

An Album

“Some Things I Remember ...”

*by Julia Ward Rotenberry
Montevallo, Alabama
1992*



Julia Kiber Ward Rotenberry
1922 – 2013

Julia Ward Rotenberry was born on December 16, 1922 in Tuscaloosa, Alabama to James Skillman Ward and Lillian Kiber Ward. She had an older sister, Madie, a younger sister, Evelyn, and a younger brother, David.

Her father, a professor of Modern Languages and her mother, a former Home Economics professor, came to Alabama College and the town of Montevallo, Alabama to live and raise their growing family the same year Julia was born.

Julia attended public schools in Montevallo and, after high school, went on to earn a B.A. with highest honors at Alabama College. She then enrolled at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and earned an M.A. in Library Science.

Julia married her high school sweetheart, Billy Rotenberry, with whom she made a home and raised two daughters, Janet and Lynn, in their hometown. Julia found employment at the Alabama College library, where she worked for 29 years as a librarian until her retirement in 1983.

Retirement allowed Julia some personal time, and she began to “do some writing”. The result: *An Album – Some Things I Remember*

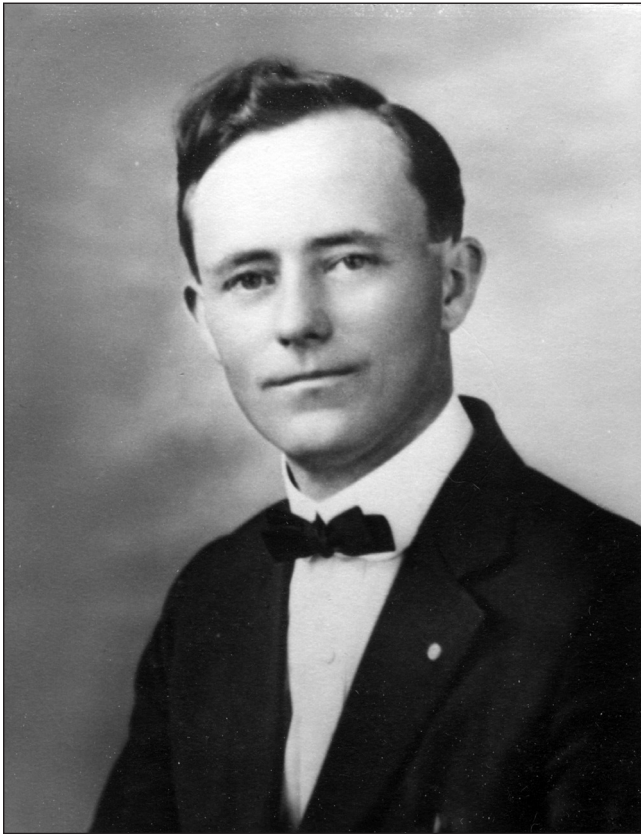
In the Introduction, she explains that she wanted to write about “my own life and family and in that small way, a reflection of the times and the place in which I grew up.” She also intended that her writing not be published; that it should be simply for her own children, and theirs.

While Julia’s wishes have thus far been respected, her daughters, to their credit, have succumbed to my repeated entreaties to allow one chapter of the six chapter memoir, entitled *Daddy*, to be put into book form and made available to the Montevallo Historical Society.

Thanks to Julia’s daughter, Lynn, a childhood classmate of mine and a dear friend, I was given the privilege of reading *An Album* following Julia’s death in 2013. I was so taken by the incredibly moving story in the *Daddy* chapter that I felt compelled to move heaven and earth to find a way to share it with those of us who knew Julia and who love and appreciate the special nature of Montevallo.

I am more than grateful for the willingness of Janet Rotenberry Burnett and Lynn Rotenberry Moran, to share with the rest of us their mother’s heart-felt and perceptive account of the brief years that she, her mother, and her siblings had with their beloved husband and father.

