

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Acknowledging the inclination of the older generation to reminisce and recognizing the disinclination of the younger sometimes to hear the stories, we have arrived at this solution of the problem: We will write our memories and, though consideration and good manners might require you to listen, there is no law which says you must read.

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Donated by Duane McConnell 5-18-92  
Grandparents + mother grew up here + he  
came to visit as a child. (1920's - 40's)

"MEMORIES, MEMORIES -

DAYS OF LONG AGO"

chronicled by Marie

with participation by Lovelle

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To the Memory of our Father and Mother,

William Frederick and Abigail Jeanette (Wallace) McCready

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## OUR PARENTS

Pappa and Mamma knew each other, at least by sight, from the time he was fifteen and she was ten, when they were both living on farms but came into Homewood occasionally. She said that the first time she saw him she told her father that if she ever married, she thought she would like to marry that boy. Since she was so much younger than he, however, it is doubtful he even noticed her at that time. I do not know just when they really became acquainted, but believe they were engaged for about two years before they married.

Mamma and her grandfather Wallace were devoted to each other, and during his last illness she spent a great deal of time with him. Pappa wanted to be married on his birthday but Great Grandfather Wallace, feeling that he was not going to live long, asked her to stay with him to the last so, to please both, she told Pappa she would marry him on his birthday if he would agree for to remain with her grandfather as long as he lived. They were married on February 21, 1883, and her grandfather died March 7, two weeks later.

They began housekeeping in a rented house in New Brighton and Catherine was born there but, when she was four months old, they moved to Homewood.

Pappa was serious and quiet like his father and always read and studied a great deal. When it came time for him to think of making his own living, he did what so many of the boys who lived in the country did in those days - turned to the railroad. He

learned to be a telegraph operator and then taught each of his brothers, in turn, the same work, though he was the only one who stayed with it for any length of time. While we lived in Homewood he worked at the "Summit Cut" office, a short distance north, where the railroad bed had been cut through a rocky hill, considered one of the most critical offices in that area. During the short period that a postoffice was maintained there, he was the postmaster. Bausman's Beaver County History has this: "Summit Cut Post Office was discontinued April 20, 1892. William F. McCready was appointed (postmaster) December 15, 1890."

He was something of a perfectionist and anything that he did, he tried to do the best that it was possible to be done, so he practiced continually "sending" and "receiving" until he became so proficient he attracted the attention of the office at Pittsburgh and was called there to what was not only a better position but offered opportunities for advancement, much to Mamma's delight. However, the man who succeeded him at Summit Cut, through carelessness or inefficiency, caused several near-wrecks and then one bad one so the trainmen petitioned the office to send Pappa back. The office left the decision up to him and he returned, being too much of an idealist for his own material gain.

In addition to his regular work, he was always engaged in other activities. He had a hand loom for rug and carpet weaving and, during spare hours when he was not working in the yard, which was a great pleasure to him, he would weave chenile rugs, which he seemed to have no trouble selling. There was a building some distance behind the house where he kept his loom - in fact it was his workshop and our playhouse, jointly. I can remember people coming to look at the rugs, which he would roll out on

the floor for inspection, and they always seemed to take one or more. He was also very inventive and patented what he called "The McCready Improved Temple and Shuttleguide," which he advertised in weavers' magazines and sold by mail.

Then he became interested in the printing business, bought a printing press, type, and a big paper cutter, and had a professional printer come to stay with us while he taught Pappa the know-how of operating them. The first printer was man by the name of Barnes. I do not remember much about him except that he consumed an amazing quantity of coffee from a jumbo-sized cup which we happened to have and he chose for his own; Pappa thought it was so much coffee that made him seem almost doped sometimes, so he was not there long. The next was an entirely different type, a college graduate and precise in everything he did, from what I have heard Mamma say. One would not think there could be much opportunity for a printing business in a little village like Homewood but, by advertising, orders did come in.

For awhile Pappa was justice of the peace at Estero and, unlike so many of the justices I have known of during my work in legal offices, who seemed utterly ignorant of the law and content to be so, he, in line with his usual effort to do the best he could in the office, obtained and studied law books pertaining to the law as he might need to know it.

He loved to be out in the open and to take us children along. I can remember going mushroom hunting with him in Grandpa's pasture (and especially the time when I fell in the run and was brought home like a drowned rat), picking flowers in the wooded places or rowing on the Beaver River and, later, the Ohio River, or walking along Dutchman's Run after we moved to Freedom. By

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the time we came to Florida we children did such things mostly with other young people, but Pappa always loved to have family picnics, and even after we were married often managed to promote them on our visits home. I think the one they both enjoyed most was in celebration of their Golden Wedding Anniversary when Lovelle and I surprised them by bringing the dinner all ready except for warming up their favorite meats - roast leg of lamb for Pappa and baked ham for Mamma - and we made a picnic of it.

Although he lived to be ninety-two, the last fourteen years he was confined to his room, and mostly to his bed, with rheumatoid arthritis. He would admit, when asked, that he was never without pain, but was one of the most patient patients in the world, never complaining, and always quietly glad to see us on our visits. Deeply religious, he spent much of his time while lying in bed reading the bible and religious papers.

I believe Mamma was the finest character I ever knew, and not just because she was our mother. Others recognized the something that made her different. Her sons-in-law were devoted to her and she was loved or at least liked by all of her relatives and other in-laws. In the beginning of my correspondence with her cousin Della Foster Young, when she asked about my parents and I answered somewhat as above, she wrote:

"All you said about your mother was right. She was a lovely bright person and we were all glad when she came to see us."

