredations. The 1960's and '70's zeal for "progress" set the wrecking ball to ravaging American cities with the determination of the grim reaper at his scythe. Huntsville has done much better than many cities in preserving its architectural heritage and in maintaining a viable downtown in the face of the growing attraction of suburbs and malls.

Threats are ever present, however. Something as intangible as a view that gives a special feel to a place can be at risk. The city of Portland, Oregon has judged views of

Mount Hood to be so precious that the city has enacted strict municipal regulations to protect "view corridors." (The Atlantic, November 1992) San Francisco has removed part of an expressway that destroyed a view of its waterfront. In Huntsville, Big Spring Park is a vital focal point for the city. The view of the area as the eye sweeps around the lake I hope remains unspoiled by high-rises in the inner ring of the park, or new parking garages, or by any construction on its open spaces.

The automobile poses the biggest and most constant threat to land, buildings, and quality of air and life, especially during periods of economic growth. Cars devour land for roads (even in the case of elevated expressways, miles and miles of land underneath the concrete are cast in permanent shadow and rendered useless for anything except attracting windblown trash) and for parking (meaning buildings like the old post office are threatened with demolition for parking lots and garages). Across the country, many civic groups have battled with highway enthusiasts who wanted expressways in areas that would have been forever altered by their construction. Can you imagine New Orleans's Vieux Carrè with an elevated expressway running through and over it? That was a serious proposal years ago (perhaps conceived by the same city planners who thought replacing streetcars with buses was a good idea). In the PBS series *Eyes on the Prize*, residents of Overtown, Florida who spoke about underlying causes of riots in that city claimed that their formerly vital community of 20,000 people was ruined when an interstate highway came through, taking away the homes of half the population. According to a prominent Delaware historian, downtown Wilmington began to decline when I-95 was built, breaking up neighborhoods and destroying a sense of community.

Huntsville has the new 565 interstate spur, and it is a wonderful, convenient road. Long-time residents can judge better what the new road's impact has been with the demolition of sections of the mill villages and the incursion into residential neighborhoods. Life is understandably

easier, but I hope that the city will take care that future highway development does not destroy what has been so painstakingly preserved for generations to come. I've met many people who have moved to Huntsville from communities all over the country. Like me, they've caught the contagious spirit of pride that animates their new city. Like me, many of them have seen what happened elsewhere when the delicate interplay of progress and preservation was disrupted.

POSTSCRIPT: WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

Still missing from this newcomer's kaleidoscope are images of black Americans' contributions to Huntsville's history. Possibly I haven't looked yet in the right places to fill in the gaps in my knowledge of black history in Huntsville and Madison County. My first visits to Huntsville's historic sites yielded little mention of the presence of black Americans in Huntsville's history and no mention of their contributions. Not at the depot, where facts about men and women occupying separate waiting rooms years ago were part of the tour material for the general public, but nothing was said about the much more significant (and recent) separation by race. Not, either, at some of the historic buildings I've visited, where no reference was made to the sweat and skills that black laborers and artisans must have contributed to these fine structures.

I'm looking forward to learning more about prominent black citizens in Huntsville's history, as well as about the life of black people here during the mill era and the civil rights years. Without reflections of all the story's participants, my impressions will be a collection of unfocused fragments, not a clear, complete picture.

A PHOTO TOUR



There's an architectural style for everyone in Huntsville. Spanish-style house on Walker Street.

BELOW: What IS this place??





Mill Village church ca. 1907 on Humes Avenue lives on as an antique store. Store owners stripped and preserved original exterior and interior. Roof was repainted. Shutters are new but reproduce originals.



In a splendid reincarnation, stately columns from demolished courthouse grace the botanical garden's entranceway.



Goodbye to all that: smokestack of old Merrimack Mill shortly before it was demolished.

“... bare ruin'd choirs ...”
All that remains of Monte Sano
tavern. Sometimes leaving
ruins alone is the best way to
preserve the past.



Not the Elgin Marbles, but column pieces from third
courthouse are worth preserving — maybe just like this.

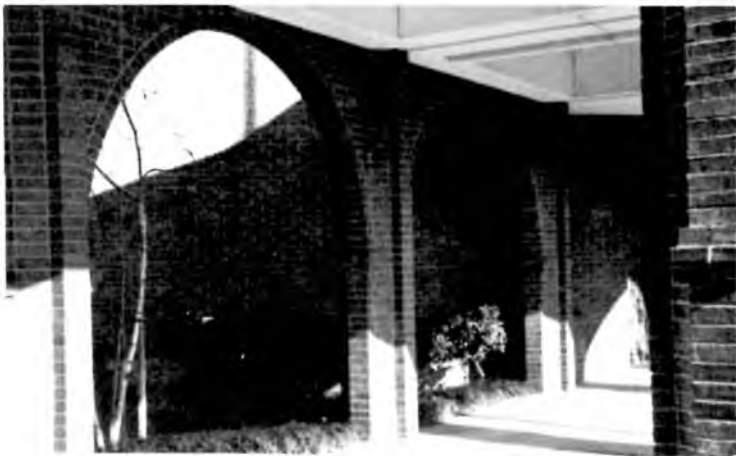
Ruins of an old dairy spring house
in northeast Huntsville.



The library: looks impregnable but all it takes to breach this stronghold and plunder its treasure is a little white membership card.



BELOW: A friendly arched ambulatory softens the library's fortress-like features.



HUNTSVILLE
 APOSTOLIC OVERCOMING HOLY
 CHURCH OF GOD

Sunday School	9:30
Worship Service*	11:00
Sunday Night	7:00

3110 Bob Wallace Drive

Pastor. Kelvin Davis

Bishop. Jasper Roby

Some of Huntsville's churches:
 wonderful names and mysterious
 theologies to a Yankee Catholic.



TRUTH INDEPENDENT
 BAPTIST CHURCH

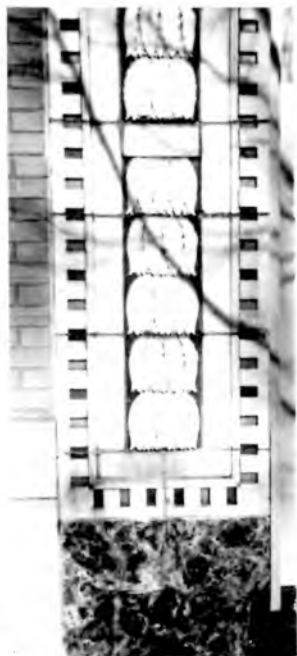
LORDS DAY		SERVICES	WEDNESDAY
BIBLE STUDY	10 AM	PASTOR	BIBLE STUDY 7 PM
WORSHIP HOUR	11 AM	<i>C.E. Hammond</i>	Phone 883-8679
EVENING WORSHIP	6 PM		533-6897

VICTORY EVANGELISTIC
 PENTECOSTAL CHURCH

WED. 7:30 p.m. Prayer/Bible Study
 FRI. 7:30 p.m. Evangelistic Service
 SAT. 11:00 a.m. Ministries of Teaching



Miscellaneous magic from Huntsville's architecture: stained glass windows, and details from downtown buildings.



