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Faculty Club (The Governor's Mansion, 1889)

University of Alabama



7

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View 1

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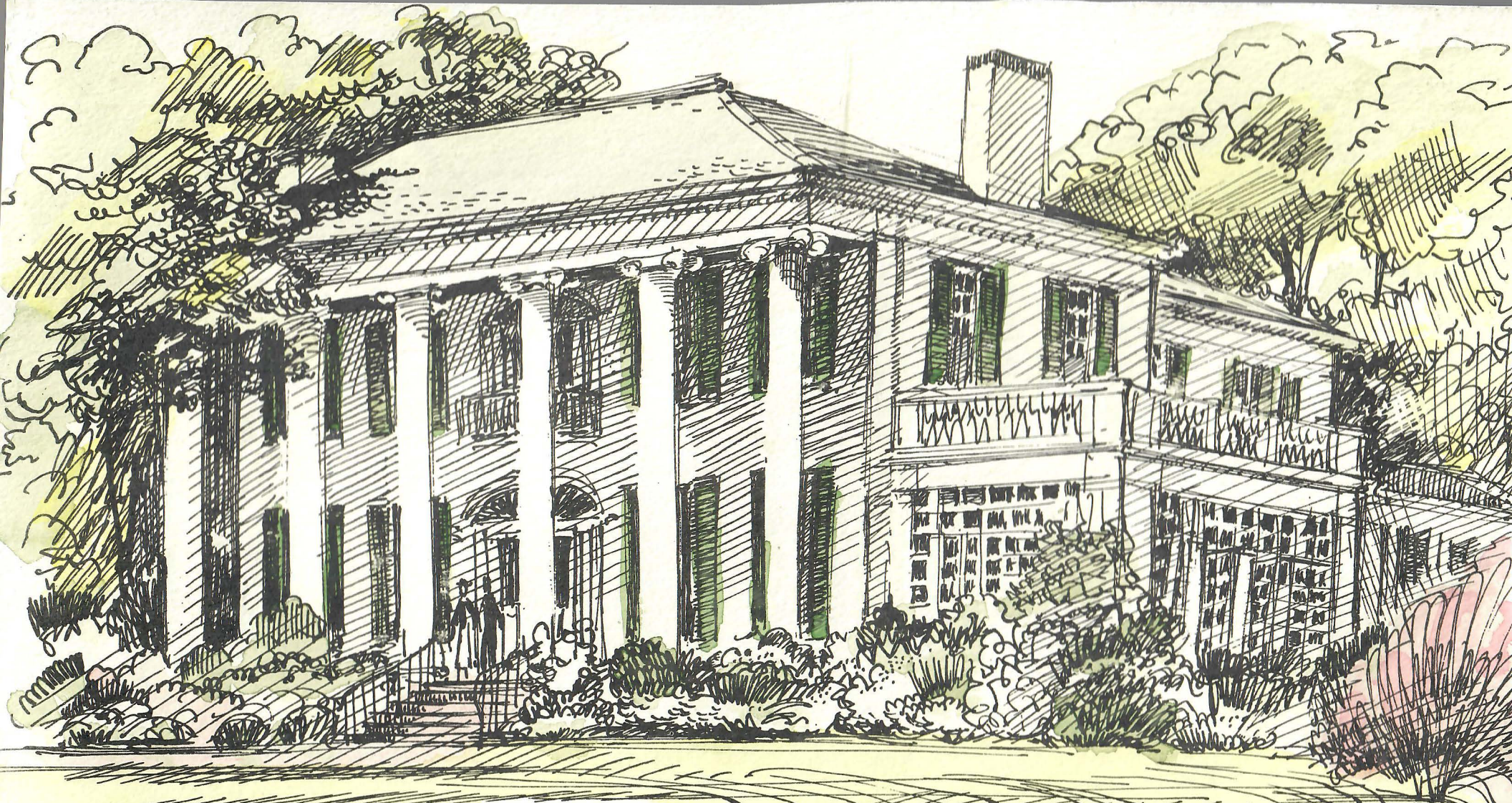


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NO. 2 UNIVERSITY CLUB
QUEEN CITY AVE. AT UNIVERSITY
FAMOUS TUSCALOOSA LANDMARKS

RICHARD BROUGH

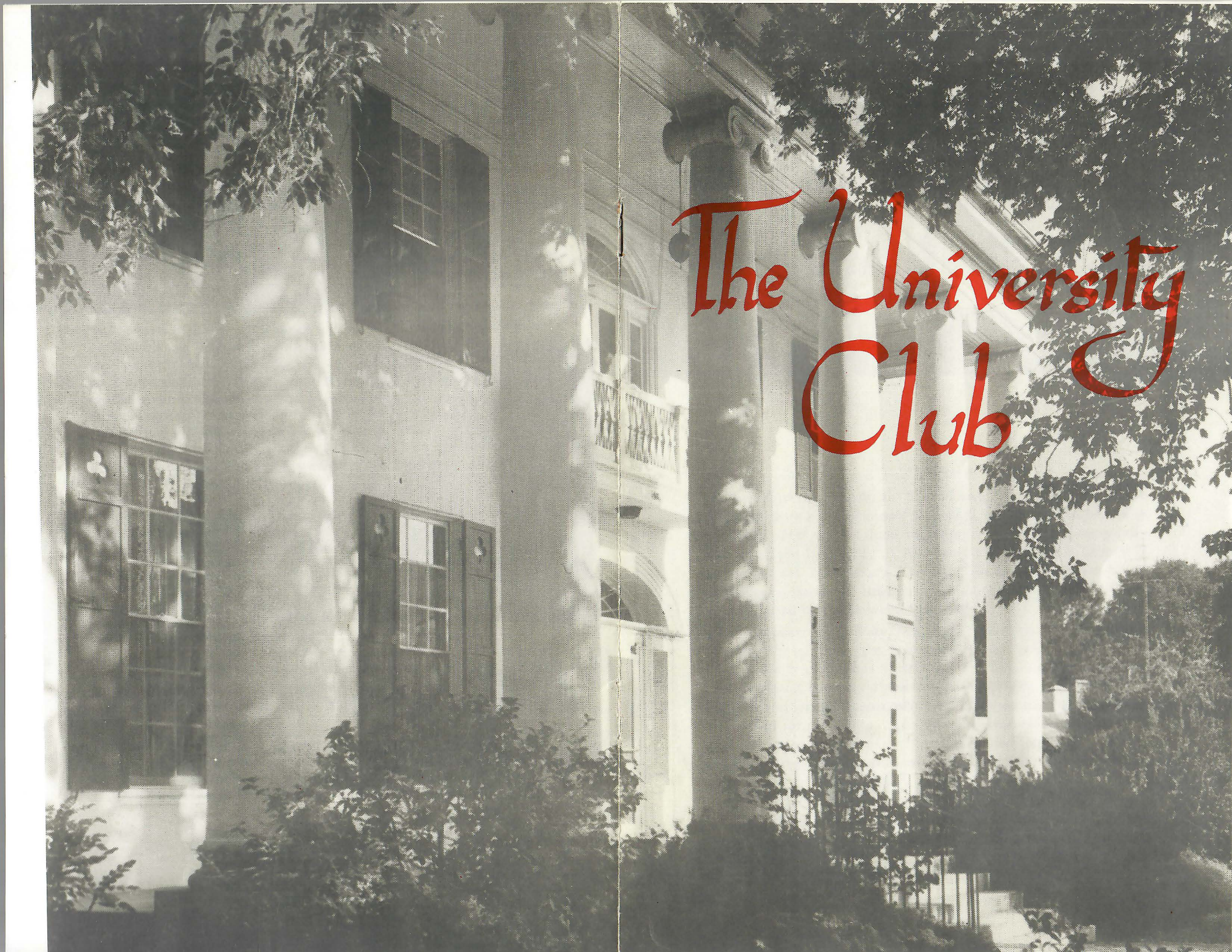




Riverboat Captain James Hunter Dearing built this imposing mansion in 1835. Formerly known as *The Governor's Mansion*, the home acquired its name when Governor Arthur Pendleton Bagby purchased it in 1838. He was the only governor to have lived in the house. The handsome double doors at the entrance are flanked by delicate Georgian sidelights with a fanlight above. A similar arrangement is repeated in the second floor of the mansion that now serves as the faculty club of the University of Alabama. It is one of the university's great contributions to the South because it has preserved Tuscaloosa's antebellum heritage so carefully. It's now called the University Club.







*The University
Club*



*T*he University Club, in Tuscaloosa, occupies one of the beautiful ante-bellum houses for which the State of Alabama is famous. The site of land on which it stands was originally owned by the University of Alabama, and the house, generally known as the "Governor's Mansion" because of its occupancy by Governor Arthur P. Bagby during his term of office (1837-41), was acquired by the University in 1944.

Dr. Raymond R. Paty, who was then president of the University, thought that the house should be bought by the University for a club when it was offered for sale that year, but there were no funds available for its purchase. He went to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert H. Warner, who had helped so many good causes, and asked for their help. The Warners responded by offering to give the necessary amount. They then added to this a large sum for furnishings and decorations and gave much time and energy to securing suitable furniture.

The Club was incorporated in January, 1947, and opened its doors for a reception on February 23 of that year. Jefferson J. Coleman was its first president. The membership is restricted

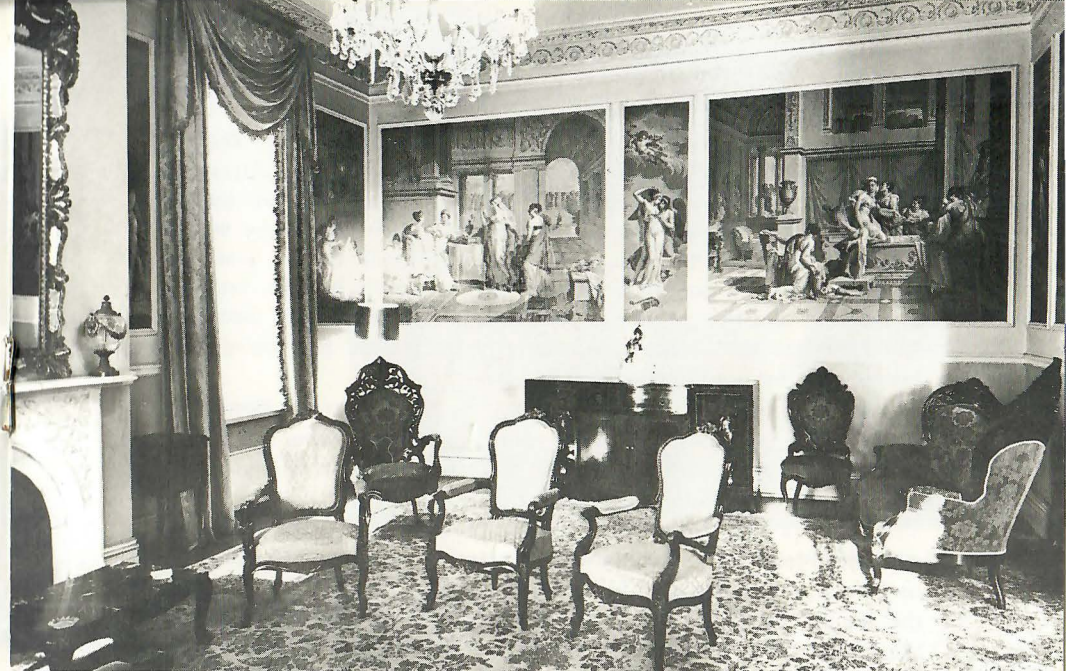
to faculty and staff, resident alumni and non-resident alumni, all of the University of Alabama, and a number of associate members from the Tuscaloosa community.

In 1957, because of the popularity of the dining facilities, a new room was added which was twice the size of the original dining room, and the kitchen was much enlarged. The original dining room is now used for special parties, private luncheons, and receptions.

The house which has served the University and Tuscaloosa communities so well as a social club has had a history which reflects events in the State of Alabama during the 113 years before it was put to this use.

The house was originally built by James H. Dearing at a cost of \$14,000. Mr. Dearing, who was from North Carolina, was an important figure in the early history of Tuscaloosa. He came with a family and stock of goods (having first made an inspection trip), built a steamboat at the head of Mobile Bay, named it the Tom Bigbee, and made what is said to be the second trip that had been made up the river to the settlement. He had married

The original dining room at The University Club, now used for private luncheons and receptions.



The french wall paper in the north parlor depicts scenes from the legend of Cupid and Psyche.

in Chapel Hill a Miss Julia Searcy, and it was for her that he built in 1834 the house now occupied by the Club. The builder was Mr. John J. Webster.

The site of land on which the house was built had been originally given to the new state of Alabama by the United States government to endow a "seminary of learning" but had been sold by the state to obtain money to erect buildings for the Seminary.

The house had the same general appearance it has today, although it had no sun porch on the south side, and in the center of the roof was a square platform from which the smoke of the river boats could be seen as they approached the town bringing supplies from Mobile. The kitchen stood on the north side separate from the house but connected by a covered walk to the north porch. The Dearings lived only two years in this beautifully planned home because students from the University helped themselves to their poultry and fruit and trampled Mr. Dearing's cherished flowers.

It was then sold to Richard Henry Lewis who, for some reason, changed his mind about living in it and moved to the Hermitage plantation in what is now Hale County.

Mr. Lewis sold the house to Governor Arthur P. Bagby, who lived there during his two terms as Governor. Although known as the "Governor's Mansion," the house was not owned by the state; it was private property. Governor Bagby was a very colorful and adventurous person (he came to the state on foot with all his possessions tied in one small bundle, became a lawyer, member of the Legislature, Governor, U.S. Senator, and Minister to Russia) but, unfortunately very few details of his life in the old mansion are available.

In 1843, the Mansion was bought by the Reverend Benjamin Sykes, one of twin brothers, both of whom were Methodist preachers. Augustus Sykes bought it from the widow of Benjamin after the death of the latter.

In 1852 The Mansion was sold to Richard Norfleet Harris, a planter from Hale County who wanted to educate his children in Tuscaloosa. He and his children and grandchildren lived in the house for half a century. It was during his occupancy that the troops that had defeated the University Cadets in a skirmish at the river bridge camped in a large open square across the street. These troops took Mr. Harris's carriage horses and ordered the servants to cook meals for the officers but otherwise did not disturb the family. The next day the smoke of the burning University buildings could be seen from the house.

On the death of Mr. Harris, the place was inherited by his elder daughter, Mrs. Henderson Somerville, wife of the head of the University Law School and Justice of the Alabama Supreme Court.

The Somervilles owned the place until 1900 when they sold it to Dr. James L. Williamson, a Tuscaloosa physician.

On May 1, 1922, the widow of Dr. Williamson conveyed the house and the present lot to Dr. S. E. Deal. Dr. and Mrs. Deal repaired the house and made some important changes. The east wing was shortened and a second story added to it, and the south porch with its columns was removed. The sun room with steps leading to it was added. The old kitchen was made into a garage and the brick wall built to separate back and side yard.

After the death of her husband Mrs. Deal sold the house to Dr. J. M. Forney who used it as an office. During the period of his army service the house was headquarters for the Tuscaloosa Service Center where a total of more than 80,000 men and women were welcomed and entertained.

It was Dr. Forney who sold the house to the University of Alabama, after which it became The University Club.



The south parlor opens onto the sun porch.



View of the entrance hall and stairway.

New dining hall which was added in 1957 is over twice the size of the original one.



The Gorgas Home and The Gorgas Oak

The Gorgas house, built in 1829, stands serenely unconscious of collegiate victories and defeats. Yet it is closely woven into the history of the University. The house was first used as a mess hall; then it became a professor's home. For almost half a century the Gorgas family has lived there.

In those early days, there was no hospital on the campus. Mrs. Gorgas took the sick boys into her home and cared for them. For her many kindnesses her memory is cherished by alumni of the University. Miss Mary Gorgas, the beloved librarian, and her sister now occupy the home.

Many magazines have placed the Gorgas House among the picturesque homes of the South. The grace of the wrought iron rail leading to the white pillared porch has been especially admired.

Within the portals of these walls, one finds many treasures of long ago. On a shelf, in the built-in cabin, is the great beer pitcher, a relic of General Gorgas' father's bachelor days at West Point. There is a green glass ginger bowl. The custom once was to use white and colored gingerbowls at alternate places.

Then there are pictures: one lovely thing that was brought over from Holland by the Gorgas family in 1630; several delicate water colors collected in Europe; and a most fascinating double portrait. The last portray the grandparents of General Gorgas.

There is in the inner sanctuary a small box made from the famous "Constitution" and presented to "Mrs. Governor John Gayle by Francis Scott Key — Tuscaloosa, 1833." Mrs. Gayle was the grandmother of the Misses Gorgas who now live in the home. Her husband was governor of Alabama from 1831 to 1835. Then there is a romance in the

By Mrs. Milton Rosenfeld



The Gorgas Home

hair bracelet with a gold clasp. The wife of General Gorgas (then Amelia Gayle) was visiting in Washington in the home of John C. Calhoun, who gave her the bracelet, made from his hair and with his name engraved on it.

Directly in front of this beautiful old home and shadowing it is the fa-



The Gorgas Oak

mous "Gorgas Oak." Truly nature could not have produced a more beautiful, a more perfect tree. This tree is known to be over a hundred years old. It has come to bear the name of The Gorgas Oak because of the close association with the Gorgas family and home.

"I think I shall never see,
A poem as lovely as a tree;
Poems can be made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION—A TUSCALOOSA MYTH

By Mrs. Milton Rosenfeld

As one rides out the main avenue of Tuscaloosa, a very beautiful old home of ante-bellum architecture comes into view. As old things are proving of much interest in these modern days, it will be interesting to know the history of Tuscaloosa's so-called Governor's Mansion.

Captain James H. Dearing came to Tuscaloosa on a voyage of discovery in the late fall of 1816, the year the first white settlers came. In 1829 he built this mansion and lived in it until 1836.

He sold the house to Arthur P. Bagby, who lived there while Governor of Alabama from 1837 to 1841. Governor Bagby was the only Governor of Alabama to occupy this house and he lived there because he owned it. Bagby sold the home to Mr. Sykes, an Episcopal clergyman, from whom it passed to Mrs. R. N. Harris. The Harris family purchased two huge white iron dogs, and placed one on each side of the steps. Many of the old residents and visitors recall these dogs. Judge H. M. Somerville, a judge of the supreme court and a distinguished Tuscaloosan, was the next owner of this stately old home. Dr. J. L. Williamson, a prominent physician, purchased the mansion and made it his home for a number of years.

About seven years ago Dr. Seaborn E. Deal bought the home from Mrs. Williamson. A year later Dr. Deal, realizing the need of repair, had the home remodeled, but preserved the beauty of the original home. Today this old landmark stands in a wonderful state of preservation and is one of the show places of the city. So far as is known, Alabama never owned a governor's mansion, until the capital was moved to Montgomery.

1826. In 1855 the amount for the poor house was \$705.45. There was appropriated to outside parties, in sums ranging from \$4 to \$6 per month in advance, \$1,278.65, and for burying paupers and medical aid, \$95 more, making a total of \$2,085.10.

In 1855 a new location for the poor house buildings was deemed necessary, and a tract of land consisting of 240 acres was purchased from Mr. Daniel A. Farmer, for the sum of \$900. This land was situated about twelve miles southeast of the city. Various sums from time to time were appropriated for the erection of suitable buildings.

This location proving to be too inconvenient, in 1860 another move was made. A tract of 360 acres was purchased from the administrator of the estate of Stephen Maddox, about five miles north-east of the city for the sum of \$1,080, and the old tract that cost the county \$900 exclusive of the buildings that had been erected, was sold for \$300. More

peculiar infatuation for the swift gliding pneumatic, as it gathers fresh air for you from open space.

It is said "A fool and his bicycle are soon parted; but with a wise man, never."

It has been the custom of the wheelmen of Tuscaloosa to have an annual picnic the 4th of July, and many a merry laugh has made the woods around "Old Wooley's Pond" tell of the fun the boys were having on these occasions.

At this picnic no one is allowed except him who rides his wheel, and two years ago (it having rained last year) we had over half a hundred present.

The wheel was first looked upon as a plaything, but it has now almost displaced the saddle horse from our streets, and you can see numbers of riders swiftly attending to their business on their silent steeds.

"Amidst this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The rights of women merit some attention."
It is indeed a pretty sight to see our

modest young misses and beautiful young ladies gliding down our oak-lined streets every afternoon; we welcome the wheelwoman, and wish we had more of them in our midst.

One of the loveliest pictures the writer has ever witnessed was at the World's fair in Chicago, during the L. A. W. meet, when 5,000 wheelmen and wheelwomen were admitted through the gates to take part in the lantern parade through the grounds, every wheel being illuminated and decorated with Chinese lanterns. The procession was two and a half miles long, riding two abreast, and embodied about 800 lady riders. I said to myself, as I was riding down "Midway," what would the people at home say if they could see this sight tonight.

Whenever ladies take hold of anything, like they have cycling this last year, it is sure to impart gentleness and make it beneficial to all cyclists.

"Don't ride a wheel if you cannot be a gentleman."

It is a notable fact that in the larger cities of the north and east, that the wheel has played an important factor in taking the young men away from gambling houses, beer gardens and such places on Sunday afternoons, and carrying them out where they can see nature in all its grandeur. You rarely ever see a drunkard a-wheel, for he cannot retain the whisky and his equilibrium at one and the same time.