Children and young people came to her with their troubles and problems and she, in turn, seemed to love and understand all of the young.

Left motherless when only five years old, she and her sister and brothers lived through a period of devotion by their father, though careless "care" by housekeepers and hired girls, and then



with a stepmother with whom they were not too happy. Uncle John, the elder of the two boys, went west and eventually worked into the cattle business. Uncle Will, who was only a year old when his mother died of diphtheria, became badly crippled by rheumatism while still a baby as the result of being held in a cold spring one hot day by the woman who was looking after him, and he never left home. He was killed by a train at the age of forty-two.

Aunt Margaret and Mamma took up sewing and finally opened a dress-making and millinery shop in Mahoningtown, now a part of New Castle, which they operated until Aunt Margaret married. There was never any bitterness in Mamma toward her stepmother (nor, I believe, in any of the others). She loved her father so much that she would not have done anything to make him unhappy, and her wonderful sense of humor seemed to ease her over the rough places in life. One of her doctor uncles wanted to send her to college but she refused the offer because she did not want to hurt her father by accepting from his brother what he, himself, could not then give.

The only event in her life that ever seemed too much for her was the death of little Margaret when six and a half. I was just three months past four when she died but have several recollections of her, the most vivid being of her long golden hair. It was not curly but Mamma always braided it into two braids and then combed it out for dress up occasions such as going to Sunday School, and I still remember the way the sunlight glinted on it.

We had both an inside and an outside entrance to the cellar, the outside one having a door which slanted upward. We youngsters loved to run across it and the Sunday before her death we were engaged in this pastime when Margaret slipped and fell, and immediately complained that her back hurt. There was no

doctor in our village so the next day, when it seemed worse, they brought a doctor from the next town, but she lived only a few days.

My memories of the funeral are very clear and there is a fragrance that still carries me back to the day when the little casket was set up in the middle of the parlor, which was banked with flowers. The kitchen was filled with women cooking, or baking pies and cakes, preparing to feed the throng of people who were sitting and standing everywhere, in the house and yard, for in those days relatives and friends came from near and far to a funeral. In order to get Lovelle and me out of the way, perhaps, Pappa took us to a nearby wooded area to pick flowers, and later lifted each of us to place our small offering in the casket. He told us that Margaret was taking "her long sleep."

Rosalea was a baby not yet walking when she was stricken with polio and paralyzed from the neck down. Her mind and tongue kept busy, for she learned to talk unusually early, but her arms and legs remained in the positions they were placed. Mamma arranged for "Old Mrs. Campbell," who lived on the street above ours, to take over much of the housework and she devoted herself to Rosalea. Preceding Sister Kenny by at least eighteen years, she used the same methods. Practically every minute of the time that Rosalea was awake, Mamma massaged and worked her muscles, finally bringing her through the ordeal without a trace of paralysis.

Will was born just before we left Homewood and was a little past two when we moved to Chicago in the fall. During that winter or the early spring he became sick. I do not believe even the doctor knew just what the illness was. At any rate, the treatment did not help and he finally told Mamma one day that he did not expect Will to be alive when he returned the next day. He left a

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different medicine to be tried but, if he had no faith in it, Mamma had none, either, so she put it aside and went about in her own way to bring him through, which she did. When the doctor came next day and found the fever gone and the baby hungry, he said, "Well, that last medicine did the trick," and she did not tell him that the bottle was still unopened.

I was another of her miracles when I had my long spell of typhoid fever during the early spring and summer of 1902. She conscientiously followed all of the doctor's instructions, even to coaxing me to take the evil tasting medicines he left, as long as he seemed to think there was some hope, but the fever became higher and I weaker until finally one afternoon he called her into the hall to tell her to be prepared for the worst. He said he expected the crisis to be reached that night and did not believe I would survive it. Catharine was sitting by the bed fanning me when Mamma came back and, thinking me asleep, for I was too weak by then to do much more than lie with my eyes closed, she told Catharine what he had said. As she had with Will, Mamma decided then to do what she thought best and began by not worrying me with the medicine. Each time she was supposed to give it, she measured out the specified quantity and disposed of it. My head and chest seemed to be burning up, but my arms and legs were cold, so she alternately rubbed my arms and legs and sponged my head and chest with cool water, coaxing me to drink water, which was then being boiled. She never seemed to stop so long as I was awake. Perhaps my own determination to live helped, for I had no intention of dying, but I think it was mostly Mamma's determination. Anyway, the crisis was passed and I began to mend.

Mamma, herself, loved life and was interested in it until

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the last. Not long before her death she made the remark that she supposed she had had a hard life, but that she had enjoyed it. She always read the newspapers each day and, as she had more time to herself, a good bit in magazines, also - especially the Readers' Digest, which was her favorite.

She was almost eighty-four when she died and, fortunately, was not ill long as that would have worried her; always ready to take care of anybody else - and she did a great deal of it - she never wanted to be a care herself. In the end she just slept away, her beautiful long, thick, golden brown hair, without a thread of white in it, still alive and bright about her face. We all felt then, and still feel, that the world lost something quite wonderful when she left it.

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## HOMEWOOD

The Homewood we remember is not the almost abandoned ghost town it is today - criss-crossed and scarred by an overpass highway (it now abandoned) and the Pennsylvania Turnpike, trees gone, and most of the old landmark buildings torn down (or should be) - but a pleasant little village of narrow roads and paths, green lawns and big trees. The church stood at the edge of a wooded area that seemed to give it dignity and permanence, and to the left a path led down through the trees to the beautiful Beaver River. The trees around the church are now gone, but the church, itself, has been renovated and is still in use. Each year there is a homecoming gathering which draws old members from surrounding areas and other states.