RIGHT: Can you still see men in greatcoats and ladies in crinolines alighting from hansom cabs n Twickenham and Old Town? Numerous carriage blocks dot neighborhood streets.





**No preservationist feelings for this.
Do parking garages ever get torn down in the name of progress?**



PHOTOMONTAGE— ABOVE and NEXT PAGE:

**The automobile, marvelous servant, also consumes land,
fouls the air, and breeds ugliness.**

JAKE'S AUTO CLEAN - UP

VANCE MORRIS
MOTOR CO. &
BODY SHOP

MR.



TRANSMISSION

Village Car Wash

COOK'S
TRUCK
CENTER INC.

HEAVY DUTY
TRUCK & TRAILER
PARTS

ACTION  MAKES
DAILY CHECKS
AUTO ELECTRIC
SERVICE

ALTERNATORS/STARTERS/GENERATORS

ALL PRO
AUTOMOTIVE
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC
551-0701

SKIP'S AUTO
REPAIR
AUTO AC
SERVICE

*Auto
Wash*

PAUL'S
AUTO PARTS,
INC.

NANCE
TRANSMISSION
SERVICE





Poignant commentaries: Pedro, a chihuahua buried in Maple Hill Centery, was accorded a name on a headstone; slaves often were not.

MEET OUR NEW NEIGHBORS

Diane Ellis was born in Chicago and lived in Illinois and Michigan before moving with her family to Stamford, Connecticut, where her parents still live. She earned a B.A. degree from Marquette University and completed all course work for an M.A. in English at Tulane University. She and her husband, Jack, lived for 25 years in Newark, Delaware before moving to Huntsville in July 1992, when Jack became Dean of the College of Liberal Arts at UAH. Diane has taught literature and composition, worked in corporate communications and public relations, and acted as the University of Delaware's "quality control" for graduate theses and dissertations. Currently, she is a volunteer with TASC and a volunteer at the Adult Learning Center, where she teaches essay writing to students preparing for the GED exam.

Jack Ellis was born in Oklahoma and grew up there and in East Texas. He graduated from Baylor University with a B.A. and earned an M.A. and Ph.D. in history from Tulane University. After graduating from Tulane, he joined the faculty of the University of Delaware and spent 25 years there, four and a half of them as chair of the history department. In July 1992, he accepted the position of Dean of the College of Liberal Arts at UAH. His most recent book is **The Physician-legislators of France: Medicine and politics in the early Third Republic, 1870-1914**, published in 1990 by Cambridge University Press.

OUR IMPRESSIONS AND MEMORIES OF MADISON COUNTY

Contributions by:
5th grade students in Madison County
September 6, 1991
Liberty Middle School

Heat of Dixie
Utility
Nice Schools
Tornadoes
Space & Rocket Center
Von Brown Civic Center
Interesting
Library
Liberty Middle School
Exciting

Bryan Lizardo

Huntsville is fun
Unforgettable
Not big or small
Terrific
Stupendous
Very historical
Inventive
Live action
Let it be the one
Even the best

Gloria Lamar

Madison: A Great Place to Live

M is magnificent scenery

A is amazing schools

D is delightful climate

I is inventive minds

S is southern hospitality

O is organized sports

N is national pride

Ian Harvey

Marvelous

Active all the time

Dependable

Industrious

S is southern hospitality

O is organized sports

N is national pride

Caring

Open hearted

Understanding people

NASA

The Best Place to Live

Yours and mine

Leslie Atnip

Madison County

Madison County is rarely heard about but it has some really great things! Madison County was the first in some areas like the first water system in Huntsville. Madison county also has many different places, like flat cotton fields, Monte Sano State Park, and small streams and creeks that feed into the mighty Tennessee River. For looking into the past, you only have to go to Constitution Hall Park. And to see a glimpse of the present or the future, visit the Space and Rocket Center. So even though Madison County is not the most famous place, it still means a lot to those of us that live here.

Allison Case

Hi, my name is Scott Santoro. One of my memories of Huntsville is of The Space and Rocket Center. One ride, The Simulator, made me sick, but I liked it! Another memory is of the Train Depot, it's cool! They have a gift shop and a museum. There's even a trolley that takes you around Huntsville. The trolley even takes you to an ice cream parlor. I saved the best for last, The Street Fair! It happens every year, in September. I get to see all my friends there and you can play games and win prizes. All and all, I have a lot of memories of Huntsville.

Scott Santoro

The Reason I Like North Alabama

The reason I like North Alabama is because there are a lot of fun things to do. There is Panoply, that is one of my favorite things. Then there is the Space and Rocket Center. And Constitution Hall, the Civic Center, and the Parade at Christmas.

I also like it because my family is here. My grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins.

Chase Kenegan

Once there was a mother of twins parade. I got to ride on the float and wave to people while they waved back. All my friends were there, even my teacher. My brother saw his friends and everybody else. It seemed like everyone in Huntsville and Madison County was there. My mom and dad were taking pictures of everything and everyone. It was windy and balloons were flying in the sky. The sky was nice and clear, not a cloud in the sky.

Kylie Jordan

I moved to Madison County when I was 12 months old. I have lived in Madison all my life. I enjoy the Street Fairs we have every year. My family does many things at the Street Fair. We buy many things there and play lots of games. My family also enjoys going to Panoply. We all enjoy looking at the beautiful artwork and making our own artwork on the sidewalks. Everyone in my family enjoys living in Madison County, especially me!!

Allison Whitworth

MADISON HISTORY: A Student's Perspective

Courtney Losset - 1991

Settlers came to the area in 1856 because of the coming of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. This provided them with a faster and cheaper way to ship their crops to market. The town was named "Madison Station" after James Madison.

Several battles were fought around the area in the Civil War. "The Affair at Madison Station" was one of them. This attack on the town occurred May 17, 1864 when Confederate soldiers burned the depot and captured Union soldiers' supplies. After the war ended, Madison was incorporated on November 30, 1869 and the "Station" was dropped to become simple "Madison."

Madison's unusual landmark, the roundhouse, was built in the 1880's and first used as a well. It was operated by a double hand-lever pump. It was built during the time Captain John B. Floyd (who served in the Civil War) was mayor. Over the well, there was an octagon-shaped, one-story building which served many purposes. It was used as a city hall. Elections, card playing, and hair cutting (once a week when the barber was there) were held there also. This historic landmark was sold and torn apart in 1938. It was rebuilt during the street fair on September 21, 1986. It still stands in downtown Madison.

In 1955, Madison's population grew because the Redstone Arsenal began to get bigger. N.A.S.A. and the Arsenal are both responsible for helping Madison's population grow, as farming decreased.