"A man can drink till he scarce can blink, Yet ride in a car or wagon;
He can moisten his throat in a barge, or a boat,
But he can't ride a wheel with a 'tag on.'"

The bicycle is one of the greatest inventions of modern times, for the golden door of the "Transportation" building at Chicago bore this inscription: "MacAuley says the man who lessens distance is the greatest benefactor to mankind."

Wherever the bicycle has come into general use it has tended towards improving the roads; and for several years the sidewalks and bridges of this city have been fixed by the wheelmen.

It is a great pity that our country does not have more improvements on her public highways, for the better the roads, the more "go" a community will have about

The question of good roads is so closely allied to cycling that I feel that I am not worrying the readers of this article, intended to treat solely upon the wheel and wheelmen.

Dr. Chasmeey Depew, president of the N. Y. C. & H. R. railroad, a few weeks ago, after reviewing a parade of 50,000 wheelmen, made an address stating that no one could estimate the damage to street cars, "L" roads, electric car lines and railroads by the bicycle and its general use by the people.

The liverman complains and says: "Thank heaven, they can't use bicycles for funerals;" but he is reminded by the steed they might live forever.

There are over 250 manufacturers of wheels in the United States, and about one rider to every 150 inhabitants in this country containing 70,000,000 of people.

Before many decades we will see our old men as well as the young ones riding

is and now a grand secret that body; is a member board of health and me is a member of the A association of the Amer Medicine, of the New Y society, of the Souther ciation and of the Amer chological association.

Dr. Nicholas P.
is a native of Tuscaloosa cated at the state Univ A. M. of that institut ating from the Jefferson of Philadelphia, he bey in Tuscaloosa, and soon and successful physicia a diligent student of r done a large practice citizens of Tuscaloosa. man of spotless charact the needle to the pole with his fellowmen. years he has endeavor from active practice—h requiring his constant :

Dr. William
After receiving a th education, he graduated Medical college, of the C in 1867, and at once ei practice in Tuscaloosa. quired an extensive and devoted himself wit ten years of his profession man of high character victims and never tur line of duty.
He was surgeon of t Alabama from 1891 to Dr. Hester is 55 year accumulated a comfort

Dr. A. B. C.
is a native of Spartan years of age, and se Settlement, this county, 1870. He moved to the in 1887, and has here tensive practice since t had wide experience of the diseases of the country remarkably successful. He is a graduate of F versity, Philadelphia.

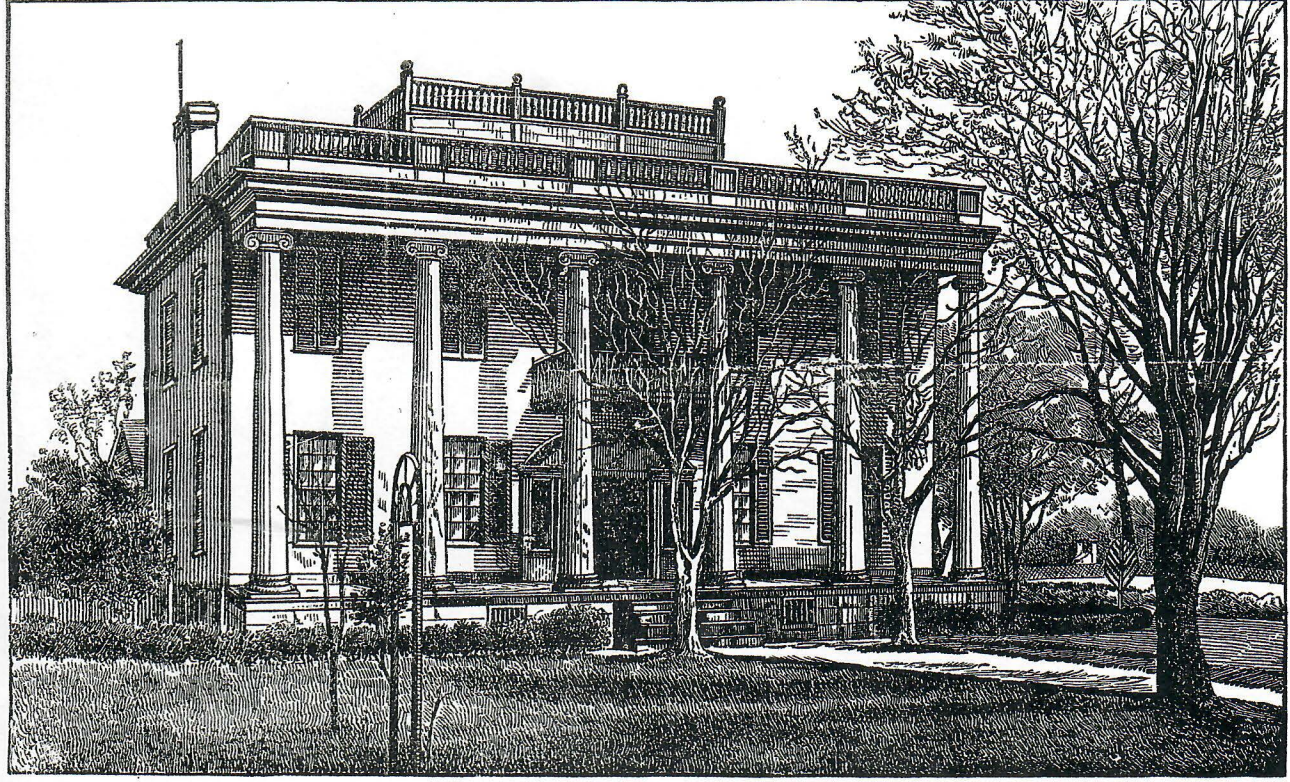
Dr. J. L.
came to Tuscaloosa fr in 1887, and acquired in a remarkably short gentleman of much ci ment, and is fully abri gress of the times in t fession. He is an all-r and has information a ficient to apply the late use the newest appa instruments in medicin He was graduated fro lina Medical College, a age.

Dr. J. L. Will
is a native of Tuscal born in 1853 and com tice of medicine in Tt He was graduated fr Medical College in 188 time has taken sev courses in specialities i devotion to his profes and his success plien perhaps the largest a practice of any physc bama, and his profes both medicine and su eminence.

Dr. W. G. So
is a physician of fir ability, and his practic in every department. He was graduated from Alabama in 1885 and department of Columbi He was assistant phy bama insane hospital f and home physician i hospital for one year, the largest hospitals. Somerville commenced Tuscaloosa in 1893, at ately acquired a goo practice. He is thorou his methods and remed some excellent surgic last few years. He i the University of Alab

Dr. T. M. Lei
is a native of Tuscalo now 32 years of ag from the Medical Colc 1891 and, after practi success at Cottoudale for several years, can 1893. He is a brigh physician, and his excel professional attainmen him distinguished succ

Dr. R. G. N
is the last of the ant in practice here, and is as a physician from one to the other. He was day of January, 1827, ating from the Georgi began the practice of caloosa county in 183 He has been famou successful treatment c



RESIDENCE OF JUDGE H. M. SOMERVILLE.
(OLD GOVERNOR'S MANSION)

money was again expended in erecting buildings. The compensation paid for each pauper was from \$8 to \$10 per month, with the use of the farm added.

In 1872 the poor house was discontinued, and the care of the paupers was let out to the lowest bidder, which in no year fell below \$8 each per month. The objections to this system became so strong that in 1885 a regular poor house was again established. The commissioners, with the experience derived from the past, wisely avoided the errors that marked the system up to this time, and purchased a beautiful and healthful location, with lands susceptible of cultivation, near enough to be closely looked after, and which will more surely become more valuable each year. The erection of comfortable and commodious buildings, and the inauguration of a wise and humane policy in the care and support of our unfortunate people is a monument to its founders, and renders it an institution worthy of the best efforts of our commissioners to perpetuate and sustain.

Broad street, which he built five years ago this summer. In every walk in life Mr. Bingham is above reproach, and Tuscaloosa has no worthier citizen.



Joseph Thomas Garner.
The subject of this sketch, whose portrait appears in this publication, has lived in Tuscaloosa since his boyhood, and by his native good sense and management has had a considerable measure of success in business. By his fair dealing and his genial companionship, as well as his loyalty to his friends, he has drawn to him a host of people who have interested themselves in his success in every way.

His father, Mr. Reuben Garner, was a highly respected planter and merchant in this county, and a man much like his son in possessing strong force of character and intellect. His mother the writer did not have the good fortune to know, but we doubt not she was a good woman, who devoted her life to her family and other noble woman's work.

Mr. J. T. Garner narrowly escaped being elected sheriff of Tuscaloosa county a few years ago, and for several years he held the positions of alderman and chief of police of the city of Tuscaloosa, and has been prominent in politics in the county and city for a number of years. At the recent election for county and state

their "bikes" along our public highways; for it is not the "scorchers" that gets the most fun out of his wheel.

"Don't ride your wheel into your sorrow,
But ride so you may ride tomorrow."

Let I should worry the reader with the length of this article I shall bring it to a close, for I always stop riding when I get tired.

I love the wheel and shall ride as long as I can mount one and sit in the saddle.

Thanking you for the space in your columns and with the hopes of seeing better roads and more wheelmen, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
LUTHER H. MAXWELL.

Walter D. Seed.
One of Tuscaloosa's leading business men is the popular, progressive and prosperous dealer in hardware, cutlery, crockery, stoves, harness, bridles, saddles and farm machinery, Walter D. Seed. Mr. Seed is 32 years of age and is a native Alabamian, having been born and reared in this city. He was graduated from the state university in 1883, and stood fourth in a class of twenty-five. His wife was the charming Miss Ellie Foster, of Foster's, Ala. They have one child, and reside at their pleasant cottage on Union street. Mr. Seed has occupied many no-



Woolsey Fimmel.
The subject of this sketch was born in Tuscaloosa county, Oct. 24, 1836. His education was received in Tuscaloosa and McCalla, Ala. Mr. Fimmel is a civil engineer by profession, having commenced his chosen avocation in 1857 and filling since that time every position, from axman to division engineer.

Mr. Fimmel's work has been confined to the south exclusively, and no man is more familiar with the general character and resources of this section than he. In 1830 and 1830 he built for the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad, some of the heaviest work ever done in Alabama, being at that time resident engineer under the late Cary A. Wilson, C. E., of New York. In the latter part of 1830 and during the whole of the year 1831 he was engaged in building the Chattanooga Southern railway, and since then he has been doing a general engineering and contracting business, steel bridges being a speciality. A very busy man is Mr. Fimmel, and to show how his services as an engineer are sought it is only necessary to state that he has completed by the com-

Dearing-Bagby House (Dr. Deal House, "Governor's Mansion," University Club)
(ALA-230), 421 Queen City Ave. (NE corner Queen City Ave. and University Blvd.).
Brick covered with stucco, basically T-shaped with stem formed by rear wing,
five-bay front, two stories (rear wing originally one story), truncated hipped
roof once terminating in balustraded deck, full-length hexastyle Ionic portico
(formerly surmounted by balustrade), center columns originally supported balcony
with wheatsheaf balustrade, semielliptical fanlight doorways above and below set
into deeply paneled reveals, one-story Tuscan-order shed porch along S side of
rear wing; center hall plan, Federal and Colonial Revival-style interior wood-
work, some decorative plasterwork; brick dependency at rear. Built ca. 1834 for
local merchant and riverboat captain James H. Dearing; John J. Webster, master-
builder; renovated 1922 for Dr. Seaborn H. Deal, including addition of second
story to wing and one-story arcuated solarium on S side, reduction of balcony,
interior changes including much new woodwork, coffered ceiling and arched French
doors in diningroom; further rear additions 1957. Home of Gov. Arthur P. Bagby
ca. 1838-41. University Faculty Club since 1944. 6 ext. photos (1934, 1936,
including 2 photos of dependency and brick garden wall), 4 int. photos (1934);
2 data pages (1936).

2111 Fourteenth St. (SW corner Fourteenth St. and Queen City Ave.). Brick covered with stucco, rectangular (5-bay front) with semi-detached central rear wing, 2 stories, hipped roof extending over U-shaped portico encircling front and sides of house (colonnade composed of 16 slender Ionic columns, center bay carries upper balcony with wheat-sheaf balustrade); center-hall plan, spiral stairway, Greek Revival style decorative plasterwork, 32'-long drawing room with pair of marble mantels on E side of hall. Built ca. 1838 for local merchant; rear wing late 19th C. (possibly built on site of previous wing); ca. 1888 renovations include leaded-glass front doors and alteration of stair in Eastlake manner; ca. 1920 changes include replacement of wooden portico floor with concrete, also frame additions at rear; stairway partially restored to original appearance ca. 1950. 3 ext. photos (1934), 6 int. photos (1934, 1936); 1 data page (1936). *See also* FBJ (J7-ALA-1130 and 1131).

Dearing, James, House (Dr. Seaborn Deal House, "Governor's Mansion," University Club) (AL-230), 421 Queen City Ave. (NE corner Queen City Ave. and University Blvd.). Brick covered with stucco, basically T-shaped with stem formed by rear wing, 5-bay front, 2 stories (rear wing originally 1 story), truncated hipped roof originally terminating in balustraded deck, full-length hexastyle Ionic portico (once surmounted by turned and paneled balustrade), center columns originally supported balcony with wheat-sheaf balustrade, semielliptical fanlight doorways above and below set into deep paneled reveals, 1-story Tuscan-order shed porch along

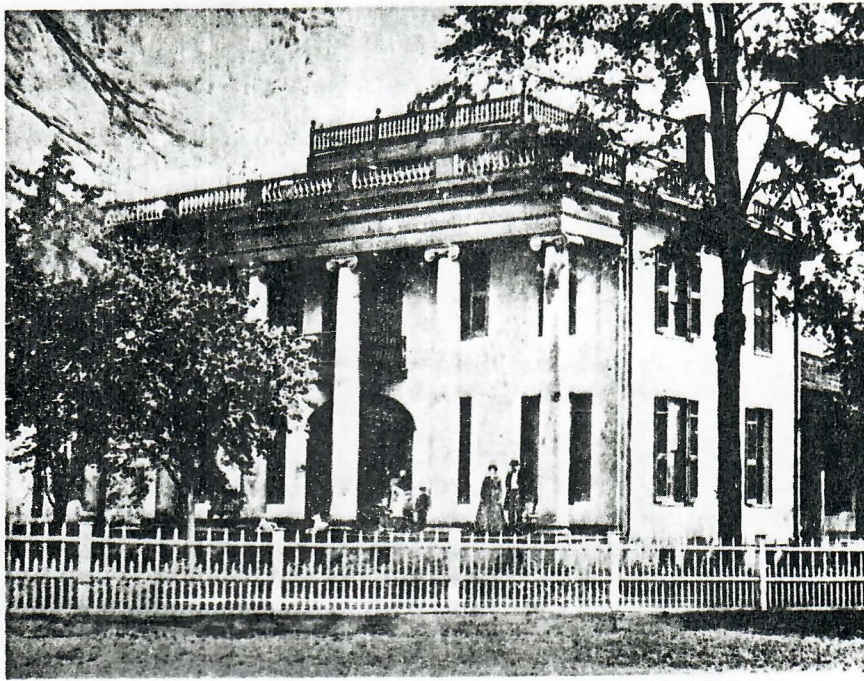
s side of rear wing; center-hall plan, much of original woodwork replaced in 1920s by Colonial Revival style trim, some decorative plasterwork. Brick dependency at rear. Built ca. 1834-35, possibly to designs by William Nichols; John J. Webster, master-builder; renovated ca. 1922 for Dr. Seaborn Deal, including shortening of rear wing and addition of second story, also 1-story arcuated solarium on s side of main block, reduction and rebuilding of balcony; simultaneous interior changes encompassed moving back of stairway and replacement of balustrade (using original handrail), coffered ceiling, and arched French doors in dining room; further rear additions 1957. First owner, Dearing, was merchant and riverboat captain. House considered "wonder of the town" when built. Home of Gov. Arthur P. Bagby 1838-43. University Club since 1944. 6 ext. photos (1934, 1936, including 2 photos of dependency and brick garden wall), 4 int. photos (1934); 2 data pages (1936).

Dearing-Swaim House. *See* Alexander Dearing House (AL-228), 2111 Fourteenth St.

Drish, Dr. John R., House (AL-201), 2300 Seventeenth St. (in traffic circle at intersection of Seventeenth St. and Twenty-third Ave.). Brick covered with stucco, 61'2" (5-bay front) x 67'10" overall, 2 stories, hipped roof extending over full-length porticoes front and rear, bracketed cornice with egg-and-dart ovolo molding, applied paterae on frieze, N elevation (front) dominated by 3-story arcuated tower breaking from center of full-height Ionic portico (tower embellished with Greek Revival style detail and bracketed

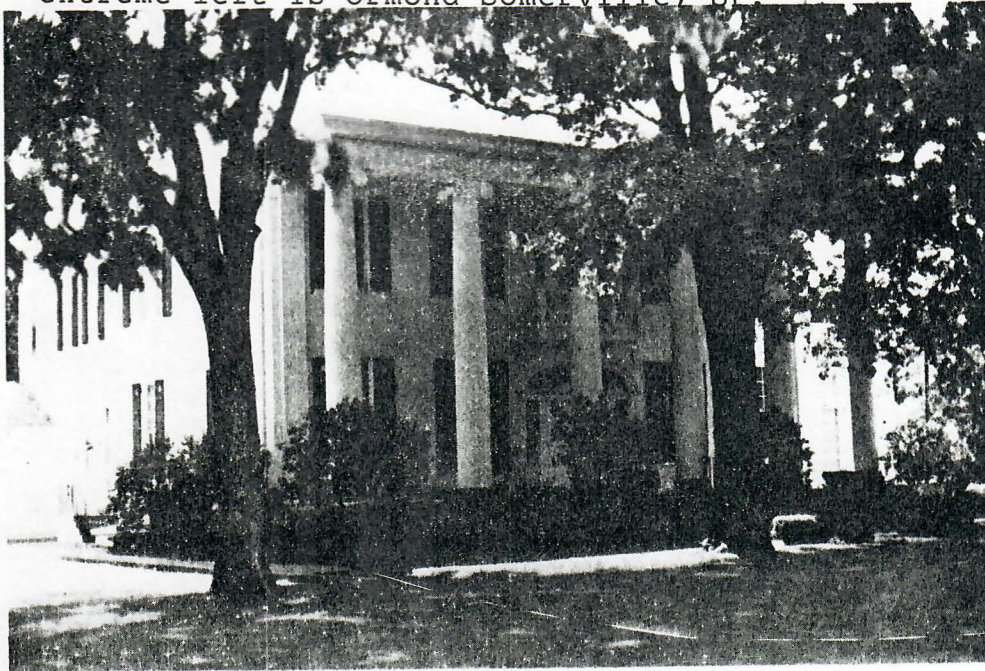
cornice), hexastyle Tuscan colonnade across rear; semidetached rectangular 1-story service wing (approx. 41'11" x 20'3") on E side; center-hall plan, originally branched stairway to second floor, elaborate plasterwork throughout. Erected early 1830s; shows influence of William Nichols. Considerably altered ca. 1855 with addition of Italianate tower, cast-iron grillwork, and other decorative elements. Mansion originally stood at end of tree-lined lane extending to now-demolished gate and porter's lodge at present Twenty-third Ave.—Fifteenth St. intersection. House mutilated early to mid-20th C., including gutting of interior (removal of original stair, plasterwork, and most interior trim), stripping away of cast iron, demolition of service wing; now sandwiched between modern construction on E and W. Once remarkable example of combination of Greek Revival and picturesque elements. Dr. Drish, builder-owner, was Tuscaloosa physician and erstwhile building contractor and owner of skilled slave craftsmen who evidently executed much early decorative plasterwork in Tuscaloosa. House was Jemison School 1906-25; Southside Baptist Church annex in 1983. 5 sheets (1934, including plot plan, plans, elevations, details); 1 ext. photocopy (ca. 1907), 5 ext. photos (1934, 1936), 3 int. photos (1934, 1936); 2 data pages (1936). *See also* FBJ (J7-ALA-1132 through 1135); Tebbs (T3-ALA-339183 and 339184).

Duffie's Tavern. *See* Old Tavern (AL-224), 2800 28th Ave.



HARRIS-SOMERVILLE HOME AND FAMILY, CA. 1875 1871
(OLD GOVERNORS MANSION)

This is the oldest photograph known of the house, a large copy of which currently hangs in the rear hall. The small boy to the extreme left is Ormond Somerville, Sr.



SAME HOUSE—NOW UNIVERSITY FACULTY CLUB

12. The account of the death of Eudora Lelia Somerville McEachin published in the Jan. 22, 1913, issue of the West Alabama Breeze states that the Somerville family occupied the new home in Jan. 1841, when she was three months old.