Our own home (one of the few places still maintained in good condition in what was then the main part of town) was on Main Street, between the center of the village and the reservoir, and consisted of three lots and a six-room house, which occupied the northeast corner. Our parents bought it on June 18, 1884, for \$1,600, from Grandpa and Grandma McCready, who had purchased it while still living on a nearby farm, the description being as follows:

"Lot in Homewood, being 3 lots in the extension of Homewood, Nos. 7, 8 and 9. 24,090 ft. Part of a larger tract conveyed to Joseph Smith by Wm. Grimshaw, conveyed to James Dillin and Barbra Ann his wife by Orphans Court Mar. Term 1868 and conveyed by James Dillin and Barbra Ann his wife to John C. Chapman Mar. 30, 1870 and conveyed by John C. Chapman and Elizabeth his wife to James Evans Nov. 8, 1871 and conveyed by James Evans and Sarah his wife to Adam Carner Nov. 15, 1871 and conveyed by Adam Carner and Elizabeth his wife to John Johnson Oct. 7, 1872. Being same as conveyed by John Johnson and Mary Jane his wife to George E. McCready, Apr. 3, 1875."

The front yard, though not very deep, allowed for a walk edged with red brick corners which had become mossy green over the years, and several large and smaller trees. In the center was a beautiful, tall white birch - a favorite nesting place for orioles, which sometimes built so low that Pappa could lift us up to look in at the baby birds. This was flanked by two pines that looked like giant Christmas trees, and an arborvitae grew at the outer side of each. The yard was terraced down to a white picket fence, and along the path outside the maple trees were a shady green in summer and a sunburst of red and gold in autumn, just before the leaves showered down to make a thick, lovely mass for youngsters to run through. A big black walnut at the kitchen gate provided nuts for winter evenings.

The yard was filled with fruit trees - apples, peaches, plums, cherries, and even an apricot and a nectarine tree, the only ones in town. A long arbor was thickly covered with grape vines; in addition to the luscious Concords, there were both white and red grapes, and the strawberry bed was the pride of Pappa's heart. The more narrow eastern side of the yard had syringas, a big snowball bush, and, at the foot of the pump, a bed of purple iris drank from its overflow. Bordering the house were roses, bleeding hearts, peonies, and other flowers which we all joined in selecting from the spring catalogues.

The house plan was the usual one of its time. The main part contained a parlor and a living-dining room, separated by a wide hallway opening on the front porch and from which stairways led to the second floor and to the cellar - there was also an outside entrance to the latter. The ell on the back had a kitchen on the ground floor and a third bedroom in the second

story. The pantry attached to the kitchen on the east helped to enclose the back porch, which extended to the parlor wall.

When we visited Homewood in 1952, the new owners, who were just moving in, allowed us to go through the house from top to bottom, and I was glad to see that it, at least, had not been allowed to deteriorate, as most of the other remembered places had. Recently Cousin Leila wrote that she and Lois had visited Homewood and found that our old home has been covered with Permastone and that "It is beautiful."

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My earliest memory came to me first during the time I was ill with the typhoid fever just after I had turned fourteen, one of a flood of such little memories that I kept recalling to Mamma so fast and excitedly, I suppose, that she would get up and leave the room because she thought I was running my fever up. She remembered this, too, and said I was only about six or seven months old at the time and the woman was Eliza Barnes (apparently proving the theory that everything we ever knew is stored in our memories and could be brought back if we knew how to do it). Mamma had a Crown sewing machine, which did not close down but, instead, had a box-like cover embellished with its emblem, a golden crown. Eliza was carrying me but suddenly sat me down on the sewing machine top, then stepped back and laughed. Finding myself marooned, I shrieked in protest and remember how Mamma caught me off and hugged me to her.

When Lovelle was born I lacked a little over a month of being two years old and, just to pay some attention to me as she started to leave after a call on Mamma and the new arrival, Mrs. Tom Bennett, who lived on the street just above us, asked

me what I was going to call the baby. Perhaps she had mentioned her husband, or someone had asked her about him, so that the name was fresh in my mind, for I answered "Tom." The name stuck and from then on Lovelle was called "Tommy" as long as we lived in Homewood.

My first memory of Lovelle is when she took over the high-chair and I was promoted to books on a regular one. It seemed to me that I had never really looked at her before, and, sitting there beside me, I noticed how her blonde hair had been brought back from her face and fastened, but that there was a fringe of short, almost invisible hairs around the top of her forehead.

I am sure I must have been the most trying of Mamma's children when little for I climbed the trees like a monkey almost from the time I walked. She has said that more than once when my dress became entangled in the branches I managed to wriggle out of it and come into the house in my panties and panty-waist, leaving the dress in the tree.

Two of my adventures which caused considerable excitement and trouble, I remember quite well, though must have been very small at the times.

One was when I discovered that I could climb one of the "Christmas tree" pines. Its branches, though quite close together, grew to within my reach and, by twisting myself through them, I could climb clear to the spire, which was so slender that it would sway back and forth. This was the most fun I had found until Pappa discovered me and, through his banter and Mamma's persuasion, I was finally talked down. To Mamma's suggestion that he cut off the lower branches, he demurred that it would ruin the tree. Despite her reply that she would rather



have a ruined tree than a broken-backed child, the tree was still intact when Pappa left for work, but by the time he returned she had sawed off the branches I could reach so he had to bring the other into conformity. Not to be thwarted, I dragged the "rocky horse" out, turned it up on its noses under the tree and climbed to the back of the seat, but Mamma was watching and came out. In my hurry to clutch a branch before she reached me, I unbalanced my base and we both tumbled over. Without a word, Mamma picked it up and proceeded back into the house, with me running after her, wailing my frustration.

