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Major General Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel
(Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division, Washington, DC)

INVASION AND OCCUPANCY OF HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, BY THE FEDERALS, APRIL 11 TO AUGUST 31, 1862

Edited and Annotated by Norman M. Shapiro

PREFACE

In 1989, *The Huntsville Historical Review*, Vol. 16, No. 1, published the article, "Three Perspectives of the Federal Occupation of Huntsville." These perspectives included, "Military Perspectives of the Invasion of Huntsville, Alabama, April 11, 1862," "A Journalist's Perspective on the Invasion of Huntsville," and "A Housewife's Perspective on the Occupation of Huntsville." The "Military Perspectives" comprised the military reports of Brig. Gen. Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel describing the invasion, and extracted from the *OR's*¹. The "Journalist's Perspective" was a letter from John Withers Clay, editor of The Huntsville Democrat, to his brother Clement Claiborne Clay, Jr. with accounts of the invasion and the excited response of Huntsville's citizens. The "Housewife's Perspective" was the first installment of Mrs. W. D. Chadick's wonderful diary, "Civil War Days in Huntsville." Additional installments of the diary which also covered some events of the second occupation of Huntsville, from July 1863 to the end of the war in May 1865, appeared in six subsequent issues of the *Review*. Mrs. Chadick's diary was first published in 14 Sunday installments in The Huntsville Times from April 4, 1937 to July 4, 1937. It was next published in *The Alabama Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 9, No. 2, 1947, and then in The Sesquicentennial Issue of The Huntsville Times, September 11-16, 1955.

The above accounts, and some other unpublished letters of John Withers Clay to his brothers C. C. Clay Jr. and Hugh Lawson Clay are all that were previously thought available from Huntsville residents to describe these troubled times in any great detail. Recently, however, Nathaniel Cheairs Hughes Jr. presented the editor with a copy of the anonymous manuscript, "Invasion and Occupancy of Huntsville, Alabama, by the Federals, April 11 to August 31, 1862." Dr. Hughes is the author or editor of many books on the Civil War, including *General William J. Hardee: Old Reliable*, and *The Civil War Memoir of Philip Daingerfield Stephenson, D. D.* The microfilm manuscript was shipped to Dr. Hughes as a portion of the Stephenson Papers by Louisiana State University. The document, however, apparently has no relationship to the Stephenson material although Stephenson did visit Huntsville for a day or so in 1863 and had his picture taken.² Dr. Hughes kindly provided a rough, typed, transcription of the handwritten manuscript and we have fortunately been able to identify all but one word (noted in the narrative) and almost all of the named individuals.

The manuscript is dated "Huntsville, Dec. 1862," and differs from the previous accounts primarily in two ways: it is a report or history of events written some four to eight months after they occurred while the previous accounts are, in Mrs. Chadick's case, a frequent record of events as they occurred, and in the case of the

Clay letters, an attempt to inform interested persons who did not witness the events. Accordingly, there are just a few obvious errors in the manuscript (which are noted) and possibly due to secondhand reports. The other difference is in the tenor of the writing of the manuscript which is unusually scathing and scornful particularly with regard to people and events. And much of it is reserved for the conduct of Gen. Mitchel, and perhaps deservedly, for Mitchel himself said³, "In my treatment of people, I adopted a very simple policy at the outset. I have studied the great platform of the rebellion to the best of my ability, and made up my mind that no cause existed for the south raising its hand against the United States – not the slightest; that it was a rebellion, a downright piece of treason all the way through; and that every individual in that country who was either in arms, or who aided and abetted those in arms, was my personal enemy, and that I would never break bread or eat salt with any enemy of my country, no matter who he might be; and I have never done it up to this day. In the next place, I determined I would show them I was honest, and had an object in view; and while I treated them with the most perfect justice, I determined to make every individual feel that there was a terrible pressure of war upon him, which would finally destroy him and grind him to powder, if he did not give up his rebellion."

Some additional invective is reserved for some of Huntsville's own citizens and the author presents a list of 24 individuals about whom he states, "Albeit, some of said 'Rebels' had conducted [themselves] very much like Yankees during the occupation." While it is certainly true that there was much Union sentiment in North Alabama and that some of the individuals were well known to have such tendency, the author offers no details for his general assertion.

What follows then, is a "Fourth Perspective" of a most unhappy period in Huntsville's history.

Thro' the month of March early April, flying rumors of the intention of the Federal Government to possess itself of the Memphis & Charleston R. Road, by the taking of Huntsville, had made the inhabitants uneasy. Almost every plan mentioned for the summer, however trifling, commenced or ended with the phrase, "If the Yankees do not take us before that time." But as the second week in April opened, our fears seemed to be quieted, and without any special reason. If a few hearts expressed a fear, the reply would be, "What should they come here for? They could gain nothing, and would be in the greatest danger from guerrillas." However, the report gained ground, if not credence, about the 8th of Apr. that the enemy had encamped the day before at Fayetteville, Tenn., which is 30 miles north. Still, men did not believe, because they did not want to believe. There was, on the 9th, however, a little movement in the way of sending a force of 75 men out on the Turnpike, partly mounted, to hold a parley in case there should be an enemy approaching, tho it is not very clear as to the nature of the parley or

the sense of it; as we had no possible means of defense, and not the slightest intention of resistance. No sign of a Federal that day.

On the night of the 10th April, at 10 o'clock, messengers came in from the country to certain citizens, to notify them that the Federals were certainly breaking up their camp about four miles from town! As the others who reported them 18 miles distant were not believed, neither were these who brought more ominous tidings. At that very moment, some of the Army were on the square of Huntsville!⁴ It was verified, however, by several persons, so that by 11 o'clock, messengers came to Mr. Beirne⁵ to state the fact to him. He was very ill at the time, so that he could not leave his room and having no doubt that those who had the authority at the Railroad would send off the rolling stock in both directions, he gave no orders to that effect. In the meantime, the traitors who had undertaken to "sell" the town, said that this report was wholly unfounded: that the men who were coming were Confederate soldiers with a few Yankee prisoners! It is wonderful that men in their senses would believe such a tale, but so it was. Although the engines, 15 in number, were fired ready to start, and about 50 cars, the statement was made by Sheriff Douglass⁶ that there was not the least danger; and Mr. Jas. Crawford⁷, a true and honest man, who superintended the firing-up, put out the fires and went to sleep. But with him sat a man who was not of the same character, a Mr. Hopper⁸, who had been in the employ of the Road for some time, but had been occasionally doubted. That he knew where the Federal army was moving, there is little doubt. That the Telegraph Operator, a man by the name of Larkins [sic]⁹, knew also, there is no doubt. (This Larkins [sic] and his wife came a year before from Philadelphia as Daguerreotypists and very shortly worked matters around to settle themselves in the Tel. Office. Is not the supposition reasonable that they were sent from Philadelphia for the very works that they finally accomplished.)

Thus we were sold into the hands of a detested enemy. By daylight the Yankees filled this town! A vile commingled horde from the Northwest, the scum of a country with Dutch and Irish to render them still more detestable. And this was the force to whom we were to be subjected. A free people, having no one sitting under our own vine and fig tree, subjugated by the Bayonet. General Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel¹⁰, name forever hideously infamous in the annals of this War, was the leader of the gang, composed of 13 Regiments¹¹, viz - 2nd, 3rd, 10th, 21st, and 33rd Ohio Infantry - 33rd, 37th, and 42nd Indiana Infantry - 15th Kentucky - 19th and 29th Illinois - 24th Michigan and 10th Wisconsin! Two Batteries accompanied this select party: Loomis' and Jewett's. The Cavalry were "Kennett's 4th Ohio" Cavalry. Of all the wretches, the 10th Ohio were, perhaps, the most diabolical. They were surnamed "Turchin's 12th Bloody 10th" and well they earned their title. Of course the most entirely unpardonable was the Kentucky Regt., fighting against their own people, to whom they were allied by blood and institutions. Its colonel, Curran Pope¹³, felt before long that he had met the full meed of scorn which he deserved.

As the Federals came into town that memorable morning of April 11, one train of cars was coming in from the West, and an Engine going out to the East. The train, they fired into, and compelled them to surrender. There were many Confederate soldiers, many of whom were sick. These were in about 6 weeks exchanged. The engine was also fired into – by the courage and determination of the Engineer, Mr. Yeatman,¹⁴ it escaped and reached Stevenson in time to stop a train of cars loaded with Georgians going to reinforce the Conf. Army at Corinth. Of course, as our Telegraph was immediately taken possession of by the Yankees in the night, we had no means of communicating either way.

The excitement and horror of our citizens, in finding themselves under the power of foreign bayonets, most of all under the hateful Govt. which we had ever abjured, was indescribable. For a while, there seemed to reign a moral paralysis.

In a very few hours, we saw on every street, at every gate, and at every corner, those hateful Yankees, some on foot, some resting in their saddles, talking with the town-servants in confidential intercourse, and bribing them to betray their masters and the citizens. It was soon known by them where every house was that contained a sick or well Confederate soldier, or a Refugee from Tennessee, There were many of the latter, among them, Hon. John Bell¹⁵ and Mr. Sam'l Morgan¹⁶ Most fortunately, however, these gentlemen, with a Brother¹⁷ of the famous Col. John Morgan and very many of our own citizens who could not have lived safely under the sway of the wretches, and who would not submit to their bondage, succeeded in escaping from the town, between the alarm of the night and eight o'clock the next morning. Among these were the Ex Secretary of War, Pope Walker,¹⁸ Withers Clay,¹⁹ editor of the "Democrat", Mr. Sept. Cabaniss,²⁰ many of the disbanded "Madison Rifles",²¹ who had belonged to the 7th Ala Regt. and etc. Captain J. J. Ward²² was fortunately absent from town. Mr. Dew,²³ editor of the "Independent", had gone to Corinth a few days previously to our wounded and entered the army there. On Sunday, the 13th, a posse of armed men went to Mr. Cruse's,²⁴ and arresting him, conveyed him to the Provost Marshal's office. The ostensible purpose was to get possession of money which they understood he had lately received from the Rail Road, and his R. R. books. They took Mr. Cruse bodily, but his good powers as an actor and his ready gift of speech, beside his timely concealment of said valuables, saved those treasures. He had about him a couple of thousands, which he said belonged to the poor operatives at the R. R., to whom he was about to pay it out and who needed it for daily bread but that all the rest had lately been disbursed in dividends. An old set of books (of 1858) he tied up and gave into the charge of the men, with earnest beseechings "for Heaven's sake to take care of them, for if anything happened to them, he should be ruined." Luckily, the books were not opened at the Marshal's office, and the many thousands in his possession was safe beyond reach of the Yankees.

Guerilla bands now began to be excited throughout the counties of North Alabama. Jackson County took the lead. The depredations of the Federals on all the surrounding country - the special ruin and desolation in Limestone County -

the taunts of the enemy, could not be endured by a brave and free people in silence. O. M. M., Gen'l of the Federal Army, who generally went among us by the title of "Old Mitch", was perpetually talking of 'my R. Road", my Telegraph line, which was not readily brooked by men who had long been accustomed to consider them as their R. R. and their Telegraph line. Occasionally, the line would be cut, and the R. R. obstructed or cars fired into, when O. M. M. did not anticipate it. This always brought down threats of vengeance upon the Jackson County people who hurled defiance in return. They knew every inch of the woods and mountains and the whole country was soon alive with sharpshooters who darted forth whenever the Federal cavalry dared to leave Huntsville and its neighborhood. It was soon ascertained that said cavalry never ventured from the high road and never did they return with the numbers the same as when they went out of the town (Kennet's 4th Ohio Cavalry came here 1,200 strong. Death and the Jackson Guerillas reduced them, in their stay of 5 months, to 150!) Many homesteads and several little settlements were reduced to ashes by the enemy because O. M. asserted that "my trains were fired into". Young Dillard²⁵ was killed and forthwith in one day a whole company called the "Dillard Avengers" sprang into existence, which hunted the foe by day and by night.

On April 28th guns were fired for the fall of New Orleans (tho at the time we did not believe it had occurred).²⁶ On the P. M. of May 1st, there was a general scamper and exodus of the enemy out of Huntsville, leaving only enough to guard the town. A report had been brought in by the Federal scouts that General Price²⁷ with a large body of troops was not many miles below, just crossing the river. They fully expected an engagement. Cannon and cavalry and several regiments disappeared in a twinkling. Wagons and gun-carriages tore "like mad" through the streets, from the camps to the R. Road. Our expectations were raised and we began to imagine we heard the booming of Confederate cannon. Some ladies were impatient enough to exclaim, as they passed a group of Federal officers and privates, "There are not many flowers to be seen now, but there will be showers of them for Price tomorrow"! The general joy was too plain to be disguised. Mitchel said afterwards that the women were all kissing each other, and the men huzzahing, when they thought Price was coming.

But there was no Price. Scott's Cavalry had given some of them a fight in that neighborhood and caused the report²⁸. There was, however, vengeance in store. The next morning, about nine, a band of O. M.'s hirelings armed to the teeth, with a list of 12 names in hand, commenced the work of arrest. This list had evidently been made out by a townsman, who knew every middle initial and title and spelling of names. No doubt remains who this man was - George W. Lane,²⁹ the rankest traitor and vilest wretch, with perhaps an exception or two, who pandered to the enemy. He gave a list of those whose influence it might be well to suppress during the Federal stay and those whose lips might, more safely to themselves, be closed. These are the names following: George P. Beirne, Samuel Cruse (*both previously mentioned*), Rev. John M. Banister,³⁰ Rt. Rev. H.C. Lay,³¹ Augustine Withers,³² Gus L. Mastin,³³ Rev. John G. Wilson,³⁴ Mc Dowell,³⁵ William



George P. Beirne (Courtesy of Mrs. Robert R. Cook (Mary Beirne Darwin))



The Moore-Rhett House, 603 Adams Street, during Federal Occupation of Huntsville, Alabama
(U.S. Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, PA)
General Mitchel's Headquarters was in the McDowell-LeVert House, next door.

Acklin,³⁶ William Moore,³⁷ Dr. Thomas Fearn,³⁸ L. W. Harris,³⁹ Thomas McCalley.⁴⁰ Rev. Mr. Banister, our beloved Pastor, was too ill at the time to leave his bed. The others were dragged at the point of the bayonets from their homes and taken to the Court House where they were kept under guard for three days. Then, refusing to sign Mitchel's document, they were separated and carried off to solitary confinement, under guard for eleven days. But they belonged to the noble army of Martyrs, in our blessed Cause, and they manfully maintained their ground⁴¹. At the end of this book is subjoined the Printed Statement which shows the case most clearly. It was printed, because there seemed to be abroad some misunderstanding as to what paper they had signed. We have always called them the Immortal Twelve. These gentlemen were arrested on the 2nd May and released the 15th.