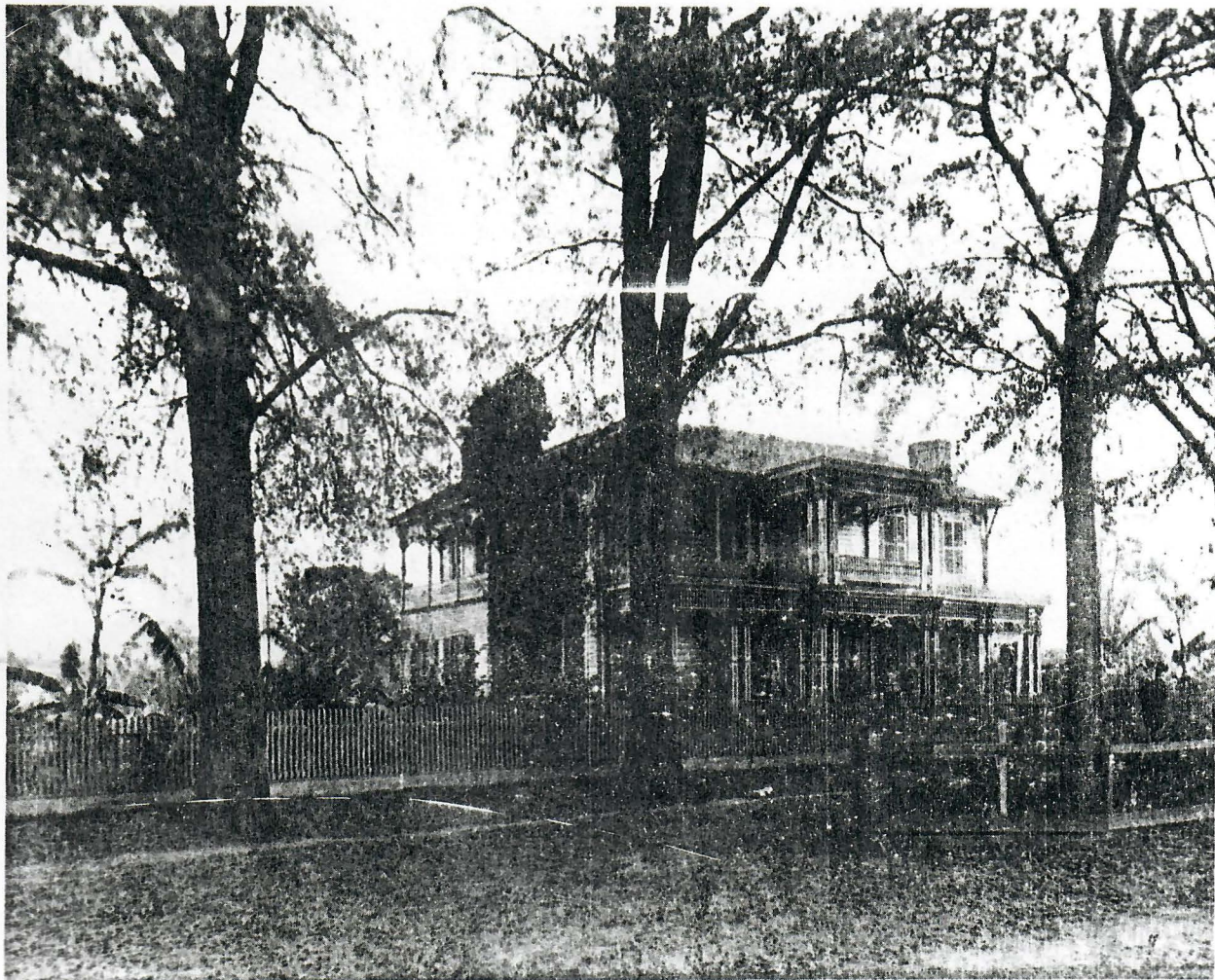


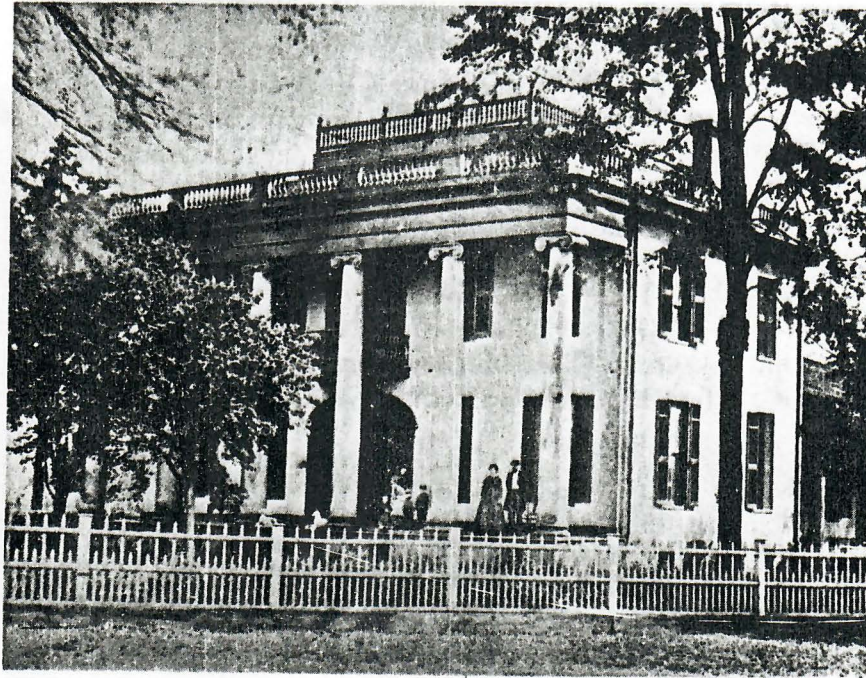
photo c. 1881

**SOMERVILLE-MCEACHIN-LITTLE -Hale House
RESIDENCE**

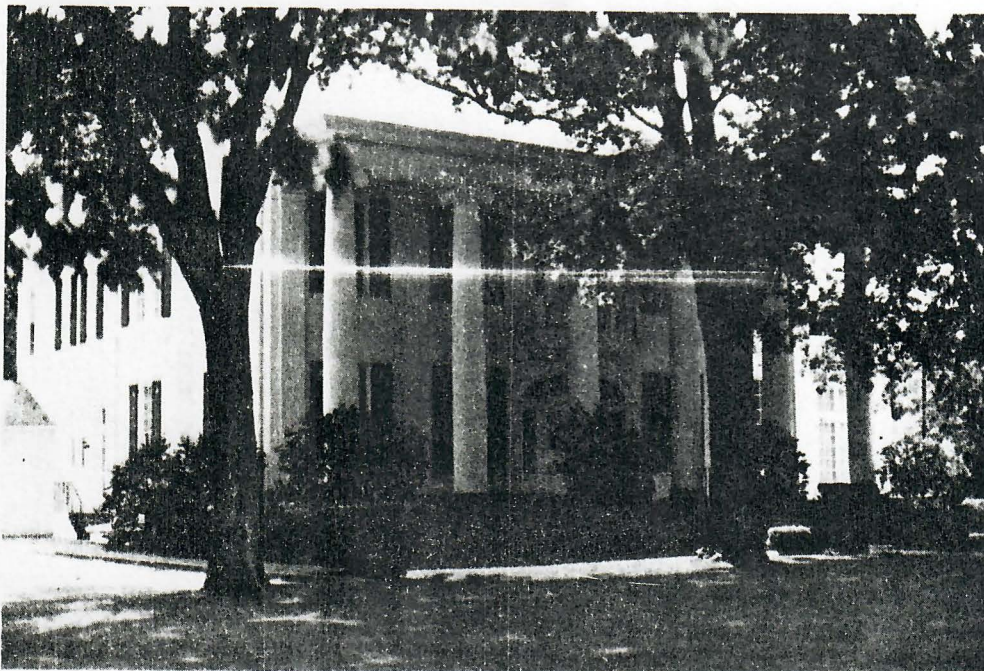
709 Queen City Avenue, Tuscaloosa.

Built by Dr. James Somerville in 1840,
it was the boyhood home of Judge Henderson
Middleton Somerville. Dr. Somerville's
daughter, Eudora Somerville McEachin, inherited
the house in 1880.

Earl
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McEachin



HARRIS-SOMERVILLE HOME AND FAMILY, CA. 1875
(OLD GOVERNORS MANSION)



SAME HOUSE—NOW UNIVERSITY FACULTY CLUB

CHAPTER VII

HENDERSON MIDDLETON SOMERVILLE

VII. Henderson Middleton Somerville - seventh child of Dr. James Somerville and Helen Glassell Wallace, was born on Mar. 23, 1837, at the town of Madison Court House in Madison County, Virginia, where his father practiced medicine. The family moved to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in the fall of 1837. His primary education was acquired in the school of Mrs. John Little, Sr. and later under Prof. Bradshaw. He entered the University of Alabama when fifteen years of age and graduated A.B. in 1856, with distinction. After teaching school one year, he received an M.A. degree from the University of Alabama, in 1859, and entered the Cumberland Law School, at Lebanon, Tennessee, where he graduated in 1859 with an LLB degree. Proceeding to Memphis, he began the practice of law as a partner of his oldest brother, Col. James Somerville. In 1861, while still practicing law, he assumed the political editorship and management of the "Memphis Appeal." His articles in that paper were described as "caustic, logical and classically elegant." Under his editorial management, the "Appeal" more than quadrupled in circulation in less than two years of time. While in Memphis, he was National President of the University of Alabama Alumni Association (1860-61). His three brothers being in the Confederate Army, he returned in 1862 to Tuscaloosa to care for his widowed mother, and his young sisters. He accepted the position of associate professor of mathematics and classics in the University of Alabama which he filled until the University was burned by federal troops in April, 1865. He then entered the practice of law at Tuscaloosa in partnership with his brother-in-law, Judge John J. Ormond, formerly a member of the Alabama Supreme Court and a Mr. Nicholson. The association was terminated by the death of Judge Ormond and he then formed a partnership with Capt. A.B. McEachin of Tuscaloosa, who had married his sister, Eudora Somerville. This partnership enjoyed an extensive and lucrative practice for ten years. In 1868, he attained wide recognition for successfully defending Ryland Randolph, the famous editor of the Tuscaloosa Monitor, before a military tribunal in Selma on the charge of intimidating colored citizens. In 1873, by invitation of the Board of Regents, he organized the present Law School of the University of Alabama and remained at its head until his appointment as an associate justice of the Alabama Supreme Court in September, 1880, and while serving on that bench, he continued for ten years to lecture to the law students. Prior to his appointment to the court, he was for ten years a member of the democratic state executive committee. He was elected by the people in 1886 as an associate justice of the Alabama Supreme Court. His judicial opinions, numbering between eleven and twelve hundred, appear in the Alabama Reports in Volumes 65 through 90. He served on that court until 1890 and during his term of service the court was nationally recognized as one of the strongest in America. His opinions on corporation law have taken high ranks in legal literature and he was an acknowledged authority in the field of medical jurisprudence, having established the rules for determining criminal responsibility of the insane in his opinion in *Parsons vs. State*, 81 Alabama Reports 577. From 1876 to 1893, he was a trustee of the Alabama Insane Hospital and was the author of the Alabama law enacted in 1887 creating a commission of lunacy and regulating the custody of the criminal insane and procedure for their trial.

In 1877, the degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred on him by Georgetown College, Kentucky and the same degree was conferred on him by the University of Alabama in 1884, and by the Southwestern Presbyterian University at Clarksville, Tennessee, in 1887.

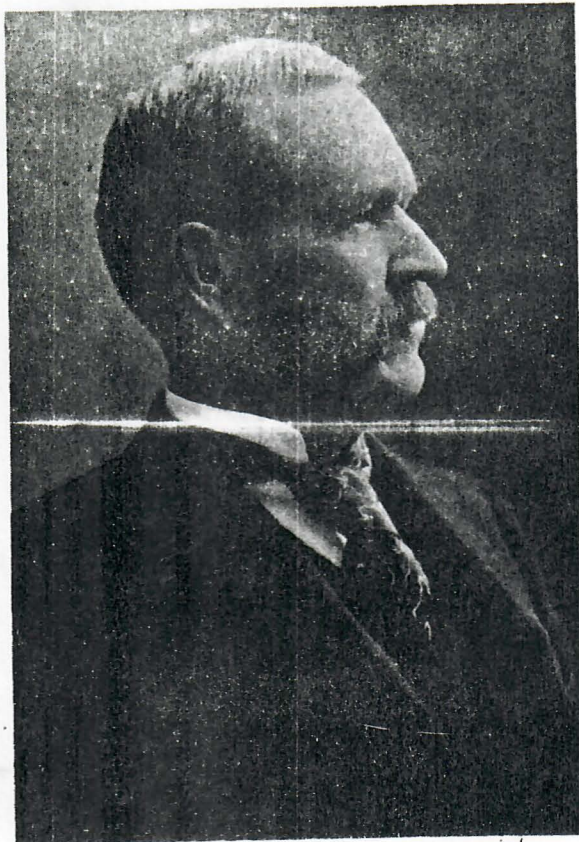
In 1890, he was appointed by President Benjamin Harrison to the newly created Board of United States General Appraisers (the judicial department of the Customs Service) in New York City. He served on this Board (as Chairman of the Board of Classifications) until his death. He was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church; President of the New York Medio-Legal Society, 1892-93; a Trustee of the Peabody Educational Fund; President of the N. Y. Southern Society and a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Alpha Delta Phi fraternities.

In 1956, a new dormitory at the University of Alabama was named Somerville Hall in his honor. His portrait hangs in the Alabama Supreme Court Building in Montgomery, Alabama, and in the Law Center at Tuscaloosa and at Cumberland Law School in Birmingham.

He married (1) Cornelia Banks Harris (born December 5, 1838; died October 28, 1878) daughter of Richard Norfleet Harris and Amanda Melvina Banks (see notes on the Harris, Banks, Gray, Mason and Jenkins families) on March 20, 1862, at Tuscaloosa, Alabama; and (2) Mrs. Mary Saville (nee Wyman) in August, 1881, at Montgomery, Alabama. He died September 15, 1915, in New York City, and is buried in the family lot in Greenwood Cemetery at Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Henderson Middleton Somerville and Cornelia Banks Harris had seven sons, all of whom were born in the old mansion (built in 1834 and occupied by Arthur P. Bagley when Governor of Alabama), located on the corner of Queen City and University Avenues in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and now used as the University Faculty Club, which was purchased by Henderson M. Somerville from the heirs of his father-in-law, Richard Norfleet Harris. Their children were:

The University Club was purchased by Richard Norfleet Harris in 1852. The deed was transferred to his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Middleton Somerville, in April, 1870. The heirs of Mrs. Somerville sold the property to Dr. Williamson in April, 1900.



HENDERSON M. SOMERVILLE



CORNELIA BANKS HARRIS

CAPITOL PARK AREA (WEST OF THE HOTEL)

After no other preservation solutions could be found the Tuscaloosa County Preservation Society, a volunteer organization, and the Tuscaloosa County Historical Preservation Authority, a governmental board, have re-located three houses to Capitol Park, the site of Alabama's second state capitol.

Browne-Randall Senior Citizen's Center (1870) - The former home of Judge Newbern Browne, was purchased by the Authority and moved to Capitol Park. The City has secured funds for its adaptive use as a senior citizens' center. This is an excellent opportunity to see adaptive-use restoration in progress.

Strickland House (1820)
This Greek Revival style raised cottage was the home of Moses McGuire, the first probate judge. It was moved to Capitol Park to prevent its demolition. It has been adapted for the offices of the Tuscaloosa County Preservation Society and the Tuscaloosa County Historical Preservation Authority.

Old Tavern (c. 1827)
This French style structure was a popular inn and gathering place. In order to prevent its demolition, the Society moved it to the present site for use as a museum and gift shop.

Collier-Boone House (1835)
Gray D. Boone, publisher of Antique Monthly, Horizons, and the Gray Letter, and her husband, James Boone, Jr., newspaper publisher, have saved the historic home of Gov. Henry Collier (1849-53). Using the talents of Edward Jones, restoration architect for the White House, and John Williamson, landscape architect for the Metropolitan Museum, it has an excellent example of a 19th century garden.

Searcy House (c. 1830)
Built for Judge Henry Minor, the house was later owned by Dr. James T. Searcy, superintendent of Bryce Hospital. It was bought by the Authority to prevent its already scheduled demolition. The Authority began the preliminary restoration then sold it, with restrictive covenants, to Woodrow Hobson, Jr. - a marvelous job of adapting its use to offices.

Guild-Verner House (1822)
This Federal style home, was the city's first brick residence. Restoration was completed by the Homebuilders Association of Tuscaloosa, Inc., and is an antebellum mansion for use as offices yet utilizing the decor of those antebellum days.

University Club (1834)
Built by James H. Dearing, it was later the home of Governor Arthur Bagby. It was given to the University of Alabama by Mr. and Mrs. H.D. Warner for adaptive use. Displayed in the main parlor is a magnificent set of Belter furniture.

Battle-Friedman House (1835)
This Greek Revival style home was built by Alfred Battle and willed to the city of Tuscaloosa. The Society has restored it.

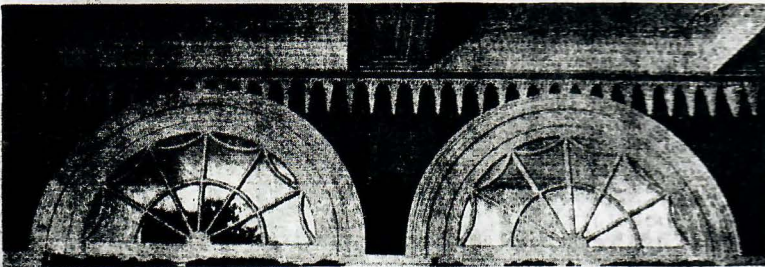
July 1979

7. University Club c. 1834
421 Queen City Avenue

Called by Tuscaloosans "The Governor's Mansion" in honor of Governor Arthur P. Bagby who resided there, the structure was built in 1834 by Captain James Dearing who piloted the first steamboat from Mobile to Tuscaloosa. Six Ionic columns front the mansion and a small balcony (with fragile wooden balustrade) projects from the second floor. The lower and upper front doors have exquisite fanlights above them. In 1944, the structure was sold to the Warner family who donated it for use as a faculty club for The University of Alabama.

The original house had the same general appearance it has today, although it had no sun porch on the southside, and in the center of the roof was a square platform from which the smoke of the river boats could be seen as they approached the town bringing supplies from Mobile. The kitchen stood on the north side separate from the house but connected by a covered walk to the north porch.

The architecture is 18th and 19th century and the style is Greek Revival "Peripteral Mode."

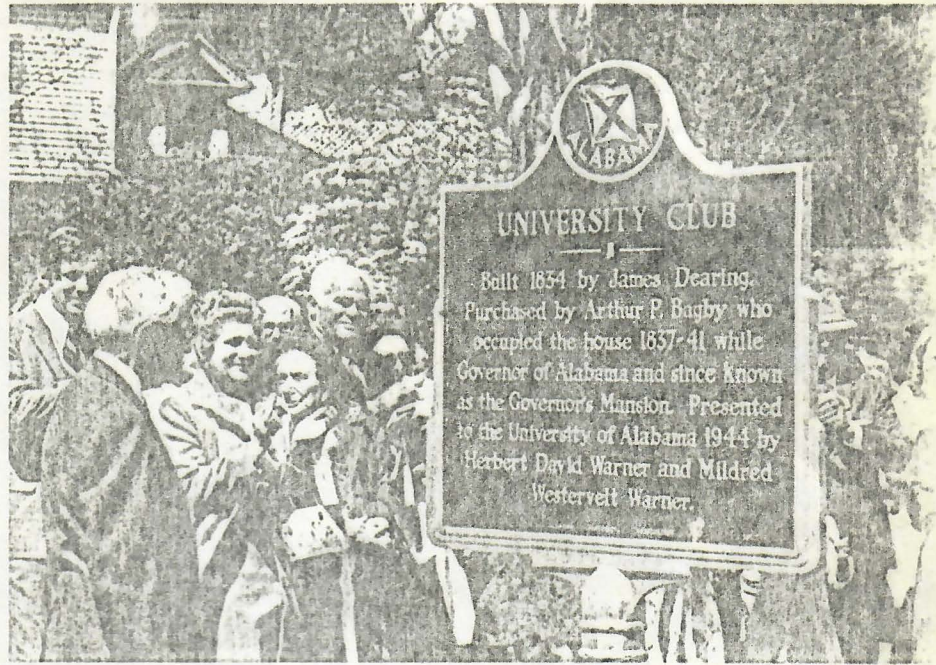




"The News Guy"

March - June 1972

Dedication
to marker →



NOW HERITAGE WEEK was a crashin' success, yes, it was, it certainly was! The whole thing opened up at the University Club where Ole Marvin Harper did this simply marvelous job adedicatin' and blessin' the marker, don't you see, and the next crack out'n the box I (Ole Jack) led this high steppin' band atop Ole "Paper Tiger" right down the center of Ole University Avenue, don't you see? At first I was a mite apprehensive as to how Ole "Paper" might react 'cause I'd only been aridin' him for less than a year and I figured that he (Ole "Paper") just might think he was on the jump course and try to clear a parked automobile or two, don't you see? He (Ole "Paper") acted the regular parade horse, tho, and went astruttin' down the middle of the avenue right in tune with the band and did all his little dressage steps that I (Ole Jack) had taught him, don't you see, in perfect order right on command, and all. Why he (Ole "Paper Tiger") would two-track across to one side of the street and then shoulder in to the other and when we'd come to a halt, he'd turn on his haunches or on the forehand as pretty as you please. He (Ole "Tiger") seemed to know folks were alookin' at him

'cause he'd preen and strut like anything! And when we came to the Capitol grounds, he simply popped over this little bitsy li'l ole wall with a "howdy-doodo" flap of his ole tail and then went to adoin' his stops and starts on the circle to the right and left just ashowin' out like anything!