Even before this, though, I believe, was the time I climbed the lightning rod away up almost to the eaves before I looked down and became scared. Mamma was attracted by Pappa's usual warning in such cases, for me to hold tight or he would be carrying me in on a shutter. Then, while Mamma took over and encouraged me to just hold on and they would get me, Pappa ran for the tall ladder which the painter who had just finished painting the house had not yet taken away and brought me down. We never went bare-foot as most of the children around there did, but occasionally after a rain were allowed to take off our shoes and stockings and paddle around in the puddles. This had been one of those times and there was a trail of muddy footprints left on both sides of the lightning rod, so Pappa had to mount the ladder again with paint and brush to clean and cover them.

The last of such escapades on my part, that I remember, at least, was a little later. One of my favorite climbing places was the long grape arbor which was built of strong narrow slats and had a curved top. Sometimes I climbed the outside and sometimes the inside and, on one of these latter tours, found a

thick, strong vine that could be pulled down to make a swing in the very top of the arbor, so I had many delightful times swinging away above the ground. Then Rosalea was born and Eliza Barnes, who had been one of Mamma's girlhood friends (and I believe a relative, though have not yet figured out to what extent), came to stay with her. Eliza happened to come out while I was in my swing and immediately ordered me down. She even broke off a switch to enforce her command, which outraged me for we were never switched. I was then five years old and considered myself quite grown up, so defiantly ignored her, remaining where I was until she went into the house. Nothing was ever said to me about the incident by either Mamma or Pappa, but the next time I climbed to my swing, I found it neatly cut through the middle!

Spring and summer brought a heterogeneous procession of visitors. There were Armenian peddlers with a wide assortment of items in the packs on their backs - especially embroidered goods and laces, and the tramps to be fed on the back porch. It was said that the latter dropped off the freight trains and headed straight for our house because fellow travelers had told them they could count on something to eat, and it seemed to be true for they would pass right by our neighbors to turn off Main Street to our gate.\* Lovelle was highly insulted when one talkative old Irishman attempted to be friendly by asking Mamma if he couldn't take her along to wash his socks. \*(kitchen one)

A tribe of gypsies came each year and camped on the western outskirts of town, and children were always warned to keep near home as gypsies were supposed to steal children. Everybody in town made at least one trip to the camp during their stay, and we all looked to see if they had any blonde children among their black haired ones. We usually went in the early evening

and their colorful clothes and the way they lived always fascinated us children. The young men and women sometimes danced to entertain visitors, while the sharp-eyed old women accosted passers-by with offers to tell their fortunes.

Our favorite visitors, however, were the organ-grinder men and their cute little monkeys which would peer up from their tiny old-man faces while they held out their cups for coins.

One year a glowering, swarthy faced man brought a bear, which he put through its tricks in front of our yard. We did not enjoy that exhibition, though, for the bear was a miserable looking animal and he cruelly hit and poked it with a long spiked pole. A few days later Pappa came home with word that the bear had managed to get loose during the night and had killed the man, but none of us could feel too sorry for him.

The blacksmith shop, originally built and operated by our great grandfather Joseph May Smith, was at the beginning of the block nearer town than our place and across the street, or cater-cornered from us, and was operated by Robert McKissick, not only while we lived there but also during my visit later to our grandparents (now converted to a store). It was very fascinating to us and we always wanted to stop and look back into its cavernous interior, where sparks were flying up from the big anvil and from which such intriguing sounds emanated - the clinks and clanks as he hammered, the hissing sound as he plunged the red hot metal into the big vat of water, the neighing, blowing and restless stepping around of the horses. We were just a little afraid of Mr. McKissick himself, however, for he would sometimes come out, wearing his big leather apron, and yell at us youngsters as we passed. Looking back, I think now it was probably just

his way of being friendly, but it did not seem so then. We were very proud of the sleds which Pappa had made for us and painted red. Mr. McKissick put the runners on, but apparently thought he could have done the whole job better for, when we would occasionally pull them past his shop, he would remark in anything but an approving tone of voice, "Great sleds!."

Lovelle recently recalled a little story that Mamma had told on Pappa. Sometimes while working at the Summit Cut office he would come home by train in the evening and, as Homewood was not a regular stop for that train, the engineer would slow down so Pappa could jump off. One evening the engineer forgot, but Pappa jumped anyway and when he arrived home he mentioned that the engineer had not slowed down, but didn't say anything more so Mamma finally asked, "Were you hurt?" He replied no, but his dignity was hurt, implying that he did not land on his feet.

She also asked if I remember the knife he bought Mamma for her protection when he was working at night and which she kept in its scabbard under her pillow. It was a large dagger-type one, his theory being that an intruder would be much more afraid of a woman wielding a knife than a gun because he would figure she probably could not hit anything with a gun but would be accustomed to working with a butcher knife. I do remember it well as I was always so impressed by its brightness when she would take it from the scabbard for some reason - perhaps just when we wanted to see it.

This reminded me of a story I have heard Pappa and Mamma laugh about, concerning the only time anybody ever did try to break in. It happened one night when there were guests - a couple with a baby. During the night they were awakened by some unusual

sound outside and, slipping over to the window, the man guest saw that someone was working on the window just below. Looking around for something to use, he saw the baby's soiled diaper rolled up nearby so, spreading it out, he dropped it over the head below and the man took off without even trying to be quiet. Since I now know so much about their relatives and friends, I have often wondered which ones these guests were.