HUNTSVILLE — THEN AND NOW

Elizabeth Hill Gamble (1991)

My father, Monroe Hill, left the farm in 1928 and moved to Huntsville to send his only child, Elizabeth, to school. He wouldn't buy a home here as he was going back home to the farm when she graduated, which he did. He managed the county wholesale grocery sales for W. L. Halsey. He rented a house (the Terry homeplace) from Mr. T. L. Terry on East Clinton Street. I walked 3 blocks to East Clinton Grammar School. East Clinton Street at that time was a dead end at the mountain.

The school had a large round fire escape from the top floor — The kids were allowed to slide down on special occasions, but I never would go down.

On May Day we would have a May Pole Dance and weave in and out the May Pole.

I remember once my class did a Scottish Dance. My mother made me a plaid kilts, tam and velvet vest to wear.

Once the Chitauqua came to town and was on the school grounds. There was a large tent, and we would go to see the shows.

When I attended Jr. High School it was in the old Wills-Taylor School on the hill, just left of what is now the Annie Merts Building. Miss Annie Merts was my geometry teacher at Huntsville High School.

I took 4 years of Latin from Miss Mildred Hutton, who had attended the old Saunty Webb School at Bell Buckle, Tennessee. There were only 7 students in my 3rd & 4th year Latin classes. Milton Frank was coach, and also was my European History teacher at Huntsville High.

While I was at Huntsville High, we had the 1st Red & Blue Newspaper and also the 1st Pierian Annual. I graduated in the class of 1938 and went to college in Tennessee. My husband and I taught in Lebanon, Tennessee for 15 years.

I married Barnett Gamble, whom I met in college. My father moved back to the farm in Tennessee after I went to college.

My father passed away. We didn't want to sell the farm, so we moved to Huntsville in 1966 and taught in the Huntsville City Schools for 15 years. I taught at Mt. Gap Middle School, and he has been a principal in the Huntsville City School System.

We now live in the Jones Valley area — and I can remember when there were no houses in the area, and there was a gravel road from Drake Avenue to the river, and there was no bridge across the river, only a ferry.

My parents would take my 2 cousins and me to town on Saturday night and we would go to the Lyric theater. There was always a serial, to be continued, as Tarzan. We would have to go back the next Saturday night to see what happened.

My parents would wait for us, sitting in the car and watching the people pass by or visit in the back of Dunavants' grocery store. My father knew the operator of the grocery store, which was at the back of the main Dunavant's store. My father and Mr. Pierre Dunavant grew up together as neighbors in Tennessee.

It's been interesting to see Huntsville grow and change from a cotton mill town to a space age city.

Excerpts from *My Moving Tent*, by Mrs. Sue F. Dromgoole Mooney.
Nashville, TN: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South. 1903



Dedicated "To My Husband, in the door of whose tent I have so long sat, and to the preachers and the people among whom our moving tent has been pitched for more than forty-six years — July 1856 - November 1902."

"The annual session of the Tennessee Conference was drawing near. It was to be held that year at Huntsville, Alabama, North Alabama being at that time included in the Tennessee Conference. The scenery 'en route' was rich in coloring, the landscape gleaming in every tint and tone of color. We were a merry party. By we I mean 'us' and the Tennessee Conference, for most of the remembers were aboard, beside a 'goodbye companies' from other Conferences. We stayed all night at Stevenson, then a new place, where hotel accommodations were not the best. It still seems to me that we were a long time reaching H., where I was to have my first experience of 'being sent somewhere to stay,' which, being interpreted, means in Methodist phraseology, to be entertained for a week or thereabouts." (p. 72)

"We were the guest of Mrs. Rice, a wealthy widow and a member of the Episcopal Church A teacher who was a member of the household and the first religious monopolist I ever met. He read all the prayers and said all the graces. It never dawned on him that this was a breach of clerical courtesy. But so it seemed to me. An illustration of dogmatic High Church imperialism! I exercised the grace of silence." (p. 74)

"... our tent was moved to that most beautiful inland town, Huntsville, Alabama. My life in Huntsville even to this distant day seems more than a dream of beauty. It was more. It was a dream realized in all the charming colors that dreams are supposed to have. The people received us so cordially and treated us so courteously during the whole two years, the then limit of the pastoral terms, that they have never held a second place in my affections..." (p. 107)

"The city itself is beautiful for situation, and this beauty was enhanced by lavish expenditure of money in the erection of public and private buildings. Sanitary regulations were well-nigh perfect. The social and literary life filled my utmost desire. In the several Protestant Churches there were godly, devout men, and of elect women not a few. Many men of wealth gave [p108] freely to God of their time and substance. Rev. Harry P. Turner was a local preacher of influence,

having his home near the city. Rev. P. B. Robertson was in the city — a man of usefulness and piety.

"Spotswood and Rison were Methodists and druggist. ... We could not have received a warmer welcome in a father's house than we had into that of Dr. John C. Spotswood, where for more than a year we had our home. ... Dr. Erwin's two years' pastorate had just closed, probably the most popular of any in the history of the Conference. The people, all the people, loved him, especially the people called Methodists, and would not give him up. So he had been elected President of the H. Female College, at that time one of the most prosperous institutions in the South. He was to succeed Prof. Geo. M. Everhart." [Dr. Erwin died within their 2 year stay.] (p. 107)

"One of the most worthy of these in our Church at Huntsville was Mrs. Martha Jordan. She was deeply religious, devoted to her own church, but broad and catholic. She was the fast friend of her preacher and his family. Her sense of humor was keen, her own humor irresistible. She was witty, ready at repartee, and rich in resources, odd in her dress and manners, affectionate in disposition. She was universally popular and won her way where others failed."

This was illustrated during the occupation of the city by the Federals, when it was sometimes difficult, and oft times impossible, "to get a pass." She went in person to Gen. Mitchell — was so pleased to see the man whose geography she had studied when she was a little girl! had never expected that pleasure! After this gracious introduction, she got a pass, and would go in person on the cotton wagon as it passed through the pickets. The South had no more ardent friend. She was an enthusiast in its best sense. Leaving her home, to which she was fondly attached, she went to Virginia and was both nurse and mother to our boys in hospital. Her fate was most melancholy and tragic. Returning from Nashville, the car caught fire and she perished in the flames. Seeing the inevitable death that was so near, she threw from the window her well-worn and constant traveling companion — her Bible. Many passages were marked, such as: "Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee." Her death was a shock, and all sorrowed that her home-going was after this sort.

"A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home."

Among the elect Methodists of Huntsville were "Grandma Watkins," Mrs. Pope, and her daughter Mrs. Mastin, Mrs. Bibb, Mrs. Scruggs and daughters, Brothers Turner and McDowell. Among our members Mrs. John Nance had a

large share of my love, and among Presbyterians Mrs. Fackler and her daughters, Sallie and Elvira, were favorites. I have often wondered how life fared with them. We were much together in books, in the home, and in social life. Once a week Mrs. Fackler had her pastor, Rev. Frederick Ross, to dine with her, and to this dinner the Methodist preacher and his wife had a standing invitation.