Clay Nordan, January 2018



James Skillman Ward
1885 – 1934

Daddy

From earliest childhood – even in pre-memory days, I feel – I dearly loved everything about my father. Looking at pictures of him since I have been grown – and there are numerous good snapshots of him in the old album, as well as several studio portrait likenesses – I know that he was a good-looking, perhaps even handsome, man. Color photography was not available during his lifetime, but memory supplies these details of his coloring: very dark brown (I thought black when I was little), not quite wavy, not really straight, hair; blue-grey, wide spaced eyes (Madie's are the closest approximation inherited by any of his children); fair complexion. Not a tall man – he was only five feet seven inches – he was erect and slender. Through my childish eyes, he was just Daddy, whom I loved. One of my great regrets has been, along with that of not having had a chance to prove myself worthy of him and fulfill my share of his hopes for us, that he didn't live long enough for me to get to know him on an adult level.

Daddy used to read to us – the “funnies”, nursery rhymes, fairy stories. Alas, the latter were the source of many unpleasant feelings, *all* having as they did three sisters, the older two of whom were always mean, vile-tempered, and hateful toward the youngest who as a paragon of virtue, and beautiful as she was good, was rewarded by marriage to a rich and handsome prince. Madie and I eyed Evelyn with a good deal of venom as we all felt obliged to assume the characteris-

tics of the three we felt were somehow descriptive of us. On top of this, Evelyn was also a Sunday's Child to mine and Madie's less fortunate birth days: Madie's as a Thursday's (not too bad ... "has far to go," and open to interpretation *could* mean "will go far!"), but mine left little doubt of my unfavorable position as a Saturday's Child who "works hard for a living."*

Another activity engaged in with Daddy was chewing cane. We would group ourselves around him in the backyard on late summer evenings and he would peel sugar cane for us. I can still see him as he carefully peeled each section which he had cut from the long purple stalk, then cut it into one inch or thereabouts rounds which were then cut lengthwise into some four-to-six pieces to fit eager small mouths. The sweet juice gushed out as we happily chewed, after Daddy had handed the pieces around with great fairness. He chewed whole or half rounds himself. Daddy also loved watermelons, and, it seems to me, cut them and offered them with almost ritualistic ceremony. I became a lifelong spoon user when eating watermelon, and still consider this the only utensil suited for such a juicy delicacy. Then there was the Sunday ice cream! Mother prepared the mixture to be frozen and Daddy turned the crank on the freezer. As the ice cream became firm, one of us children was always called upon to sit on top of the freezer to keep it upright during the final turning. Afterward the freezer was packed with more ice and

* The Mother Goose rhyme: Monday's child is fair of face, Tuesday's child is full of grace; Wednesday's child is full of woe, Thursday's child has far to go; Friday's child is loving and giving, Saturday's child works hard for its living; But the child that is born on the Sabbath day is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.

salt and set aside covered with several thicknesses of newspaper and finally, a little red raincoat which had belonged to me or Madie in its prime.

These food-related memories may lead someone to jump to the wrong conclusion. Daddy was no cook! I don't believe I ever knew him even to boil water until, one cold winter when my Uncle Jeff was visiting us, the unthinkable occurred.

Mother got sick! I, even though too small to know exactly how to prepare breakfast, certainly knew the way poor Daddy did it wasn't right. I will never forget the enormous slabs of unmelted butter on the toast – even after Uncle Jeff, who was familiar with biscuits and hoecake, but not citified toast, had instinctively known to remove about half of what Daddy had used! But in those days daddies were not expected to cook. Nor did ours perform any other household chores – inside. Well, that is except fire building.