The 16th May was appointed a Fast Day for the Confederacy by Pres. Davis. But we could observe it by no public service. When the enemy came here it was judged best to close the church and it was not opened for 5 weeks – viz. not until the 18th May when an order from Mitchel to Rev. Mr. Banister caused the Religious Services of the Sabbath to be resumed.

In May, Mitchel sent on to Ohio for his family, consisting of three daughters to come here, and pass the hot season. Their insolence was boundless. They daily rode out with their father or one of their brothers, sometimes endangering the lives of the citizens, whom, when nearly knocked down by their horses hoofs, they would insultingly advise to “keep out of the street and stay at home.” They were here for two months. Mitchel took the house opposite his own camp, on Georgia Street, for the six.

Mitchel was constantly proclaiming to the people that he would “starve them into submission” and indeed, it seemed that he would leave nothing for man or beast. The plantations were stripped of corn in every direction – very many of them, of everything eatable; and every little while, he would issue a decree that no servant should go to the mill until his master had “taken the oath” and again, that no wagons of any description should come onto the town with food.

From Mr. Beirne he took 2100 bushels of corn, all his dry stock, amounting to 20 head of fine cattle and a flock of 155 fine sheep! Besides this, four or five Yankees of the vilest sort, lived at the plantation all the time, changing from week to week, so that among them all, the demoralization of the servants should be complete. From Gov. Clay's plantation they took everything, even a few dozen bags of meal which he was preparing to bring to his family in town. Mrs. Thomas Burton's place was stripped.⁴² Mrs. Dr. Barnard's place was made a wreck!⁴³ Every fence was removed and burnt and every field of waving grain turned out to horses and cattle. It was estimated that \$20,000 would not replace the simple pecuniary loss while the demoralization of the servants was unspeakable. But this tale might be repeated ad infinitum through the counties of Jackson, Madison and Limestone. Every overseer in the country was dismissed, summarily.

The last of May, 33 guns were fired for the "Evacuation of Corinth,"⁴⁴ as they had been the last of April for the taking of New Orleans and at both times they appended to the story that the guns were also "for the taking of Mobile and Richmond!" It was necessary from day to day to concoct some such tale to excite the ardor of the soldiery – very much as the schoolboy whistled on going though the Churchyard "to keep his spirits up".

For a long time, nearly two months, we listened credulously to every rumor of Kirby Smith⁴⁵ or Price coming to our aid, but by early June, we gave up all hope from those quarters, east or west, and looked only to a great battle in Tennessee or Kentucky to free us. In the meantime rumors of "foreign intervention" were rife and now and then when we saw a Confederate Journal, we always contrived to extract good cheer from it. Once, a Confederate officer came from Chattanooga to exchange prisoners. He remarked to a gentleman on the square, "Why do you all look so downcast here? All is gloriously bright in Dixie!" This flew fast from mouth to mouth, and cheered our drooping hearts for weeks. If a friend happened to receive a paper from "Dixie" by stealth, it was loaned only under bond of silence and surety as fearful were we that the ever-ready and watchful enemy in our midst might spy it out. We used the term Grape-vine for any report which crept in to our citizens from over the border, in a quiet way, never linked with any name, and every night it was the regular query in every family, made appealingly to its head, "Is there no grape-vine today?" It was the one thing we looked forward to through all the long, hot, dusty day and a reply in the negative would fall like lead upon the heart. Sometimes we were forced to hear the dull, "Nothing, today," for a week in succession but when the glad affirmative broke the heavy monotony, the event smaller or greater served for long hours of conversation, and even carried its little animation into the subsequent day.

In the meantime, scarcely a day passed in which the Confederate cavalry that filled the country around, especially over the mountains, had not its spies in town, sometimes in the garb of old women or very old men making purchases often times at the Federal camps, sometimes arrayed in Federal uniforms boldly walking by the very tent of the General and talking with the sentinels, sometimes in citizens dress, taking note from the tops of houses every camp, its size and position. Knowing this, we sometimes hoped that a sufficiently large force was gathering in the neighborhood to make a successful Raid into the town; but in this, too, we were disappointed. Our soldiers had other purposes.

Among the inhabitants of the town, in the passage of the Federals to and fro, there was nothing but the most marked disdain and contempt. The Ladies walked with veiled or averted faces, remaining in doors except an hour or two of the latter part of evening. From highest to lowest, they could see themselves to be but objects of disgust. They opened shops for the sale of goods in general, but save in a very few instances of dire necessity, no one went to them. Besides the "12 Gentlemen" selected as objects of special menace, there were few instances of individual spite

manifested. Miss Rowe Webster,⁴⁶ visiting in town, had worn or displayed on the porch a small secession flag. An officer, in passing, had noticed it and reported at Headquarters. She was sent for to Mitchel's tent and compelled to listen to a long and insolent harangue to which his daughters were listening in the next tent.

Gov. Clay, an old man of gray hair and tottering step, whose family has always borne a prominent part in the matter of Secession, was dragged from his plantation to the cars and brought to town and from the Depot, was made to walk through a pouring rain to his house! The enemy took from him a large quantity of corn, giving a "receipt" for the same. This was submitted to the proper authorities for payment. (They usually paid 50 or 60 cents on the dollar). The Agent of the Commissary Dept. wrote upon the back of the claim, "This has been examined and appears to be quite correct, but as Gov. C. C. Clay has been a rank Rebel and a violent Secessionist from the first, it is suggested that this claim, in the language of the Northwest surveyors, should be "meandered." It was thereupon returned and the corn was stolen.

Mrs. Walter Scruggs⁴⁷ was summoned to Mitchel's tent for daring to write her husband, early in June. The letter had been found by O. M.'s minions on the person of a servant, and though there was nothing treasonable in the letter, it was enough that Mitchel had her in his power. "Do you know, Madam, that you have committed a heinous military offence?" was his salutation. She said, "No. I told my husband that some of the Federal Army were in Huntsville but that I knew nothing about them – not even one of them by sight." "Where is your husband, Madam?" "I do not know. I was going to send a letter to him at a ⁴⁸" "You need not try to conceal anything from me. I know where he is. I know everything." "Then said Mrs. Jordan,⁴⁹ who accompanied Mrs. Scruggs, "Do tell me where Beauregard is!" The effect was irresistible, as this was in the first ten days after the "Evacuation of Corinth," when curiosity was on tiptoe to know where our Western army had gone in its sudden disappearance and when no human being in the whole country round could give the slightest clue as to their whereabouts. Every one knew that the Federals were in equal ignorance with *ourselves and in mortal fear, besides.*

Mrs. Jordan has always been a person of some marked peculiarities, but during the occupation of Huntsville, from a combination of circumstances, she became quite a character. She is a woman of excellent plain sense, was married by a stepmother at fifteen to a man much older than herself and had never the advantages and refining influences of a high social position. Her manner was always rather masculine, yet without coarseness. She walks with her hands in the pockets of a paletot,⁵⁰ which is often stuffed with papers. Her dress is unusually plain and short, but her hand and foot astonishingly small for her size. Her bluntness of speech is often amusing, as her friends know it is not intended as rudeness. The idea of making fine speeches to the Federals never once occurred to her, nor even when she was compelled to ask anything of them did she in the least consult any studied courtesies of speech. Her only son, Jesse Jordan of the 4th Ala, (Old Third

Brigade) was killed in the "Battle of Gaines' Mill",⁵¹ (June 27). She wished to go to Richmond at that time, not knowing his death. After some demur on the part of Mitchel, she obtained a pass. When she arrived in Richmond, she heard that her son was in his grave upon the Battle-Field. She went herself to the spot, which she found with great difficulty, and obtained her son's body. This she brought home, via Chattanooga, without any protector. When she reached Chattanooga, she met Gen. McCook,⁵² in command of Federal forces there. He offered her hospitalities. She refused everything. "Do you think I would take a cup of coffee from an enemy, while our soldiers are fighting upon the plainest rations and cold water?" Much passed between them, which showed McCook that he had a "Rebel" to deal with. "Madam," he said, "We began wrong in this War, we ought to have begun by exterminating as we go." "Yes, you are right there," she replied, "for not until you have exterminated from the face of the earth every man, woman and child in the Confederacy, can you subjugate this country. You will know that there is no hope in your minds of a restored "Union", but you think you may conquer us. I tell you, never! Never, so long as one soldier lives in the South, to wield a sword for Freedom!" She went on to tell him that she had at Cleveland just parted from an old Gentleman of Louisiana who was taking home two of his sons slain in Battle and who preferred going hundreds of miles out of his way to asking for a pass from the enemy to go through Huntsville. "Such is the feeling of us all," she added, "but if you insist on doing a favor for me, there is one which I am compelled though most unwilling to ask. I ask it in the name of the dead. Telegraph to Gen. Mitchel and ask him if I may have the suitable arrangements made at the Depot to receive the remains of my son, for even this I must be indebted to a foe. I could not take my child to his own home, to sleep among his friends, without the permission of our bitterest enemy!"

Jesse's Funeral, the day after he was brought home, was the largest ever attended in Huntsville*. Every owner of a carriage or buggy (even those who had not taken them out before) insisted on doing honor to a brave young soldier who had fallen in their defense. Beside these, the train of those on foot was large. We were determined to let our conquerors see that their presence could not prevent us from showing respect to a Confederate Private.

Shortly after this, Mrs. Jordan went to Mitchel's tent to ask for the aid of several of her negroes who had been impressed to work on the R. Road. "My son has

* Mrs. Chadick writes in her entry for July 23, 1862, "Mrs. Jordan arrived this evening from Richmond with the body of her son, who fell at Mechanicsville." And for July 24th, she writes, "The funeral of Jesse Jordan took place this evening. There were 50 carriages in the procession. ---Accordingly, Mrs. Jordan could not have had the meeting with Gen. Mitchel described in the next paragraph of the paper concerning the release of her negroes etc., since Mitchel was ordered to Washington, D. C., July 2, 1862. If such a meeting took place, it was probably with Gen. Rousseau. But Mrs. Chadick was also in error inasmuch as Jesse Jordan fell at Gaines' Mill, not Mechanicsville.

fallen in Battles before Richmond.” She emphasized this. “I wish to have the foundations laid for a monument over him. My servants understand this work, but you have taken them all from me. I came to ask if I can have some of them for this purpose.” “Certainly,” replied Michel, “certainly, as many as you wish. Just name the number and I will issue the order immediately.” “Three will do,” and she selected them by name. The next day they were sent home. At the same time she asked for a pass for some hay to come into town. “This comes,” said Mitchel, “under the head of those articles to obtain which it will be necessary to take the oath.” “Why General,” said Mrs. Jordan, “this hay is for our horses, not for ourselves. If you wish the horses to take the oath, I will send the boy up with them.” The pass was made out and handed her. One can readily see how comical was the effect, when after Mitchel’s assertions that “he knew everything”, she asked with apparent confidence and the greatest earnestness, “Then do tell me, General, where Beauregard is!”

Gov. Clay’s son, Withers Clay, editor of the Democrat (now changed to The Confederate)⁵³ left town as soon as it was known that the enemy were here. In June, his printing press was seized and his servant Nelson, who acted as his foreman, impressed. A shabby little sheet, called the Reveille was issued four weeks. This was devoted to abuse of the people of Huntsville. The 1st of July, Buell⁵⁴ came here and stopped it. He told the Chaplain of the 4th Ohio who edited it that he had much better attend to the spiritual needs of his regiment than continue his present useless occupation.

On Gen. Buell’s arrival, some high words ensued between himself and Mitchel. The latter had had positive orders not to extend the Federal lines to Alabama. Buell told him it had cost him a million more to do it and the gain had been nothing. True, it had not to the U. S. Government, but to Mitchel it had been the making of a fortune of at least one quarter of a million. He had bought cotton through the Agency of a few Union men, used the Government wagons of the U.S. to load it and send it to the North via Nashville and Louisville where he sold it for 30 or 40 cents, when he had given less than 20. One son and one son-in-law *he allowed* to appear in the business. Alabamians were sorry that any should have been found among their citizens who would engage in traffic with such a foe, but so it was.

Soon after Buell’s arrival, Mitchel left (about 4 July).⁵⁵ It was reported that he left in disgrace, on account of charges preferred against him by Col. Norton of the 21st Ohio.⁵⁶ In about a fortnight after, the family of O. M. left, accompanied by Quartermaster Slocum.⁵⁷ Before they reached Nashville, an accident on the R. Road broke the limb of one of O. M.’s daughters, and the head of Slocum, very nearly divesting him of his scalp – adventures which may teach them not to come again in Southern climes to assist in the “amusing” work of subjugation.

Don Carlos [Buell] appointed Lovell Rousseau⁵⁸ as Commandant of the Post of Huntsville. He took up the ends of the thread, and completed all that O. M. had

left undone. Up to 1st July, Mr. Beirne had had 2100 bushels of corn taken from him, and his plantation generally ruined, but Rousseau finished the robbing of everything on it. In the midst of the desolation, we contrived to do a few kind acts: Some Confederate soldiers were privately entertained in town all the time. Others were hospitably cared for who occasionally slipped in and out by night, bringing us gladsome intelligence from "Dixie". The only papers we saw for 5 months were the "Nashville Dispatch"⁵⁹, the "Louisville Express"⁶⁰ and the "Cincinnati Enquirer"⁶¹, which three were really Secession papers though they dared not openly show their hands; but everything which they could glean favorable to the South, they published. The others were the "Louisville Journal"⁶² (Prentice⁶³ having been bought by the U. S. for \$100,000), the "Cincinnati Commercial"⁶⁴, which made one's blood run cold in the hottest summer day, and that hideous little sheet, the "Nashville Union".⁶⁵ We soon learned to which papers to look for our daily news and when Mitchel found that the "Express" and "Enquirer" were in demand, and the others disliked, he ordered the favorites to be burnt by the boxful at the Depot, so that at times we were 8 and 10 days without a paper of any kind.

August 7th occurred the raid at New Market, Madison County. McCook's Brigade of Buell's Division, was attacked by our cavalry and Gen. McCook was killed.⁶⁶ This brought down vengeance on the neighborhood. Soon after this, Rousseau pretended that he feared an incursion of our cavalry and that he must impress several hundred negroes to make a stockade at the R. Road. They were accordingly dragged from all the plantations around to about the number of 300. Only a small portion of the day were they at work and either roaming about the town in an idle lawless way the rest of the time or else going back for the night to the plantations to demoralize their fellow servants. It was very soon evident that this was the real purpose of the enemy, as well as to afford a place for retention of the negroes until the very hour of the evacuation of the town, that they might be removed by the enemy. The Federal soldiers stole the best servants in Huntsville and the regions round about in order to sell them in Kentucky! This was their avowed purpose! When they finally left, they carried off a thousand.

Gen. Don Carlos left on August 21. There were rumors of troublesome times between here and Nashville and we began to feel that the day of deliverance must be drawing nigh. Many, however, would listen to nothing like hope.