During this year Rev. Alexander Campbell, his wife, and son-in-law visited Huntsville, the guests of ex-Gov. Chapman and his wife. Mr. Campbell preached for a week morning and evening in the Methodist Church. He recognized the courtesy, and said nothing in any sermon that could offend the denominational pride of the most sensitive. He was a fine-looking man, "brainy," and the strongest speaker I have ever heard on the errors of Romanism. The Old Man on the Tiber was hit hard, as was the tendency to high-churchism in the Protestant Episcopal Church. (p. 112 - 113)

AN ARTILLERYMAN'S DIARY
[1864]

Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Private Sixth Wisconsin Battery
from Wisconsin History Commission:
Original Papers, No. 8
Wisconsin History Commission,
February, 1914

Larkinsville, Saturday, January 2. Continued very cold and freezing ... A dance held down town by "Alabama" gals and Yankee soldiers: Running rumor afloat that we are to leave our quarters soon for Huntsville. Don't like it.

Huntsville, Ala., Saturday, January 9. ... Flint River was crossed on mule wagons, which were very slow, obliging us to stand on the banks for nearly an hour. It was freezing very hard and all were chilled through. The natives say it was the coldest day known for years. Animals and wagons covered with ice. [163]

4 p.m. Coming around the point of the bluff we could see Huntsville in the valley below three miles distant. And weary as I was I could but enjoy the beautiful scenery before me greatly. The sun shone brightly on the snow-covered roofs of this beautiful town with their tall church spires raising their snow-capped peaks to the heavens as a witness of better and happier days gone by. On either side broad fields with beautiful mansions were spread to view, the whole enclosed by the frost-covered range of low mountains. Marched through the town with colors flying and bands playing, much to the satisfaction of the large crowds of contrabands that flocked at every corner. Came into camp a mile north of the town on Russell Hill. [163-164]

Huntsville, Saturday, January 16. ... A ball was announced to be held to-night in town and many of the boys attended, but found to their chagrin that it was a nigger dance. Some returned crestfallen, others enjoyed the joke by "tripping" with the "colored sisters". [165]

Huntsville, Sunday, January 17. A pleasant day. ... Visited the waterworks of the city, which is the largest of the kind South, with the exception of one at Columbia, S.C. A large stream gushes out of the solid rock under the courthouse, which is dammed about four feet and propels a large water wheel which works a

powerful force pump that forces water all over the city, furnishing a hydrant at every corner. ... The church was very neat and filled with soldiers, but one woman in the audience. [166]

Huntsville, Wednesday, January 20. _____ and _____ of our Battery in jail in town for robbing an old gray-haired negro after dark while on his way home from the camp, where he had been to sell corncakes. [166 - 167]

Huntsville, Thursday, January 28. Up bright and early as usual. ... when I was notified that I was on detail to go with the forage train, which was then waiting. ... Went on the turnpike to the west, traveled about eight miles through a somewhat winding road, but beautiful county. I was rolling enough to make it varied, with good timber where not cultivated. ... Obtained plenty of corn on a large plantation which all the whites had left, leaving a large flock of negro women and children unprovided for, and seemed delighted to see us until some of the boys took unallowed privileges of the chicken coop. [169 - 170]

Huntsville, Sunday, January 31. Sunday morning dawned as bright and beautiful as though it was in the spring of the year. ... Most of the boys attended church at town, but with me the hours wore heavily upon my hands. [171]

Huntsville, Tuesday, February 2. Monotony of camp was broken to-day by cheering down on our left at 12 M. and soon General Smith and staff rode through camp; who was joined by Captain Dillon, and immediately orders were given to march a gun detachment to the guns immediately and fire a salute in honor of the 59th and 48th Indiana, who were about to start for home as veterans. [172]

Huntsville, Wednesday, February 3. Colder night than we have had for two weeks. ...I climbed Russell Hill for evergreen boughs for brooms in company with a couple of others, and managed it so as not to return until nearly recall; that is soldiers' strategy. "Do no more than you can" is the motto. [172 - 173]

Huntsville, Sunday, February 7. Rough night for the guard. Rainy and cold. ... Relieved at 9 A.M. Attended church in company with Griff, E. W. and D. J. D. Service was held in the Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal churches at the same hour (10 A.M.) Curiosity prompted to attend the latter, an elegant furnished church of unique construction, Gothic style, poorly arranged for sound. The civilians were apparently of the aristocratic class, mostly women, equalling the military in numbers. The white-robed minister was a young intelligent Irishman, I should judge. A good choir with the deep-toned organ opened the service with

fitting music, after which prayers were read and ceremonies performed for nearly an hour and a half, which to me was mere mockery of religion, reading their desires to God from an established formula, but careful always to omit the prayer for the President of the U.S.A. It was not worship, Ah no! the heart was cold. It was but Phariseecal affectations. A short sermon on charity was read at the close. Very good, the effect of which was tested by passing the plates which were returned well laden with "soldier greenbacks". The money of that government they will not pray for is very acceptable. I returned to camp, although not pleased with the exercise, yet I trust, benefited. [174]

Huntsville, Tuesday, February 9. Called on before finishing my breakfast to go foraging with Baker. ... Drove fast nine miles south where there were one hundred negroes at work for the government, husking. Protected by infantry. Entered a field of 1,000 acres. Corn already jerked. Soon loaded and started back at the head of the train. [175]

Huntsville, Thursday, February 11. Very cold night. Heavy frost. ... 4th Minnesota is on the Tennessee River at Whitesburg, ten miles south, where preparations are being made to throw a pontoon bridge across. [175 - 176]

Huntsville, Saturday, February 13. Nights very cold, day warm and cloudy. Camp unusually lively during the day. Ball playing and the boxing gloves in constant use. At night a merry dance went on in the open air with music from the fiddle and bow. Ladies dispensed with from necessity. Mail arrived but none for me. [176]

Huntsville, Sunday, February 21. Weather a little milder. Milton Hungerford and I attended the Methodist church in the forenoon. [178]

Huntsville, Monday, February 22. ...At night a grand ball was to be held by shoulder straps in town, but they failed to find but four ladies to join in their festivities. They ended in a drunken carousal, their maniac yells rending the midnight air. [178]

Huntsville, Sunday, February 28. Fine pleasant day. Attended church with Cousin Griffith. Went to the Presbyterian church. A sermon fraught with Southern principles. ...P. B. Moss, after a short illness, died very suddenly at 2 P.M. [180]

Huntsville, Monday, February 29. ... 10 A.M. the funeral ceremonies of Moss took place. ... the procession marched about two miles through town. The roads

very bad indeed. Formed hollow square at the grave. Chaplain offered a short prayer before the burial. It was a solemn but tearless scene, comrades paying the last tribute of respect to a fellow soldier, leaving his remains among the honored dead of Huntsville, over whose head no marble slab and carved obelisk was reared in memoriam, but to him a rude head-board was all that told of his resting place. [180]