Outside, though, Daddy had a lovely garden each sum-



mer (plowed by Mr. Jim Woolley and his horse), an orchard, and a flock of Rhode Island Red chickens from which there were beautiful big brown eggs, fryers all summer, and hens all winter to eat. There were lovely little baby chickens to admire and help feed too. The big chickens were the victims of a childish prank of ours which, while forbidden by Daddy, we engaged in when he wasn't watching. When the hens were all lined up on either side of a trough of laying mash and consequently unwary, we would slip up behind them and grab them by their tails – which prompted them to screech and try to get away in a series of hilarious steps we called “doing the Charleston.” It would have been only right if their behavior toward us when we were told to “run out in the chicken yard and get me an egg” was retaliation, for they would invariably ruffle their feathers, make alarming noises deep in their throats, and, we thought, try to peck us. With sinking heart we would go, hoping against hope that the nest would not be occupied by a mean old hen. As often as not we would go back to the kitchen door and lamely tell Mother, “I couldn't see an egg; there's a hen on the nest,” and she would say, “Nonsense! Just reach under her and feel around,” and finally, exasperated at our fearfulness, would dry her hands on her apron and go herself.

I used to enjoy riding with Daddy from time to time when Mother was not in the car and I remember the pleasant feeling of camaraderie he imparted when he, as he gleefully drove at the lightning speed of 45 miles per hour (this *was* 1932 or 1933) said with a twinkle, “What would Mother

say?” Again, I remember this same small foretaste of what might have been a more adult relationship than I, as it was to turn out, was ever to know, when, as he and I watched from the kitchen window and saw Mother happily washing our new car in the chicken yard he turned to me and said, “Mother really loves that new car, doesn't she?”

Such small, such pitifully small, memories are not, though, the sum total of what I know and love about my father. Nor in fact are the other fragmentary memories of my relationship with him – of me standing beside his chair after a meal with my cheek resting against his forehead, and he with an affectionate arm about my waist – of me helping him put on his shoes and socks each morning as he dressed for his classes and could no longer bend without pain. We had no idea even then how short would be our time with him.

This would not be a complete account of my memories of Daddy if I did not include the fact that he did have a sterner side. To say that he and Mother did not bring up children according to the tenets of the permissive generation would be an enormous understatement. Possibly they were less permissive than the parents of a good many of our contemporaries. At any rate, the old axiom that children should be seen but not heard was one that was abided by – within reason – in our family. This certainly didn't mean that we were not to open our mouths; it was simply a matter of learning when it was appropriate. Unacceptable behavior sometimes caused Daddy to suggest that the culprit go out and get a peachtree switch, and anyone who has ever had one of those applied to

bare legs will understand that for some time after a switching Daddy had only to glance at the plate rail in the dining room where one of these vicious implements reposed to insure good behavior for a while.

Madie, as eldest, had to chart the unknown waters of what was acceptable and what was not for all of us. Once she learned the hard way, the others had a better idea of where lay the shoals! Poor Madie! Bright, precocious even, she was ahead of her age group in school and doubtless heard all kinds of things (Mother would say, naming what she considered the lowest denominator among our school-mates, "That sounds like Dogwood." Dogwood was a coal mining community) which she brought home and, curious, tried out on our parents. Once she listened to a conversation between Mother and Daddy and at what she considered an appropriate moment said softly, but nastily, "Is that so?" I really believe – and she may have told me so – that she had heard of children "sassing" their elders and simply was testing to see if this constituted "sassing"! It did, and one of many scenes ensued. I listened and learned.

I know much more of Daddy than these childish memories would indicate because, as usual in our family, we talked about all sorts of things. I know that he was the first-born and much loved son of Robert David Ward and Susan Lee Galloway Ward, and that it was his grandmother, Charity Nichols Ward, who fostered his love of education, once having walked several miles back to school with him to retrieve a forgotten book. I know that he not once but twice acci-

dentally hit John Parra-
more on the head with
a lovely round, smooth
– apparently irresistible
– rock he picked up as
he and a group of boys
walked to school. I have
seen two enormous – one
red and one blue – re-
port cards with 99's and
100's liberally distributed
thereon. He ultimately
was to be the only one of
eight children who not
only went on to college

(Howard College in Birmingham), but earned two master's degrees (one from the University of Alabama and the other from Columbia University) in German, a seemingly unlikely subject to catch the attention of a farm boy from rural Alabama, and completed the courses for the PhD at Columbia as well. Two summers of study in Germany followed. Between times, as he completed his education, he taught in a number of schools in Alabama and at Mercer College in Georgia. Later he taught at several colleges in Texas, and, met Mother at one of these. I have somewhere in my possession a resume of his which he sent to Dr. Palmer of the then Alabama Girls Technical Institute (later Alabama College and the University of Montevallo) in 1917! How grateful I



Lillian and Skillman Ward circa. 1918 in Texas, where they met and were married.

am that Dr. Palmer had no opening for him at that time! It was, of course, after that that he took a position in Texas and there met Mother.