We all made fine little talks concernin' our heritage, and all, and gave out the prizes for the best heritage compositions, and such. Ole Snow Hinton (the Mayor) got to talk a mite and Ole Charlie Snyder did more than his share in the talkin', and such, and it was a grand and glorious start for the heritage part of the house warmin' type shows that cute li'l dolls like Gray Boone and Frances Nelson did all the workin' on and Ole Marvin Harper did all the talkin' about, and all.

Now I fill the same type role in the horsy end of the week as Ole Marvin Harper and Norman Bassett fill in the house restoration, interior decoratin' and "antiquin'-about" part, don't you see, so I'll simply get back to my (Ole Jack's) role as the mouthpiece for the horse part and try to fill you in a mite.

7
↓
November 9, 1984

Background on University Club

Built in 1834 by Capt. James Dearing who piloted the first steamboat from Mobile to Tuscaloosa. Six beautiful columns front the mansion. One time home of Alabama's Governor Arthur P. Bagby during the 1830's. From this the house is often called the Governor's Mansion.

During many owners, the building was used as a doctor's office, U.S.O Club, and in 1944 purchased by the Warner family. After extensive restoration the Warner's donated it to the University of Alabama as a faculty Club. The house has beautiful interior details.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB

421 Queen City Avenue

Original owner - Captain James Dearing

Present Owner - University of Alabama

Original Architect - ~~John Johnson Webster~~ *William Nicholas*
" ~~Contractor~~ - *John Johnson Webster*
Restoration Architect - Carl Moseley

Original Use - Home

Present Use - "Town & Gown" University Club including restaurant and bar

The University Club was originally built for Captain James Dearing in 1834 at a cost of \$14,000.00, who soon wearied of it because the students at the new university made continuous raids on his chicken houses and fruit trees. In 1838 the beautiful Greek-Revival Mansion was purchased by Arthur Bagby during his term as governor. The house faced the Capitol Building at the other end of what is now University Blvd.

In 1944 Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Warner purchased it and gave it to the University of Alabama for use as a "Town & Gown" club. The Warners also furnished the building with beautiful antiques including a magnificent set of Belter furniture in the main parlor. Oriental rugs, porcelains, painting and other Victorian Furniture of the period were *collected* by Mrs. Warner for the building.



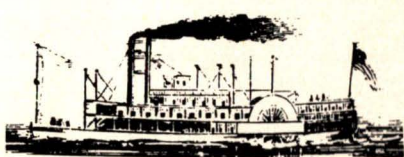
REMEMBER WHEN?

THE GOVERNOR'S Mansion, now the University Club at Queen City Ave. and University Ave., looked like this? Of course not, for the picture was made about 1871. At that time it belonged to Judge Henderson Middleton Somerville and his wife Cornelia Banks Harris, who were married in 1862. With them are their children. Mrs. Somerville was the eldest daughter of Richard Norfleet Harris, who purchased the property in 1852. It stayed in his family until 1900. Judge Somerville was on the Alabama Supreme Court from 1880 to 1890 and his son Ormond was also a judge on the state's highest court. This picture was loaned to GRAPHIC by Dick Little, 709 Queen City Ave.

the News Bag

GULF STATES PAPER CORPORATION





the News Bag

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FEATURING IN THIS ISSUE

Thoughts On Paper®

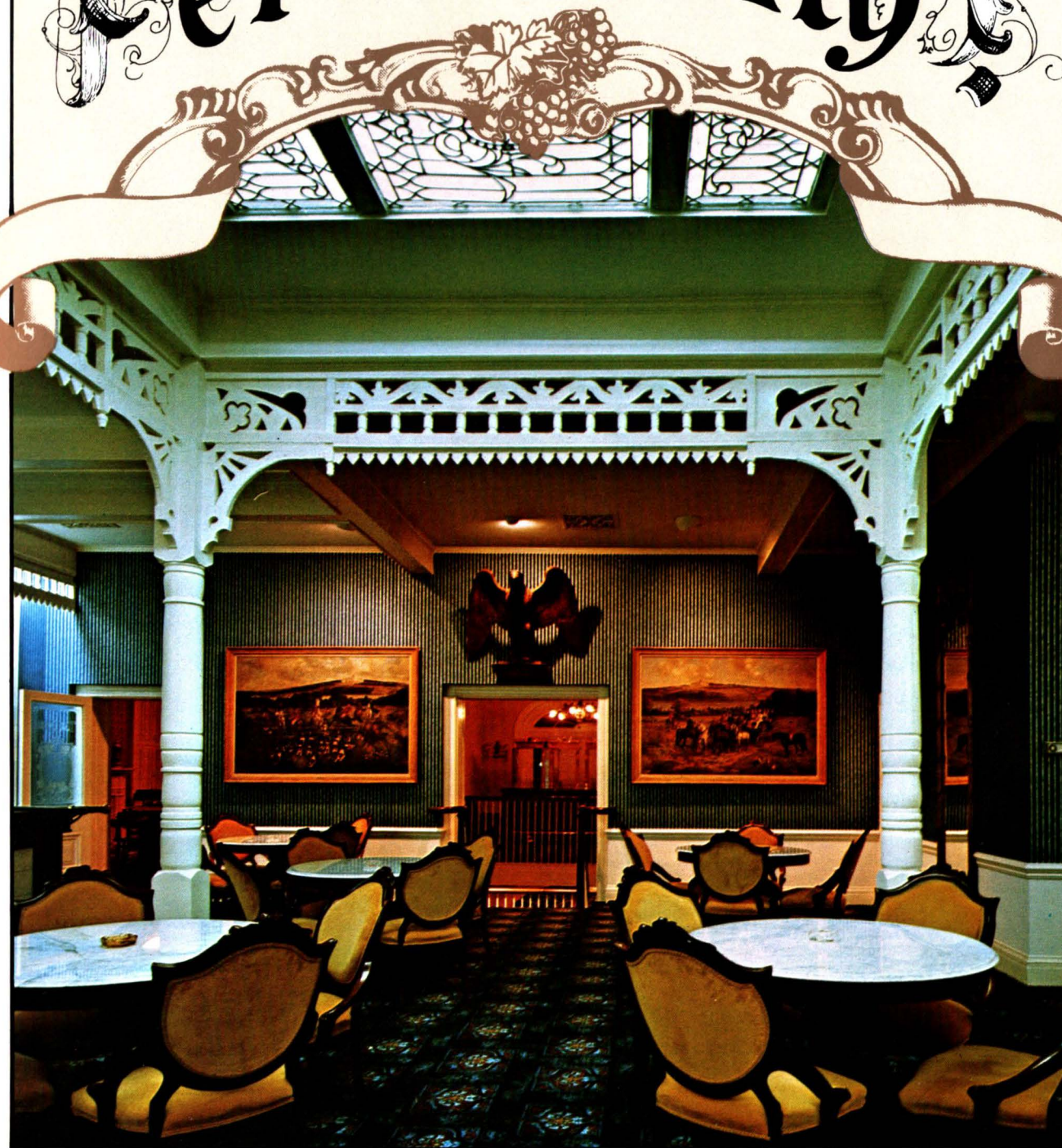
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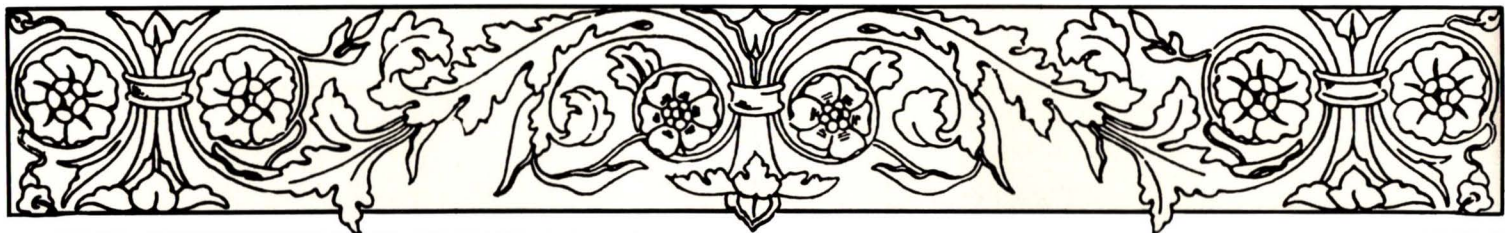
JACK W. WARNER

President and Chairman of the Board

A BAR
with a

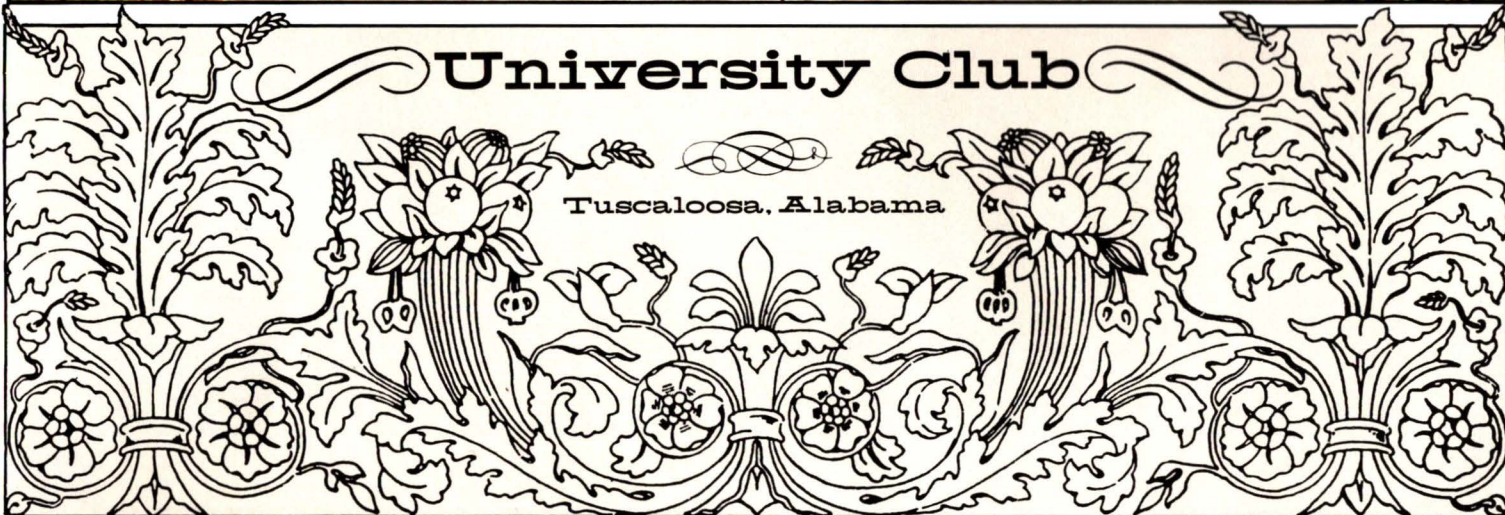
Personality





University Club

Tuscaloosa, Alabama



N

OW A BAR, in order to have personality, must be at least the *conception* of one individual! Now the character, personality, and individualism of the bar, *if* done by one person, may not be of the greatest! In fact it may well be bad! But even if so, it (the bar) does have a personality of one nature or another, if done by an *individual* and *not* by an interior decorator type, don't you see. I (Ole Jack) don't like a structure or decor that's *perfect*. I like one to have a defect here or there to show it's *human* and has human frailties, don't you see.



Well, anyway, it (the bar) all started at the University Club Board meetin', held in the upstairs rat's maze in some kind of hindside barroom served by a dumbwaiter acomin' up from the basement floor!

Now nobody, but nobody, ever used the *upstairs* of the old University Club, lessen he had to go to the men's room or somethin', 'cause 'twas composed of all these little rat's-nest-type, cut up clothes closets, ante-rooms, dirt catchers, and latrines! And as I (Ole Jack) sat there at my first board meetin', amunchin' away at my hors d'oeuvres, lettuce sandwiches, etc., and sippin' away at a Scotch and soda or two in this long, ugly, hot, dusty room called a bar, and listened as to how our ole membership was adwindlin' and how much money we were alosin', and all, my ole heart turned a flip, 'cause the ole University Club was at one time the center of Tuscaloosa social activity, and if'n ever you wanted to show off Tuscaloosa Town to an outsider, you most generally took them to lunch or dinner at the University Club for the best meal in town and a "fallin' out" with Mrs. Van Duzor, the grand matriarch and major-domo of the Club, don't you see? Why most anybody who was anybody was a member of the Club, and we had them standin' in line to get in, don't you see?

Now it was my own mother who had the concept and foresight in the first place, and bought the old Governor's Mansion and dressed her (the old mansion) up like a lady and made her into a 'Town-and-Gown-type club to be owned and operated by the good ole University of Alabama, don't you see, and I must say, at the grand openin' she (the Club) was quite a lady! All dressed up in her best long, flowin' party dress and floppy party hat all tied up under her pretty little chin, and all. Why it was 'most the best place to have a mint-julep-type afternoon tea dance you 'most ever saw in all your born days! Yes, it was, it certainly was!!

Well, anyway, there we sat (the University Club Board, and all) agoin' through our woes and all, and listenin' to the buzz of a fly or the languid drone of first one report or another by first one committee and then the other, don't you see? I looked at por young Eldon Chambers (the young Berea College, new manager type, and all) as he scatted back and forth with the lettuce sandwiches, and such, and thought some of firin' him (por Chambers, don't you see), but thought better of it, as one could readily see he was certainly atryin' his best, and had a certain winsome appeal about him, as if to say, "Help! I'm drownin'! Catch me up before I sink for the third time!"

Now any fool knows that a club nowadays, in order to *survive*, don't you see, needs a bar, of one nature or another, that will attract the customer and make the money, don't you see? So I (Ole Jack) asked why in the ole world we didn't kick in the ole walls of the upstairs squirrel's warren and make us up a bar we could all be proud of, and make the ole University Club self-supportin', and even make a buck or two for expansion and first one thing and another, don't you see, but was told that we couldn't do that (kick the ole walls in) 'cause sure

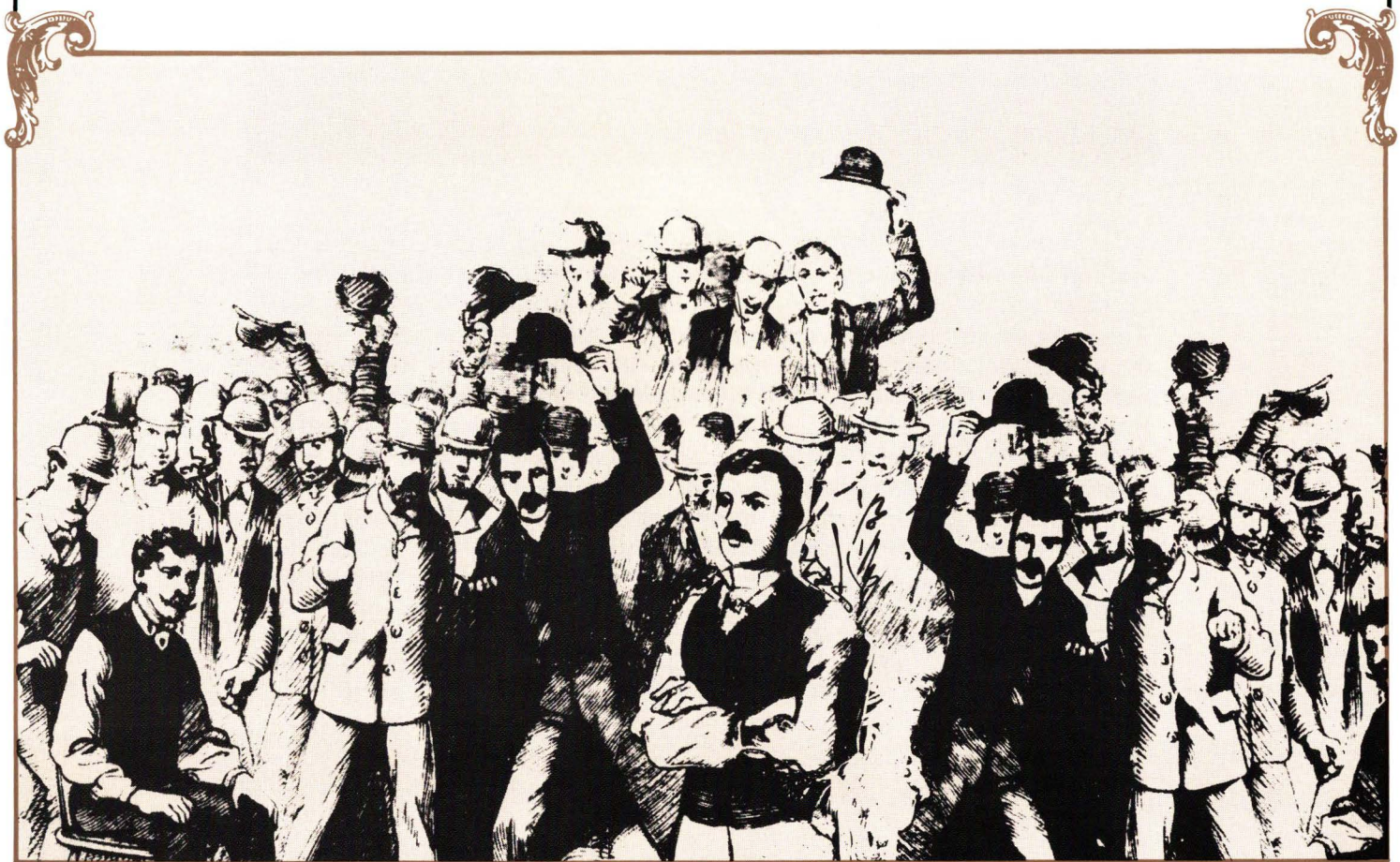


as shootin' the whole roof would cave in for lack of support, don't you see, and that that was the reason Mother hadn't kicked them (the ole walls) in, in the first place, and all!

Well, sir, I guess it's just as Wife Elizabeth allows when she says:
All's a body would have to do in order to do away with Ole Jack is bet him he (Ole Jack) couldn't jump off the Brooklyn Bridge!

Well, anyway, I (Ole Jack) rose to the bait (aknowin' if ever a structure deserved preservation 'twas the old University Club, don't you see) and allowed as to if'n the Board allowed, that I (Ole Jack) would just take a soundin' and, along with Ole Kelly Tucker, would "feel our way" concernin' what we could or couldn't do concernin' the knockin' out of walls, don't you see, and then proceed accordingly.

Well, sir, Bless Pete if'n the old Board didn't react with unaccustomed alacrity and vote unanimously that I (Ole Jack) should proceed and feel our way, so to speak.



Then...



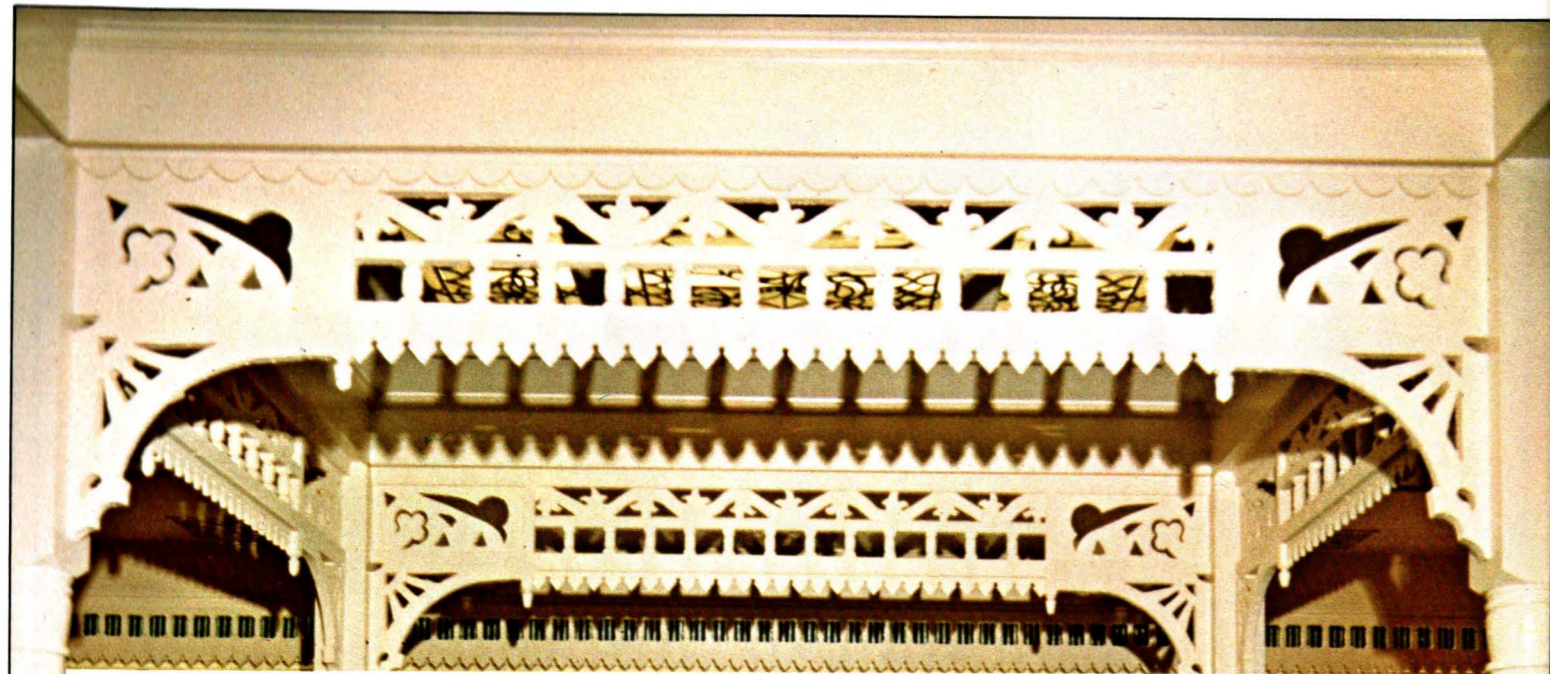
le Kelly Tucker and myself nosed about and felt our way all right! With the help of Carl Moseley (the structural-engineer type) we found a big steel beam agoin' plumb across the floor. This room havin' been *added* about 100 years or so ago to the old *original* structure, don't you see. So we propped *two steel* posts on to the ceiling and slung *another* steel beam across them up under the room, and all, and then, by goin' down through a couple of *lower* walls, plumb on down to the basement concrete foundations, we propped two more columns up to form a rectangular square (along with the first two posts, don't you see) slap dab in the middle of this huge "total-space"-type-concept barroom, with enough steel beams in the ole ceiling and steel posts to support six or seven roofs of about *any* nature or weight you might like, don't you see?