Huntsville, Friday, March 4. Evie Evans and myself went to the city on pass. Visited the Christian Commission rooms. Bought stamps. Also went to the colored school under charge of Chaplain of 17th Colored. Had school-teachers, being volunteers from the ranks, teaching the little woolly-heads their "A. B. C.'s". One class of youngsters was taught by a large Negro. A class of young ladies was reading in the Second Reader. All seemed attentive and anxious to receive the instruction but poorly imparted to them. [181]

Huntsville, Sunday, March 6. A most delightful day. ... Preaching in camp at 2 P.M. Very good, by member of Christian Commission. [182]

Huntsville, Wednesday, March 9. ... Rainy evening. Privates had a grand ball tonight in Alabama Hotel to try to excel the shoulder-strap fizzle of February 22. I understand they had a grand time. No officers allowed, no one with shoulder straps on. Forty ladies in all. 183]

Huntsville, Friday, March 11. ... At 9 A.M. took a stroll up Russell Hill. Found violets in bloom, picked a bouquet of them with peach and plum blossoms and put them on my desk. ... Congratulatory resolutions read at parade from Congress to Sherman and his men, also on order from John A. Logan to protect fences and houses. All advantages given to the citizens to raise their own subsistence. [184]

Huntsville, Sunday, March 13. A delightful Sabbath morning. ... After inspection 8 A.M. attended Sabbath school and meeting at the Methodist Church with Booth and D. Evans. The society was in deep mourning for Mrs. Jordan, principal teacher and superintendent of the Sabbath school, who was killed in the railroad accident of the 5th inst. Fitting resolutions were passed by the school in memoriam. The minister preached from the 35th and 36th verses of the fourth chapter of St. John, a discourse filled with hell fire and eternal misery, with but little consolation to the many bereaved mothers and sisters present who had lost their all in the Confederate army. Although enemies, I could but feel for their distressing sobs, that were audible all over the room. In the afternoon the day was so cheering that I could not resist the temptation of another walk to town, where in a crowded house of soldiers and citizens I listened to an excellent practical sermon on the ten virgins, wise and foolish. [184 - 185]

Huntsville, Thursday, March 17. Day very fine. Cold night. ... Reported capture of the train near Tullahoma with all on board, burning the cars and tearing up the track. Much anxiety is felt, as Generals Grant and McPherson were expected on it. If they should be captured it certainly would be a calamity. [186 - 187]

Huntsville, Friday, March 18. ... Received mail in the afternoon. Reports of the guerrilla raid not as hideous as yesterday. [187]

Huntsville, Sunday, March 20. Awoke with bad cough and sore throat. Attended church at 10 A.M. The Presbyterian Church was crowded to overflowing by citizens, but few soldiers could gain admittance. I was up in the gallery. The funeral sermon of Mrs. Jordan was preached, very effective and eloquent. [187]

Huntsville, Tuesday, March 22. All were surprised this morning upon looking out to find the ground covered with pure, soft and downy snow, and the air yet thick with the falling feathers. It continued till 9 A.M., leaving eight inches on the ground. To the natives it was looked upon as a strange occurrence in this territory, a phenomenon, but to us from the stern and living North it was as good as a furlough, a sudden transition to old Wisconsin. What a calm serenity it spreads on earth in its pure, spotless white, covering over the disagreeable, the footprints of suffering and wrongs that are so indelibly imprinted everywhere upon the fair but wicked South. What a longing for home it created, as home scenes and accompaniments were brought vividly to the mind's eye. Many were the thoughts of sleigh rides, hills, girls, etc. by those that are to enjoy such. One party I saw as I went to water. They had rigged up a sled with young mules hitched, and a sonorous cowbell for music. They paraded the streets of Huntsville and were looked upon by the native fair as crazy, but they knew nothing of the fun. But this uncommon visitor was not to last long, and the Southern sun soon made it withdraw slowly but surely. [188 - 189]

Huntsville, Wednesday, March 23. Warm day. Snow all gone by night making it very slushy and muddy. ... Captain _____ got into a barroom row with a citizen in town this afternoon, for which he was put under arrest, but returned to-night. Hurt his hand. [189]

Huntsville, Thursday, March 24. Weather warm and ground drying. We have a very pleasant ride every morning to the big spring in town to water our horses, and back, about two miles. [190]

Huntsville, Saturday, March 26. ... The train from Nashville to-day came in by way of Decatur. Major Generals Sherman and McPherson were on board, and are

now in town where the headquarters are to be established.

Huntsville, Wednesday, March 30. A fine day, warm, the vegetable kingdom springing fast. ... Obtained a pass of Lieutenant Jenawein to go to the city. Called at shoemaker's shop, fixed my boots, and took a ramble through the town to the cemetery, and spent half an hour in meditation among the sacred dead. There lay, side by side, the rich and the poor. Here are coward, patriot and traitor. Truly all earthly passes away and leaves but faint traces behind. Visited an artist's gallery where I saw the most beautiful works of art I ever saw, representing the human form so lifelike that it needed but the speech to appear with life. The room was filled with different scenes, and the cold white marble statuary by them looked cold and expressionless. [192]

Huntsville, Saturday, April 2. ... The 48th and 59th Indiana Volunteers marched into their old camping ground which they had left two months ago for home. They had marched all the way from Nashville in five days, one hundred and thirty miles, footsore and tired with three years of service before them. In company with Griff and D.J.D. visited the theater, first one I ever saw. Well pleased. [193]

Huntsville, Sunday, April 3. ... Attended the Methodist Sabbath School, took part in the soldiers' class taught by a captain. Listened to a sermon in the elegant Presbyterian church on atonement; poor and inconsistent. [193]

Huntsville, Friday, April 8. ... 48th and 59th Indiana went out at 4 P.M. to reinforce Whitesburg, it is supposed. Deserters say that the enemy is reinforcing heavily and making preparations to throw a pontoon bridge across the river some dark night. Rumor says John Morgan was in town lately with a load of wood. If so, I don't think our sixteen pieces on Russell Hill looked very encouraging to him. Come on, John, we are ready. [195]

Huntsville, Monday, April 11. ... A little after noon we were startled by a terrible explosion near the depot. A caisson of the Illinois Battery had exploded while returning from drill, killing six cannoneers instantly and wounding two. A very sad affair. Bodies torn to shreds. [196]

Huntsville, Wednesday, April 13. ... Sixteen of Cogswell's Battery veterans left for home this morning. The Nashville and Stevenson R. R. is abandoned, and all the transportation runs through here via Decatur, upwards of ten trains each way. [197]

Huntsville, Sunday, April 17. A beautiful and holy Sabbath morning. ... Afterwards D.J.D., Griff and myself attended Sabbath school taught by a chaplain. The presiding elder of the Methodist church was sick, and to my

astonishment the Yankee chaplain was invited to preach, which he did very fittingly, delivering an excellent sermon from Romans 8th chapter, XV verse. Went down in the afternoon to witness the baptizing at the Methodist church, but we were too late. Visited the new font that is going up, and caught in heavy rain storm before we got back. [198 - 199]