On Sunday, the 24th, it was privately announced to the officers and the arch-traitor, Judge Lane, that the town was to be evacuated at 4 P. M. of that day. Lane and his family, at a few hours notice, prepared and decamped in the noon train! It was most joyful news to the true hearts of Huntsville, for the Lanes had been an eyesore for a long weary day. When we were returning from church at noon, sundry signs made us think something on foot of an unusual nature. And moreover, it was privately whispered that the grand move was to be made in a few hours. We began to be tremulous with expectation. In an hour or two, runners were sent to all the houses to advise the inhabitants not to go forth, neither to exhibit any signs of joy in the streets, as the officers had some difficulty already in

restraining their troops and any manifestations on the part of the people might render restraint impossible.

From shaded porches and half-curtained windows, we watched their proceedings. At 4 P. M., down came the Cavalry, packed and accoutered, sweeping by to the "Spring" for a last draught. Down came the covered wagons to take all the convalescent patients from the Hospital. Officers rode hither and thither, in haste. On our faces beamed the light of hope and joy. Still, a vague, undefined feeling haunted some of the soberer, elder hearts and the said, "Wait, do not exult too much. They are not gone yet." Truly, they were wise. In the midst of all their preparations, at 4 ½ P. M., came a countermanding order. Back went some of the sick to the Hospital. Back went the cavalry to the Hill. Down sank our hearts to the earth!

We anticipated some trouble in town that night. The pickets were doubled. People kept guard on their own lots, but morning found us safe.

Disappointment sat on almost every countenance, at breakfast table, on Monday morning. Individually, I felt quite light-hearted. I said, "This is surely the beginning of the end. It may be deferred for a few days, but they will never settle down here again to their accustomed routine."

"You cannot tell that," I was answered. "They may be here for months." "No," I rejoined. "You may rely that any summer prediction will prove true. The 1st of September will not find them in Huntsville." And truly, all that week, they were in busy preparation for departure. The first order had been revoked inasmuch as the commanding officer found it impossible to leave with so much expedition. On the 26th, a hundred convalescent men who had been kept at the Depot since Sunday the 24th, were sent off, and immediately after, a regiment of 300. All the medical stores followed the next day, many of the army stores the next, and so on. Though nothing was given out publicly, hope began to revive once more. On Saturday night, the 30th, we knew that at any time we might hear, without surprise, the note of departure. It was faintly rumored that they were "going in the morning!"

To those who were wakeful, it was indeed a joyful sound, through the night-watches, to hear the rumbling wagons coming down the Hill, no more to return.⁶⁷ though many were still unbelieving. It was "too good news to be true." Morning dawned. They had been moving since two in the night. Seven o'clock came and the last of them had left the square! Col. Lytle⁶⁸ and his aid were riding up and down the lines, and by swearing and presenting loaded pistols at their head, they managed to keep them somewhat in order. The men wanted to pillage and burn before they went. They considered themselves defrauded of their rightful privilege. Col. Lytle told them they had received no molestation, during their five months occupancy, from a person in the town and that they should leave the place as they found it. The train moved off on the turnpike, with several hundreds of servants stolen from the town and neighborhood. "Henry" Cruse,⁶⁹ "Ruffin"

Rice,⁷⁰ five of Mr. Donegan's,⁷¹ four of Mr. Tom White's⁷² and nearly thirty of Mr. Pynchon's.⁷³

In the night, while they were departing, the premises of many citizens were invaded for horses and silver. They came to Mr. Beirme's, a squad with a lieutenant, and rounded up Jim, insisting upon having the horses. Ned, faithful Ned, came to the rescue and informed his master. Jim kept them in a parley while Ned went over to Col. Burke⁷⁴ (at Mr. Clemens⁷⁵) and obtained an order for their immediate departure from the L. It was almost an even struggle. "Logan and Peacock"⁷⁶ came near seeing the end of their happy days. However at four A. M. the thieves did return to the Alley, and took Mr. Robert Fearn's⁷⁷ wagon, horses and servants which last had been probably playing into the enemy's hands for some time.

At daybreak of this morning, an immense amount of stores were burnt by the Federals. Tons of meat, a great deal of which was stolen from the country around: barrels of sugar and molasses, from 50 to 100 barrels of corn, boxes of soap and candles, in short, a great deal which, on no account, would they have given to the "Rebels. Albeit, some of said "Rebels" had conducted [themselves] very much like Yankees, during the occupation. A list of those names may well be appended here:

Judge Lane²⁶
Jerre Clemens⁶⁹
Nick Davis⁸²
Addison White⁸⁵
Dr. Patton⁸⁸
Robert Fearn⁷¹
Dan B. Turner⁹³
Sheriff Douglas³

Otis⁷⁸
Tom Douglas⁸⁰
Hickman⁸³
Heep⁸⁶
Brickell⁸⁹
Angell⁹¹
Ables⁹⁴
Saxon⁹⁶

Dr. Williamson⁷⁹
Wyndam (Postmaster)⁸¹
Hammond⁸⁴
Johnston⁸⁷
King⁹⁰
Pitman⁹²
Jolley⁹⁵
Figures⁹⁷

One hundred and ten sick Federals were left at Calhoun Hospital.⁹⁸ Their fears were many and great. Some expected to be shot; others prisoned. One man had 15 bullets in him, the result of too many trips into Jackson County during his stay in North Alabama. One said to Harvey Donegan that, "He hoped the Confederates would soon be along – he was all ready to take the oath of allegiance; no parole for him."

Addison White's cousin, Lieutenant McDowell,⁹⁹ was at Mr. McCalley's (opposite the Presbyterian Church) the evening before they left with a squad of 15 men to steal horses and was recognized by a citizen, who called him by name. His name, he at first disowned, but finding this trick answer his purpose, he begged the gentleman in question to be silent about the circumstances "as he had family connections in the place!" But the tale only spread the faster. with his request annexed. Mrs. White had so often spoken of her "cousin, the Lieutenant," as such an elegant young man and so well-connected in Kentucky and accustomed to such

polished society, that people were proportionally surprised to find him, at last, only a horse-thief.

On the afternoon of the same day that the enemy left, Sunday the 31st August 1862, the Confederate Cavalry, Capt. Frank Gurley¹⁰⁰ and Capt. Hambrick,¹⁰¹ rode into town and filled the Square! We were in church, but the glad shouts mingled with the Service and assured us that we were free once more!

Of the Federals left sick here, many died; the rest left in six or eight weeks, having been the recipients of much kindness on the part of our citizens, In our cemetery, there are nearly 250 Yankee graves. Very many of the enemy were buried on the outskirts of the Town, at Mrs. Barnard's plantation, where they encamped and many hundreds were shot and killed in Jackson County, what the survivors, we hear, still call "The Valley of the Shadow of Death."

The result of this North Alabama expedition to the enemy was the expenditure of a million dollars, the loss of entire regiments of men and the utter destruction of whatever "Union feeling" had ever existed. Athens was its center and stronghold, and Athens suffered most severely. Whatever individuals or portions of a community had looked forward with any favor to the advent of a "Union Army" have had the illusion wholly dispelled. They now firmly believe that "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

This may it ever be!

Huntsville, Dec. 1862.

END NOTES

¹ *War of the Rebellion: A compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Series I*. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 1897.

² Hughes, Nathaniel Cheairs, Jr., Editor, *The Civil War Memoir of Philip Daingerfield Stephenson*, Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, 1995, p. 105.

³ Reid, Whitelaw, *Ohio in the War: Her Statesmen, her Generals, and Soldiers*; Vol. I., Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin, Cincinnati, 1868, p.609.

⁴ The Official Records: *OR*, 10(1): 641, indicate the Federals entered Huntsville at 6A.M, 11April, 1862. See Appendix I.

⁵ George P. Beirne was born in Virginia ca. 1810 and a resident of Huntsville since 1822. He graduated from the University of Virginia in 1830 and was a lawyer, planter and businessman. An early mayor of Huntsville, he also served on several "corporate" boards and, most importantly, he was a director of the

Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The 1860 Census lists the values of his real and personal property at \$55,000 and \$235,000, respectively.

⁶ Edward E. Douglass was Sheriff of Madison County from 1861-1865. In 1860, he is shown living in the New Hope community, a 38 year old farmer, with real and personal property each valued at \$10,000.

⁷ James Crawford was a master machinest of the Eastern Division of the Memphis and Charleston R.R. He was born in Dromore, County Down, Ireland and died in Huntsville Oct. 1, 1863 in his 52nd year.

⁸ A. J. Hopper was Assistant Superintendent of the Memphis and Charleton R.R. and reputed to be a native of Pennsylvania. He had earlier received orders to send all the rolling stock at Huntsville to Corinth.

⁹ Larkins, i.e. J. Howard Larcombe was a telegraph operator and "photographist". He is possibly the James Larcombe listed in the 1860 Census for Philadelphia, PA, age 28, born in England, occupation - locksmith, with wife, Anna, age 30.

¹⁰ Gen. Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel, was born July 28, 1809, Morganfield, KY. He graduated West Point in 1829, was an instructor at West Point then resigned from the U. S. Army and became a college professor / astronomer. In August 1861 he was appointed Brig. Gen. of Volunteers and commanded Dept. of the Ohio. He was promoted Maj. Gen. of Volunteers in April 1862 and directed raids in Alabama until July 1862. He had disputes with Gen. Buell and was sent to command Dept. of the South where he died of yellow fever, October 30, 1862.

¹¹ The organization of Mitchel's Third Division, Army of the Ohio is shown in Appendix II. The 29th Illinois was not in Huntsville, but engaged at Corinth. The 24th Illinois was with Mitchel. The 33rd Indiana was a part of the 7th Division, Army of Ohio, at Lexington KY

¹² Col. John Basil Turchin (Ivan Vasilovitch Turchinoff) (1822-1901) was born in Don Province, Russia. An officer in the service of the Czar, he fought in the Crimean War, emigrated to the U. S. in 1856 and became a railroad employee. He was appointed Col. of the 19th Illinois and also commanded the Eighth Brigade, Third Division while in Alabama. He was court-martialed for permitting looting and pillage at Athens AL but reprieved by Pres. Lincoln after his wife interceded. In July 1862 he was appointed Brig. Gen. of Volunteers and fought at Chicamauga, Missionary Ridge and in the Atlanta campaign. He resigned Oct. 1864 because of ill health and became a patent lawyer.

¹³ Col. Curran Pope was born in Louisville, KY, ca. 1814. He graduated at West Point in 1836, and after a short service in the army he resigned to take one of the clerkships made vacant by his father's death. When the war began, he raised the 15th Kentucky Regiment which was decimated in the battle of Perryville, 8 Oct 1862. He died a few weeks later in Nov. 1862 from wounds suffered at that battle. He was probably a distant cousin of Leroy Pope Walker (see below). Both of their antecedents came from Westmoreland County, VA. The 1860 Census for Jefferson County, KY, (Louisville), shows his occupation, lawyer, and his real and personal property valued at \$220,000 and \$10,000, respectively.

¹⁴ Richard Yeatman was born in Alabama about 1838 and is listed in the 1860 Census as R.R. Conductor.

¹⁵ John Bell (1797-1869) was born near Nashville, TN. He was a member of Tennessee state senate, 1817; U. S. Representative, 1827-1841; Speaker of the U. S. House, 1834-1835; U. S. Secretary of War, 1841; U. S. Senator from Tennessee, 1847-1859; and perhaps most notably, Constitutional Union Candidate for President of the United States, 1860. The Davidson County, TN, census for that year shows him with real property, \$225,000, and personal property, \$100,000.

¹⁶ Samuel Dold Morgan (1798-1880), an uncle of Gen. John Hunt Morgan, was born in Staunton, VA. His family moved to Huntsville in 1813 where his father amassed a large fortune trading with the Indians. Samuel moved to Nashville in 1833 and became one of its most prominent and successful merchants. The 1860 Census for Davidson County, TN, lists his real and personal property worth \$100,000 and \$125,000, respectively.

¹⁷ The identity of this brother (Gen. Morgan had five brothers) is unknown.

¹⁸ Leroy Pope Walker (1817-1884) lawyer, politician and judge, was born and died in Huntsville. He was Confederate States Secretary of War in 1861 but resigned in September of that year and accepted appointment as Brig. Gen. in command of garrisons at Mobile and Montgomery. He resigned that commission in March 1862 was appointed and served as military court judge from April 1864 until the end of the war. The 1860 Census shows him with real and personal property valued at \$128,000 and \$155,000, respectively

¹⁹ John Withers Clay (1820-1896) was the son of Clement Comer Clay, Alabama Congressman, Governor and U. S. Senator. Withers Clay was editor of the Huntsville Democrat for 40 years. His real and personal property in 1860 were valued at \$10,000 and \$15,000, respectively

²⁰ Septimus D. Cabaniss (1815-1865) was born in Montgomery, Alabama. He was a lawyer and served in the Alabama State legislature 1861-1863. In 1860, his real and personal property were valued at \$20,000 and \$30,000, respectively

²¹ The Madison Rifles were organized in Huntsville, AL, in 1855 as a "gentlemen's social club." In January 1861, it became part of the 7th Alabama Regiment and saw service in Florida and then later, in Tennessee. Some returned home after their one-year enlistment was up.

²² John J. Ward was born in North Carolina ca. 1820. He was a planter and served as Mayor of Huntsville, 1859-1860. The 1860 Madison County Census shows him with real property, \$80,000, and personal property, \$90,000. He organized Ward's Battery of light artillery in October 1862 and was mortally wounded July 1864 in the Atlanta campaign.

²³ John J. Dew was born in Tennessee ca. 1830. He was editor of the Huntsville Independent. His real and personal property in 1860 were valued at \$3,000 and \$5,000, respectively.

²⁴ Samuel Cruse was born in Maryland ca. 1796. He was Secretary and Treasurer of the Eastern Division of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The 1860 Madison County Census shows his real property worth \$16,000 and his personal property, \$36,000.

²⁵ Henry Clay Dillard was born Aug 24 1844 in Jackson County, AL. He killed a Yankee soldier who was attempting to steal a ham from the family's smokehouse.

Dillard was captured and then escaped from the train that was transporting him. He was not killed but lived to join the Confederate army and marry after the war in 1868. There is also no record or information on a group called the “Dillard Avengers.”

²⁶ New Orleans surrendered to Union Flag-Officer David G. Farragut on April 24, 1862.

²⁷ Gen. Sterling Price (1809-1867) commanded Missouri militia in 1861 and in March 1862 he was Maj. Gen. in Confederate Provisional army.

²⁸ Col. J. S. Scott, 1st Regiment, Louisiana Cavalry, comprised of 112 mounted men and a howitzer battery, attacked the Federals near Athens on 1 May 1862. Scott estimated the Federal’s losses at 200 killed and wounded and his own losses as 1 man killed and 3 severely wounded. Official Records: *OR*, 10 (I): 878.