And Now



Then we blocked up an old back stairwell to make a men's room of it. 'Most any bar of any consequence 'most havin' to have a men's room, don't you see. And then we tore out another bathroom 'to make a bar out of it (the bathroom). 'Most any type bar of any magnitude havin' to have plumbin' fixtures, and all. Then we stuffed up the window behind the bar (in order to make room for a back bar, don't you see), moved a door or two over or back, first one way or another, to give the room the proper proportions, and all. Boxed in the steel beams across the ceiling and slapped in a few false-type wooden beams to get the true feelin', and all, and, lo and behold, if'n the ceilin' didn't look all beamed up in perfect order, and all, and all's we were left with was the four steel posts slap dab in the middle of the room (placed in the proper order by me, Ole Jack, of course), and I (Ole Jack) had a scheme for them (the four posts) and you can bet your ole boots on that!



Now considerable historical significance of a *local* nature is attached to the *whole* project, don't you see? 'Cause right around corner from the University Club itself and along the ole Warrior River bank was, of all things, a riverboat Gothic front to this little ole house, all propped up by two-by-fours in order to keep it (the Steamboat Gothic fretwork) from fallin' in and all, and upon further inquiry it (the Steamboat Gothic fretwork) belonged to no other than cute li'l Martha Ray, late of Tuscaloosa and now of Montgomery Town, who had given it (the li'l ole Steamboat Gothic house) to the Tuscaloosa Historical Society in order to prove that such structures truly *did* exist in li'l ole Tuscaloosa Town in the riverboat era, don't you see? It (the Steamboat Gothic front of the little ole house) abein' the *oldest* structure in the whole of Tuscaloosa Town, don't you see? Now you can bet your ole boots we acted with alacrity, yes, we did, we certainly did, and snatched up the Steamboat Gothic fretwork — all propped up with two-by-fours, and all — from the Hysterical Society, who seemed more than willin' to donate it (the Steamboat Gothic fretwork) to the Club, and all, since it (the fretwork) did not go originally with cute li'l Martha's house at all, but had been *moved* from the riverboat captain's house from down the slope about a hundred years ago and tacked on to the front side of cute Martha's house, so was hardly worth preservin', leastwise in their (the Preservation Society's) viewpoint, it abein' a bastardized structure, and all, don't you see? So now *we* (the University Club) have the *oldest piece* of structure in li'l ole Tuscaloosa Town preserved in *perpetuity* as part of the *Steamboat Gothic* gazebo, supported by four posts, don't you see, slap dab in the *center* of the Steamboat Gothic bar on the top side of the ole Governor's Home-University Club type structure, don't you see?



Would you believe it! While pokin' about and rippin' out the walls, and all, Bless Pete if'n we didn't find a sure enough brick chimney stack, all walled and plastered up behind the ole wall, that ran plumb up to the big ole chimney itself, astickin' up over the house, and all! It (the big ole chimney stack) wasn't centered to the two windows at all, and had *three* vents agoin' up thru it, for all the world like London chimney pots runnin' up thru the big ole chimney stack. Don't believe I've ever seen an American chimney built with *three different* holes arunnin' up thru the stack! This (the three vents along with the off center location) presented us a considerable problem for awhile, but never daunted, I



remembered those big, beautiful pink 1815 slave-made beveled brick of Elizabeth Spigener's from the Umbria Plantation down Sawyerville, Hale County way, and wasted no time in callin' her (cute Elizabeth) and sweet talkin' her into donating *ber* brick (all 2000 of them) to the Club! I honestly think it was truly *noble* of her (sweet Elizabeth) to give us her brick! Especially since she had *just* given me (Ole Jack) the *oldest* school house in the state (built in 1818) for restoration up next the oldest bank in the state (the old Gainesville Bank), out at the old horse farm, don't you see!



One thing's for sure, and that is cute Elizabeth can be mighty proud of her brick mantelpiece, 'cause it's the most beautiful in the region! Found a London cast iron chimney pot mantelpiece that would hook up in perfect order with the center vent of the chimney and work in perfect order, don't you see? I do believe it's the only cast iron mantel I've ever seen all decked out with brick and blue colored tile! *Most* unusual, don't you see, and about the only one in the world that would work all proper-like with our London-type chimney stack, it abein' a London-type mantel, don't you see?





NOW SOME OF US 50-ish, 60-ish, and on-up-ish-type guys most generally know what I (Ole Jack) mean by the "Steamboat-Gothic"-type architecture, 'cause many of us were led by the ole hand by our old Granddaddies (right after the very *end* of the era, don't you see) into such health spas as Poland, Maine, or Mackinac Island, Michigan, or even White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, or Hot Springs, Arkansas, or somethin'. Some of us might have even caught a glimpse of a Great Lakes luxury steamer or a Mississippi River deluxe-type steamboat, or even been ushered in and out of the old Canal Bank down New Orleans way! Maybe we were lucky enough to see some ole railroad tycoon's *fancy, private*, and I do mean *fancy, private* railroad car! Or maybe we even saw the insides of an ole San Francisco Grand-Hotel-type saloon or bar! All upholstered in plush, red velvet, bawdy-house-type walls!!

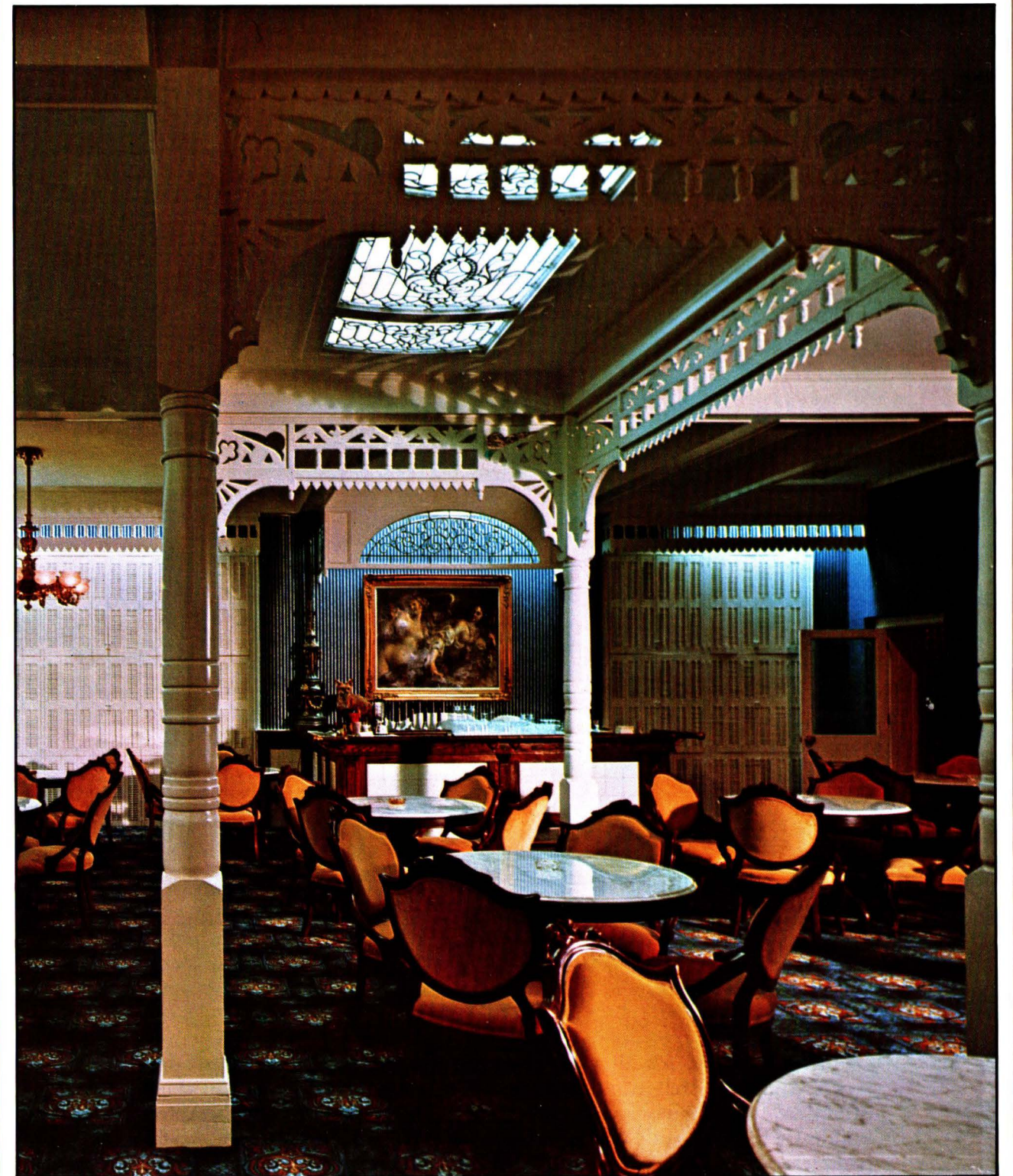
Those must have been the halcyon days! The days of the robber barons, the lumber giants, steamboat saloons, and the railroad tycoons! Days when men were men and the ladies loved it! Frontier days before and after the civil war, when the riverboats, and later the railroads, were the queens of creation and opened up the West! It all told how the West was really won! And by West I mean all that territory west of the Allegheny Mountains!



Red, plush, bawdy-house-type walls
 in the Ladies Lounge



What forever impressed me (Ole Jack) were those old massive Gothic, wooden, resort-hotel structures with their long, columned porches with gingerbread between each column! Why when you went into the lobby of such a structure, your ole breath was literally taken away 'cause it was most generally all blue, white, gold and crystal, with a great massive, hand-carved wooden gold eagle, with outspread wings up over the stair bannister, or somethin'! Why it (the Steamboat Gothic) was truly about the only *genuine* American architecture there most ever was, simply because it was of no set standard architecture at all, but rather a conglomerate of most all types of architecture woven into one glamorous total! Why I most generally thought it (the Steamboat Gothic) to be the most breathtakin', all-American decor ever devised! I (Ole Jack) just loved it! Yes, I did, I certainly did!! There it was, Federal, Gothic, ice cream parlor, 18th Century crystal, French Louis XVI, etc., etc., etc., all mixed up into one vast whole, for all the world like some sort of gigantic, multi-tiered, glorious white wedding cake, topped off with a beautiful crystal canopy!




A Crystal Canopy



Well, anyway, it's all most generally disappeared! Burned or torn down 'cause it all fell into disrepute, don't you see? Folks began to think of it all as too pretentious and tacky, just as they did of the great empire-builders who built 'em!! Got to callin' them (the empire builders) — who had cleared the land and opened up the wilderness, stretched steel across a continent, sent their ships and riverboats across the nation and around the globe to build the greatest continent on earth — such things as exploiters, polluters, robbers, scalawags, and all. Turned on them (the empire builders) and literally tarred and feathered them, and from the pulpits and in the press, 'most literally ran them all plumb out on a rail,

so to speak, and kicked their homes, palaces, spas, and "templed hills" plumb down by the hundreds, allowin' as to how they (the Steamboat-Gothic-type structures) were crude, pretentious, raw, uncouth dwellings of an era of exploitation, steamboat gamblin', wenchin', barroom brawlin' and such. Why they (the do-gooder, bleedin'-heart types) even forgot the second verse of "America The Beautiful" which allowed somethin' like, "I love thy *templed hills!*" (meanin' the templed structures atop rollin' hills, don't you see). I (Ole Jack) always thought different, though, and even though all the professor do-gooder types ripped and ranted against the exploitin', gamblin', uncouth, robber baron types, I (Ole Jack) always secretly felt they (the ole robber barons and Mississippi steamboat gambler types) were the very guys that put the good ole U.S.A., the flag, and the big golden eagle with outspread wings on top of the pole, don't you see. When all the ladies right after the period (1920's) would allow as to how they ought to tear down that atrocious, hideous, gingerbread structure on the corner of Main and Water Street, and such, for all the world as if'n they (the 1920's-type dolls) were plumb ashamed of their very *own* Granddaddies, don't you see, why 'twould 'most make me (Ole Jack) want to 'most bawl! 'Cause to me 'twas the only **UNIQUELY** American structures there 'most ever was!! Yes, they were, they certainly were!

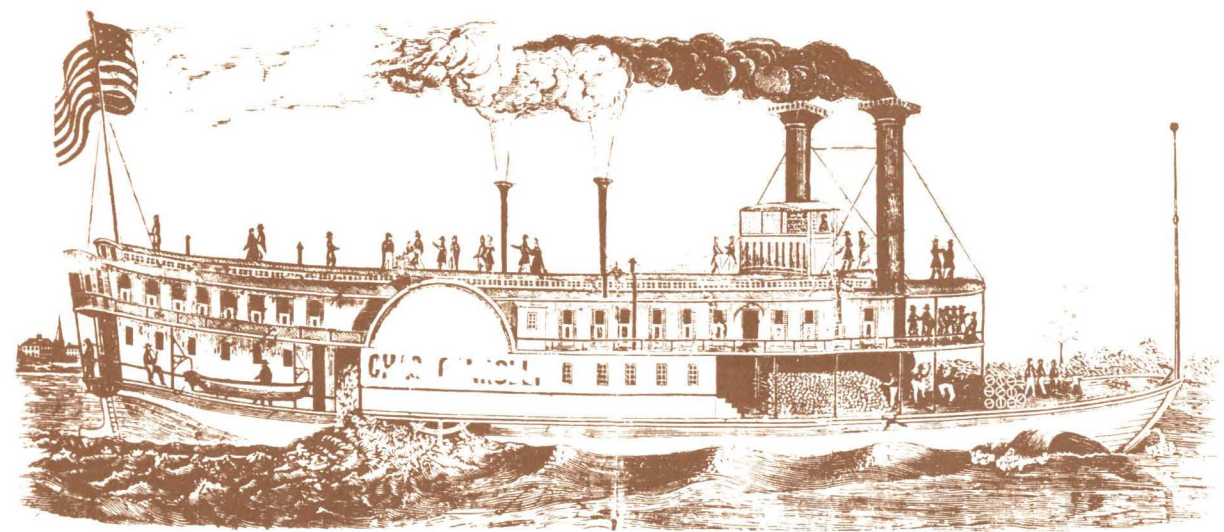
 'Sides I (Ole Jack) never saw anythin' wrong with the robber baron types! Why I even knew some of them as a toddler and to me they were simply nice, kindly old guys with long, gray beards and snappin' blue eyes! Who told little guys some of the most wonderous tales and stories as were 'most ever told! Usually endin' up by atryin' to scare your (the toddler type's) ole britches plumb off or somethin', by allowin' as to how, *after* agoin' thru the motions of a big ole bear achasin' some por hero-of-the-story-type guy around and around a tree stump or somethin' after he (the por hero guy of the fable) had plumb dropped his gun and all, that he (the por hero guy) tripped and fell end over tea kettle on a root or somethin'. Then most generally he (the old "robber baron" type atellin' the story) would clam plumb up, and you (the li'l ole toddler) would ask all breathless like, and all, "What happened, what happened!" Then that old codger of a "robber baron" with blue eyes fiercely aglitterin' and all, would allow:

Why that ole bear jumped on that por hero-type guy and ate him plumb up!!!

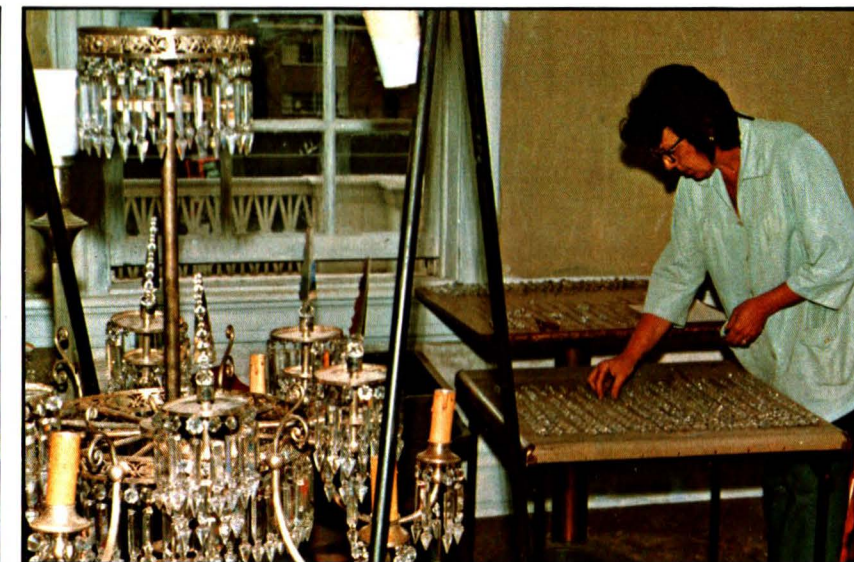
Then he (that grizzled ole "robber baron" atellin' the story, and all) would roll his ole eyeballs plumb up in his ole head in the most peculiar manner you 'most ever saw in all your born days! And just sit there, with his ole eyeballs arollin' in his ole head, as you (the li'l ole toddler) sat there on his ole knee or somethin' with your ole mouth flopped open, and all. Then, Bless Pete, if'n that ole "robber baron" wouldn't bust right out alaughin' 'most 'til he'd split a gusset! Yes, he would, he certainly would!!

Then as you got a mite older, he (the ole "robber baron") got a mite older, and if'n he (the "robber baron") liked you and all, he'd meet you out in the ole croquet yard and play horseshoes or croquet with you, and all. Why those ole "robber barons" were the most competitive types you most ever saw in all your born days and could sure play such peculiar games as ole "horseshoes" 'most better'n anybody you ever saw in all your born days! Even if'n they (the ole robber barons) were past 96! Why he (the ole robber baron type) would just chortle, jump up and down, and slap his ole thigh like anythin' and holler: "Goose-Egg! Goose-Egg!!" if'n in one of those nip and tuck games (most all the games abein' nip and tuck, don't you see) you miscued and knocked off your own leaner, or somethin'. Then he (the ole robber baron) would squint over his ole horseshoe, r'ar back, and sling a resoundin' ringer (Bingo!) followed up by a victory jig, don't you see?

Why I (Ole Jack) most *never* met a robber baron type that wasn't a kindly old man and a heap more fun and educational than most *any* of the do-gooder, bleedin' heart, "chip-on-the-shoulder" professor types that was forever arantin' and aravin' against them (the robber baron types, don't you see) for exploitin' the country, arippin' up the countryside, pollutin' *their* air, or some such other offensive degradation against humanity! Why I (Ole Jack) will bet a plugged nickel that someday some *sensible*-type professor will write a book vindicatin' the robber baron types by atellin' how they (the ole robber barons) built up an empire and a nation that became the greatest Utopia on earth by conquering a wilderness, stretchin' steel acrost the nation, and creating large pools of capital that were used to create wealth, jobs, industries, mechanize the farms, light up the world, and sell their "oil for the lamps of China"!



Preservin' the Past





NOW MOST ANY Steamboat-Gothic-type interior 'most *has* to have an American, gold, hand-carved wooden eagle (c. 1860), and 'most *any* interior design of most any type "of the period", don't you see, *has* to have a fox hunting decor, that is, if'n I (Ole Jack) am the interior designer, don't you see! Now this is *not* easy to do and keep *authentic*, don't you see, 'cause takin' the fences after the fox was *not* exactly widespread way back there in the 1860's! They did a mite of it (fox huntin' on horseback) up on the Eastern seaboard, but you can bet your ole boots that most *any* authentic *American* hunt paintin' of the side saddle variety has been snapped up by the Eastern ridin' establishment! Them (the Eastern establishment) not awantin' any of their treasures agoin' South of the ole Smith and Wesson Line, leaswise to li'l ole Alabama, don't you see? But we outfoxed 'em (the Eastern establishment). Yes, we did, we certainly did! I (Ole Jack) got with my ole friend Rudy Wunderlich, of the Kennedy Galleries of li'l New York City, and scraped up three of the finest, truly American, hunt paintin's you ever saw in all your born days, 'cause there they all are! The greatest assemblage of robber barons, railroad tycoons, Wall Street manipulators, lumber exploiters, air stealers and such, as was 'most ever assembled, along with their ladies, carriages, footmen, gentlemen jocks, lackeys, and general flunkies, don't you see.