Huntsville, Thursday, April 21. ... Artillery firing heard this afternoon, at times very rapidly. Gunboat on Tennessee River it is said. Skirmish in vicinity of Decatur continues. [200]

Huntsville, Sunday, April 24. ... Cleared off into a most delightful day by 9 A.M., and I listened to a thorough scientific sermon from Dr. Ross upon technical points, existence of evil. His arguments were very concise and binding. Although differing in opinion I received many new ideas. He is one of the leading Southern clergy and formerly a rabid secessionist, and to-day he touched upon the war, but so nicely that it could not displease any of his audience which was composed of the two extremes, viz: Yankee soldiers and secesh women. He sat way up, he said, upon his faith in God, "looking down upon the struggle with as much composure as though they were but the convulsions of so many pygmies — God would do it right". Just found it out I suppose. [201]

Huntsville, Monday, April 25. ... Heavy details of infantry are continually kept at work at the fortification of Huntsville. It will soon be that it can be held by a few men. [202]

Fort Hall, Whitesburg, Ala., Tuesday, April 26. Busied myself this morning to prepare, and after breakfast we started on horseback. The day was delightful, and our road lay through one of the most enchanting valleys I ever traveled through, skirted on each side by a low ridge of the Cumberland Mountains which, dressed in the richest verdure of spring, with the evergreens here and there raising their dark heads among the new green leaves in beautiful contrast. The valley was about five miles wide, all of which had been under long cultivation. Stumps all out, large fields were plowed in the rude Southern style, and large droves of negroes and mules at work planting cotton, a pleasing insight to the domestic life of the South; but the driver's lash and hound were not there. The same large landed estates were apparent here as elsewhere, houses infrequent. I could but picture in my mind's eye the industrious farmer of the North in his neat white house and 160 acres of land scattered over it with school-houses on every corner. Liberal institutions and improved cultivation would make this an earthly paradise.

Reached Whitesburg by 12 M. after one of the pleasantest rides I ever enjoyed. Found the boys all well and in good spirits, very neatly quartered in Fort Hall with one company of infantry with them.

After supper Evie and I went fishing in Tennessee River, dropped our lines and watched the rebels on the opposite side of the river on picket. Breastworks are to be seen but apparently vacant. [202]

Huntsville, Thursday, April 28. ... A warm and quick march of twelve miles, brought us to Huntsville by 11 A.M. Found the old camp on Russell Hill much agitated from the numerous and conflicting orders to march received yesterday, one of which was to march at daylight this morning. All the baggage reduced as much as possible, only two wagons allowed to a battery. [204]

Huntsville, Friday, April 29. Hot and sultry day. ... Drilled Battery two hours in the afternoon on grass plat near depot, pleasant if it was not so warm. Everybody is ready for the speediest word, no more ever inquiring where we are to go, accepting the result as immaterial. [204]

Huntsville, Tuesday, May 3. Infantry broke up camp early this morning and went into camp nearer to town. After dinner we hitched up and packed up leaving our old camp under guard, where we have spent nearly four months. Came into battery near the depot on the race course, a large open green, very pretty for summer quarters, but rather low for wet weather. [205 - 206]

Huntsville, Thursday, May 5. ... our camp is very nicely located. A pretty brook runs in front of the Battery which the boys have dammed up to make deep enough for a pleasant bath. Water to cook and drink is hauled from the "big spring". The almost ceaseless rattle of trains keeps up wide awake as yet. Upwards of forty trains passed to-day, the whistle disturbing our slumbers at every hour of the night. [206]

Huntsville, Saturday, May 7. A warm day but not oppressive. Sent on detail... While out on the hills, in the thicket, a party of guerrillas fired into our cavalry, wounding a captain about half a mile from here. Two were taken in citizen's clothes. The prevailing idea is that they will be shot. I cannot hope so.... [206 - 207]

Huntsville, Sunday, May 8. ... Grazed horses in the afternoon near a negro meeting, which I attended. After an earnest discourse from an old gray-haired Negro, and a prayer which would compare favorably with many a white man's, several of the sisters "got happy", which was truly amusing, and I could but laugh, although I should not have. Their exercise was composed mostly of chanting scraps of every hymn they ever heard, in a gay, dancing tune style, with all jerks and hops for variations. Poor ignorant souls. They greedily grasp at the

most mysterious dogmas, as their judgment and reasoning faculties have never been developed or cultivated. [207]

Huntsville, Monday, May 9. ... Forrest reported moving on this place, hence the haste to complete the works. [207]

Huntsville, Tuesday, May 10. ... whiskey rations were freely issued to all that wanted ... After this issue the Captain mounted a table and read a dispatch from Sherman by telegraph, of glorious news from Grant. Whips Lee and in full pursuit. Butler in Petersburg within ten miles of Richmond. The news and whiskey brought forth thundering acclamations from the soldiers. ... Deplorable sight. The intemperate indulgence by those but little used to the poison, caused a large portion of them to be beastly drunk, and our march through town was filled with demoniac yells, tumbling in the mud and mire. I felt ashamed to be seen in the crowd. Such mistaken kindness tends to demoralize the army as well as to increase the hatred of our enemy. [208]

Huntsville, Wednesday, May 11. ... Much anxiety prevails in regard to Grant. In the East it is confidently hoped by some that he will capture Richmond, but I dare not hope, it is too big a job to be accomplished so soon. Sherman is at work, but no news. Forrest does not seem to come. [209]

Huntsville, Thursday, May 12. All army followers, sutlers, correspondents, etc. were ordered out this morning to work on fortifications by Colonel Alexander, a tough pull for them, but justifiable and highly acceptable to the soldiers. ... An exciting report arrived that Butler was in Richmond, received 11 A.M. But little credence placed on it, though. [209]

Huntsville, Saturday, May 14. Worked hard on fort all day, it fast approaching completion. Rifle pits are being dug completely around it, enfilading all the principal streets of the town. All the contrabands out. One volunteer citizen has been at work three days, honorable exception. Another sprig of chivalry working with the negroes under guard for saying that no "d--n Yankee could make him work". Yankee bayonet did it though. Reports of struggle fierce and wild still reach us from Grant. Highly successful but the slaughter is terrible. [209 - 210]

Huntsville, Sunday, May 15. Quiet, tranquil Sabbath day. For once I was not on guard Sunday, so I attended Sabbath school at 9 A.M. A very interesting class, with the soldiers taught by an intelligent Northern man connected with the quartermaster's department. Waited till sermon, 10:30 A.M. Listened to a miserable, inconsistent discourse from an itinerant Methodist preacher, a violent rebel apparently at that. In the evening took a stroll through the town to admire

the beautiful blooming grounds and yards. Visited the Calhoun yard, where the pest house is now kept. Saw specimens of that vegetable curiosity called the "century plant", about four feet high, with large fluffy leaves like petals, with little sign of life. [210]

Madison Station, Alabama, Tuesday, May 17. 9 A.M. the long train of empty cars on their way to Nashville. Packed up in great haste with the report that Madison Station was in the hands of the rebels, ten miles distant from here. ... Impression prevailed that it was the onset of Forrest for Huntsville. ...