There was a little country school on the edge of town, but when Catharine reached school age it was decided to enroll her instead in a convent school in Beaver Falls to which a Catholic family in town sent their children. Catharine, however, became more and more unhappy with this arrangement so they had Mr. Smiley, our then printing instructor boarder, tutor her at home for a term. The next fall a second cousin of Mamma's, Annie Nye, opened a little private school and, as I was then six, Catharine and I attended it for a term. Mamma still did not think this was what we should have, so prevailed upon Pappa to ask for a transfer to a larger town with a good school, and we moved to Freedom.

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## FREEDOM

We moved to Freedom in the fall of 1895 and immediately Catharine, Lovelle and I entered public school for the first time, in a term already under way, Lovelle by a new name.

Pappa and Mamma had decided that it was time to drop the nick-name "Tommy" and, instead, coined the name "Eda" from the beginning and end of her first name Edwina, but it was always spelled and pronounced "Ada."

They had tentatively planned to buy a house, so surrounded by trees it was slightly reminiscent of our Homewood place, but learned it was considered damp and that there had been a great deal of illness among families previously living in it, so abandoned the idea and rented one of two houses which shared a lot right in the heart of town, across the street from the general store and home of a German family, the Kuhls, who owned them.

The twin house was occupied by the Dever family. Mr. Dever was a steamboat pilot on the Ohio River and, while we lived next door, he died a hero's death after something happened to the boat by steering it to the river bank and holding it there until the others could escape; by then, however, it was too late for him and he and the boat went down together. There were two boys in the family, Jim, Catharine's age, and Ralph (called "Pan" - shortened from Pansy because his grandmother had always said he looked like one when he was a baby), who was Lovelle's age.

Jim was a fine boy, liked by everybody, but was the victim of a freak accident that was to affect his life from then on.

While on the school grounds, a boy threw a stone on the walk with

such force that it bounced and hit Jim in the eye. I can remember how frantic his mother was when some of the other boys brought him home. He lost the sight of that eye entirely and it was thought for awhile he might lose the other, also, but it was saved for the time being, though he had to wear glasses, unusual for such a young person in those days. I have since learned that he did eventually become totally blind.

The houses were both built right to the street line, with a high latticed fence connecting them and opening into a little brick-paved courtyard, used only for an entrance way and to draw water from the continuous chain type pump there.

Freedom was built on a hill so we went up several steps to enter the yard, which sloped gradually upward to the back and ended at a high stone wall. At the top of this wall was the street on which our school building stood. Although almost opposite our house, to reach it by the normal route we had to go most of the length of our block, up its side, and then back almost the same distance to the school. To shorten this, Pappa built a ladder and fastened it against the wall, so all we had to do was to run up through our lot, climb the ladder and cross the street. We usually came home the longer way, I think, as can remember that Lovelle and I would do a springy hop most of the way.

Complying with my suggestion that she send in contributions, Lovelle offered this as one: "Further catering to our youngest generation (referring to rhymes mentioned later), how about our old school song, or at least the chorus of it. They are probably so much more sophisticated now-a-days that they would get a laugh out of it:





It was during the 1896-7 term, our only full one, that Catharine, Lovelle and I each won the award for highest scholastic rank in our respective classes, and Lovelle and I also perfect attendance; Catharine had been absent two or three days on account of illness. The awards consisted of books, inscribed on the fly-leaves by our teachers - Catharine's, Miss Watson; Lovelle's, Miss Ross; and mine, Miss Manor. I do not remember the first names of Miss Watson and Miss Manor but Lovelle remembers seeing her book in the library at Estero and said the inscription was: "To Ada McCready, from her teacher, Carrie Edna Noss, for perfect attendance and highest rank in class during 1896 and 1897." Pappa worked at the Conway tower, within easy walking distance from our house so Lovelle and I usually carried his lunch or supper, whichever it happened to be, to him. On the occasion of the last day of school we both had our hair curled and, when the man in the office with him remarked on it, of course Pappa could not resist saying that those curls meant the highest rank in our classes.

Sometimes on Sunday mornings we children attended Sunday School and on others Pappa took us on long walks, usually along Dutchman's Run, while Mamma stayed home to have dinner ready when we returned, one of our favorites being roast veal with brown gravy and Yorkshire pudding, which nobody else ever made so good. I have since thought how unfair this was, but in those days people did not go out to Sunday dinners so they had to be prepared at home.

Lovelle and I maintained quite an extensive cemetery, not on our side of the lot but the Dever side and there were no objections as they paid very little attention to the yard, while we always had a little garden in the upper left hand corner and our playground, which Pan shared, was under the fruit trees occupying

the rest of our side. Some grave decorating was carried on throughout the year, especially for the newer graves, but on the two Decoration Days we were there, we went all out. The little graves were outlined with white clover flowers and then other flowers - lots of red clover with whatever else we could find - were put on the mounds themselves.

Mamma always had a bed of mixed portulaca flowers and some of these we transplanted into little containers to put on the graves. One day our room at school decided to hold a flower show and each pupil was instructed to bring something from home to help make up the exhibit. In casting around to see what I could take, I decided on a varigated portulaca, planted in a baking powder can lid, which was on one of the graves. For some reason it had grown marvelously large for a portulaca and was practically covered with the lovely red-streaked pink flowers. I don't think the family were much impressed at my choice of a lowly portulaca, so their amazement was as great as my own had been when I brought it home again with the first prize ribbon attached.