There they are (the robber barons, and all) arippin' up the ole landscape as they take the first li'l ole jump for all the world as if'n they're agoin' into orbit rather than over this li'l ole itsy-bitsy brush jump! It seems they (the robber barons) had commissioned one S. Leighton to come up to their crystal palace, Steamboat Gothic resort at Poland, Maine, to paint them all at their leisure (atakin' the jumps, or asittin' in their carriages to *follow* the hunt, don't you see). And there it all is just as Ole S. Leighton saw it! There is the Poland Springs, Maine, spa asittin' there on her "templed hill" in all her Gothic glory! There's the bright sparkly strip of water to the front! There all the young wives or girl friends are (your daddy's rich and your mamma's good lookin' types, don't you see), asittin' on their cute li'l side saddles!! And I suppose all those ole robber barons were all mighty proud to have their very likeness agoin' over that first jump, all hell-for-leather and "helter-skelter-like", ahangin' there on the walls of their crystal palace! Boy, I'd sure hate to be in their way! 'Cause you can certainly see it's "over-under-or-thru", don't you see. They're goin' into orbit all right! And God help the por guy that gets in their way!! I wonder what ever happened to that li'l ole fox, 'cause it's certainly a bunch of wenchin', drinkin', rapacious-type tycoons that's after him (the por li'l ole fox). They're in orbit all right!! One didn't even get over that first li'l ole fence, as witness a loose horse arippin' about, about to have a wreck, don't you see! I'll bet my bottom dollar as to how



one or two got in on the kill, tho! Ole S. Leighton must have had a slight sense of humor, though, 'cause he certainly wasn't *over-complimentary* in his rendition. I bet those ole robber barons didn't know Ole Leighton was apokin' a mite of fun at them, though! They all probably thought the paintin' "just bully!", don't you see! Maybe that's why the Eastern establishment didn't snap the paintin' of their very own kinfolks up! (Ole Leighton apokin' his fun, don't you see?) Or maybe it was just because the two li'l oils were seven-feet wide and five-feet high and they had no place to put 'em! Or maybe it's just 'cause they got some kind of complex concernin' their ole great-grandpappies!

Well, anyway, there they all are (the three paintings), titled "At the Jump", "Coach at Hunt", and "The Morning". The one called "The Morning" is just as restful as "At the Jump" is nerve jangling! I (Ole Jack) think they are *priceless* and have this selfish feelin' that I want to keep them for myself rather than give them to the ole University of Alabama, don't you see? I'll wager one thing's for sure, though, and that is *if'n* they're *taken care of*, they will most certainly appreciate 15 or 20 per cent a year! Which is certainly a good return, even for a University, don't you see.





NOW FROM THE VERY beginnin', I had an understandin' with Ole Kelly Tucker and Ed Albritton (the guy that tries to keep up with what I've bought and what we paid for it, don't you see, chandelier assembler, oil painting cleaner, sample-gatherer, etc., etc., etc.) that we would keep the wimmin folks out of the upstairs area and completely in the dark as to what we were adoin', and all. Now this is most difficult to do, don't you see (keepin' the wimmin out of it). And shortly after we got started with our wreckin' crew, and all, this ole doll hove into sight just as I was alookin' at some of Ed's rug samples! I was smilin' over the one I had chosen! A flamin' deep red and purple one of a bright scrumptious color! This ole doll took one disdainful look at my sample and asked what in the *world* was I (Ole Jack) agoin' to do with that! I allowed as to how I was "agoin' to lay it on the floor, of course!" She then asked of what "mode" or "decor" was I (Ole Jack) afollowin'. Which was none of her business, don't you see! To which I (Ole Jack) replied:

Why we are followin' a 'San Francisco brothel'-type decor that will certainly knock your (the ole doll's) eyes right out'n their sockets!

And with that, ole doll's eyes balled up and spun around like two slot machine digits acomin' up cherries! And she spun on her ole heel and sailed right down the stairs like some kind of fantailed pouter pigeon or big clipper ship under full riggin'!

Just as she (the ole doll) scuttled across the landin', some hard hat, worker-type guy pointed at the glass fan and doorway aleadin' out to the little balcony to the front of the club and shouted out:

Ole Jack also plans to knock out the ole fan window to the front and replace it with a bar of one nature or another!

Well, sir, with *that*, the ole doll threw out her full *jib* riggin' and whiffed right out the front door under full sail from stem to stern! Yes, she did, she certainly did!!

Now I (Ole Jack) *had* talked *some* of replacin' the late 1930 *plain* glass in the fan window and upstairs door to the balcony, with a back-to-the-*original*, beveled-type *leaded* glass to set off the supplemental bar, and all, but God only knows *what* that ole doll reported to the "Ladies-of-the-club" and all. All's I know is that the very *next* day about 104 of the club dolls, led by Wife Elizabeth, Mary Ann Meredith, and Mary Beth Partlow, and all, came ascramblin' up from some tea-type party of one nature or another and went to awhiffin' and asniffin' all over the place! Fortunately I'd warned all the guys that "mum-was-the-word" and I don't *think* a single one of them (the worker-type guys) opened their ole mouths or imparted any information of any nature whatsoever! Right after their departure (the 104) we (Ole Ed Albritton primarily) did put up a few signs in *big* red letters. One at the foot of the stairs allowin', "UNDER CONSTRUCTION. DO NOT ENTER". One at the landin' allowin', "DANGER. HARD HAT AREA ONLY". And one to the entrance of the barroom allowin', "DANGER! DANGER! DANGER! HARD HAT AREA. WET PAINT!" We *were* a mite shook up by the incident of the "one-hundred-and-four", though, and I was certainly happy that I'd had the foresight to keep Ole David Mathews (president of the University of Alabama, and all) properly informed 'cause I'm certain he's had a mite of pressure from "down-below", 'cause when I called sweet li'l Mary (Dr. Mathews' wife) concernin' havin' the

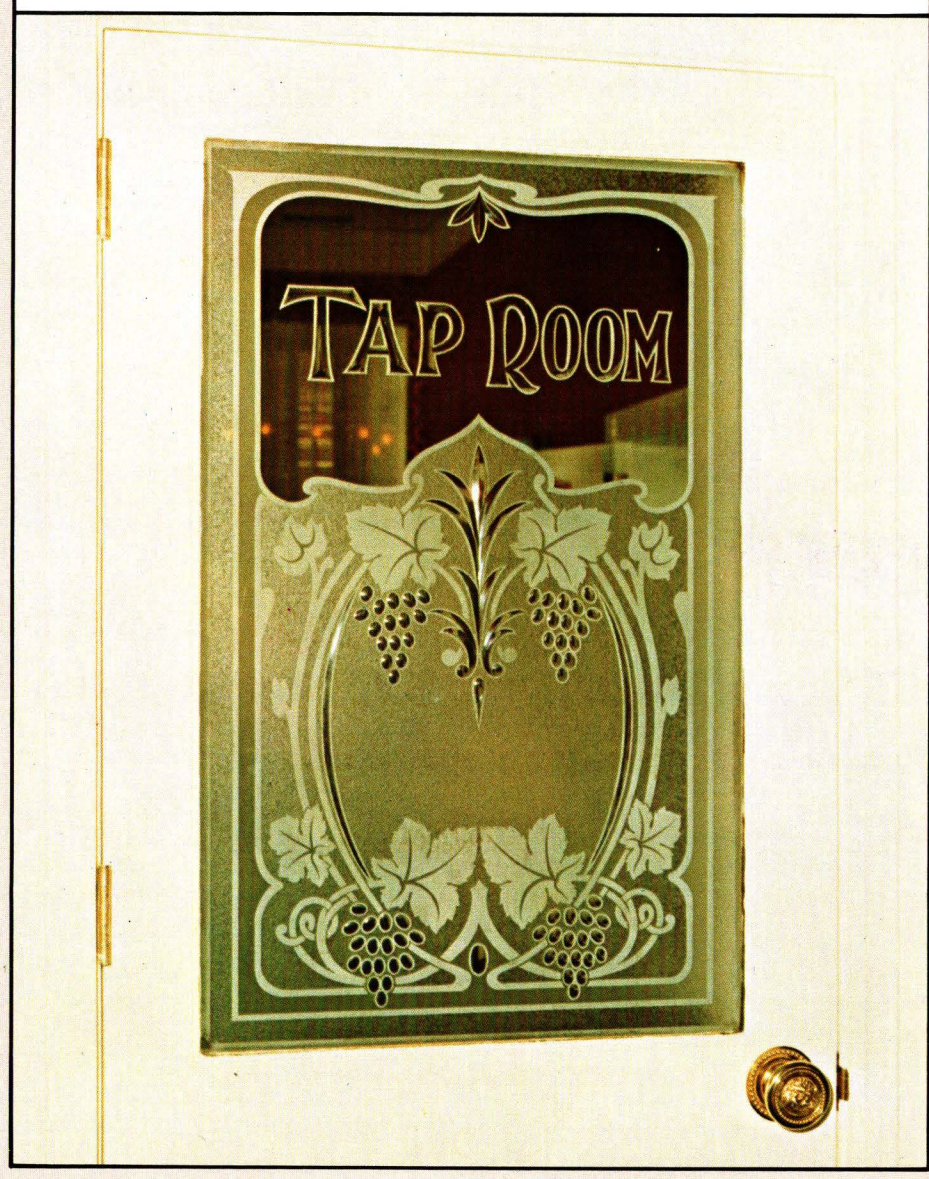
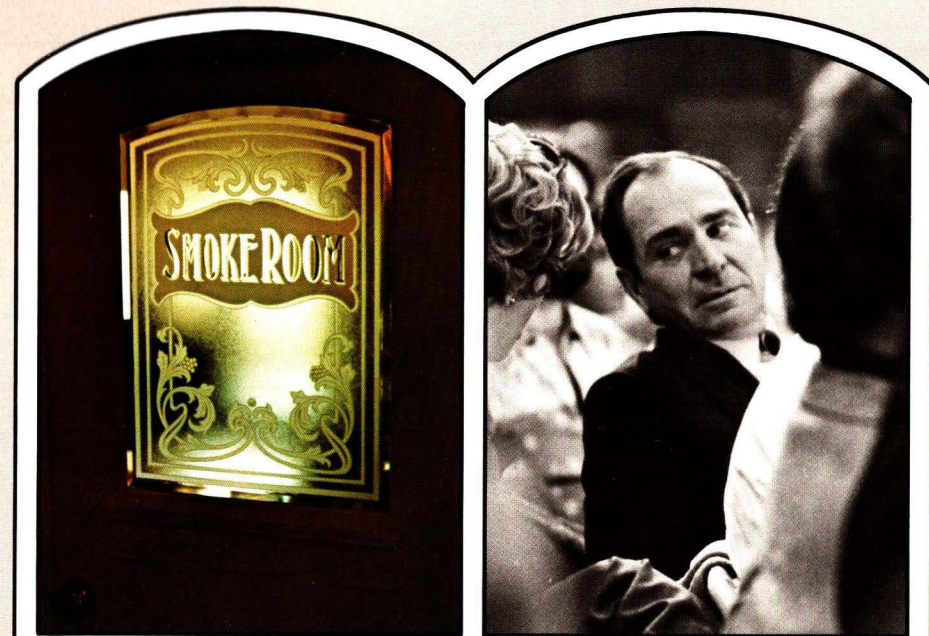


Washington and Lee University Trustees to the pre-bar-openin' and all, she seemed a mite shook up and asked of the big stealin' as occurred at the big auction out to Dallas (big D, don't you see) where I'd picked up an item or two for the new bar, and all. I thought maybe she (cute li'l Mary) was fishin' a mite, but I handled it all proper-like by assurin' her (sweet li'l Mary) that I (Ole Jack) was certain that we were agoin' to have the most *fantastic* bar in the whole U.S.A.! That we'd be No. 1, don't you see? Her (sweet Mary's) voice didn't tremor quite as much after I had reassured her and all, but I can't say's I quietened down *all* the qualms from her voice, and all!

Why I guess I'm just like any other *true* artist type, in that I don't want anyone to help me paint, or even *see* my paintin', 'til I'm finished, and all, and most any artistic project I (Ole Jack) undertake, I feel that it (my project) is agoin' to be my masterpiece, don't you see? My Thailand temple garden, my pioneer and Indian attic room, the dog trot cabin, the oldest bank (Gainesville), the old community Center Church, the Gulf States Paper central office building, the Westervelt-Warner Chapel, the Presbyterian Church central window, the old Yacht Club log house and grounds, the oldest Umbria school house, the new Yacht Club now just abuildin', don't you see, just to mention a few!!

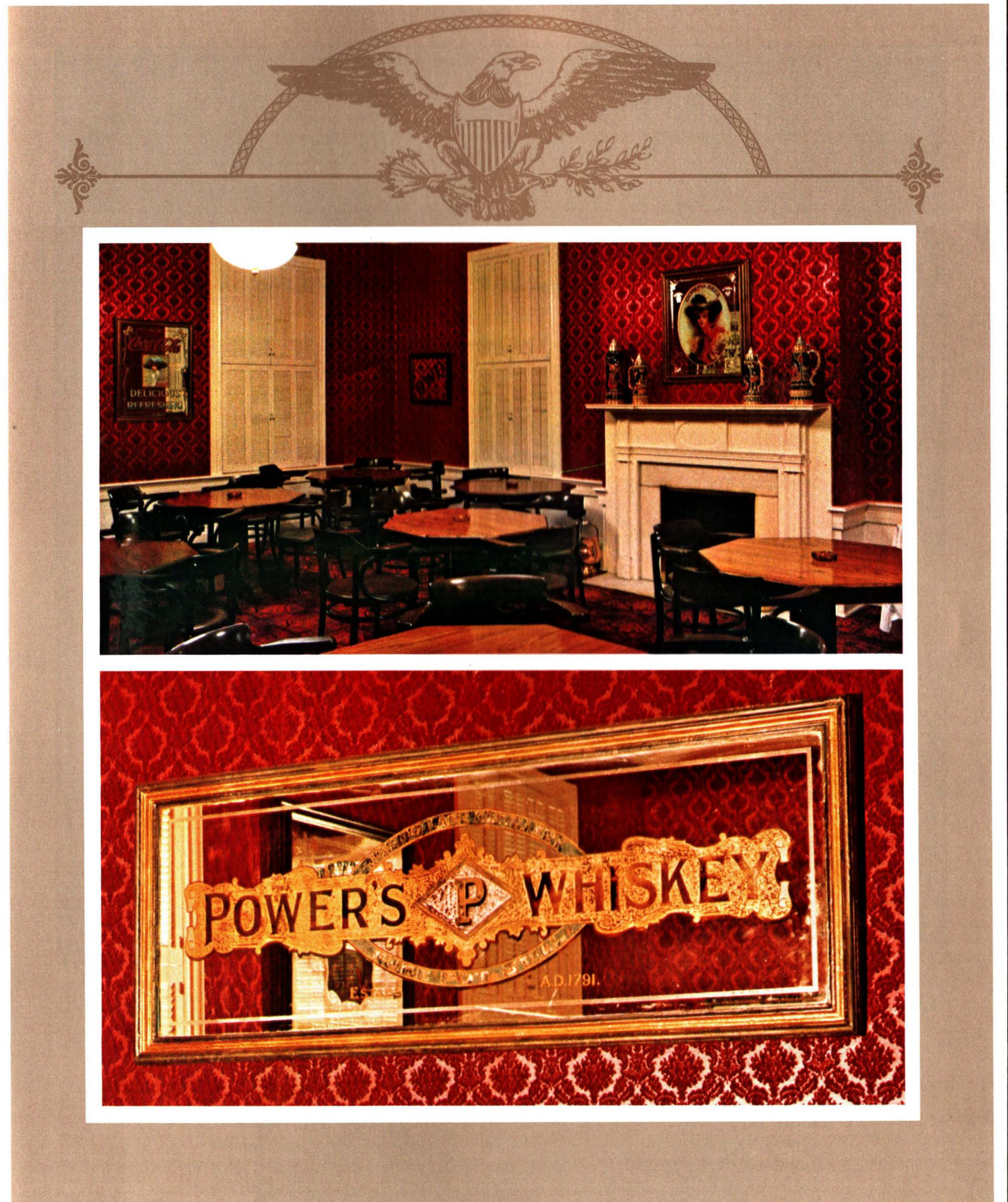
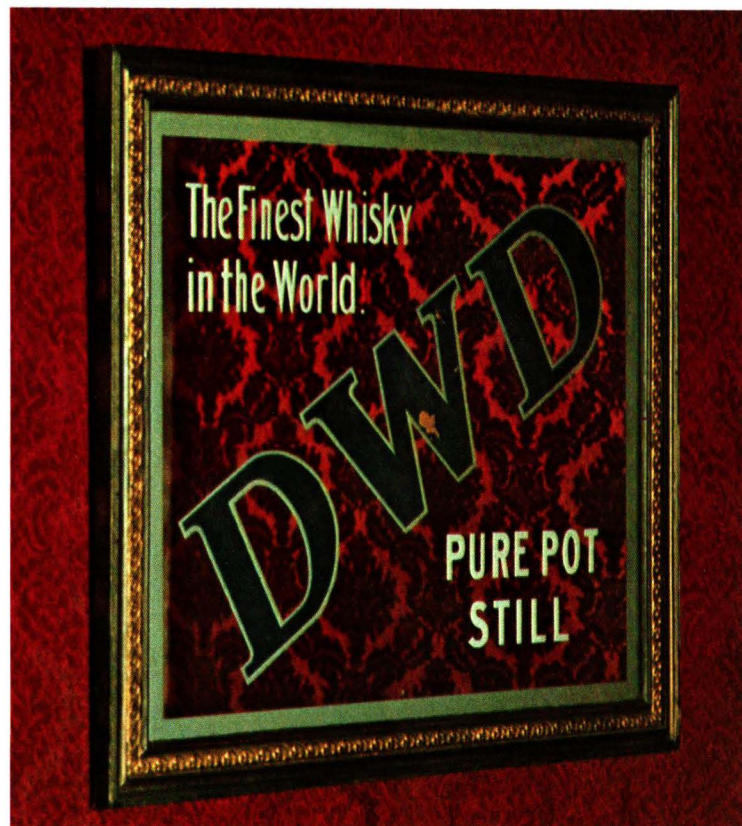
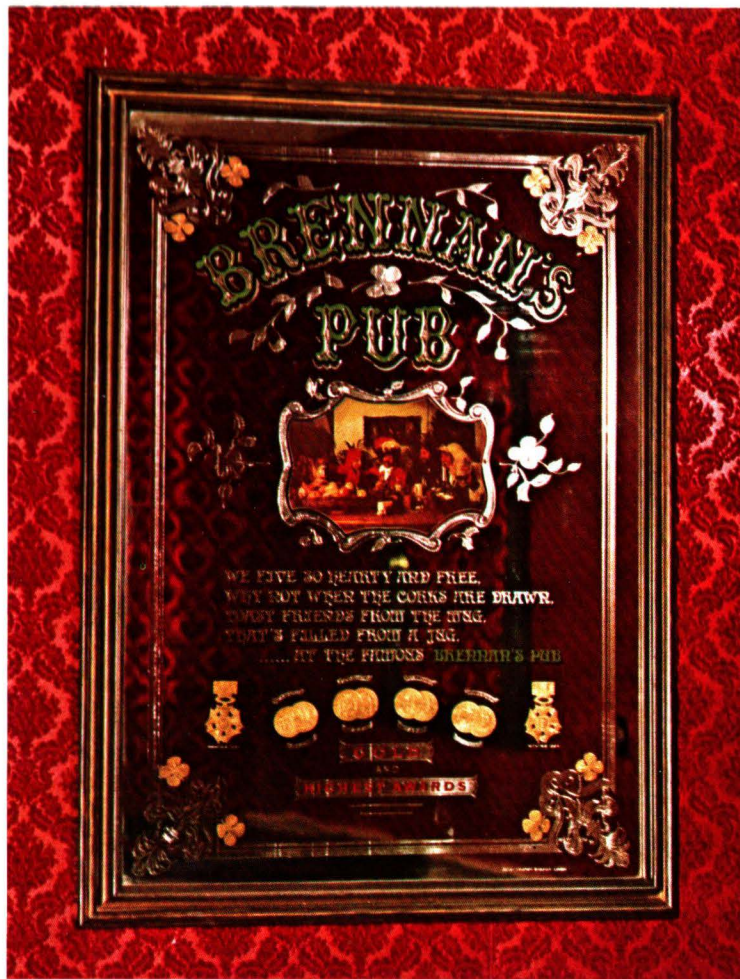


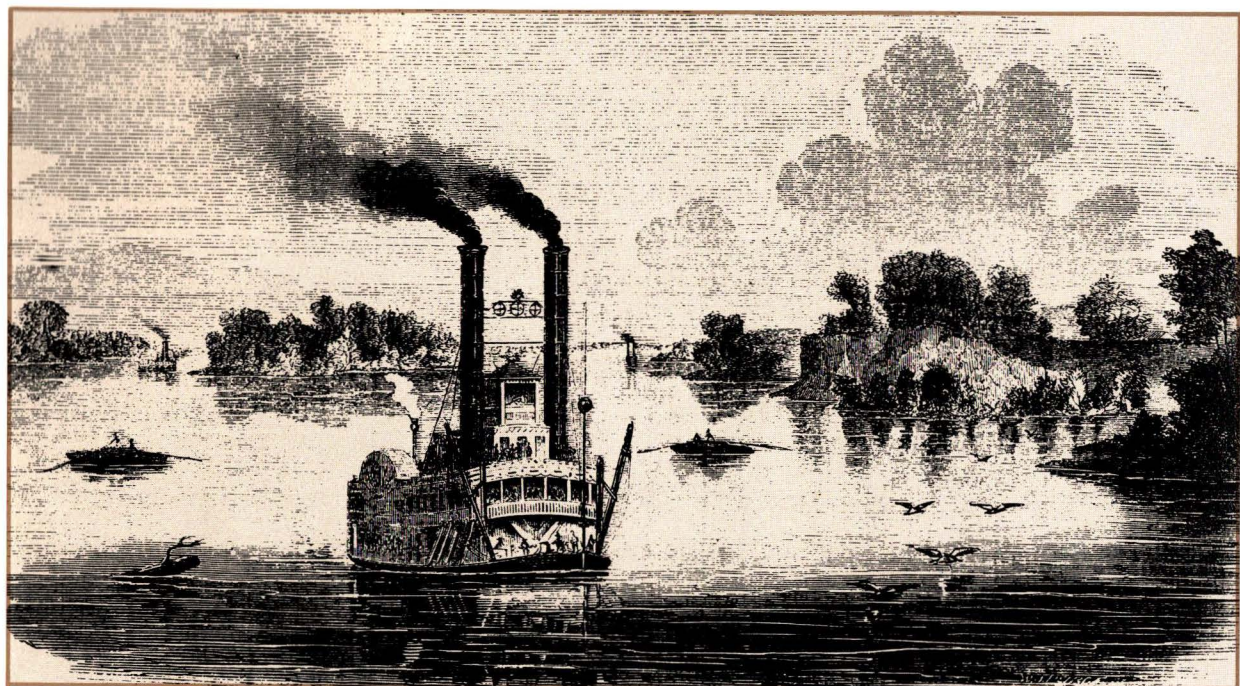
WELL, ANYWAY, we've come a long, long ways on the upstairs bars, and all. Yes, we have, we certainly have! One room led into another, and first one thing didn't match up with the other, don't you see, until we've ended up adoin' the *whole upstairs*, divided up into the barroom, the Smoker-Tap room (game and card playin' room, don't you see), the outside hallway supplementary bar-type *extension* of the Grand Salon, the ladies lounge, the manager's office, and the stairwell. I finally called a halt to the stairwell after it (the ole stairwell) ran plumb on down the ole stairs to the first floor, which didn't match up at all with the *middle* landin' of the stairwell, and settled by simply apaintin' the downstairs *hallway* to match the upstairs hallway, don't you see.