... As the train left the depot, loud cheers arose from the soldier boys. Returned by the waving of handkerchiefs from windows. At dusk we halted at the smoldering ruins of Madison Depot, burned down and occupied by stragglers of the 13th Illinois. ... [210 - 211]

Huntsville, Saturday, May 21. Mail distributed, ... Good news from Sherman. Boys busy in the afternoon damming up the creek in front of camp to make swimming pond. [213]

Huntsville, Sunday, May 22. ... Attended Sabbath school. Soldiers' class large and interesting. Before returned to camp, listened to an eloquent and scientific discourse by Dr. Ross, Presbyterian Church. Wrote letters in the afternoon. Very warm. Traded sugar for milk. Made a fine bread pudding for dinner, great rarity for soldiers. A train of thirty cars loaded with "gray backs" captured by Sherman passed North; very dirty and filthy-looking clothes. [213]

Huntsville, Tuesday, May 24. Our quiet camp is very busy to-day by the bustle occasioned by the presence of the 17th Corps. ... The boys as of old are doing steep jay-hawking, breaking into gardens, cheating sutlers, etc. A long march has invariably a demoralizing effect upon troops. Guards stationed on every corner. Blair has ordered our Division to the front. Smith telegraphed to Sherman for orders. [214]

Huntsville, Wednesday, May 25. The 17th Corps took up the line of march early this morning ... They go back towards Decatur, supposed to cross the river for Rome. As they marched out with bands playing and colors flying, it was a grand sight, and to any man an incentive to patriotism to watch the firm, measured step of thousands of brave men, marching cheerfully to the hardest of deaths, many miles away from home and its endearments. As they march through this traitor land, do not their hearts beat quick as they think of those behind. Would that they could but behold the cheerful and willing countenances of those they love this morning as they left Huntsville to seek the foes of this country.

... At 10 A.M. went up town. Sat for half a dozen photographs. [214]

Huntsville, Sunday, June 5. ... E.W.E and myself took a most pleasant walk to the graveyard. Walked among the dead of the time that knew peace and tranquility, and others whose lives had been wrecked by the cruel hand of war. The towering marble erected by loving hands marked the resting place of one, while the rude pine slab denoted where the other lay far away from his native home and kindred. Did not attend service during the day, but attended the army church with Cousin Griffith. Listened to an excellent and liberal sermon from post chaplain, urging the importance of cultivating religious principles, none other is genuine. [217]

Huntsville, Monday, June 6. Very warm day. Went out drilling in the morning. Lieutenant Clark maneuvered us in the streets, coming into battery on the square, crowding citizens, and making ourselves generally ridiculous. 80th Ohio returned to Scottsboro. [217]

Huntsville, Tuesday, June 7. ... A squad of eight men under Sergeant Dixon went as an escort to a picnic party composed of "shoulder straps" and Southern ladies, to Bird Spring, six miles distant. Returned 6 P.M. Had a good dinner, champagne in plenty and dancing. Enjoyed themselves well although they went as menials. [217]

Huntsville, Friday, June 10. Abraham Lincoln nominated for the presidency by the Baltimore convention, and Andy Johnson for vice-president which gives satisfaction to the large majority in the army. HURRAH FOR OLD ABE.

Drilled under Lieutenant Hood. Condemned horses turned over. Drew rations, "hard-tack" instead of flour. What does it mean? "Grant negro Minstrels" set up in town, many boys visited. [218]

Huntsville, Sunday, June 12. ... therefore attended church. Listened to Dr. Ross, a peculiar discourse of "What is Man". A train containing three hundred prisoners passed North this afternoon under guard of 15th Indiana. [218]

Huntsville, Wednesday, June 15. ... Division concentrating at this place. 63rd Illinois arrived at 4 P.M. Two soldiers, 2nd Brigade, married to girls they found at Scottsboro. [219]

Huntsville, Sunday, June 19. ... Four hundred rebel prisoners passed through on their way North. One train staid at the depot most of the afternoon. They were the same men that we dug out of Vicksburg last summer. Plucky as ever. They will not repent until utter ruin overtakes them. Citizens and soldiers flocked around to see the sights. Some ladies tremblingly inquired for friends and

relations, others pressing forward anxious to bestow a smile upon those whom they sympathized with. [220]

On to Atlanta

Brownsboro, Wednesday, June 22. Reveille sounded at 2:30 A.M. and quietly we broke camp and marched at 5 A.M. with but one regiment ahead of us in the column. Marched through town in fine style, and soon beautiful and dreamy Huntsville was placed among the past. Roads heavy, weather warm. Marched slow, and reached Brownsboro by 12 M. Went into camp and rested the remainder of the day. Boys full of life and hilarity. The dread of starting (and of parting with some) is over and sutlers tremble. Bathed in the clear waters of the Flint in the evening. [221]

MYSTERY PHOTO IDENTIFIED

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RE: Mystery Photo on page 90 of Spring-Summer 1992 Quarterly

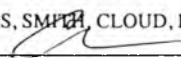
Dear Ms. Elise H. Stephens:

In reference to the above, I believe this photo depicts the St. Bartley Primitive Baptist Church which is located at 500 Gallatin Street, Huntsville, Alabama. You may recall that Williams Avenue running in a westerly direction dead-ended into Gallatin Street prior to the time that Williams was extended (through the lot of which this church was located) and then down by the Big Springs Park in front of the Hilton Hotel. My best memory is that Williams was extended westerly sometime in the 1970.

I have attached a copy of the Spine of the 1964 Huntsville City Directory for identification and also page 88 which indicates that this church was located at the intersection of Williams Avenue and 500 Gallatin.

Sincerely,

MORRIS, SMITH, CLOUD, FEES AND CONCHIN, P.C.


Charles R. Smith, Jr.

CRSjr/adc

mysphoto

Anyone with information concerning this missing portrait should contact the *Quarterly*.

MISSING PORTRAIT

Gov. and Mrs. Clay felt the health of their first son was precarious and perhaps he would not grow to manhood. In 1821 they had an oil portrait commissioned. The painter was probably Grimes, and he posed the five year old, Clement Claiborne Clay, with the back-drop of the bluffs at the Big Springs in Huntsville.

Young Clay later became Sen. C. C. Clay, Jr. and was imprisoned with Jefferson Davis for many months at Fortress Monroe at the end of the Civil War. Clay and his wife had no children of their own, but were very fond of his brother Wither's children. According to a story printed in the family newspaper, this particular Clay painting was in the possession of his nephew, William L. Clay.