Daddy was well-liked and respected by his colleagues on campus and was honored by his Alma Mater, Howard College, with a Doctor of Laws degree. He was a Baptist and served in various capacities at the local church – as a Sunday school teacher, a deacon, and clerk of the church. When Madie, Evelyn and I were tiny he walked us to church having us precede him so we wouldn't dawdle, and saying from time to time, "Walk up, girls. We don't want to be late!" On many Sundays we would meet Mr. Meroney on his horse and watch with interest as he and Daddy tipped their hats and said, "Morning."

Lillian Kiber graduated from the Texas College of Industrial Arts. She taught home economics at John Tarlton College where she met and married J.S. Ward.

As a fourth and fifth grade pupil I used to glance around our classroom occasionally and muse about the lives, as I knew them, of some of my friends. Two came in for especial attention for theirs was the unthinkable condition of having only one parent. Winston Peterson had lost his father at such an early age that it was doubtful he had ever known him, and even though Winkie's mother, our teacher, kept his memory alive in generations of fourth graders through the stories she told



(L-R) Madie Belle, Evelyn, mother Lillian holding infant David, Julia. In the yard of the Ward home on Highland Street – Montevallo, 1929.

of him, my heart ached for this fatherless boy and his older brother. Alice Nelle Fulford came to Montevallo a half orphan whose father it was rumored had been a suicide. How sorry I felt for her – and how safe, protected, and far removed I felt from their fatherless state.

It all began the summer of 1933 when we went "through the country," the expression used to denote automobile rather than train travel in those days, to Corsicana, Texas to visit our aunts and our grandmother. Daddy did all of the driving and, upon our return to Montevallo began to have some arm and back pains which were at first attributed to the long hours in the same position while driving. Later, as he sought

medical advice from his cousin, Dr. James Alto Ward, in Birmingham (Cousin Alto to us), his trouble was called neuritis and various causes of it were suspected and, we hoped, remedied: a bad tooth was pulled, his tonsils were removed, his kidney trouble (Bright's Disease?) and anemia were treated. I remember making "egg milk" each night myself with the pretty cream and green Mixmaster Daddy gave Mother one Christmas. I would beat an egg thoroughly, add a glass of milk, a little vanilla and sugar, and sprinkle nutmeg on top. Against Cousin Alto's advice, Daddy resorted to the aid of a chiropractor, and returned home ruefully but humorously describing his experience – and in the time of it implanting in me what was to be a lifelong distrust of these practitioners. It seems Daddy walked up a long flight of steps, and, after a suitable wait (reading chiropractic magazines of ancient date?), was ushered into the inner sanctum where he beheld a very tall, very skinny man who, after a series of painful jerkings and pullings and manipulations, ran his sharp, bony knee down my father's spine. Daddy concluded the telling by adding jokingly, "I should have asked him to kick me down the stairs!"