I don't remember whether the first burials were the several birds which died in a severe rain storm occurring during the first part of the time we lived there, or the litter of kittens which our cat had under the raspberry bushes and we found one morning with their throats cut by a tomcat (we thought their father). Later, another of her kittens, little "Rosy," run over by a streetcar in front of our house, was added.

One grave was that of a toad which either Mr. Dever or Jim had accidentally stuck a pitchfork into while gathering up some grass he had just mowed on an otherwise bare section of their side. We found it sometime later, moved it into the shade and then sat

grieving over it until the end.

My real grief, however, was over the last interment, just before we left for Chicago. Soon after we moved to Freedom, Mamma had bought a young goose for Pappa's birthday in February, his favorite fowl, and put it in a coop in the yard to fatten, but I fell in love on sight and named it Fanny (appropriately, as it turned out, for later she laid a good many nice big eggs), and the first thing I did always on coming from school was to run up to Fanny's coop to see that she was all right. I also made up a song to her, entitled "Fanny, my gosling, Fanny, my goose," and drew and colored a picture of her to fit into a little flat, glass covered box-like container that had been one of those games where one tries to work tiny shot into various depressions. Pappa's birthday came and went but nobody had the heart to kill her, nor for his next birthday, either, but, when we were all prepared to leave for Chicago, something had to be done about Fanny so, while I was at school, she lost her head, and Catharine, who had arrived home first, greeted me with the news. I was so upset and wept so loudly and long (I was then nine) that I think they must almost have regretted that they had not planned some way to take her along. However, Mamma gave us her head and feet to bury and, in a pouring rain, held an umbrella over us during the doleful ceremony, to the great amusement of Mrs. Dever, who of course knew the whole story. The dinner at which she was served was even more like a funeral, though. Nobody had much to say. I had vowed I wouldn't eat her and had tried to get Lovelle not to, either, but Fanny had not meant so much to her as to me, so she gave in when urged, but I just sat there. Finally Mamma coaxed me into eating some mashed potatoes with gravy, and I did between tears. This brought the scornful remark from Catharine

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that I might as well eat the devil as drink his broth, but to my mind the gravy was not Fanny.

It was during the early winter of 1897 that we made this move which was to change the whole course of our lives.

One day we had taken Pappa's lunch to him as usual and found two strange men there talking, Pappa evidently very much interested. One of these, we learned, was a Doctor Jackson, and he was there to try to persuade Pappa to attend evening lectures in Beaver Falls which were being conducted by Doctor Teed, the founder of Koresh-anity. They were being held at the home of a McDonald family with whom he was staying at the time, and not only Pappa, but the whole family attended. The meetings, themselves, were very tiresome to us children, but Lovelle and I enlarged our stock of rhymes by learning the streetcar ads on the trips to and from them. One of our favorites was that of a tailor:

"Higgeldy, piggeldy, my son John  
Went to bed with his britches on.  
He was in love with their style, you see,  
Because they were made by Kent, that's Me."

Another, which refutes the impression Campbell is now trying to give that beans in cans began with it in 1904 (and which we still quote when apropos), was:

"Man wants but little here below,  
But wants that little good.  
Heinz baked beans with tomato sauce,  
is the daintiest, best of foods."

Then there were a whole series of "Spotless Town" cards by Sapolio, such as:

"This is the Mayor of Spotless Town,  
The cleanest town for miles around," etc.

On Pappa's invitation, Doctor Teed spent the last day and night at our home before leaving for Chicago and he and our parents

talked away into the night. From that time it was decided that we would join the community in Chicago and plans were immediately made.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, for which he had worked so many years, provided a box car in which to take our household furnishings and Pappa's printing equipment, but the loom was left behind. Mamma had developed quite an aversion to it after we moved to Freedom, where it was set up in the attic and seemed to shake the house when in action. Another item that did not go with us was an old spinning wheel which Pappa had converted to the use of filling the chenille or other woof into cylinders. I have often thought of that old wheel and wondered which of our ancestresses had sat at it and spun flax or wool into thread in the earlier days.

Nine or ten years later, while visiting our grandparents in Homewood, I spent a couple of days with the Devers. They had moved into another house and, in addition to the boys, there were two men boarders, and all were wonderful to me. Jim was engaged to Ada Sneed, older sister of a boy who had been in my class at school (later they married), and Ralph was planning to study for the ministry.

On later trips to Pennsylvania we passed through Freedom several times, but did not stop to look around. The two school buildings had been torn down and a new, larger one occupied the old grounds, but otherwise we thought the town had a rather "run down" appearance. When I mentioned this to Effie Foster, who had lived there before she married our second cousin Ralph Foster, she seemed surprised and said that land values were as high as they had ever been.

THE KORESHAN UNITY

C H I C A G O

The Koreshan Unity was founded by Dr. Cyrus Read Teed, who was born October 1839, near Trout Creek in Tompkins Township, Delaware County, N. Y., in a small community called Teedsville. His parents were Jesse and Sarah Ann (Tuttle) Teed, and he was the second son of their eight children. His mother's ancestry traced back to John Reed, who came from England in 1630 and settled in Rehoboth, Mass. Jesse Teed, said to have been a successful country doctor, was probably, like so many in his profession then, not so successful in collecting his fees, for Cyrus, when eleven, left school to help support the rapidly growing family. Friends and relatives tried to persuade him to study for the ministry, his family being of the Baptist faith, but his inclinations were to follow in his father's footsteps, so he turned to medicine instead and, in 1859, when he was twenty, began to study with his uncle, Dr. Samuel F. Teed, in Utica, N. Y.