²⁹ George W. Lane was born in Cherokee County, GA. In 1806. In 1821 he came to Limestone County, AL, and read law with Judge Daniel Coleman. He served in the Alabama legislature 1829 and 1832 and then as judge of county court and circuit court. During the war, he was appointed Federal District judge by President Lincoln and accepted the office, but did not serve. He died in Louisville, KY, in 1864.

³⁰ John Monro Banister (1818-1907) was rector of Huntsville’s Church of the Nativity. He was born in Petersburg, VA, and educated at Princeton University and the Virginia Theological Seminary. He was ordained in 1848 and served churches in Demopolis and Greensboro, AL before coming to Huntsville.

³¹ Henry Champlin Lay (1823-1885) was the second rector of the Episcopal congregation. He was born in Richmond, VA, and educated at the University of VA and the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Alexandria, VA. He later became bishop of the Southwest with headquarters in Arkansas.

³² Augustine J. Withers (1806-1869) was born in Dinwiddie County, VA. He was a brother-in-law of Gov. Clement C. Clay. A farmer he owned real property valued at \$59,000 and personal property worth \$46,600.

³³ Gus L. Mastin (1815-1880) was born in Virginia. He was farmer with \$20,500 in real property and \$40,00 in personal property.

³⁴ John Glasgow Wilson was born in Tennessee in 1827. He was a Methodist minister and President of the Huntsville Female College 1860-1872.

³⁵ William McDowell (1801-1865) was born in Virginia. He was a Commission Merchant and held real property valued at \$12,000 and personal property valued at \$142,000.

³⁶ William Acklin (1802-1872) was born in Claiborne county, TN. He was a grandson of John Hunt for whom Huntsville was named. He was a lawyer and represented Madison County in the state legislature for several terms, and was solicitor for twelve years and a state senator four years. His real property was valued at \$25,000 and personal property, \$45,000.

³⁷ William H. Moore (1822-1891) was born in Chapel Hill, N.C. He was a lawyer with real property, \$120,000, and personal property \$150,000.

³⁸ Dr. Thomas Fearn (1789-1863) was born in Pittsylvania County, VA. A planter, businessman, legislator and physician, he was noted for his study of quinine as a

cure for malaria. His real and personal property were worth \$46,000 and \$128,000, respectively.

³⁹ Stephen W. Harris (1818-1869) was born in Georgia. He was a farmer and served in the state legislature in 1857. In 1860, he owned real property valued at \$52,000, and personal property valued at \$118,000.

⁴⁰ Thomas S. McCalley (1807-1880) was born in Spotsylvania County, VA. He was a farmer with real property worth \$93,500 and personal property worth \$160,000.

⁴⁰ The Printed Statement was not included with the manuscript.

⁴² Mrs. Thomas Burton was the wife of Thomas Burton, born ca. 1825 in Virginia. He was a farmer and the 1860 Census showed him with personal property worth \$12,400.

⁴³ Mrs. Harriet Moore Barnard (1836-1902) was born in Alabama, the daughter of Dr. David Moore. She was the widow of John D. Barnard and later married Col. Barnwell Rhett. In 1860, her real and property were valued at \$130,000 and \$180,000, respectively.

⁴⁴ Evacuation of Corinth – Gen. Beauregard's army left Corinth, stealthily, May 29-30, 1862. Some newspaper reports characterized it as a Confederate victory [Official Records: *OR*, 10(1):772-773]

⁴⁵ Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith (1824-1893) graduated West Point 1845, fought in the Mexican War, asst. professor at West Point, frontier duty, resigned April 1861. Entered war service as Lt. Col. and rose to full general by the end of the war.

⁴⁶ Rowena Webster (1821-1907) of Maury County, TN, frequently visited family in Huntsville. She tells of her war-time experiences in *Memoirs of a Southern Girl*. The Jill Knight Garrett Collection, Tennessee State Library and Archives, Nashville, TN.

⁴⁷ Mrs. Walter Scruggs was probably Narcissa Patteson Scruggs (1824-1881), wife of J. Waddy Scruggs (1817-1871), a commission merchant with real property worth \$40,000 and personal property, \$29,500.

⁴⁸ This was the only word in the hand-written document that could not be deciphered.

⁴⁹ Mrs. Jordan was Mary Brandon Jordan, wife of Jesse Glasgow Jordan (1800-1877), a farmer owning real property valued at \$12,000 and personal property, \$38,000. Jesse Jordan moved to Monroe County, Mississippi, ca. 1867.

⁵⁰ A paletot is a lady's outer garment worn by women of the 19th century.

⁵¹ Gaines' Mill (June 27 1862) was the third of the Seven Day's Battles in Virginia. Gen Robert E. Lee's forces drove the Federals back across the Chickahominy River and saved Richmond for the Confederacy in 1862.

⁵² Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook (1831-1903) graduated West Point 1852. He was appointed Colonel of 1st Ohio Regiment, April 1861, Brig. Gen. of Volunteers, Sept. 1861, and Maj. Gen. of Volunteers, July, 1862.

⁵³ John Withers Clay (see 16) had to suspend publication of the Democrat when he left Huntsville in April for Knoxville TN. In October 1862, he returned to Huntsville and began publication of The Huntsville Confederate.

⁵⁴ Gen. Don Carlos Buell (1818-1898) was promoted to Maj. Gen. in March 1862 and the arrival of his army on the evening of the first day of Shiloh, 6-7 April 1862, came just in time to prevent a catastrophic Union defeat. Later his overly cautious attitude in his operations brought him public and official condemnation and he was relieved of command 24 Oct 1862.

⁵⁵ The orders directing Mitchel to report to Washington, D. C. without delay were dated July 2, 1862. *O.R. 's*, Series 1, Vol. 16, (II), p. 92.

⁵⁶ Reid, *loc. cit.*, states that Mitchel was ordered to Washington because he and Gen. Buell could not exist harmoniously in the same department, that Michel chafed under the policy of his superior, and was finally driven to such dissatisfaction that he was on the point of resigning his commission.

⁵⁷ Capt. Joseph J. Slocum – Commissary of subsistence

⁵⁸ Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau (1818-1869) a politician before and after the war, he was appointed Brig. Gen. of Volunteers in Oct. 1861 and performed well at Shiloh and Perryville and was promoted to Maj. Gen. in Oct 1862. In July 1864, he led a successful raid in Alabama to destroy the Montgomery and West Point Railroad.

⁵⁹ Nashville Dispatch was published Apr. 14, 1862 – Nov. 23, 1866 and then merged with Nashville Union and American to form The Nashville Union and Dispatch. (Newspaper publication dates from *Newspapers in Microform*, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., 1984).

⁶⁰ Louisville Express – A Louisville Evening Express was published beginning April 19, 1869. The first day issue, only, bears the title, Louisville Evening Express.

⁶¹ Cincinnati Enquirer was published beginning January 19, 1845. The Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer was published 1841-1921.

⁶² Louisville Journal - The Louisville Daily Journal was published 1833-1868 and succeeded by the Louisville Courier Journal.

⁶³ George D. Prentice (1801 – 1870) was born in Connecticut. He was editor of the Louisville Journal for many years. He was a strong Unionist and the paper supported that cause. Two of his sons were in the Confederate Army and one of them died.

⁶⁴ Cincinnati Commercial was published 1843-1883.

⁶⁵ Nashville Union – The Nashville Union and American was published 1853-1866. It was sometimes called the Nashville Daily Union.

⁶⁶ Gen. Robert Latimer McCook (1827-1862) organized the 9th Ohio Regiment and was promoted Brig. Gen. of volunteers in March 1862. He was mortally wounded by Captain Frank Gurley during a skirmish near New Market, AL while his brigade was en route from Athens, Alabama, to Dechard, Tennessee. He was a brother of Gen. Alexander McCook (Note 46).

⁶⁷ But they did return and on July 4, 1863, Federal troops reoccupied Huntsville and remained there until the end of the War in 1865

⁶⁸ Col. William H. Lytle (1826-1863) lawyer, politician and poet, he commanded the 10th Ohio Infantry Regiment during the Huntsville occupation. He was promoted to Brig. Gen. of Volunteers, Nov. 1862, and was killed at Chattanooga.

⁶⁹ “Henry” Cruse – “Henry” was in quotes and probably a nickname. It could not be identified.

⁷⁰ “Ruffin” Rice – The “Ruffin” family was a prominent family of Colonial Virginia but in the present case was probably a nickname and could not be identified.

⁷¹ James J. Donegan was born in Ireland in 1860. He was President of the Northern bank of Alabama, a member of the firm of Patton & Donegan, and a farmer. His real and personal property were valued at \$138,000 and \$275,000, respectively.

⁷² Thomas W. White (1817-1890) was born in Virginia. He was a farmer and a Wholesale and Retail Grocer with real property worth \$85,000 and personal property worth \$75,000.

⁷³ Mr. Pynchon - This is either Lewis C. Pynchon, a planter who was born in Massachusetts in 1804, or his son, Dr. Edward E. Pynchon, a physician, born in Georgia in 1820.

⁷⁴ Lt. Col. Joseph W. Burke of the 10th Ohio and Provost Guard.

⁷⁵ Jeremiah Clemens (1814-1865) was born in Huntsville. A lawyer, author, soldier, and U. S. Senator, he vacillated between support of secession and union. His assets were not shown in the 1860 Census.

⁷⁶ “Logan and Peacock” – There are no listings shown in the 1860 Census or the 1859 – 1860 Huntsville Directory.

⁷⁷ Robert Fearn Jr. (1830-1873) was born in Memphis, TN. He was a nephew of Dr. Thomas Fearn. At the outbreak of the War, he was appointed a Colonel of the Alabama militia but did not serve because of ill health. He was a lawyer with real property worth \$100,000 and personal property worth \$145,000.

⁷⁸ Samuel Otis was born in Massachusetts ca. 1825. He was a cotton broker with personal property worth \$3,000 in 1860.

⁷⁹ Dr. Algernon L. Wilkinson was born in Pennsylvania ca. 1825. He was a dentist with real and personal property each worth \$4000.

⁸⁰ Tom Douglas was probably Thomas T. Douglas, a clerk, born in Virginia ca. 1834 His 1860 listing shows real property valued at \$2,100 and personal property, \$2,500.

⁸¹ William I. Windham (1828-1880) was born in Alabama. He was Huntsville postmaster from 1857-1862 The 1860 Madison County Census shows him with personal property worth \$11,000.

⁸² Nicholas Davis (1825-1875) was born in Limestone County, AL. He served in the Mexican War and in the Confederate Army for a short time. A lawyer, he was elected to the state legislature from Limestone County in 1851 and served as solicitor of Madison County 1855-1860. He was active in Republican Party politics in Madison County after the war. His real and personal property were each valued at \$25,000 in 1860

⁸³ James Hickman was born in Tennessee ca. 1811. His occupation was listed as slave trader, with real property worth \$20,000 and personal property worth \$10,000.

⁸⁴ Ferdinand L. Hammond (1812-1886) was born in Tennessee. He was a farmer and served as probate judge from 1853-1859. He was member of the Alabama State Legislature in 1861 and 1863 and a Confederate States Agent in 1863. His real and personal property were valued at \$50,000 and \$130,000, respectively

⁸⁵ Addison White (1824-1809) was born in Abingdon, VA, and served in the U. S. House of Representatives from Kentucky 1851-1853. He was a farmer with real and personal property valued at \$91,000 and \$135,000, respectively.

⁸⁶ John Heap was born in NY ca. 1825. He was a tinner with real property worth \$2,500 and personal property, \$1,500.

⁸⁷ Johnston – unidentified.

⁸⁸ Dr. Charles H. Patton (1806-1866) was born in Monroe County, VA. His brother, Robert Miller Patton, was Governor of Alabama from Dec. 1865 to Jul. 1868. He was a physician and manufacturer (president of the Bell Factory Cotton Mill). His real property was valued at \$120,000 and personal property, \$400,000, in 1860

⁸⁹ Robert Coman Brickell (1824 –1900) was born in Colbert County, AL. A lawyer, he was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama in 1873 and served as Chief Justice from 1875 - 1884 and again from 1894 – 1898. In 1860, his real and personal property were valued at \$20,000 and \$60,000, respectively.

⁹⁰ King – In her entry for August 31, 1862, Mrs Chadick writes that, “Frank Gurley has been in and arrested Gen. Hickman and John King, and gone again.” These persons were probably James Hickman⁷⁹ and either John P. King, a farmer born in Virginia ca. 1795 with real and personal property worth \$46,505 and \$42,379, respectively, or John H. King, a clerk, born in Alabama ca. 1832.

⁹¹ Joseph Angell was born in England ca. 1808. He was a gunsmith with personal property worth \$1,300. His son, Joseph P. Angell, was born in Connecticut ca. 1839 and was a silversmith.

⁹² Joseph J. Pitman was born in North Carolina ca. 1809. He was an express agent and owned \$11,000 in personal property in 1860.

⁹³ Daniel B. Turner was born in Caroline County, VA, ca. 1800. He was a merchant and also Huntsville Postmaster from 1836-1841 and 1845-1847, Madison County Sheriff from 1834-1837, Alabama State Senator 1838-1840. His only son, James Camp Turner was killed at Manassas 21 July 1861. His real property was valued at \$75,000 and his personal property at \$77,000.

⁹⁴ J. LE Ables was born in Alabama Ca. 1830. His occupation was listed as a tinner but he was also the proprietor of a restaurant and billiard and bowling saloon. He had \$400 in personal property in 1860.

⁹⁵ Benjamin Jolley was born in Virginia ca. 1810. He was said to be a personal friend of Andrew Johnson. In 1860, his occupation was listed as farmer with \$8000 in real property and \$61,000 in personal property.

⁹⁶ David Saxon was born in Tennessee ca. 1834. In 1860, he was living with his mother, Mary Saxon, a seamstress, with personal property worth \$400.

⁹⁷ William Bibb Figures (1820 – 1877) was born in Clarke County, AL. He was Editor/Printer of the newspaper, Southern Advocate, and Huntsville mayor before

and after the war. His real and personal property were valued at \$10,000 and \$20,000, respectively in 1860.

⁹⁸ Calhoun Hospital , the home of the Calhoun family, was on the Northwest corner of Gates Street and Eustis Avenue in downtown Huntsville. It was later used as a Federal Courthouse.

⁹⁹ Lt. E. Ervine McDowell, Co. I, 15th Kentucky Infantry, killed at Resaca, GA, May 14, 1864

¹⁰⁰ Capt. Frank Gurley (1834 - 1920) was born in Alabama. He was in Forrest's cavalry and then Co. C, 4th Alabama Cavalry. He was a farmer with real and personal property valued at \$8,000 and \$13,564, respectively.

¹⁰¹ Capt. Joseph M. Hambrick (1832 - 1881) was born in Alabama. He was later Lt. Col. of Russell's 4th Alabama Cavalry. He was a farmer with real property worth \$7,000 and personal property, \$15,000.