Most of the following year was no joke, however. Daddy's symptoms continued and worsened and, although we children did not realize it, and even Mother was not fully aware of the seriousness of his condition, he was, by the fall of 1934 a very ill man. Actually, medical science being what it was in those days, I don't suppose Cousin Alto realized it either, even though he was reputed to be one of

Birmingham's best diagnosticians. However, at Thanksgiving of that year it was decided Daddy should go to Baltimore to Johns Hopkins and go through the clinic there to find out exactly what his trouble was. Thanksgiving was chosen because Daddy had not missed classes because of his illness, and Thanksgiving holidays allowed time away without missing any. We all (accompanied by Dr. Pearson, our preacher) went in the new Dodge car we had acquired that fall to the Montevallo Southern Railway station to see him off on what would be the first leg of the journey to Baltimore. Mother and Dr. Pearson boarded the train with Daddy to get him settled while we children waited in the car and watched as, to our horror, the train began to move! Dr. Pearson appeared at the door and leaped off and ran along beside the train as it gathered speed. In those brief moments before the train was stopped for Mother to alight, I had visions of driving the car home myself as Mother and Dr. Pearson presumably went all the way to Baltimore. I remember I felt I could have done this for sure if the car had been the old familiar Chevrolet – which I had no more even so much as started than had I the Dodge!

Some two weeks after his return from Johns Hopkins, the results of all the tests made there were received by Cousin Alto who then called Daddy to come up and consult about them. As I recall, the trip to Baltimore had depleted Daddy's strength, and I was vaguely aware that he was eating very little. I do know too that he came in to breakfast one morning showing us laughingly that his pants were extremely loose.

I was forever afterward trying to pin down whether or not *this* was the last morning of his life – and whether or not I had kissed him goodbye on that morning. This seemed extremely important to me and I couldn't remember for sure. I wonder if my life-long habit of trying to carefully pin down meaningful moments and be sure I knew exactly when each happened might partly stem from that time.

Mother and Daddy, accompanied by Dr. Pearson again to do the driving, left for Birmingham that Wednesday morning of December 12, 1934. Mother planned to shop for Christmas after they saw Cousin Alto that day (December 12 was not considered late or "last minute" Christmas shopping in those days), and so we were to learn later she and Dr. Pearson agreed to meet Daddy at the Tutwiler Hotel after their errands were run.

Meanwhile we children were to go to the Andersons' house after school. And so it was that Evelyn, David and I were there when a telephone call came and Mrs. Anderson gathered us together and said very carefully, "You know, all of us lose our parents some day. You remember my father passed away recently –" In the brief pause that followed, I thought resentfully, "Well of course – you're old and you can expect to lose your father" – and then, panic mounting, "Which one is it? How could we *live* without *Mother*? Afterward, this sweet, good woman offered us orange juice and cookies which Evelyn and David accepted and I, although always the glutton for any treat, turned them down and went off into the bathroom – the only place I knew to get away

by myself, and thought bitterly of the very idea that anyone could suppose that the offer of cookies and juice could help in any way at such a time! Evelyn and David were children; I would be twelve years old the following Sunday.

After a while Madie came. She had been later getting out of high school and had learned cruelly of our father's death. A young boy had told her, "Your daddy's dead!" as she walked home with Virginia Frost. Madie had simply replied, "Don't be silly, Junior," but Mrs. Frost was waiting to confirm the news. And, finally – it seems to me it was after dark, and since it was December with its early darkness, I'm sure it was – we went home after Mother had come back from Birmingham. My memory then is of everyone being gathered in the front bedroom; of many people coming and saying a few words and leaving (the only one I remember specifically was Dr. O. C. Carmichael, president of the college); of women, "church women" I would have called them, in the kitchen. I remember no evening meal there or at the Andersons', although I suppose there was one. I remember Mother telling us of how Daddy had died as he sat and waited in the Tutwiler lobby, of Dr. Pope, an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist who practiced with Cousin Alto who, happening to be in the hotel, came downstairs and recognized Daddy, of how she, as she approached the Tutwiler saw Cousin Alto's aged and dignified Negro porter running through an alley to head her off and take her to the office instead. It was there she was told of Daddy's death, and more details of the report from Johns Hopkins than she and Daddy had heard that morning