Now the beveled glass doorway (that I got from the big Dallas, Texas, Olla Podrida auction, don't you see) that led from the main bar to the smoke room said "TAP ROOM", so it naturally became necessary to put another bar in the "TAP ROOM — SMOKER" complex, along with all of these glass advertisement beer, Coca-Cola, whiskey, spirits, and bar, hippy-type signs, that I (Ole Jack) had picked up at the same auction (in Big D, Texas), don't you see, scattered about with a few spittoons that you 'most have to have with the Steamboat-Gothic-type decor, don't you see?

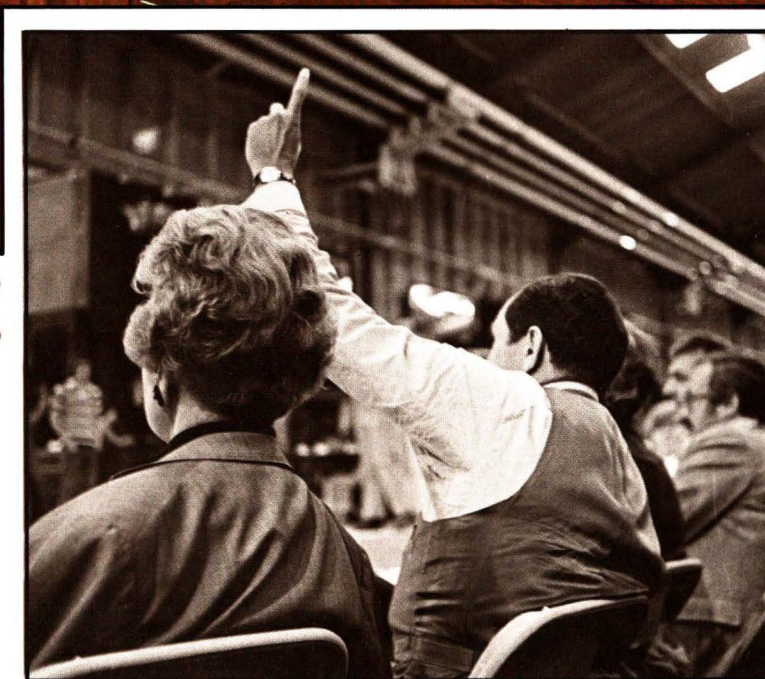






Now, the hallway, I (Ole Jack) made into an extension of the salon bar in the form of the purser's room, that takes in all the notes receivable, notes payable, and sundry and assorted cash, that most any Mississippi gamblin'-den-type steamboat 'most had to have to keep all the accounts in proper and tidy order, don't you see? We had to have some sort of "teller" windows for the purser's quarters, so I (Ole Jack) purchased the old Canal Bank, of li'l old New Orleans, teller windows! The very same windows that were still in use way back there in 1914 when my Grandfather Westervelt first opened an account there (the old Canal Bank) just afore makin' about the first kraft paper from pine ever made in Henry Grady's *new* South at the old Braithwaithe, Plaquemines Parish, Paper Mill on the old levee just 10 or 12 miles below old New Orleans itself, don't you see? So you see these old Canal Bank teller windows have considerable history, both regional and company, especially when it comes to riverboat days, don't you see?

Now everybody at the auction wondered just what I (Ole Jack) would ever do with those old polished brass teller windows, but I (Ole Jack) knew all along that I would make a *combination* steamboat purser's office and bar out'n them (the teller windows) by aplacin' them all proper-like atop a long bar or bank-height structure that would make them (the fancy brass bank teller windows) look for all the world like a Mississippi River steamboat purser's station and yet at the same time you could, if'n you're a mind to, snatch a drink thru them (the Canal Bank teller's windows) for all the world as if'n they (the teller windows) were some sort of snob screen that are on all the bars in Ireland or London, or on an old Mississippi steamboat, that allowed the genteel ladies to snatch up a drink or three without the ole bartender even knowin' who 'twas as snatched up the li'l ole drink or three, don't you see?



Now 'twas the morning of the Alabama-Auburn football game in Birmingham that I (Ole Jack) ambled into the Alabama Auction Antique Emporium and snatched up all these old mirrors and a French Victorian couch to scatter about the barrooms (three of them by now), 'cause most anybody knows that the Steamboat-Gothic-type decor calls for a heap of gold gilt and Venetian-type mirrors, as well as Victorian crystal chandeliers, don't you see, so the next crack out of the box, I was down to li'l ole New Orleans (for the Alabama-Notre Dame game, don't you see) ascrapin' up all these old French streetlights, two old French doors to make into the game-room bar, a French cupid chandelier, and Louis XVI sconces to go with the bars! Anybody aknowin' that riverboat bars have to have a heap of cupids, Louis XVI sconces, and flowery French lampposts to be authentic, don't you see, and about the onliest place you can get them (cupid chandeliers, Louis XVI sconces, and French lampposts) is in li'l ole New Orleans itself, don't you see?



The Cupid Chandelier



A
Hand-carved
Mirror

... And
Reflected
Lamp Posts





INow I most had to get a horse paintin' for the ladies lounge, and all, and as luck would have it, cute li'l Martha Bowman Blackman, whom I knew in college, came in with this old oval horse paintin' done way back in 1837 and hung on an *Alabama* wall! 'Twas of a stud horse arunnin' up to a fence to greet a white mare with her ole ears laid back. It (the paintin') was so dirty you could just make out what 'twas, but I could readily see the date (New York — 1830) on the old wooden frame, so knew it (the paintin') must be an American primitive, and sure enough, after havin' it cleaned (back in li'l ole New York), that's *exactly* what it was (an American horse primitive!). It cost more to clean it (the paintin') than the paintin' itself cost, but Ole Mac Schweitzer, the New York paintin' expert, assures me we got a masterpiece! And cute li'l Martha Bowman Blackman will have the satisfaction of knowing it (the masterpiece) hangs in perpetuity for all to enjoy at the ole University of Alabama University Club!



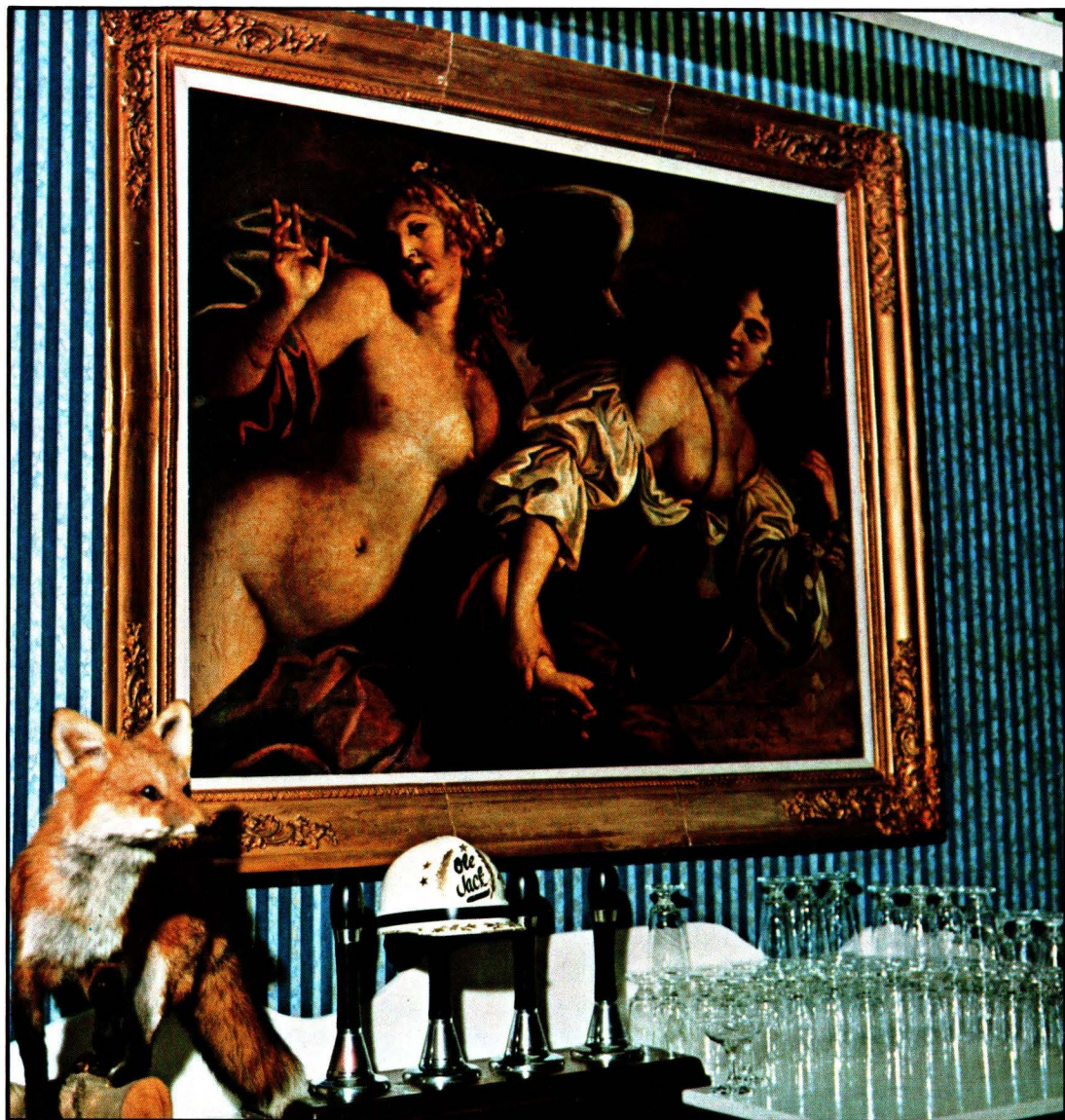
Somethin' was wrong, though! Yes, it was, it certainly was!! The whole layout lacked somethin'! Yes, it did, it certainly did! And it suddenly dawned on me! 'Twas a nude!!! 'Cause *any* Steamboat-Gothic-type bar that was any sort of bar at all, had to have a nude! I (Ole Jack) was frantic 'cause the proper-type nude for a Steamboat-Gothic-type bar is hard to come by, and comes extremely dear!! I priced several of the wrong dimensions and was horrified at the price! It seems that *only* the *masters* of the Seventeenth and early Eighteenth Centuries painted the proper nude for a Steamboat Gothic bar! The steamboat captains of the era havin' gone plumb over to Italy or France to get the proper nude for their central bar, don't you see.

Well, sir, I was about to plumb give up and go to modern smokey glass when Ole Jim Whitehead of Ole Washington and Lee University came to the rescue and let me (Ole Jack) have this perfectly marvelous nude (in fact it is a *double* nude) from the world famous W & L art collection. It is a classical Flemish late 17th Century painting entitled "Wisdom Taking Captive Folly" and a *perfect* paintin' for the place, don't you see?





The
PRE-
Pre-
Openin'
Party



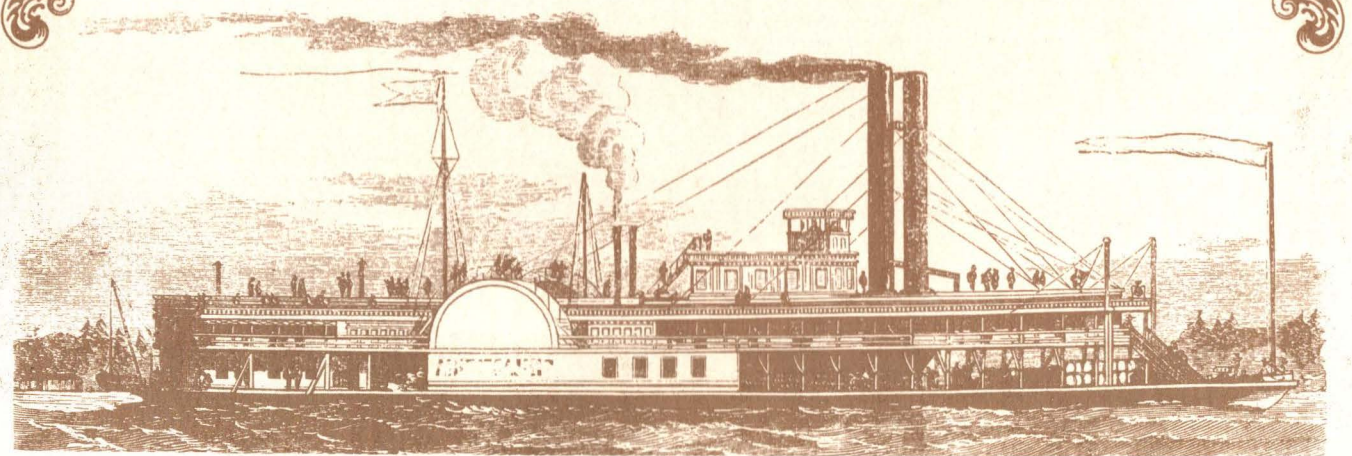
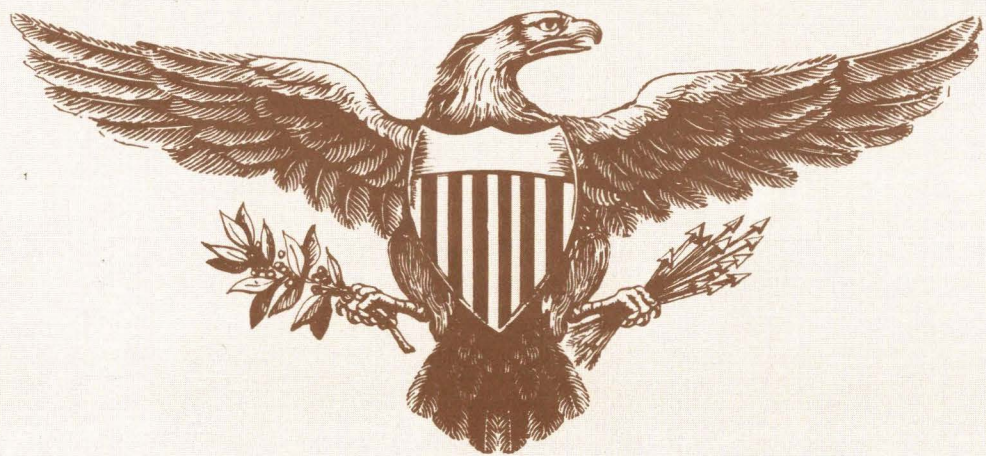
And
the
Pre-
Openin'
Party
Honoring
the
Board of
Trustees
of
Washington
and
Lee
University





SO THERE YOU HAVE IT! Just two and a half months after we started "nosing around". A barroom Steamboat-Gothic-type spread, just as American as "ham and eggs and red-eye gravy"! Why, after a couple of drinks or a dram or two of ale from the ole spigot or spigots, you'll feel for all the world as if'n you're afloatin' down the ole river in an elegant barroom salon — great, big, beautiful — strictly for the rich, affluent, robber baron types from up Nawth (from St. Louis, New York or Chicago) or the rich elegant gamblin' gentlemen from the cotton plantations of the Old South! Slightly before the War Between the States, don't you see??





the News Bag

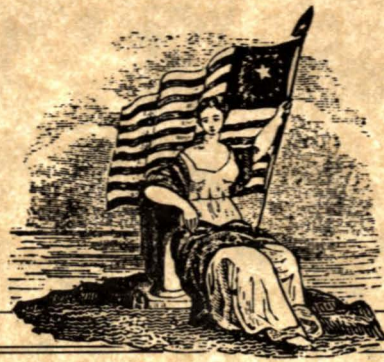
GULF STATES PAPER CORPORATION



Flag of the Union.

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER, LONG MAY IT WAVE."

O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE, AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE."



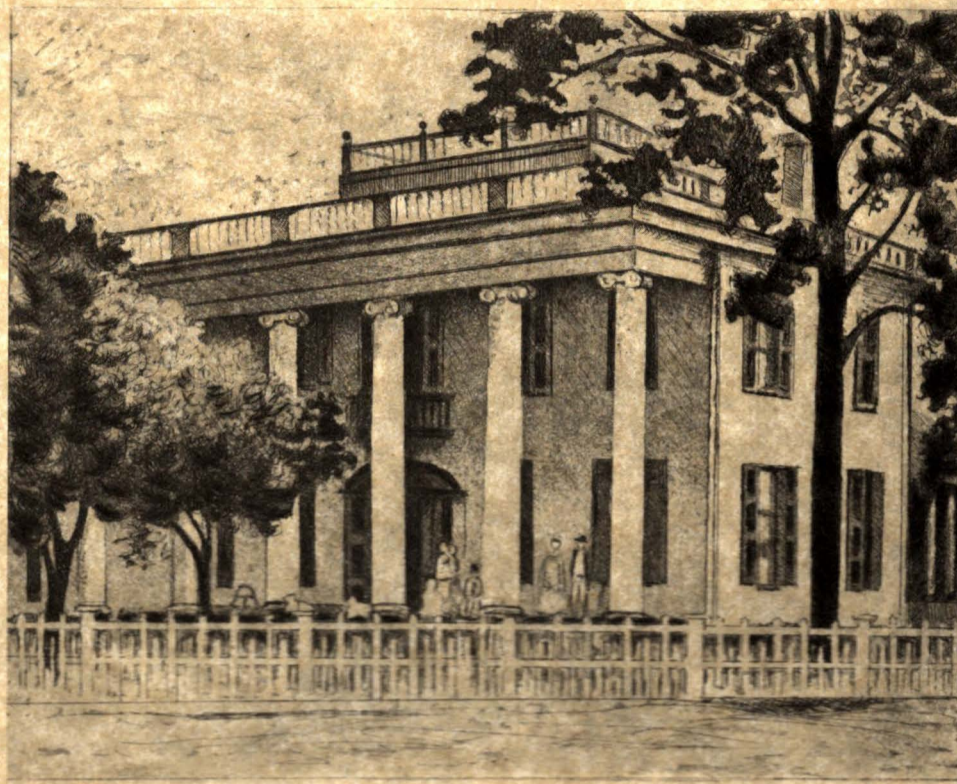
University Club

SEPTEMBER 21, 1984: CELEBRATING 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB

The University Club, a classic Greek Revival structure is an historic aspect of Tuscaloosa life. In March, 1819, the land on which the University Club now stands was reserved by the Congress of the United States as part of a donation to endow "a seminary of learning" for the state of Alabama. By December of that year, the trustees of the University had sold this land to finance the building of the University. The purchaser was R. H. Walker, and a succession of owners followed. Walker sold the property to Hobson Owen, who in January, 1834, sold it to James H. Dearing, a steamboat captain and member of the Alabama Legislature. Dearing spent \$14,000 to erect the magnificent structure that continues to maintain its position of imposing authority on University Avenue. The house had the same general appearance it has today, although it had no sun porch on the south side, and in the center of the roof there was a square platform from which the smoke of the river boats could be seen as they approached the town bringing supplies from Mobile. The kitchen stood on the north side, separate from the house but connected by a covered walk to the north porch.