After serving with the Union forces throughout the Civil War, he entered the Eclectic Medical College in New York and, after graduation in 1868, began his practice in Utica. However, his experiences during the war combined with his naturally religious nature, it is said, gave him the urge to help mankind not only physically but spiritually as well, so he delved into metaphysical research and, in 1869, during a period of fasting and prayer, experienced what he always called "The Illumination," and believed was a revelation of the mysteries of life and death and the relation of man to God. He continued his practice but his theories made him "different" in the conservative community in which he

lived and eventually it began to fall off.

When he was invited to address the National Association of Mental Science in Chicago, his natural ability as an orator and his great personal magnetism impressed the convention to such an extent that he was invited to accept the presidency, which he did and, in 1886, he and his then small number of followers left New York and settled in Chicago, where they incorporated the "College of Life" under the laws of the state of Illinois. The organization was also known as "The Church Triumphant" and, two years later in 1888, it became the Koreshan Unity, Koresh being the Hebrew translation of his given name Cyrus. Those who joined the community turned in all of their worldly possessions and lived a celibate life as brothers and sisters in a communal society.

Doctor made frequent lecture tours, such as the one to Beaver Falls, and usually brought in new converts, though some remained where they were as "Outside Koreshans."

None of us would ever forget our arrival at Washington Heights. Through some misunderstanding, we did not get off at the station where we were to have been met, so started out on our own. It was a bitterly cold day and we struggled through snow and driving winds until we were almost frozen. When Pappa stopped at a house to inquire, we found we were not far from our destination, but the friendly German woman insisted that we come in and warm ourselves at her fire before going on, and we were glad to do so.

While the main body of the community lived at Washington Heights, those engaged in printing and publishing were at Englewood, a closer in suburb of the city, where they had a home as well as the publishing house building. Publications were "The Guiding Star," "The Flaming Sword" and "The Cellular Cosmogony," the last

named being considered the standard textbook of the Koreshan belief that all life was contained inside, not outside, of the globe. Because of his experience with printing, Pappa was assigned to that part of the community's activities, his duties consisting of soliciting for the commercial department, proofreading, etc. He did not live in Englewood, however, but at Washington Heights, commuting back and forth by train or streetcar.

Sometimes when the printing office had a rush job requiring the folding and insertion of leaflets or papers, Pappa would take Lovelle and me down to help, which was always fun for he usually drove old Nelly at such times so we enjoyed the trip down and back. Everybody made a good bit over us, the men at the printing office and the women at the house where we would eat our dinner, though sometimes during periods when nobody came around so we just sat and worked, it became a little tiresome. In this connection, Lovelle recalled the first trip we made to Englewood on the streetcar alone - or so we had supposed until we got up to change cars at the junction and spied Pappa sitting in one of the back seats, and his sheepish look at being found out.

I had not known until I saw the map of Washington Heights as it was then, which I obtained from the Chicago Historical Society, that it comprised such a large area, as we had always thought of it as just one of several small communities, including Walden and Longwood. The map shows that in addition to the Hilliard & Dobbins Subdivision (where we lived), and Hilliard & Dobbin's Resubdivision, which adjoined in the extreme northern part of the Heights, there were three other large subdivisions - Halstead Street, Hitt's, and Blue Island Land & Building Co.'s, as well as several smaller ones; the latter including a small "Mrs. Hilliard's Subdivision" to the



south and east. There was even a Hilliard Avenue running from the southern boundary, which apparently became Winston Avenue after a break at the right of way of one section of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

The little shopping center which we used most frequently, and knew as Washington Heights, was either at the point of the triangle between 101st and 102nd Streets or that between 102nd and 103rd of the Blue Island Land & Building Co.'s subdivision.

I cannot, however, pinpoint Longwood and it may have been beyond 95th Street from us and so not in Washington Heights. We only occasionally made trips to Longwood and then mostly to buy candy or cookies when we had a little change to spend. There was one kind of candy I have never seen anywhere else - little irregular drops of some dark concoction, lightly covered with a white frosting, which sold seven for a penny, so we nearly always bought some of them, and M M Walnut cakes, which Lovelle remembers as: "Than which there was nothing better."

Walden's Addition to Washington Heights seems to have been a part of Dores Subdivision, and the little railroad station of Walden was at 99th Street and Walden Park Way, the latter so named, probably, because of a narrow strip of public park between it and the railroad. Lovelle has always remembered especially the violets at Walden. She expressed it this way: "From a distance it was a purple mound, and even up close there was hardly a leaf to be seen, just flowers, the center ones with stems ten or more inches long. I doubt if violets grow better anywhere." There were also wonderful woods around Walden, and a block somewhere along the way on which the trees and undergrowth were so thick that we sometimes went exploring - Lovelle as Balboa and I as Amerigo Vespucci.

The Washington Heights home consisted of an estate fronting on 99th Street, between Winston Avenue on the east and Charles Street on the west, and was owned by Laurin P. Hilliard, a real estate operator of great wealth. The main building was originally known as "The Hilliard Mansion," as he lived in it during the period of 1891 through 1895, when it was rented by the Koreshan Unity through 1902. The block on which the Mansion stood was the eastern half, between Winston and Oak Avenues, the latter now known as Beverly, and perhaps four fifths of it was occupied by the main living complex. The northwest fifth, separated by a fence, had the cottage which was turned over to our family when we entered the colony. Doctor Teed named the place "Beth Ophrah" (meaning House of Sacrifice in Hebrew) and the words were spelled out in white stones on the lawn next to 99th Street.