APPENDIX I*

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, *Huntsville, Ala., April 11, 1862.*

SIR: After a forced march of incredible difficulty, leaving Fayetteville yesterday at

12 m., my advanced guard, consisting of Turchin's brigade, Kennett's cavalry, and Simonson's battery, entered Huntsville this morning at 6 o'clock.

The city was taken completely by surprise, no one having considered the march practicable in the time. We have captured about 200 prisoners, 15 locomotives, a large amount of passenger, box, and platform cars, the telegraph apparatus and offices, and two Southern mails. We have at length succeeded in cutting the great artery of railway intercommunication between the Southern States.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

O. M. MITCHEL,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Capt. J. B. FRY,
Assistant Adjutant-General

* From The Official Records: *OR*, 10(1):641.

APPENDIX II.

*Organization of the Army of the Ohio, Maj. Gen. D. C. Buell
Commanding, April 30, 1862. **

THIRD DIVISION
Brig. Gen. ORMSBY M. MITCHEL.

Eighth Brigade.

Col. J. B. TURCHIN, 19th Illinois.

19th Illinois, Col. J. B. Turchin.

24th Illinois, Col. G. Mihalotzy.

37th Indiana, Col. C. Gazlay.

18th Ohio, Col. T. R. Stanley.

Ninth Brigade.

Col. J. W. SILL, 33d Ohio.

2d Ohio, Col. L. A. Harris.

21st Ohio, Col. J. S. Norton.

33d Ohio, Col. J. W. Sill.

10th Wisconsin, Col. A. R. Chapin.

Seventeenth Brigade.

Col. W. H. LYTLE, 10th Ohio.

42d Indiana, Col. J. G. Jones.

15th Kentucky, Col. C. Pope.

3d Ohio, Col. John Beatty.

10th Ohio, Col. W. H. Lytle.

Unattached

Indiana Battery, Capt. P. Simonson

Michigan Battery, Capt. C. O. Loomis.

Ohio Battery, Capt. W. P. Edgerton.

4th Ohio Cavalry, Col. John Kennett.

1st Michigan Engineers (two companies), Capt. J. B. Yates.

*From the Official Records

POPULATION “INVASIONS” OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

The beauty and natural abundance of the valley surrounding the Big Bend of the Tennessee River have long been a magnet for different kinds of people. Even before the United States existed, Cherokee and Chickasaw Indians competed for the hunting grounds along the river and its tributaries. After the American Revolution, the new nation wanted these rich lands, and it slowly expelled the natives. Waves of American settlers took their place, coming mainly from neighboring Tennessee and Kentucky to the north, or the older states of the seaboard south.

These first American settlers were mostly farming people, and they brought with them a culture that soon took root and flourished in Madison County. Some of them established large cotton plantations, making the valley home to African-American slave laborers who added more diversity to the population. Well before the Civil War, Huntsville had become a thriving commercial town, with the river connecting it to goods and information from around the world.

In the latter part of the 19th century, after slavery ended, cotton began connecting the valley to the national economy in another way. Industrialists from the northern states saw opportunities to establish textile manufacturing here, bringing people from the farms into towns to work in the new factories. The old farming culture changed, though slowly.

The next wave of growth began during World War I and afterwards gradually expanded as the federal government began to take advantage of the Tennessee Valley's waterways—first building Wilson Dam, then establishing the Tennessee Valley Authority, and later developing Huntsville and Redstone Arsenals. The government spurred new migration into the area. Movement from the countryside to the towns continued, and the lives of rural people changed with the advent of electricity, automobiles, and radio.



General Medaris shown here with Dr. Werner von Braun

The last and greatest population growth in the region occurred after World War II, when the federal government chose Huntsville as a center for the nation's space program. In 1950, under the leadership of General John B. Medaris, the U.S. Army transplanted more than 100 German scientists and engineers and their families from El Paso, Texas, where they had been continuing their work on rocket development after being brought to the United States from Peenemuende, Germany. The Germans were the first settlers in what might be called the international phase of Madison County's population growth, as people from around the nation and ultimately the world helped the nation race to the moon and beyond. That wave of growth has continued with further economic diversification.

The contributions of the Germans to this latest phase have become legend. Here we present essays from three of them, representing different generations. Through these essays, we can see the process of social and cultural change slowly reshaping the lives of people in Huntsville and Madison County.

LADY ROOFER TO LIBRARIAN:
FROM EAST GERMANY TO RUSSIA OR AMERICA ?

by Christel Ludewig McCanless

On November 3, 1953, at age 13, I arrived in Huntsville with my parents in the middle of the night. This was after 12 days at sea on an Army troop transport ship, the General Alexander A.M. Patch, followed by two days and nights on the train from New York City. I knew not a word of English and had only the clothes on my back.

To begin at the real beginning, we must go back to my birth in 1939, two months after World War II began in Germany. My parents, Emmy and Hermann Ludewig, were living in Peenemuende where the von Braun team was developing military rockets, but their real dream was to explore space. My father was the deputy head of the fuselage group which was responsible for the design of the German V-2 rocket fuselage. We were living in very nice government-owned housing within a few hundred yards of the Baltic Sea and life for the first few years of my existence was quite comfortable. I still have the wonderful 8mm colored home movies (some of Kodak's earliest film of this type) which show trips to the beach and nearby farms to get fresh butter, cheese, and eggs. However, on an August night in 1943, our lives changed drastically when an air raid destroyed the house we were living in.

My mother and I had been evacuated from Peenemuende the morning of the air raid. We went to Trebbin, a small town approximately 45 miles south of Berlin where my paternal grandparents were living in retirement on a small fruit orchard. My father survived the air raid in the basement of our two-story townhouse in Peenemuende but most of our belongings were destroyed. We returned to live in temporary housing near Peenemuende until the end of the war in 1945, and then all three of us sought shelter with my elderly grandparents back in Trebbin. This part of Germany had by then become part of the Russian-occupied territory of Germany. My family's livelihood until 1953, when we fled to the United States, consisted of tending a small fruit orchard and selling its yield to local merchants under the quota assigned by the Communist government. To make ends meet we raised our own vegetables, milked a goat, and sheared rabbits to spin yarn to make our own clothes. A more dangerous source of income was derived from my father's smuggling of eggs to our relatives in Allied-occupied Berlin to sell on the black market. This was before the Berlin Wall went up in 1961. To get the eggs through the border patrol without confiscation, my mother sewed them into the hem of a black winter coat, and of course, this meant my father could not sit down during the train ride.

School in East Germany in the early days after the war was a bit sporadic. We met in homes since the school served as a hospital and we were required to bring a briquette of coal each day to heat the teacher's home.

By decree of the Communist East German government each citizen had to fill out a questionnaire annually which listed all previous places of employment. My father knew to admit publicly that he had worked in rocket development during war time would get him into trouble. Therefore, he always stated he had worked at the factory across the street from the rocket plant which made elevated train cars. This decoy worked until such time as my father had been found by his former Peenemuende co-workers who were by now in Huntsville and were actively looking for members of the Peenemuende von Braun team to bring them to America. Dr. Eberhard Rees, who was Dr. Wernher von Braun's deputy and technical director of the Army's ballistic missile program, had offered my father a job on behalf of the US Army in Huntsville, and at the appropriate time we would leave Trebbin. The contract had been signed at the American consulate in West Berlin. Wilhelmine Jaglitz, my maternal grandmother, played a very important role in these delicate negotiations. All mail from America went to her apartment in West (American, British and French-occupied) Berlin and she in turn sent a postcard to Russian-occupied Trebbin with the stamp on it upside down. This meant there was mail from America, and it was time for a visit.

On a Thursday early in May of 1953 two Russian soldiers with machine guns over their shoulders arrived at our house in Trebbin and ordered my father to accompany them to the courthouse where he was interrogated for over two hours. The major questions revolved around my father's employment in Peenemuende and finally an offer was made for a job on the border of Poland. Of course, my father continued to deny involvement in rocket research for fear of reprisals. At that time Russia, the United States, France and Great Britain, were all actively searching for Peenemuende von Braun team members to further their causes. Since it was close to harvest time and we had my 85-year old grandfather, Richard Ludwig, living with us, my father begged for a two-week grace period to consider the job offer, which he knew was not in Poland but in Russia. The timing of the arrival of the Russians at our front door suggests there was a leak in the American consulate.

Overnight my parents made the decision to flee. When I came home from school on Friday, I was told we were leaving everything behind and going to America. It was the first time I had heard about any such plans. My only question was could I take with me two possessions--my dog, a small white Pomeranian named Teddy, and my bicycle. It was a well-used one, assembled from odd parts, that I had saved money to acquire at the tender age of 13. The answer to the first part of the question was "yes", but the bicycle had to stay behind-- a real heartache which many, many years later was resolved, when I once again rode that bicycle in West Berlin. A friend had brought it across the border and my aunt used it for transportation to and from the grocery and cemetery in Berlin.



The author, with her treasured bicycle.

The plan to flee on such short notice, that same weekend, was discussed with mutual friends who encouraged my parents to leave as quickly as possible because it was well-known that people just disappeared during those times. (See Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger's article in the Winter/Spring 1996 issue of the *Review*.) It was decided that my grandfather, Teddy the dog, my mother and I would leave by train on Sunday morning, and my father would follow on the next day. In later years my mother told me that my father expressed hesitation about uprooting his aged father, who at first refused to go, leaving Germany forever and starting fresh at age 55 in a new country where he did not know the language or the customs. My mother's overriding reason for favoring the flight was that the Communist East German government had decreed her daughter could not go on to school after the eighth grade because we were "capitalists". This designation came because my grandfather owned his house with a small orchard! The government had chosen a career for me. Christel would be trained to become a roofer! My mother who lost her father at an early age and was the oldest of four children, had known hard times, having to deliver rolls to apartment houses before daybreak at age 14 and later working in sweatshops 12 hours a day sewing for minimum wages. She did not want history to repeat itself for her daughter. So the decision was made.

Early on Sunday morning wearing two sets of clothes, my grandfather, Teddy the dog, my mother, and I left on the train for Berlin. The dog was carried in a basket which had a false bottom containing valuable personal papers such as birth and marriage certificates. When we arrived in West Berlin, my uncle insisted I go back immediately to get my father, since he thought we had been shadowed. I took the next train back to Trebbin where my father was busy destroying documents and burying some family keepsakes. All this was difficult since we had a Communist informer living in a room on the second floor of the house. She spent her days hanging out the window and observing our activities, and surely reporting them to the Communist East German authorities.

The next morning, Monday, my father and I dressed in two sets of clothes proceeded to the train station. Two local policemen were waiting for us and detained us until the train had left. We went back to the house but never went inside since we were afraid of walking into a trap. Instead we went through the fruit orchard and hid in a neighboring farmer's haystack during much of the day. I was sent to the home of a neighbor who had worked during harvest time with my parents and could be trusted. She gave me food, put me to bed, and threw some hay on a wagon and fetched my father from our hiding place. Later that evening her son, who had been my classmate in the eighth grade took us under cover of darkness with a friend of his on three bicycles to a nearby village where we were to catch the train to freedom in West Berlin. My father and the two young boys each had a bike and I rode on the handlebars of one of them. We rode along the train tracks eight miles to Ludwigsfelde, where we boarded the black (steam) train. The two boys were making a living by assisting people during the night who were fleeing, which meant they spent their days in school sleeping through lessons. We later learned that as the train left the platform at Ludwigsfelde, one of our rescuers was arrested and accused of helping the Ludewigs flee. He served his term in jail and much later my father was able to write him a recommendation for more appropriate employment in the West.

We arrived in Teltow where the trains changed from steam power to electricity. My father and I opted to go through different border check-points. Once the electric train left this station it entered West Berlin and we would be free. My father reasoned if one of us was not allowed to go through, then at least the other could join my mother and her family in freedom in Berlin, albeit 24 hours late. Thoughts of this kind were commonplace in Russian-occupied East Germany since we had not played the political game of the times. Not only had we smuggled eggs, we did not always fulfill our quota in fruit production due to varying local weather conditions, and my parents had not encouraged me to join the Young Pioneers (the political party for young people). We also listened to Radio Free Berlin with earphones and knew the news of the free world. Of course, none of this was in open defiance of the system, but in the privacy of our home possibly observed or overheard by the informant living upstairs.

So my father went through the checkpoint for locals going to the electric train while I took the checkpoint for folks changing over from the steam train. I was stopped and interrogated since I had a small accordion in a black carrying case. During the last night in our house my father had taken the voice keys out and installed personal papers inside and underneath. I had been coached to say the accordion needed repair, would not come out of the case, and I was going to Russian-occupied East Berlin to have it repaired since the small town of Trebbin did not have a repair shop. My interrogation about the accordion caused enough confusion that my father slipped through and eventually I was also let go. After what seemed a like an endless set of stairs, we were both on the train platform, one of us in the front and the other in the back, and after what seemed like an eternity the train arrived. We boarded at opposite ends pretending not to know

each other. As soon as the doors of the electric train closed, my father and I knew we would be free. My mother was hysterical by the time we arrived at grandmother Wilhelmine's apartment in Neu-Koelln since they had had no word (there were no telephones) from us for 24 hours. They were imagining the worst!

After some recuperative time with both sides of the family we flew (a first for my mother and me) from Berlin to Frankfurt. Then we went by train to the American Army base located in Landshut near Munich in the region of Bavaria. There we were fed four meals a day, relatives were allowed to visit, my parents became re-acquainted with other members of the Peenemuende von Braun team, and we were allowed to tour the surrounding country side until it was our turn to go to America. The best thing for my parents was that after eight years of struggling to exist, my father was getting a steady salary which began in June, the day he arrived in Landshut.

We left Germany in mid-October from Bremerhaven on the General Alexander A.M. Patch which was bringing American troops home. Small groups of German engineers and scientists and their families selected to come to Huntsville were part of the manifest. It was on this trip that the Ludewig family first met Ruth von Saurma and her family. The women shared cabins and so did the men. I recall having my first orange, banana, greasy eggs and bacon which had never been part of our sparse diet in East Germany. But novel foods mattered little since we were all quite seasick. Our cabin steward was special in that he would "requisition" a menu from the dining room during his meal and bring it to us to translate with a small English pocket dictionary before it was our turn to eat. Most of the time we did not finish translating enough of the menu, so that pointing to anything on the menu worked just as well.

Our arrival in New York coincided with Halloween and we were a bit amazed that "this land of milk and honey", as my mother said I learned even in East German schools, was full of Halloween spooks. Two more days and nights on the train and Huntsville greeted us in the middle of the night. One of our favorite family stories is that my mother said "coming to Huntsville where she knew only a few Germans, did not speak the language, had no clothes, and having left her extended family behind could not be all that bad because Huntsville had street lights burning in the middle of the night." In East Germany we only had two hours of electricity each day, one in the morning and one at night. After our 2 a.m. arrival, we called our Peenemuende friends, Bernd and Ilse Tessmann. Mr. Tessmann came to the train and took us to our apartment. The Tessmanns and other German friends from Peenemuende days, Trude, Willie Schulze and their daughter Erika (now Erika Gerth) had furnished our rental apartment on Longwood Drive near the present HealthSouth Complex with loans from their households, and we began learning about our new country.