– of the prognosis of his illness having been “three months to a year” to live. Kidney and liver problems, and possible stomach cancer were indicated, as well as two or three disintegrated vertebrae. Cousin Alto had that morning suggested exploratory surgery to determine the nature of the stomach trouble. All of this I remember from that night although I am sure various points about it were discussed through the years. In recent years Madie, Evelyn, David and I have speculated that very likely the immediate cause of death was a heart attack. We do know of an earlier middle-of-the-night episode of “acute indigestion”, and that frequently heart attacks in those earlier years were thus diagnosed. We wonder too, if those early symptoms of arm pain weren’t possibly angina – and that perhaps it was a second heart attack that killed him. All somewhat enlightened hindsight, of course, and the fact remains that the other serious illnesses discovered at Johns Hopkins could have caused a lingering and painful death. If so, now as then the conclusion would be that his sudden death was merciful – for him. For us, particularly Mother, it was devastating, especially in the days immediately following, and, of course, our lives were forever changed.

That night in the first moments alone, as I prepared for bed, I tried to really grasp what had happened – the enormity of it, the terrible loss, and at the same time the unwanted questions of what would become of us. I felt these to be unworthy and wrong – selfish – yet they kept crowding in. In addition, and even more hateful, I felt, was something I considered so inappropriate that I don’t believe I ever mentioned

it to the others. That day at school we had learned a new song, and, as I had happily anticipated Christmas, knowing Mother, that very day, was shopping for our gifts, had liked its catchy tune and silly words: “Santa Claus is coming to town!” Now the words kept running unbidden through my mind. I was almost twelve years old and was thoroughly disgusted with myself for entertaining childish thoughts at such a time.

The funeral was the next day. My common sense says it *couldn’t* have been, but if it was not, a day was lost to me, for that is the way I remember it. Relatives arrived all during the morning to a house hushed except for the voices of the church ladies in the kitchen. Evelyn and David were invited to come to the Kennerlys’ for the day, and, with them gone I was very much alone in a house full of people. Looking back I can see how much better it would have been for me and Evelyn to be together that day. Not only was she denied the chance I had to see Daddy once more, but her company would have meant so much to me. The age difference between us was so little that I feel that she was fully as able as was I to cope with the situation. In no way do I mean to appear to be critical of the decision that Mother made to accept the Kennerlys’ invitation – made under such stressful conditions. It seemed to me then and still must that Madie at fourteen felt Daddy’s death on a different level; I was still only a child, whether I realized it then or not; she an adolescent. So I don’t remember being with her at all during that long, long morning as each of us was isolated in our own grief. We never talked about

it so this is simply the way I have remembered it. Sometime during the morning someone came to me where I was sitting before the fire in the back bedroom and told me that Mother had asked that I be given a choice of whether or not I would see Daddy, whose body was now in the living room. I decided I must see him once more and made the decision only to wonder afterward if it were the right one. I suppose there could be no right one in such a wrong situation. I had never seen *anyone* who was dead and so there was not only the shock of death in general to confront, but also the fact that it was my beloved Daddy. I went in and looked at him briefly. My Aunt Essie had just arrived and was, of course, much distraught. Also in the room at the time was Dr. Pearson. He too was weeping. I would forever have felt I should have seen Daddy if I had not; seeing him I could not for many months – years even – erase the picture from my mind of him in death and replace it with one I could more happily live with. I was a stoical child (I made up for it by crying a good deal as an adolescent!) and did not break down then or later except for quick, silent tears now and then during that day in moments of unbearable poignancy. Especially painful to me was the sight of my grandfather in his grief. It was to be years though before I could even say the name, “Daddy” for fear I would say it with a quaver. There is such a thing as trying to be *too* stoical.

Well, Madie and I attended the funeral. I was so proud, and still feel so when I remember that as we moved slowly along from Highland Street, down the one block of Bloch



Anniversary Day, 1912 at Alabama Girls Technical Institute. Long lines of female students in white dresses appears to be a tradition at Montevallo.*

Street, and turned onto Oak, I saw, beginning at the college gate and continuing down Vine Street and all the way to the Baptist Church on Main, a continuous double row of college girls, dressed in white and standing very still and straight. The entire student body was paying its respects to my daddy. The service was beautiful and comforting and somehow knowing that Dr. Pearson loved Daddy too and shared our grief as a person as well as a minister helped.