The Dearings lived only two years in this beautifully planned home because students from the University helped themselves to their poultry and fruit and trampled Mr. Dearing's cherished flowers. Dearing noted in a letter to the editor of the local paper "night after night and week after week . . . companies of student came by . . . singing songs, most obscene, and using language that was most disgraceful and offensive to decency."

To further exacerbate the situation, Dearing became involved in a controversy concerning a woman servant whom students spirited from his house to the University. This controversy ultimately erupted in a near riot on the University campus when Dearing arrived to search for the young woman. In retaliation for Mr. Dearing's part in this episode, the students attacked his home and destroyed Dearing's front gate. Students then raided his hen house, where he and the students exchanged gun shots. In the exchange of fire one of the students, ironically the son of a friend of his, was injured. As a



Sesquicentennial commemorative etching copied from early photograph of the Dearing home erected in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in 1834, and now the home of the University Club. Etching by Richard C. Zoellner.

result, Dearing built a new home to the south and away from the main line of traffic between the University and town. In 1836, Dearing sold his original home to Richard H. Lewis for \$14,500.

In March, 1838, Lewis sold the house to Governor Arthur Pendleton Bagby for \$10,000. Bagby, who served as governor from 1837 to 1841, was not provided with an official residence by the state. Thus, the home he purchased came to be known as the Governor's Mansion. As far as it known, he was the only governor who occupied the structure while Tuscaloosa was the state capital.

In 1843, Bagby sold the house to the Reverend Benjamin Sykes for about \$8,000. Sykes passed away two years later, but his widow and children continued to occupy the home. In January, 1851, Augustus Sykes, a brother of Benjamin, bought the house for about \$6,000.

In 1852, Richard N. Harris purchased the property. In February, 1871, his daughter, Cornelia Harris, inherited the house. She was the wife of Henderson M. Somerville, the founder of the University of Alabama Law School and a Justice of the Alabama Supreme Court. The home remained with the Somervilles until April of 1900 when Dr. James L. Williamson purchased it. Dr. Williamson owned the property until May, 1922, when Dr. Samuel E. Deal acquired it for about \$16,500. Dr. Deal made many alterations to the house. These additions included a sun parlor, a second story to the east wing, central heating, conversion of the outside kitchen to a garage, and construction of the present kitchen on the old north porch. The property remained in the Deal family until Dr. J. M. Forney purchased the house in May, 1939. Dr. Forney used the building as an office until World War II when he entered the service. The house became, for a short time thereafter, the Tuscaloosa Service Center where thousands of servicemen were entertained during the war.

In April, 1944, University President Raymond Paty, convinced Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Warner to aid the University in acquiring the home as a social center for faculty and staff. The Warners, with their usual generosity and graciousness, helped furnish this architectural jewel and presented it to the University of Alabama for its University Club menage.

President Paty appointed a committee composed of Professor W. C. McCoy, Dean Martin ten Hoor, Mr. Gordon D. Palmer, Mr. H. D. Warner and Mr. J. F. Coleman to organize the University Club. Mr. Coleman served as temporary chairman of the committee. In addition, Mr. C. H. Penick, University of Alabama Attorney, assisted the committee in preparing a constitution and a charter. Coeds who were using the building as a dormitory were relocated. Repairs were made to the structure, and in early 1946 the house was opened as the University Club.

Mrs. Warner sought and acquired suitable antiques and was responsible for much of the decorating of the club. By 1957 the popularity of the Club was well established. Use of the structure increased until a new dining room was added and the kitchen was enlarged. In 1967, the building was again redecorated. The Warners contributed \$10,000 for these improvements.

During the 1970's, Jack Warner, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Warner, oversaw further improvements and decorative embellishments. Under Mr. Warner's direction exterior changes were made to the second floor of the building resulting in a new bar, male and female lounges, and a "Tap room Smoker". Warner pursued a Steamboat-Gothic theme for these changes and gathered antiques, paintings, and artifacts from across America to create the present second floor. The Warners continued to show great interest in the club and often contribute or loan additional pieces of art and furnishing.

ARCHITECTURAL NOTES FEATURED IN DESIGN AND DECORATION OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB

The house is Greek Revival style with six Ionic columns. It has a hipped roof with one end interior chimney on each side. It is solid brick construction with plaster over the brick and painted white. The front door has double wooden doors, with a fan-shaped transom, rectangular side lights, and pilasters. Upstairs a front door with rectangular transom and side lights, opens to a recessed balcony with wooden bannister.

In the formal drawing room, north of the entrance, the carved furniture is Belter (early 19th Century), named after the New York maker. It is laminated rosewood. The backs are solid and were shaped under water by a secret process known before the War Between the States. The wallpaper is French. It was made from original blocks rescued during the French Revolution. The panels were made to fit the paper as it was. Consequently, while the paper which illustrates scenes from the legend of Psyche and Cupid fits the wall, all the scenes are not in sequence. Two of the original panels are in the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. The fresco-work and ceiling medallions are the originals. The chandeliers are not the original ones but are imported and very old. The mantles are antique as is the mirror which has been restored following a fire. Of particular interest are the pair of Blackmoor tables.

In the downstairs hall, the large rug is a Feraghan, the one by the door a Sarouk. The sofa is a carved, mahogany meridienne. Note also the oil paintings of Mrs. Mildred Warner, who gave the building and many of the furnishings, and the oil painting of Governor Arthur Bagby.

The hall leads to the east to the Social Dining Room which has a beautiful ceiling fresco, a handsome Empire sideboard, a pair of Chinese tables and interesting wall paper.

Further back, in the main dining room, note the stately sideboard and mirror.

To the south of the downstairs hall is the music room. Visitors will be interested in the Herez carpet, the inlaid mother of pearl table, the black cabinet with ormolu and porcelain insets, the old brass fire screen and the clock and baby grand piano.

The upstairs is a steamboat-gothic type interior. Of special note in the Blue Room are: the Gazebo with a crystal canopy, several paintings, one being "Wisdom Taking Captive Folly," a late 17th Century classical Flemish from the famous Washington and Lee University Art Collection, three hunting paintings, "At the Jump," "Coach at Hunt," and "The Morning" by Ole S. Leighton and the London cast iron chimney pot mantle piece.

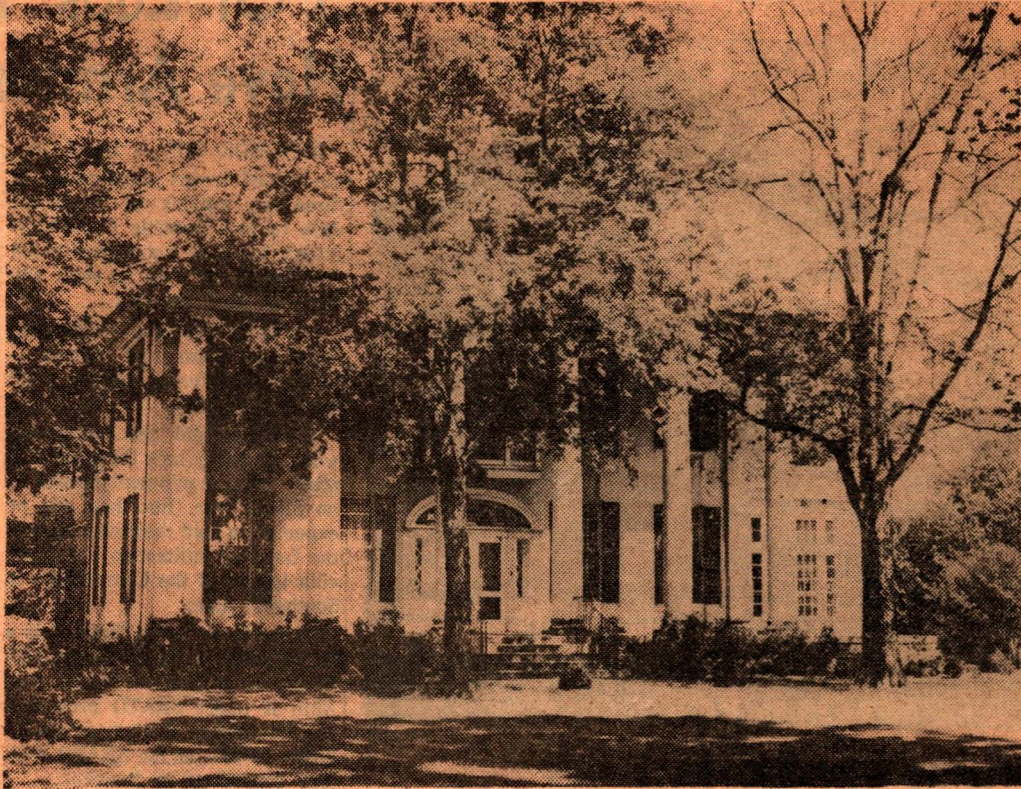
In the neighboring rooms, things to take special note are: the glass advertisement signs and the old canal bank of New Orleans teller windows.

The masthead for this printing of the history of the University Club is a reproduction of the masthead from a newspaper printed in Tuscaloosa in 1834. It is interesting to note that sentiments for a federal union were still strong enough in 1834 (over a quarter of a century before The War Between the States) to merit the title, "Flag of the Union".

UNIVERSITY CLUB

Built 1834 by James Dearing.
Purchased by Arthur P. Bagby who occupied the house 1837-41 while Governor of Alabama and since known as the Governor's Mansion. Presented to the University of Alabama 1944 by Herbert David Warner and Mildred Westervelt Warner.

Alabama Historical Association 1972
(From the marker erected at the front entrance of the Governor's Mansion)



News Staff Photo

TUSCALOOSA'S WHITE-COLUMNED GOVERNOR'S MANSION
... Built By James H. Dearing In 1828 *1834*

Governor's Mansion Mixes New With Historic Past

By JOHN WRIGHT
News Staff Writer

It was an awe-inspiring venture that pioneer Tuscaloosans gathered to watch back in 1828 at the northeast corner of their village; Capt. James H. Dearing had decided to build a house.

There were many scattered houses in the small town, to be sure, but few could be said to much advanced over the familiar log cabin. Dearing, however, had a different idea.

The white-pillared mansion which cost him \$14,000 was constructed under the direction of John Johnson Webster, who also built the Mayfield home, the old

ONE OF A SERIES

Cochrane home at Stillman and the town's first courthouse. And when Webster put up a house, he put it up to stay.

Today, standing at the intersection of Broad Street, University Avenue and Queen City Avenue, Dearing's 130-year-old home still has the general appearance of a newly-built structure with his distinguished

"The Governor's Mansion" it is called by the honor of Gov. A. Bagby's residence there. It was constructed in several stages, of which had once been the U.S. Government University of Alabama cost Dearing \$14,000.

A native of Rockingham, N. C., Dearing was born in 1787, fought in the War of 1812 and came to Tuscaloosa in 1826, the town's first year of existence. Three years later he married Miss Julia Searcy, sister of Dr. Reuben Searcy.

Dearing arrived on a steamboat, the Tombigbee, which he had built. He was later to build the steamboat Tuscaloosa in Tuscaloosa and create a flourishing enterprise along the Warrior River. In addition, he became a planter and successful merchant.

He was on the commission selected to erect the Capitol in Tuscaloosa, and served as a trustee for the Alabama Female Institute, which he had helped found as the Alabama Female Academy in 1830.

One of his lesser accomplishments, according to Matthew Clinton in his "Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Its Early Days," is the introduction of the egg-nog to Tuscaloosa.

The mansion, as it then appeared, was rectangular and topped by a "captain's walk" on the roof where Dearing could keep an eye on his steam boats. The square platform was surrounded by a wooden rail.

A kitchen once occupied the space to the north and was joined to the main house by a covered walkway. The east wing has a porch with pillars resembling those at the front but smaller. A balcony above the front door extended to the columns.

The mansion is a fine example of Greek Revival architecture and Dearing's brother, Alexander, constructed the present Swaim home (see article in Friday's News), which is called Tuscaloosa's most perfect example of this style of building.

Six Ionic columns front the Governor's Mansion and a small balcony now projects from the second floor with fragile wooden balustrade. The lower and upper front doors each have exquisite fanlights above them.

To the rear stood stables and poultry occupied the back yard along with four one-story brick houses for servants. The grounds also contained a rose garden, a vegetable garden and an orchard. The house and gardens were ringed by a small white wooden fence.

Visiting the mansion in 1833 was Francis Scott Key, the composer of the National Anthem,

who was in the state to arrange for the removal of Indians to the West.

In 1836, however, Dearing sold the house due to University students raiding his chickens and flowers and pulling various other pranks. He moved to 13th Street and 17th Avenue and died in 1861.

Purchasing the mansion was Richard H. Lewis, a Greensboro planter, who in turn sold it in 1838 to Gov. Arthur P. Bagby for \$10,000. Bagby's administration ran from 1837-41.

Born in Virginia, Bagby was a descendent of James Bagby, who settled in Jamestown in 1628. The future governor-to-be came to Alabama on foot carrying his possessions in a pack.

He was a lawyer, legislator, governor, and U.S. Senator. Twenty years after he first took possession of the mansion he died in Mobile of yellow fever.

In 1852 the home became the property of Richard Harris, a Hale County planter, whose daughters entertained Confederate troops passing through Tuscaloosa in 1862.

It was Harris who happened

to be the mansion's owner during Croxton's raid through Tuscaloosa and it therefore fell his lot to save it from destruction, a task numerous Tuscaloosa plantation owners faced at war's end.

Harris, however, had little trouble with the invading Yankees, who decided to settle for his carriage horses and a few meals. Neither the family or the house was disturbed by the soldiers, an unusual event since the mansion maintained (and does today) one of the city's most advantageous locations.

The home was inherited in 1870 by Harris' daughter, Mrs. Henderson M. Sommerville, the wife of a University law professor.

It was sold in 1900 to Dr. J. L. Williamson, in 1922 to Dr. S. E. Deal, who repaired it and made additions, and in 1939 to Dr. J. M. Forney, who used it for his office.

In 1943 it was the Tuscaloosa Service Center and was purchased in 1944 by the H. D. Warner family as a faculty club for the University of Alabama, the position it holds today.

UNIVERSITY CLUB

Located at 421 Queen City Avenue, Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Called by Tuscaloosans "The Governor's Mansion" in honor of Governor Arthur Bagby who resided there, the structure was built in 1834 by Captain James Dearing who piloted the first steamboat from Mobile to Tuscaloosa. Six Ionic columns in front of Mansion and a small balcony projects from the second floor. In 1944 the structure was sold to the Warner Family who donated it for use as a faculty club for the University Club.

The architecture is 18th and 19th Century and the style is Greek Revival.

OUTLINE OF HISTORY OF UNIVERSITY CLUB BUILDING AND SITE

March 2, 1819

- Site, part of land given to University of Alabama by United States Government.

Sold by State of Alabama to J. S. Walker, by him to Hopson Owen.

(Dates unknown)

January 1, 1834

- Site sold by Hopson Owen to James H. Dearing for \$550.00. House built very soon after at a cost of \$14,000.00.

March 7, 1836

- Sold to Richard H. Lewis.

March 10, 1838

- Sold to Governor Arthur P. Bagby for \$10,000.00. Occupied by him and his family during part of his two administrations, 1837-1841. This gave the house the name Governor's Mansion.

April 1, 1843

- Sold to Benjamin Sykes.

1852

- Sold to R. N. Harris.

April 26, 1870 - Deeded by Mr. Harris to his daughter, Mrs. H. M. Somerville.

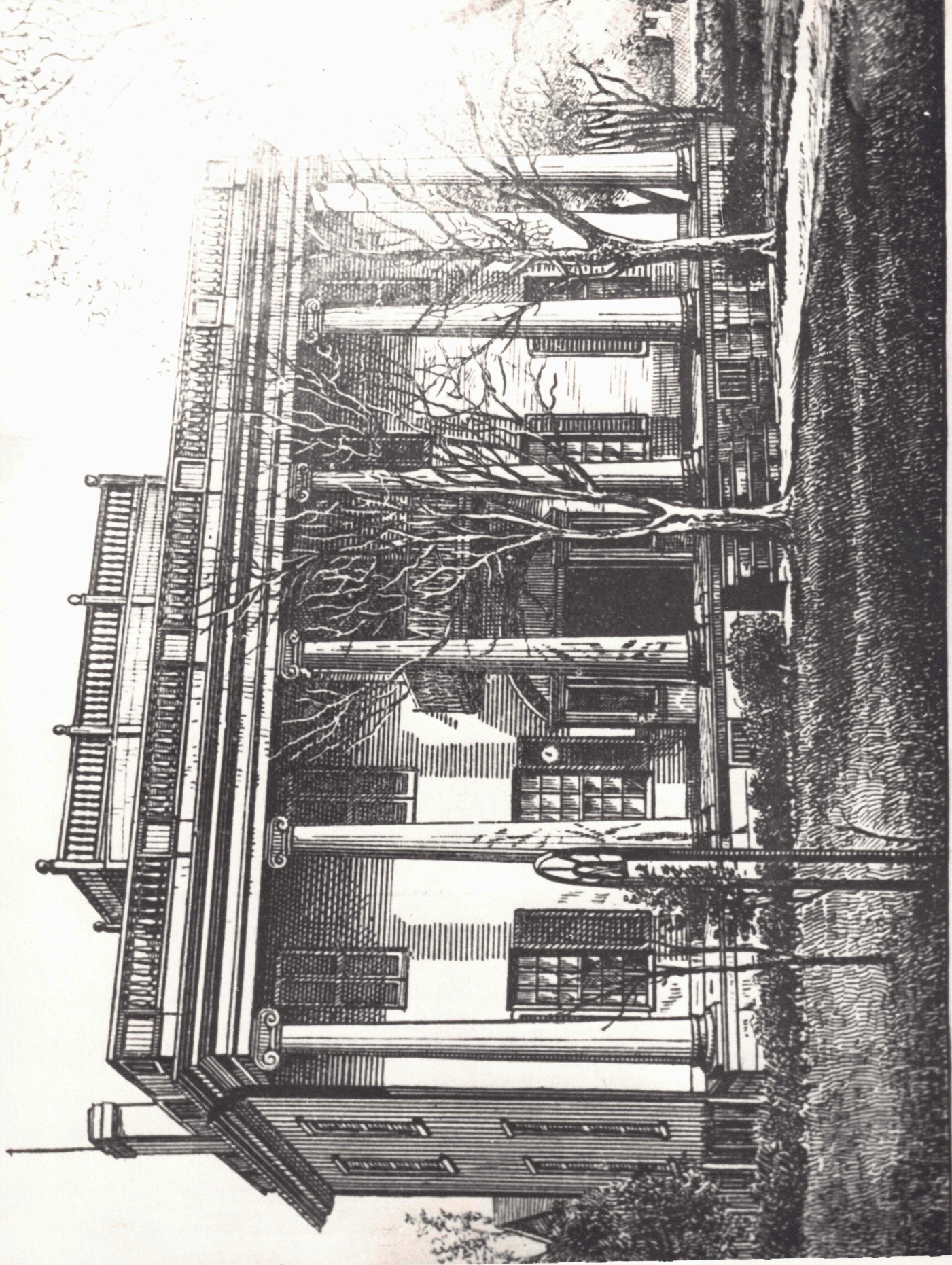
April 30, 1900 - Sold to Dr. J. L. Williamson by heirs of Mrs. Somerville.

May 1, 1922 - Sold to Dr. S. E. Deal.

May 8, 1939 - Sold to Dr. J. M. Forney.

April 1, 1944 - Sold to the University of Alabama.

February 23, 1947 - University Club opened.



RESIDENCE OF JUDGE H. M. SOMERVILLE (SUPREME COURT BENCH), OLD GOVERNOR'S MANSION, TUSKALOOSA



DURING TIME AS STATE CAP. → GOV.

University club

- built in 1834 for Capt. James Dearing, 1st steamboat pilot to come to Tusc. built for wife → \$14,000
- same general appearance as today interesting: ① platform erected in center of roof watch river boats approaching ② only lived there 2 years. - Univ. students helped themselves to their poultry and trampled Mrs.'s Dearing cherished flowers
- Gov. Arthur Bagby lived there during terms as Gov. "Gov. mansion" yet privately owned
- Richard Harris, planter 1852

It was during his occupancy that Univ. cadets were defeated in a skirmish w/ Union soldiers.

Union soldiers camped across the street from this house in an open field, took Mr. Harris's carriage horses and demanded the servants to cook meals for the officers. The next day the smoke of the burning buildings could be seen from the house.

- Francis Scott Key visited this house on an 1834 trip to the state capitol, Key was sent by Pres. Andrew Jackson to settle disputes concerning Gov. John Foyt and Indian tribes of Alabama.

- The Greek Revival mansion purchased by H.D. Warner in 1944 and given to the University as a faculty club.