Willie Clay died in 1911, leaving a widow and small son about the age of two. His widow and the boy kept a boarding house at the corner of Madison and Gates for many years. In 1917, she remarried, Lewis Colfax Gibbs, a corn salesman from Iowa. Possibly he had stayed at the boarding house. But by 1920, this family had left Huntsville perhaps for Canada. One would assume young Clay, the great-grandson of Gov. Clay, would have been raised to be proud of his heritage and not take the name of his step-father.

Currently it is not known where this portrait is located. William Lewis Clay, Jr., could well still be alive. Certainly there are people in the community who could remember the events and know where the Gibbs family settled. What a treat it would be to locate the portrait, to have a photograph or reproduction made to share in that past bit of Huntsville history of days and people gone by.

Nancy Rohr

FROM NASHVILLE TO NOTTINGHAM: A Serendipitous Flight of Fancy, Kinship, and Friendship

Elise Stephens

Each year now, in October, Nashville, Tennessee hosts a Festival of Books at its Capital Mall. Authors make themselves as available as next-door-neighbors used to. They read their material, reveal intimate details of the writer's psyche, sign personalized autographs and make themselves available for drinks or coffee. This camaraderie and helpfulness inspires hundreds of would-be writers and thousands of readers to continue their romance with the written word. It was at the Nashville Festival that I met Captain Kangaroo and Jimmy and Roselyn Carter and secured their autographs, among others, for the Foundation's Autograph Quilt a few years back.

Another highlight of the Nashville Festival is the antiquarian book sale that coincides and is less than a block away from the Capital Mall. There, last year, I lucked onto a 1909 Bandanna Ballads by Howard Weeden that had been owned by Alex Haley and only paid \$35.00 for it. I also found some sheet music of very special interest to me: a copy of a score written by Sidney Homer, a cousin of mine and Winslow Homer. It was the score for Howard Weeden's "A Banjo Song." A serious classical composer at the turn of the last century and married to Louise Homer, one of America's premier opera singers, Sidney wrote in his autobiography *My Wife and I* the following:

"One morning I picked up a little green book that our friend Helen Paxton had sent to me two years earlier. It was easy stuff, short lines. I set three of the little poems to music and took them home to show my wife at lunch. I knew she would laugh to see how I

had (for the moment, of course) fallen off my high horse. She liked them! And when my wife likes a thing there's no doubting it. I think I was a little crestfallen that she didn't realize I had stepped down from my pedestal.

The three songs were "Mammy's Lullaby," "Uncle Rome," and the "Plantation Hymn" from the *Bandanna Ballads*, by Howard Weeden.

I thought then that I was getting into a bad way, letting down the bars, but now I am glad I wrote those songs. (192-193)

One morning I was trying to set a Bandanna Ballad, "I Love to See Dat Cotton Field," and it wouldn't go because of an awkward last line; so I turned a page and found another. The time was short as we had a rehearsal at eleven. At the rehearsal I showed it to Morganstern, and he roared. "You can't write a popular song — look at that!" referring to the sequences on the last page. I was afraid he was right; it was a little cheap and a little dressy. This was "A Banjo Song." I asked Kurt Schindler if he thought it would ruin my reputation. He wanted to spare my feelings, but he had to say he thought it would (204)."

Those who have heard The Huntsville Symphony's flutist Doris Hall play Homer's haunting Weeden Ballads know, without hesitation, that Homer's reputation is intact, indeed enhanced.

Equally extraordinary was my next find: a copy of a book written by Maurice Barley entitled *Houses & History* published in London by Faber and Faber in 1986. Maurice Barley, a professor at the University of Nottingham and his

wife Dianah, a local magistrate, had provided a home away from home in 1957-58 when I spent my Junior year abroad at the University and lived and boarded with them and their children. Pipe in hand or mouth, smoke circling his head, I remember him well, always at work in his study leaning over house plans and cityscapes. No detail was too small or clue too minuscule to be overlooked by this archaeological Sherlock Holmes as he solved the mysteries long encased in England's dusty dwelling places.

And now, as editor of the *Quarterly* it is my pleasure to pass on some nuggets garnered from Barley's 1986 book, the fifth he has written on England archaeology and architecture.

1. Over half the book is devoted to the Middle Ages, 1200 - 1550 because "England and Wales together possess far more small houses built before about 1550 — or significant remains of them — than any other country in western Europe." (p. 12)
2. "When Anglo-Saxon kings adopted Christianity in the seventh century, they were persuaded that stone was the proper material for churches." (p. 32)
3. Master carpenters and masons were "key figures" in medieval building. (p. 32) "Throughout the Middle Ages the great majority of townhouses were built of timber, but stone was used in some places for two-story houses." In the late 12th and 13th centuries, where stone was available, "timber walls were being replaced ... by walls built of stone." (p. 33)
4. By the end of the Middle Ages, brick and tile were in use. Bricks were used as ballast in ships and became increasingly popular in building. Tiles were used in floors "from the thirteenth century onwards," but almost exclusively in "ecclesiastical buildings." In London, fire regulations outlawing thatch in 1212 prescribed "tiles as an alternative to shingles" for roofing. (p. 36-37)

5. By the end of his reign Henry VIII “owned over fifty houses — more than any other king of England before or since,” (p. 168)
6. “Out of a total of about 5,000 country houses in 1675, about a thousand remain in private hands and another hundred or so belong to the National Trust.” (p. 170)
7. “Henry VIII’s palace of Nonsuch was the largest framed building ever erected in England.” (p. 173)
8. “Contracts for Charles II’s palace at Winchester provided for nearly 7 million bricks; an ordinary modern house uses about 30,000.” (p. 179)
9. Bricks could be fired in a “clamp” which was simply “a stack of raw bricks packed with fuel, covered to retain heat and then fired.” As many as 100,000 could be fired but some would be over or under-fired. Kilns built of brick were preferred, however. (p. 181-184)
10. “Libraries came into fashion only after c. 1700, ... for gentlemen who collected books as well as paintings and sculpture.” (p. 206)
11. “From c. 1575 onwards a revolutionary feature appears: for the sake of a more compact plan, the kitchen and its associated rooms were placed in a semi-basement, separated by a flight of stairs from the hall. The arrangement was specifically French in origin.” (p. 209)
12. By 1800 the country seat or home was smaller and “was planted on the ground” its “principal rooms, with French doors or windows with low sills, opened directly on to gardens and a ‘natural’ landscape created by Capability Brown of Repton.” (p. 211)

The book makes fascinating reading, covers all classes of houses and people and provides excellent background for the enjoyment of Masterpiece Theater.

**** Four Huntsville Classics ****

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The HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE FOUNDATION was established in 1974 to encourage the preservation of historically or architecturally significant sites and structures throughout Huntsville and Madison County and to increase public awareness of their value to the community. The FOUNDATION is the only organization in Huntsville concerned exclusively with architectural preservation and history. Other similar organizations within Huntsville are concerned either with general history or only with those buildings located within preservation districts.

Summarized, HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE FOUNDATION has two main objectives: preservation of historically or architecturally significant sites and structures throughout Huntsville and Madison County; and, educating the public on and increasing their awareness of this historical heritage.

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