On Friday the 14th, or Saturday, December 15 (I see my memory tallies!), Aunt Anna Belle and Uncle Johnny arrived from Texas and were in town at least for my birthday on Sunday. I remember Uncle Johnny gave me a silver dollar. It was good to have these two favorites with us – to know there could still be some good times. But during the following weeks and months, as I would have to remind myself to count out only five instead of six of each item of silverware as I set the table, as Daddy’s chair at the table was empty except when there was company, oh, how we missed him! And there

* In her exhaustive history, *Alabama College, 1896 – 1969*, Professor Lucille Griffith offers an account of perhaps the beginning of this tradition. Early in the work she provides an account of an instructor and her new husband returning to Montevallo at the conclusion of their wedding trip in 1899: “the entire school formed a line and met them at the depot.”

developed in me – and I think in the others – a fierce desire to be someone of whom he would have been proud.

Madie told me only recently that she and Daddy had discussed her college and career plans. This is not surprising, for she was a junior in high school, but she was only 2½ years older than I, and I was in the *sixth grade*, and naturally it hadn't been relevant to discuss such things with me. How I missed him and how I wished I had had a chance to prove myself to him.

Many years later – about 1978 or '79 – I dreamed of Daddy one night. This would not seem significant had I dreamed of him over the years, but so far as I recall, this was the only time I ever



The Ward children, probably a year or so before their father's death in 1934. (L-R) David, Evelyn, Julia, Madie.

have. He was back home in Montevallo and we were all to meet him at Jeter's store. I had been told in advance that he had not died when we thought, but had been a prisoner of war all those years. I went in after seeing his old Chevrolet in front of Jeter's, and there, seated inside was Daddy with the rest of the family. I went to him and hugged him and somehow, even knowing it was a dream, I nevertheless felt that it

was a joyful occasion, and, when I awoke I was not saddened by it but exultant and grateful. The dream seemed somehow a benediction. I had seen Daddy once more and he had seen me as the person I grew up to be and all was well.

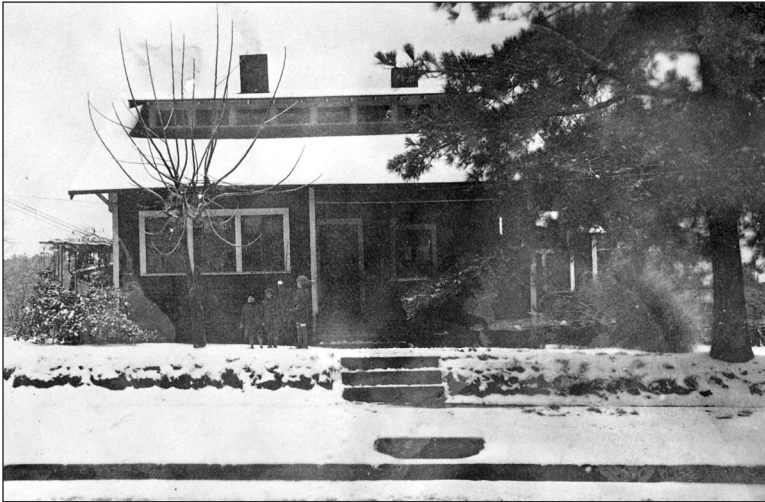


This photo, probably from the late 1920's, shows mother Lillian in the middle, Madie, Julia, and Evelyn in front, on a visit to James Skillman Ward's family in Hartford, Alabama in the "Wiregrass" section of the state. Since he is not in the picture, Skillman Ward was the likely photographer.





The Ward house at the junction of Highland Street and Ashville Road as it looked in 2016.



Following a rare Montevallo snow storm, Madie, Julia, and Evelyn make snowballs in their front yard. The photo was probably taken sometime in the late 1920s.