At age 55 my father went to work at Redstone Arsenal, and my mother became an American housewife. Since she had only limited contact with Americans, her

English did not improve very quickly until George McCanless, became part of the family during our courtship and marriage, and during the 40 years he knew her. Later we moved to the College Hill Apartments, which stood where the Exxon Station and Hardee's is now at the corner of Franklin Street and Governors Drive. In October of 1953 I was sent to the old Huntsville Junior High School which is now the parking lot of the Annie Mertz Center to repeat the eighth grade which I had never quite finished in Trebbin. With not a word of English, only German and Russian, my very astute teacher, Eva Johnson, seated me next to, Ingeborg Haukohl, a German-speaking girl. Together we muddled through, but it was soon found out I could do the mathematics problems but did not know the names of the numbers to give answers. Ms. Johnson let me go to the blackboard and write them down. To this day I do all of my math in German and my family says if it comes out the same in English and German, it must be right!

I learned English quickly in school and my father, who had studied it more than 40 years earlier, was learning it at the office. However, one night a week we had English lessons in our home taught by Hermann Beduerftig, a von Braun team member. I soon became a nuisance since I was bored with what my mother and father were learning, and luckily I was sent to the movies one night a week. But there was a downside to all this, I was required to speak German when I crossed the threshold of our apartment, and at age 14 I wanted to be like everybody else, not different. In later years I saw the wisdom of it all, when I was able to earn money translating, studied German literature in graduate school, and traveled easily in foreign countries. Much to my regret I have lost the Russian I was required to learn in East Germany.

Before coming to America, my father never had the opportunity to learn to drive an automobile. After he had been in Huntsville for a few months, his German friends helped him buy a used car, and taught him to drive. Life in Huntsville was good to us. At first, we traveled in tandem by car with the Schulzes and the Tessmanns to the Smoky Mountains, to Florida and other exciting places. I was able to attend summer school at Huntsville High (now the Annie Mertz Center) and participated in all the extra-curricular activities of a typical American teenager in the 1950s. With added credits through summer school attendance, I finished high school in three years in 1957 and was then back in chronological sync with my peers. My father's co-workers in the Saturn Systems Office picked out Alabama College (now the University of Montevallo) to further my education, and I went there sight unseen and graduated with a BA in English in 1961. I thought I wanted to study mathematics but after calculus I decided I had met my Waterloo. A major in English was not much easier since I had to read aloud from Brer Rabbit for a final exam in a speech course when I had only been in this country six years. I could not read the words, nor had I ever heard that kind of dialect spoken. Shakespeare and old English were tough experiences along with the reality that I had to take French and Spanish for foreign language requirements. I was not allowed to study German since I was a native. In the summers I worked at Redstone Arsenal in the technical library and earned \$1,000 to pay my college

tuition. My mother made my clothes, my father bought my books and rides home were shared with friends. In 1958 when my future husband and I met at the library, the only money I had spent during the summer was five cents for a Coca-Cola since it took all the money I could save to go to college. By then I was fully aware of the life-altering decision my parents had made in leaving Trebbin and coming to America and not going to Russia.

In 1961 after eight years in the United States I enrolled in the Library School of the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill on a probationary basis. I was unable to get a good score on the Graduate Record Exam (GRE) and had to prove myself by taking extra courses and making good grades. Many years later Dr. Roberts explained to me I would never do well on standardized tests since I had not been educated in this country in the early years of my life.

The Huntsville of 1953 was a small sleepy cotton town, but the impact of the arrival of the Germans from Fort Bliss was being felt. The Kroger store on Governors Drive across from Huntsville Hospital where the UAB Medical School is now located, was starting to stock German foods, and was cutting flank steaks to make "Rouladen", a traditional German dish. The symphony orchestra was being organized, and some of the Germans were clearing land on Monte Sano to build their own homes. Despite all this, my father still brought home German sausage in his suitcase from business trips to Detroit. Once the suitcase was lost and arrived much later smelling pretty bad. From then on the sausage traveled in the briefcase and the business papers in the suitcase.

I returned to Huntsville in 1963 from North Carolina to marry George F. McCannless, Jr., of Morristown and Nashville, Tennessee, who had come to Huntsville as a soldier. He stayed on after having served two years in the US Army and worked in the Aeroballistics Laboratory of the Army and later NASA. As the proud possessor of a Master's degree in Library Science, I was hired as the first full-time professional librarian for the Huntsville campus of the University of Alabama, later to become The University of Alabama in Huntsville (UAH). In those early days the library grew like Topsy and one year we had a bonanza book budget of \$250,000. By 1968 when I left the position of library director, we had had library quarters in portable buildings, in Dr. Robert's history classroom, we had shared an auditorium with Dr. Royce Boyer, first music professor at UAH, were in the Graduate Studies Building (now Madison Hall) and in the Research Institute. While at UAH, I designed the first phase of the permanent Louis Salmon Library and planned three additional connecting wings based on availability of funds. The library staff numbered 28 including student assistants when I left. I later returned to UAH part-time to establish a paperback bookstore, the UAH Book Nook, and I also did consulting work for the UAH Textbook Store.

In 1972 our daughter Katherine was born and the joys of being a wife, full-time mother and community volunteer were part of my new life-style. Eventually I was

invited to establish a traditional newspaper library for the Huntsville Times. More recently, as a library consultant for the Alabama Library Exchange, a consortium of libraries in North Alabama, I facilitated workshops for librarians trying to cope with technology in the 1990s, and am currently rejuvenating the Art Reference Library and the Educational Resource Center of the Huntsville Museum of Art. Throughout all this, my avocation has been traveling, sailing with my husband, and doing independent research on Peter Carl Fabergé, the Russian court jeweler to Nicholas and Alexandra. I have published the definitive, annotated bibliography on the subject entitled *Fabergé and His Works: An Annotated Bibliography of The First Century of His Art*. Together with my co-author, Will Lowes from Adelaide, Australia, we have an encyclopedia, *Fabergé Eggs: A Retrospective* ready for publication and recently we have made the *Lowes and McCannless Index to Fabergé at Auction* available on the Internet.

So the journey from lady roofer to librarian, from East Germany to Huntsville, has taken 47 years. In the Fall of 1999 when I traveled to St. Petersburg, Russia, the Mecca of Fabergé at the turn of the century, I was reminded once again how lucky I have been to be in Huntsville, Alabama, during an exciting period of growth. But above all, I came to a country where freedom and democracy allowed me to receive an education and have a life of choice.

Often I have wondered what life would have been like if my parents had chosen to stay in Trebbin. I attended a reunion of my eighth grade class in Trebbin in 1994 after the Berlin Wall had fallen, and met many of my old classmates. We had not seen each other in over 40 years. Those who had escaped to the West had had jobs, traveled and made good lives for themselves. Those who had stayed behind had struggled and several of them upon learning that I had come from Huntsville, Alabama, in AMERICA seemed to think we could not talk to each other. To them travel, knowing more than one language and knowing more about the world than just their immediate surroundings seemed beyond comprehension. There was a sadness in their lives, their faces and their voices. What had they missed?

Of my three special childhood girlfriends, Margot, whose family owned the grocery store in Trebbin, and her husband fled to West Berlin in 1961 the night the Berlin Wall went up. They washed tour buses and had a variety of miscellaneous jobs before they were able to open a picture framing and glass shop, overcoming great odds. They have been free to travel, but with many restrictions and endless waits at border checkpoints. Their children have visited with us, and the McCannless trio took the whole family on a 5,000 mile trip to see the United States. On this unique trip the first time we came to a state line, they whipped out their passports and travel papers, expecting border checkpoints. They had been required to do that for more than 40 years. Freedom and wide open spaces as we have it in America were a marvel to them. On this joint venture we also realized that for four decades they had been restricted to an area the size of Madison County, unless they went through rigorous application processes before they could leave to see family and friends. Margot's husband, Karl-Heinz reacted

to the endless interstate highways we traveled on like a bird out of a cage. He loved being behind the wheel of our van, so we restricted every driver to a two hour limit. To him it was such a thrill to be free!

Another friend, Eva, after completing the eighth grade in Trebbin was advised by a teacher to join the Young Pioneers, the young people's version of the communist party, in order to get an education as a physical education/biology teacher. In 1999 she retired from the faculty of the Trebbin Goethe Schule where we had all been students in 1953. Another childhood friend, Baerbel, whose parents owned the local nursery which was confiscated by the Communist regime, joined the Communist party and was educated as an engineer in the paper industry. She and her husband are retiring soon and are just now beginning to travel outside of Germany.

I have had the opportunity to return to my grandfather's house in Trebbin with my husband, our daughter, and my mother after the collapse of the Berlin Wall in 1989. My father had died in 1986. The house and property were taken away from my family after we fled, and were eventually given to a leading communist for a token fee just before the Berlin Wall came down. Litigation has neither brought the property nor restitution for it back to my family. It appears this chapter of my life was closed in 1953. Looking back, I can say unequivocally life in my adopted hometown of Huntsville, Alabama, has been very good to my family and me.

Finally, it is especially exciting to be involved in planning for the May 13, 2000, dedication of the Von Braun Research Hall of The University of Alabama in Huntsville as part of the year-long Von Braun Celebration of the Arts and Sciences. A plaque honoring the original 118 German members of the von Braun team who came with their families from Ft. Bliss, Texas, in 1949 to a sleepy Southern cotton town, and those who followed in later years like the Ludewigs, will mark a half-century of phenomenal growth. German -born and native-born Americans who call Huntsville their home have shared and continue to share these rewards.



Wernher von Braun addressing a celebratory crowd on the courthouse square in downtown Huntsville, surrounded by city and county dignitaries and his admiring public

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF HUNTSVILLE'S ROCKET AND SPACE HIGHLIGHTS, 1949-1980

By Ruth Grafín von Saurma

Looking forward to the new century and a new millenium, Huntsville's artistic and scientific community has joined forces to initiate the "1999/2000 Von Braun Celebration of the Arts and Sciences." Undoubtedly, among the major milestones of the 20th century, man's daring and dramatic first flights into space and to the moon deserve full recognition and acclaim. Achieving these tremendous feats was in no small measure possible through the visions of Wernher von Braun and the technical and scientific accomplishments of his enthusiastic and capable rocket team. Their achievements changed the city of Huntsville from the "Watercress Capital of the World" to "Space City, USA" and added an exciting dimension to the quality of life in their new hometown.

The first major festivity of the Huntsville celebration will be the 30th anniversary of man's first landing on the moon. As the NASA-Marshall Space Flight Center's international relations specialist, I was most fortunate to have been involved in the behemoth activities at the NASA-Kennedy Space Center launch site prior to and on July 16, 1969. This was the day when Neil A. Armstrong, Edwin E. (Buzz) Aldrin, and Michael Collins started their lunar odyssey. The launch became a spectacular highlight for the Huntsville team and the entire NASA organization.

Overall management of and responsibility for the Apollo program was vested in NASA Headquarter's Office of Manned Space Flight, directed by George F. Mueller. A total of close to 400,000 persons in industry, NASA, and various government support agencies were involved in the lunar venture, reaching a new level of technical, scientific and managerial progress and competence. While overwhelming interest and publicity generally focused on the Apollo astronauts and their spacecraft, it was the giant Saturn V rocket designed by and built under the management of the Marshall Space Flight Center that provided the power for the *flight* to the moon.

The excitement of a truly historic event pervaded the hundred thousands of people who had come to Cape Canaveral and the adjoining coastal area to watch the launch. President Richard M. Nixon was at the Cape the preceding evening. He had dinner with the astronauts, but flew back to Washington immediately afterwards. At ten o'clock the same evening, Vice President Spiro T. Agnew flew in. He stayed at a private residence overnight, and the next morning a helicopter took him to the Launch Control Center where he observed the pre-launch and launch procedures.

To accommodate all invited VIPs, media representatives and the large group of working and visiting NASA and contractor employees required painstaking logistical operations. Patrick Air Force Base activated additional control personnel

for the arriving and departing airplanes and helicopters. Six thousand buses chartered by NASA stood ready to transport personnel to their work sites and visitors to the official viewing areas.

President Nixon had personally invited all members of the Washington Diplomatic Corps. The Vice President had invited 50 guests who arrived the morning of the launch. All members of Congress and their wives or guests had received invitations. So had the governors of every state in the nation. Lester Maddox, then governor of Georgia and famous for his fried chicken eatery, had the nerve to ask for thirteen extra admissions! Eventually he got them. *Life* Magazine had flown in the presidents of the 50 largest U.S. companies. NASA Administrator Thomas O. Paine and his staff and the directors and managers of all NASA Centers were present. Over 3,000 media representatives including newspaper and TV personalities from 56 foreign countries had arrived. Walter Cronkite of CBS, with his TV crew, occupied a separate enclosed area at the Press Site. All major television networks and stations were there for live reports from the Cape.

I spent the day of the launch in illustrious company. At 5:00 a.m. Wernher von Braun, Cornelius Ryan, the noted author, and I climbed into a helicopter waiting for us behind the Holiday Inn in Cocoa Beach to fly to the Melbourne Airport. It was still pitch dark when we took off. At the launch pad the huge three-stage Saturn V with the Apollo capsule on top was illuminated by a series of searchlights forming a brilliant sight against the dark sky, a truly awesome sight. Arriving at the Melbourne Airport, we met a French jet chartered by the world-renowned *Paris Match* magazine. The passengers included Sergeant Shriver, U.S. Ambassador to France, and 80 high-ranking European industrialists, scientists, journalists, and other VIPs. We joined them for breakfast at the airport restaurant where von Braun officially greeted the guests in French and English. Afterwards, von Braun and Ryan left by helicopter to the Launch Control Center, while I escorted the European group to the VIP viewing site.

Regular announcements from Launch Control constantly informed the visitors of the status of pre-launch activities. When the actual countdown finally started and reached 5, 4, 3, 2, and eerie, apprehensive calm set in. At -1, the engines were ignited. Their flames became a huge fireball that lit the scene like a rising sun. No sound was heard. At last, at zero countdown, the roar of the Saturn V engines started to fill the air. When the holddown clamps were released, the space vehicle slowly began to move upward. The tremendous blast-off made the earth tremble and reverberated in the bodies of everyone on site. Seeing the majestic lift-off turned the silent awe of the viewers into a thunderous applause. The gigantic vehicle rose higher and higher in to the air until it escaped the viewers' sight. Launch Control announced that the first and later the second state with the Apollo capsule and the Lunar Excursion Module had arrived in the projected earth orbit. Eventually, another firing of the third state engine boosted Apollo 11 onto its lunar trajectory. The Marshall team and the Kennedy Center personnel directed by

Dr. Kurt Debus had accomplished the tremendous task they had set out to do! From then on, the astronauts' daring voyage would be controlled and directed by the Mission Control Center of the NASA-Johnson Space Center in Houston, Texas, the home base of the astronauts. Director of this Center was Robert H. Gilruth.