Illness is Fatal to Professor J.S. Ward

*Head of Modern Language
Department Dies Suddenly in Birmingham*

Two continuous lines of Alabama College students formed an avenue from the east college gate to the Montevallo Baptist Church, through which the funeral procession of Professor J. S. Ward passed Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock.

Mr. Ward, head of the Foreign Language Department, died suddenly Wednesday afternoon in a Birmingham Hotel. He had been in bad health for some time and had spent Thanksgiving at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. He went to Birmingham Wednesday to receive a report from his doctor and succumbed in the lobby of the hotel.

Professor Ward came to Alabama College in 1923. While a citizen of Montevallo he was outstanding in college, church, civic and various educational activities. He was chairman of the Division of Language and Literature for this year and has served on several other important faculty committees during his teaching career at Alabama College. He represented Alabama College at the Southeastern Modern Language Association Conferences for the last several years. His paper on German Lexicography won such acclaim at the 1933 Conference that he was invited to discuss the subject further at the last conference, but his illness prevented his attending.

As a deacon, clerk, and Sunday School teacher, Professor Ward rendered valuable service to the Montevallo Baptist Church. At one time he served as president of the Montevallo Exchange Club.

In 1930 Howard College conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature on Professor Ward. He received his A.B. from that institution in 1909. An M.A. degree was conferred upon him in 1911 by the University of Alabama and in 1916 by Columbia University.

Mr. Ward taught at Baylor University, Howard Payne College, Mercer University, Junior A. and M. College of Texas, Columbia University, and University of Alabama before coming to Alabama College.

(From *The Alabamian* December 18, 1934)

He has had many articles pertaining to religious subjects and modern languages published during the last several years.

Mr. Ward is survived by his widow, and four children, Madie Belle, Julia, Evelyn, and David.

A Memorial

Not only because of his service as an educator but also because of his fine spirit and personality, the death of Professor J. S. Ward means a great loss in the faculty as well as in the hearts of his associates and many friends.

Always a student as well as a teacher, his contribution to the institution over twelve years cannot be estimated in terms of those years for his influence is lasting on students, alumnae and faculty members with whom he was invariably so congenial and cooperative.

Professor Ward will be remembered on the campus of Alabama College as a scholar, who was ever interested in student needs and ever able and willing to help others as he taught them.

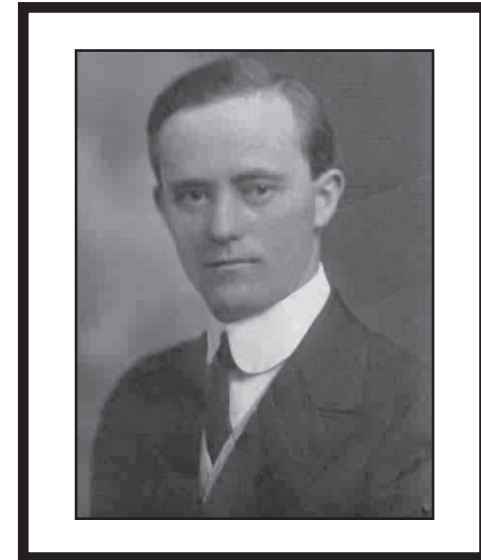
He unselfishly devoted much of his time to serving on a number of committees on the campus. He was a member of the College Publications, the Classification and the Student Organizations Committees. And up to the time of his death, he was Chairman of the Division of Language and Literature. Not limiting his services to the campus, however, he took an active part in civic and church affairs that endeared him also to the people of the community.

In recognition of his contributions to education in the State, Howard College conferred upon him an honorary doctor's degree for his accomplishments as an educator.

Profoundly interested in the institution and always showing a fine loyalty, Professor Ward had done a great task, which would have been greater had it not been so sadly interrupted.

Just as he will be missed in his profession by the college and education in the State, his teaching, his friendship and his fine character will be missed in our associations at Alabama College.

From the 1935 *Technala*, the yearbook of Alabama College



IN MEMORIAM

Dr. James Skillman Ward

NOVEMBER 7, 1885

NOVEMBER 12, 1934