July 20, 1969, the day the Lunar Module landed on the moon and Neil Armstrong took his first step on the lunar soil, has become one of the most remarkable dates of this century. I believe most of us will always remember where we were when Neil Armstrong spoke the famous words, "That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind." A day later, the entire NASA team watched with great apprehension the critical lift-off from the moon, the only phase of the flight for which no back-up system or rescue procedure existed. It was a tremendous relief to see the Lunar Excursion Module leave the lunar surface and join the orbiting Apollo capsule. The final safe return and splashdown of Apollo 11 in the Pacific Ocean occurred on July 24. Only then could the Marshall team and the entire nation truly rejoice in the success of the mission. Full of enthusiasm and pride, thousands of Huntsvillians gathered that day in front of the Madison County Courthouse to celebrate the historic event and honor von Braun and his team. In the evening, Marshall Center and contractor employees together with Huntsville notables and friends staged an exuberant celebration that lasted into the wee hours on the tarmac and in the hangars of Huntsville Aviation.



Dr. von Braun riding in a triumphal parade, accompanied by his daughters.

While the Apollo 11 lunar odyssey was undoubtedly the most spectacular event in NASA's and the Marshall Center's history, there were many other unique space highlights which emanated from Huntsville. In fact, Huntsville's rocket and space history dates back to 1949 when the U.S. Army selected Redstone Arsenal as the location for its rocket and missile development. Subsequently, in 1950, the Rocket Research and Development Office of the Army Ordnance Corps in Fort Bliss, Texas, was transferred to its new location. The group headed by Col. James P. Hamill included von Braun, members of his former German rocket team, and their American counterparts. Their families also moved to their new home town.

At Fort Bliss and the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico, the members of the Rocket Research and Development Office had conducted firing tests and upper atmospheric research flights with captured German V-2 rockets. On February 24, 1949, a V-2 with a Wac Corporal second stage provided by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, had achieved a record altitude of 244 miles.

Several of the German rocket experts had already begun with von Braun in the late twenties and early thirties privately funded rudimentary tests of small liquid fueled rockets in and near Berlin. During World War II they had been involved with a large government and contractor team in the development of the world's first large ballistic missile, the A-4. It saw its operational and destructive use under the designation V-2 (Vengeance Weapon 2) in the final months of Hitler's gruesome and disastrous military venture.

The A-4 represented a remarkable breakthrough in rocket technology. It was the first rocket ever to reach the fringes of outer space. Recognizing the unique experience and capabilities of the von Braun team, Col. Holger N. Toftoy, after the end of the World War II, arranged for von Braun and about 120 scientists and engineers to be transferred to the United States. However, it was only after the move to Redstone Arsenal in 1950 that the group was assigned a major new project—the development of the intermediate-range Redstone missile. In due time the development of the larger Jupiter missile followed. Challenged by the new assignment, the members of the group set out with great drive and efficiency to plan, develop, test, and launch America's first heavy ballistic missile. The first launch of the Redstone took place August 20, 1953, from Cape Canaveral, and the first long-range Jupiter missile was launched May 31, 1956.

In August 1957, the Huntsville rocket team achieved another milestone—the first recovery of a rocket nose cone after its flight into outer space and its fiery re-entry into the atmosphere. The innovative use of ablative material which melted during the intense heat upon re-entry into the atmosphere protected the nose cone and provided assurance for a safe return of future space hardware.

While developing missiles for the military, the idea of exploring space and using rockets to send unmanned and manned spacecraft to our planetary neighbors was always in the back of the minds of von Braun and his team. Space flight became a constant topic of conversation among the group. It also became the focus of meticulous studies and the subject of many articles and speeches by von Braun. In 1953, *Collier* magazine, a then very popular illustrated magazine, published a series of articles describing von Braun's idea of a space station. The series was edited by Cornelius Ryan and had some fantastic illustrations by Chesley Bonestell. Some of Bonestell's original art has often been on display at the local U.S. Space and Rocket Center.

Upon publication of the series, von Braun was invited by CBS to appear on national television and discuss his ideas of space stations and satellites. While his appearance attracted some attention, the idea of space flight did not yet gain popular acceptance. Even in Huntsville opinions about the rocket team and their dreams of space were rather mixed. It certainly was great seeing the Arsenal reactivated and attracting an ever-growing number of professional people, but von Braun's visions were still far beyond the expectations of Huntsville's citizens.

Serious thoughts of launching an artificial satellite as part of America's contribution to the International Geophysical Year 1957-58 evolved in the mid-fifties. Von Braun and members of his team participated in the preliminary discussions and made proposals on behalf of the Army. Their satellite proposal, known as Project Orbiter, was put forward in conjunction with the Jet Propulsion Laboratory and the Naval Research Office. It called for a satellite weighing roughly 20 pounds to be launched by a Redstone missile with upper stages of clustered solid-fuel rockets.

For various political reasons President Dwight D. Eisenhower decided against the use of a Huntsville developed Redstone missile. He declared that America's contribution to the International Geophysical Year should not involve existing military hardware. Instead, the Vanguard Project was initiated with a Viking rocket as launch vehicle. Among the members of the local rocket team, the disappointment was great. But they did not give up their ideas to launch a satellite with one of their rockets, and worked on improving their own plans. Under a shroud of secrecy and with the daring encouragement of Major General John Bruce Medaris, Commanding General of the Army Ballistic Missile Agency, and von Braun's boss, preparations were made to modify a Jupiter rocket as launch vehicle for a package of instruments to be developed by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory.

On October 4, 1957, a surprise and shock hit the western nations. Soviet Russia had succeeded in launching the world's first satellite, Sputnik I, thus marking the spectacular beginning of a new era. Shortly thereafter, on November 3, 1957, the Russians launched Sputnik II, carrying the dog Leika into an earth orbit. Both events electrified the world and almost panicked the American people. American

leadership in science and technology had been challenged. In Huntsville, frustration and disappointment among the rocket team rose. Medaris and von Braun resumed their pleas for a chance to launch a satellite, but no immediate approval was forthcoming.

Meanwhile, the Vanguard Project, gaining in urgency, encountered serious difficulties. After a series of failures and blow-ups on the launch pad, Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson finally gave the Army the green light to launch two satellites. The local team was to get a chance after all.

On January 31, 1958, four months after Sputnik I, Huntsville's Jupiter-C sent Explorer I, the western world's first satellite into orbit. Its 15 pound payload made a remarkable discovery. It detected a radiation belt existing around the earth, instantly named after James Van Allen who had been in charge of developing the scientific payload. When the news of the successful Explorer launch reached Huntsville, thousands gathered to celebrate. There was dancing in the streets, celebrations everywhere and great exuberance. Explorer I represented a breakthrough for the local rocket team, and Huntsville became the focus of worldwide attention. The city began to call itself "Rocket City USA: and "The City where Space Began."

It was at that time that I received an offer from the Army Personnel Office to join the von Braun team as translator. My initially temporary job was to review and reply to the stacks of congratulatory telegrams, messages, and interview requests from abroad. On an unpaid basis, I had already done some translations of foreign correspondence for von Braun. To work officially with the Development Operations Division was a wonderful opportunity and challenge that I was delighted to accept. While I had worked as secretary and translator for the French subsidiary of a German firm in Paris, I had no American school and employment record. I needed to pass a Civil Service translator test. Unfamiliar with American testing methods, government lingo and even many idioms, I flunked the first test. Fortunately, I could take another test four weeks later and managed to squeeze by. My temporary employment had begun already in February 1958. In the course of years, it expanded into an intriguing permanent Civil Service position as public and international relations specialist with many diversified and unique assignments. I learned a tremendous amount from my journalist colleagues, supervisors, and, of course, directly from von Braun who has a master in written and oral communications and a skillful and brilliant manager. With his broad range of knowledge and interests, keen curiosity, awareness of the past and visionary focus on the future, he was indeed the modern version of a Renaissance man. In his spare time in Fort Bliss, he had already sketched and published his vision of a future manned trip to Mars.

The exuberance over the successful Explorer launch created a wonderful spirit of camaraderie and cooperation among the members of the Army Ballistic Missile Agency. However, not everyone felt certain about manned flights into space. A

clever little ditty made the rounds among the employees, reflecting the then prevailing mood. The title and text were:

MEDARIS, VON BRAUN AND ME

In the missile game we've won great fame
The world knows our Jupiter-C.
And what we've done with Explorer I
Medaris, von Braun and me.

Oh, watch our smoke as we go for broke
To solve the space mystery.
We have a thirst to be there first,
Medaris, von Braun and me.

Our skill we pride, we can travel wide
Into space so wild and free.
To the moon, then Mars, then to distant starts
Medaris, von Braun and me.

When finally we've planned a space ship that's manned
And they call for brave men – two or three
To try first for the moon in that metal balloon,
Call Medairs and von Braun – NOT ME.

During the following years many more firsts in space were achieved by the Huntsville team. Pioneer IV launched March 3, 1959, became the free world's first satellite of the sun. The first flight of animals in a U.S. ballistic missile and their recovery took place in May 1959. Two monkeys, Able and Baker, traveled into space in the nose cone of a Jupiter missile and were safely returned. For a long time, Miss Baker enjoyed public attention and good care as monkey-in-residence at the local Space and Rocket Center.

After Congress began to recognize the political, scientific and economic potential of space activities, it officially established the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in 1958. President Eisenhower signed into law the Space Act and assigned the National Aeronautic and Space Administration to conduct the nation's civilian aeronautical and space program. In 1960, on July 1, the NASA-Marshall Space Flight Center was established and activated through the transfer of buildings, land, personnel, and space projects from the Army.

The Center was named in honor of General George C. Marshall, the Army Chief of Staff during World War II, Secretary of State, and Nobel Prize winner for his world-renowned Marshall Plan. Wernher von Braun became the Center's first

director. For the formal dedication, President Eisenhower personally visited the Center and the widow of General Marshall attended the ceremonies.

NASA's first ambitious manned space flight venture was Project Mercury. Seven of the best qualified military test pilots were chosen as the first group of U.S. astronauts. The Army's Redstone rocket was to serve as launch vehicle for the first suborbital flights. For later manned orbital flights the heavier Atlas booster of the Air Force was selected. The Mercury capsule was developed by the McDonnell Company.

Before any American astronaut had a chance to fly into space, the Russians again stole the show. On April 12, 1961, the official Soviet News Agency TASS announced: "The World's first spaceship Vostok with a man on board has been launched in the Soviet Union on a round-the-earth orbit. The first space navigator is Major Yuri Gagarin. After a 108-minute flight he landed intact near the Volga River, some 15 miles south of the city of Saratov." Gagarin's flight proved that man can retain in space his capacity for work, coordination of movements, and clarity of thought. Even more importantly, his flight alerted the entire world to Russia's technological advances and the inherent threat of her ballistic missiles to western security.

The shock of seeing the Russians gain another victory in space gave the modest initial U.S. space efforts a tremendous push and a much greater priority. Congress began to realize that America's venture into space had to be expanded. Space had become a symbol of world leadership. The space race had begun. Huntsville's role as space age city was to grow in importance and scope.

For the first Mercury launch, extreme caution on the part of NASA in man-rating the Redstone rocket was exercised. After considerable delays, the first Redstone booster capped with a Mercury spacecraft manned by astronaut Alan B. Shepard lifted off its pad at Cape Canaveral on May 6, 1961. After its 15-minute flight, the Mercury capsule Freedom 7 landed about 300 miles downrange from the Cape. Recovery operations proceeded perfectly and Shepard was in excellent condition and exuberant. No less exuberant were the Marshall Center team and the citizens of Huntsville who staged a grand salute to Shepard and von Braun on the downtown square.

In view of Gagarin's orbital flight, the Mercury I mission had been somewhat anticlimactic. But it chalked up an impressive first for the U.S. It reflected a remarkable degree of technical excellence and established a hallmark of open media reporting. In contrast to the secrecy surrounding all Russian launches, full press and TV coverage existed for the Mercury flight and was to exist for all subsequent NASA space launches. The American public and the rest of the world were able to witness and appreciate the complexity and drama of man's early venture into space.

After another Redstone booster had launched Captain Virgil I. Grissom on a suborbital flight in July 1961, the Mercury program approached its climax. On February 20, 1962, an Atlas booster of the U.S. Air Force launched Col. John H. Glenn, Jr., in his Friendship 7 capsule on its historic first orbital flight. After three orbits, a slightly worrisome re-entry and splashdown in the Atlantic Ocean, Glenn was recovered safe and sound. A grateful nation showered him with honors and lined the streets in New York and Washington to cheer its new space hero. The Huntsville team, although not directly involved in the Mercury orbital flights, joined in the pleasure of seeing another milestone in space achieved.

In May 1961 shortly after the successful first Mercury flight and the debacle of the Bay of Pigs, President John F. Kennedy presented a special message to Congress. He asked that the nation commit itself to achieving the goal, before the end of the decade, of landing man on the moon and returning him safely to earth. The lunar mission was to present to the world a new image of American strength, destined to surpass the Soviets who had clearly been the leader in space so far.

Congress quickly endorsed the President's proposal and the Apollo Lunar Landing Program was initiated, vastly increasing the scope and pace of NASA's activities. At the Marshall Center, under the brilliant and enthusiastic leadership of von Braun, a dynamic phase of development began. The Marshall Center was to develop the heavy Saturn launch vehicles to carry man to the moon. Already under Army management, the von Braun team had begun the development of a large clustered rocket stage. Work had also begun on the development of an upper stage using hydrogen instead of the less powerful kerosene, and the construction of a major launch site at Cape Canaveral was initiated. Following these preliminary steps, the development of the huge and sophisticated Saturn rockets proceeded with remarkable speed and fantastic results. No single Saturn vehicle ever failed in the 14 years of its testing and use in unmanned and manned space missions.

Three different Saturn configurations, Saturn I, Saturn IB, and Saturn V, were to be used in the Apollo program. Saturn I's were launched for research and test purposes. Three Saturn I flights also sent three Huntsville-developed large meteoroid detection satellites into orbit. They determined that danger from the possible impact of meteoroid particles on future spacecraft was negligible. The Saturn IB, a more powerful launch vehicle, was used for orbital tests of the Apollo spacecraft. But only the giant Saturn V, whose first stage produced the tremendous thrust of 7.5 million pounds, would eventually be able to place the Apollo spacecraft into a lunar trajectory.

While work on the Saturn vehicles proceeded at the Marshall Center, President Kennedy, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson, and NASA Administrator James E. Webb visited the Center on September 11, 1962. They toured Marshall laboratories and were briefed by von Braun on the status of the Saturn program. The same year von Braun and state and local dignitaries broke ground for the

University of Alabama in Huntsville's Research Institute, initiating a great expansion of Huntsville's educational and research facilities.



President Kennedy, Dr. von Braun, Vice President Johnson and other dignitaries

On April 16, 1965, the first full static test firing of a Saturn V first stage took place at the Marshall Center. It proved to be a full success and a remarkable display of harnessed rocket power. Many Huntsvillians may remember hearing the tremendous roar whenever static firings were conducted in the Center's test area. In later years, most of these tests were conducted under the Marshall Center's direction at the newly established Mississippi Test Facility in Hancock County, Mississippi.

During the first half of the sixties, a vigorous expansion took place in the city of Huntsville to provide space and services for the many thousands of persons who were moving to the city due to the lure of the space program. By 1966, the Marshall Center's personnel strength reached about 7500 employees. In addition, approximately 5300 contractor employees worked for the Marshall Center on Redstone Arsenal. Space had become big business in Huntsville. The Center's total budget for fiscal year 1966 was \$1.8 billion, of which more than 90% went to industry in Huntsville and other locations all over the country. From about 17,000 persons in 1950, Huntsville's population was to grow to more than 140,000 in 1970.

The year 1966 saw three successful unmanned flights of the Saturn IB launch vehicle. On two of these flights, full systems of the Apollo command and service modules were tested in earth-orbital operations. Dramatically, on January 27,

1967, tragedy struck the Apollo program. A fire erupted inside an Apollo spacecraft during ground testing at Cape Kennedy, resulting in the deaths of astronauts Virgil Grissom, Edward White II, and Roger Chaffee. This was a frightening loss and serious setback. The board of inquiry determined that the most likely cause of the fire was electrical arcing from spacecraft wiring. After an extensive investigation, NASA undertook detailed corrective actions and modified schedules and cost estimates in order to keep the Apollo program on track.

To support the required changes in the Apollo capsule, Eberhard F. M. Rees, von Braun's deputy, was sent to the Downey plant of North American Aviation as troubleshooter. Rees saw to it that even the tiniest element of the Apollo capsule was duly tested and utmost reliability achieved. Huntsvillians, who remember Rees, will also recall his dry humor. At a dinner in his honor, he commented that von Braun had been a great troublemaker in his life. If it had not been for von Braun, he could have enjoyed an easy and peaceful life with a nice fat wife and a soft job as postmaster in his small hometown of Trossingen in Germany.

October 1968 saw the first manned Saturn/Apollo flight with a Saturn IB as launch vehicle. Apollo 7 with astronauts Walter Schirra, Don Eisele, and Walt Cunningham performed flawlessly. After 11 days in orbit, splashdown in the Atlantic Ocean was within 10 miles of the predicted area. Two months later Frank Borman commanded the first flight around the moon, televising views of the lunar surface for direct reception on earth. The pictures of the barren moon and the small blue earth as seen from lunar orbit were spectacular. On Christmas Eve 1968, while circling the moon, Borman, a devout Presbyterian, recited the story of creation from Genesis, providing a deeply touching experience for millions of television viewers. All systems of the Apollo capsule performed flawlessly and Apollo 8 was safely recovered on December 27, 1968, after 147 hours in space.

Of course, the following year was to see an even more spectacular event, the launch and first landing of two American astronauts on the moon. Six Apollo flights were to follow. One, Apollo 13, never to the lunar surface because of a ruptured oxygen tank in the Apollo Service Module, but the crew made it safely back to a splashdown in the Pacific Ocean.

A total of twelve astronauts roamed the moon, by foot and by Lunar Rover. The Lunar Rover was a jeep-type vehicle conceived by Marshall Center engineers and developed under the Center's management to expand the astronauts' range of exploration on the lunar surface. Sixty experiments were placed on the moon and 850 pounds of soil and rocks were carried back by the astronauts. The lunar material investigations provided a wealth of data about the composition of the moon and its space environment. The last lunar mission, Apollo 17, was successfully completed in December 1972 by astronaut Eugene A. Cernan and his crew.

In the eyes of the world, America had again become the leader in science and technology. But not only prestige had been gained by the Apollo program. It had achieved what it set out to do. It developed a broad-based space flight capability for scientific and utilitarian purposes. It provided new knowledge and innumerable spinoffs in many disciplines. Computer technology, microcircuitry, materials research, communications and medical technology are some of the areas which have seen remarkable technical growth and economic benefits due to the space program.

After Apollo, what happened in space during the remainder of the 1970s? Proposals for a manned mission to Mars failed to receive congressional support because of the staggering complexity and costs of such an ambitious undertaking. A more modest, but still challenging project aiming at routine and more economical access to space was initiated, the development of a reusable Space Shuttle. Also, various unmanned scientific space probes, many of them developed in Huntsville, reached out into the vastness of our solar system and provided new data on its inner and outermost planets. Satellites for communications, weather forecasting, environmental studies, and astronomical and earth observations became commonplace.

Huntsville, with sincere regrets, saw the departure of von Braun to Washington in March 1970. He transferred to NASA Headquarters to accept the position of Deputy Associate Administrator for Planning Future U.S. Space Missions. He retired from NASA in June 1972 to become Vice President for Engineering and Development at Fairchild Industries in Germantown, Maryland. Until his untimely death in June 1977, he remained a forceful spokesman for the space program.

In 1973, Huntsville's rocket and space team performed another space spectacular. It launched Skylab, America's first large experimental space station. Skylab was conceived and designed by the Marshall Center team. Instead of the cramped quarters in the Apollo capsule, Skylab offered the astronauts plenty of room for living, working, and sleeping in space. Three successive crews of astronauts spent a total of 177 days in Skylab. They demonstrated that man can perform valuable services in earth orbit as observer, scientist, engineer, and repairman. The Skylab missions gathered more knowledge about the dynamic processes of the sun than had been collected in all preceding centuries. They also gave us a broad view of earth from space and helped define the feasibility of making new products in microgravity.

In 1975, the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project captured the attention of the world. For this mission, the Huntsville team provided a Saturn IB launch vehicle. The successful docking between an Apollo Command Module and a Soyuz Capsule was the first demonstration of international cooperation in space. It took many years before a valuable partnership with Russian astronauts and their space systems were to follow.

For the remainder of the decade, the Marshall Center focused on developing and testing propulsion systems and payloads for the Space Shuttle, working toward the future realization of the Hubble Space Telescope and various space science experiments. During the spring of 1978 the first assembly of a complete Space Shuttle—the Orbiter Enterprise, external tank, and two solid rocket boosters—was done at the Marshall Center. The huge vehicle underwent months of extensive ground testing in the Center’s dynamic test tower to verify its flight readiness. In addition, intriguing new concepts and tests were initiated for the utilization of the European-built Spacelab to be flown on the Shuttle in the 1980s.

The long-awaited maiden flight of the first reusable Space Shuttle started on April 12, 1981, from Cape Kennedy and opened the era of continuing extended space activities for successive astronaut crews. In the coming years one of the Shuttle’s major tasks will be to put into space the elements of a large international space station and the crews to assemble it, and to conduct a multitude of ambitious scientific and technical experiments for the benefit of all of us on the planet earth.

For the immediate future, NASA Administrator Daniel Goldin is pushing his agency’s mission to become “faster, better and cheaper.” Truly spectacular manned missions to far-away Mars may have to wait for a renaissance of America’s quest for new horizons. But the road to the stars has been opened and the fascinating evolution of man’s flight into space has become part of Huntsville’s history.

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DISCOVERY OF THE VAN ALLEN BELTS MEMORIES OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Ernst Stuhlinger

As we marvel about technical achievements or scientific discoveries, we are inclined to forget that each of these creative deeds had at its very beginning, and during the tenuous phases of its early life, one or a few human beings filled with a dream, a hope, a will to act and to do, a tough determination, and an unflinching perseverance. The discovery of the Van Allen Belts is a splendid example.

About sixty-five years ago, I had begun studying physics in Tuebingen at the institute of Hans Geiger, the inventor of the Geiger counter, and a pioneer in cosmic ray research. Everybody whom Professor Geiger took under his wing at that time worked on cosmic rays. Radiation from cosmic space had been discovered with balloon flights by Victor Hess, an Austrian physicist, in 1912. He called them High Altitude Radiation (Hohenstrahlung), but it would take another decade before extensive scientific work was started on that new kind of radiation, particularly by Robert Millikan at CalTech, who coined the designation "cosmic rays." As early as 1921, Millikan had written to Robert H. Goddard, trying to persuade him to use high-altitude rockets for cosmic ray research. However, Goddard showed no interest in joint projects.

As a young student of physics in Tuebingen, I had performed the famous oil drop experiment with which Millikan had measured, in 1923, the charge of single electrons. Forty years later, my son Tilman, also a physics student, did the same experiment at Vanderbilt University.

In 1936, Professor Geiger and some of his young co-workers moved to Berlin where we continued working on cosmic ray research. Geiger often brought us young students copies of scientific papers on related subjects from British and American journals. Most valued, I remember, were papers by Millikan, but there were other very interesting papers by Sidney Chapman, Lloyd Berkner, and by two young scientists, William Pickering and James Van Allen.

When the war broke out, scientists in most countries had to turn their activities toward military subjects. I was sent to Peenemuende where Wernher von Braun was developing his long-range precision rocket A-4, later called V-2. From his early beginnings in the mid-twenties, it had always been von Braun's goal to develop rockets that would be capable of launching satellites into orbits around the earth, and eventually of landing on the moon and even on the planet Mars.

By 1946 von Braun and some members of his Peenemuende team, as well as the parts and components of about seventy of their Peenemuende rockets, had arrived in El Paso, Texas. The rockets were assembled at the nearby White Sands Proving Ground and launched in a joint effort with members of the Army and of industry.

Scientists were invited to put their instruments into the top compartments of the rockets for high-altitude research. Many scientists following the invitation, and a rich science program developed around the old A-4s in White Sands that continued over a time span of seven years.

One of the young scientists who eagerly accepted the opportunity to fly his instruments to high altitudes was James A. Van Allen from the Applied Physics Laboratory at Johns Hopkins University. Serving at that time as a liaison person between the American scientists and the rocket engineers in the von Braun team, I was excited and happy to meet Dr. Van Allen in person, after having known his name and some of his work for about ten years.

Some years later, in 1952, von Braun, while developing and building the Redstone rocket for the Army in Huntsville, Alabama, came to the conclusion that a Redstone rocket, properly modified with upper stages, would be able to launch an artificial satellite. As Technical Director of the Army's Guided Missile Development Division, he was allowed to make certain feasibility studies, but he had no permission to develop and build a satellite as an official project. But we did make our plans for a satellite. One day, von Braun told me that we should have a real, "honest-to-goodness" scientist on board with our little satellite project, so that the project would not only be accepted, but even supported by the scientists in the country. "I'm sure," he said, "you know a scientist somewhere who would fill the bill, possibly in the Nobel Prize class, willing to work with us and to put some instruments on our satellite."

I was ready with my answer: "Yes, of course, I will talk to Dr. Van Allen." At that time, Van Allen worked at Princeton University, enjoying a sabbatical year. I visited him there, had a delightful dinner with him and Mrs. Van Allen, and then described to him our plans for a satellite, emphasizing the opportunity to fly Geiger counters onboard. Shortly before, an official American satellite project, the Vanguard, had been started under the auspices of the Navy, and Van Allen had begun to prepare a Geiger counter experiment for Vanguard. When I had finished my sales talk and waited for Dr. Van Allen's show of interest, he only said, "Thanks for telling me all this. Keep me posted on your progress, will you?" I was disappointed by this apparent lack of interest, but then I remembered from our meetings at White Sands that Dr. Van Allen was a very cautious scientist, far too careful to jump to any conclusions. So I understood his restrained response, and I kept him posted on our progress. Von Braun informed Dr. Pickering, at that time Director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, of our contact with Dr. Van Allen, and received the latter's full endorsement of our step.

Planning work for the satellite project continued. The Jet Propulsion Laboratory joined forces with von Braun's team in Huntsville, offering modified Sergeant rockets for the upper rocket stages, a highly sensitive Microlock transmitter instead of the less sensitive Minitrack system, a redesign of the satellite proper, and help for Van Allen to prepare his cosmic ray counters for satellite operation.

Prospects looked good for a satellite launch in 1956, but Washington did not allow General Medaris, commander of the Army Ballistic Missile Agency in Huntsville, to proceed with a real project, even though the official American satellite project, Vanguard, had met with severe technical problems.

Only after the successful launch of the Russian satellite Sputnik, a second Russian satellite with the dog Laika, and another failure of Vanguard did the Huntsville-JPL team finally receive permission to launch. Fortunately, a purely military project during the previous year had helped pave the way for the eventual success of our satellite project. This was the re-entry testing of the heat protection system of a Jupiter warhead with a modified Redstone rocket that used two of JPL's solid propellant upper stages—three of which were to be used on the satellite rocket. It was then that we were confident that our satellite could achieve earth orbit.

Before I continue, let me tell you a story that happened thirteen years before our satellite launch. While I was working at Peenemuende during the later war years, I still kept loose contact with Professor Geiger. Very sadly, he was stricken with a devastating form of arthritis. In the fall of 1944, I visited him in a hospital in bomb-shattered Berlin. As he was lying, almost immobilized, in his sickbed, he asked me what I was presently doing. I said, "we are working on a long-range precision rocket which, we hope, will be able one day to fly to the moon." "How can you believe that?" he replied. "Rockets are so erratic, nobody knows where they may be turning in their flight." "They will have a guidance system," I said, "and it is one of my tasks to help develop this." At these words, his face lit up, he raised his head and shoulders and talked as lively as he had always talked years ago. "Really? And do you think you could put a cosmic ray counter on board/ And transmit the pulse signals to the ground" And really measure the cosmic ray intensity at high altitudes, far above the atmosphere?" "Absolutely," I said, "and we will certainly not send any of our rockets into space without some scientific instruments onboard!" At these words, a happy smile spread over Professor Geiger's face, and he said, "That would be wonderful. That would really be wonderful!" But then, his energy was exhausted; he sank back into his pillows, without saying another word. Not long after that, his life came to its end.

Later, in 1952, when von Braun asked me to find a "real, honest-to-goodness scientists" for our satellite project, and I had recommended James Van Allen, I remembered that visit with Hans Geiger as he lay on his deathbed.

And so, six years after von Braun had expressed his idea of a Redstone-launched satellite, the day arrived when Explorer I, as it was now called, reached its orbit. It stayed there for 12 years, faithfully sending the signals of Dr. Van Allen's Geiger counters to earth, and providing the basis for one of the finest discoveries of the space age, the earth-circling Van Allen Radiation Belts.

If you know someone who may be interested in becoming a member of the Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society, please share this application for membership.

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