The master building was a large two and a half story affair, with a ground level basement housing a pump which brought up water so cool it might have come from a refrigerator.. The main floor was reached by three stairways, two of which led to a long porch with entrances to the kitchen and a hallway, and the third to another hallway separating the two parlors, both halls having stairways leading to the second floor.

By present standards, the kitchen was enormous, with two large ranges and a small butler's pantry at one side through which the food and dishes were conveyed to the dining rooms. The individual sugars and creamers were always washed here separately - the other dishes being taken care of in the kitchen. It also contained the "speaking tube" for communication with the other floors. At first it was rather startling, in those days before radio, or even telephones to any extent, to be on the second floor, when suddenly a bodyless voice would sing out: "My-rah,

My-rah (or somebody else), come to the tube."

There were two diningrooms, the one in the back of the building we called "the front diningroom," and the other, on the front, just the diningroom. Each had a long table.

The first hallway had doors to the diningroom on one side and the first parlor, used as a general living room, on the other, with a door opening into Doctor's bedroom at the back. This latter had probably been Mr. Hilliard's study or the library, and had a large open fireplace. The matron, Elizabeth Robinson while we were there, occupied the second parlor.

The rest of the house was given over to bedrooms.

There were small, sharp gables, topped with little iron grill fences, over most of the upper windows, and the roof peaked up three or four times, making nice, concealed areas where the older girls often carried their bedclothes and slept on especially warm nights. The mansion stood back quite a distance from the street, and was reached by a white crushed stone driveway, which entered from 99th Street at the southwest corner of that part of the block, curved toward the house and then clear around it. Another driveway joined this and led from the house to a Winston Avenue entrance. There was also a foot walk from 99th Street about the middle of the front, which led through the flower beds to the house, and an ornamental iron fence enclosed the entire block.

Just a little inside the lot, and accessible from the driveway, was a large two-story building which had been the "carriage house," but which we used as a general assembly room.

In the earlier days church meetings were all held here, though later on an old building down town, known as "The Rookery," originally a theatre of some kind, I believe, was rented as it not only had a much larger place for meetings, but was easily

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accessible for just anyone to come in and listen. Doctor's talks were seldom less than two hours long, but they never added much to my education in Koreshanity. I hardly listened except to diagram in my mind what he was saying during the time I was studying that part of grammar; otherwise I usually spent the time thinking of some book I was reading or had already read, and later, in Estero, I spent the time planning new dresses, or something else similarly unrelated. I always wished I could get out of going to them for before the long sessions were over my legs would become nervous from sitting so long, but they were a must, so we all went.

The library, occupying the western side of the assembly room, was well stocked with books and magazines, and most of them good. There were, as I remember, complete sets of Shakespeare, Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, etc., and a great number of histories. I should know about these for at one time Mary Ellen Knight, the librarian, decided I was reading too many novels for a child, and ruled that I could have no more of them until I had read the histories, so she selected and handed them out to me, and I went through all and enjoyed them equally with the novels. I remember some of my favorites were Alexander the Great, Frederick the Great and his Court, Maria Theresa of Austria and Marie Antoinette, but I didn't like Napoleon. Magazines included The Atlantic Monthly, Munsey's (different and better than the later one), The Review of Reviews, and many more. One item of continuous interest to us youngsters during the first days was a stuffed pelican mounted on top of a high revolving bookcase in one corner, and we heard for the first time the rhyme which is still used so much on post-cards picturing pelicans: "What a wonderful bird is the pelican, his beak can hold more than his belly can," etc., which seemed so

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appropriate to that big pouch.

There were bedrooms upstairs, one belonging to Sister Mary Ellen so she was always easily accessible when we wanted to take out a book.

The assembly room was also where our entertainments were held. Music was provided occasionally by a small orchestra, though most of the members lived at Englewood so it was not the regular thing that it was in Estero. Louis ("Louie") Boomer, who was not a member of the Unity but visited often as his mother and sisters were, always led the orchestra when he was there. An unusually talented violinist, he had attracted the attention of a wealthy man who wanted to take over and finance his musical education at the best conservatories in Europe. Louie did not accept, however, and went into the hotel business, later becoming the owner of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

One time the girls all made suitable costumes, half for men and half for women, and we had a cakewalk to the rhythm of Alexander's Ragtime Band. Catharine was voted the star of that one for her fine strong voice led the singing and she was always a natural and graceful dancer.

Among the entertainments that stand out in my memory, probably because I worked so hard to put it over, was conceived by Blanche Ruth, our school teacher. She was the wife of Doctor Ruth and had been a teacher before they came in. One of my favorite people, both at Chicago and in Estero, she was the most "young at heart" adult I ever knew, with an ever ready sense of humor and a quick laugh. We always seemed to be contemporaries rather than teacher and pupil and spent much time together off and on during the years we both were there. This

project was a doll show and we children all had face covers I had drawn with crayons, except Rosalea, who was a bisque doll so had her own face, with hair curled for the occasion. Most of my work, however, was concentrated on the doll house, mounted on one of the zinc squares which were used under stoves. I cut and fitted the parts together, laboriously outlining the bricks for the sides and shingles for the roof. There were attached porches, and lace curtains at the windows. The lawn was made from pads of moss which I gathered here and there and fitted together. There was even a hammock hung between two of the trees (broken from shrubs) around the grounds. Blanche was especially pleased with this little exhibit - she had furnished the lace for the curtains - and of course the guests all exclaimed over it.

One little impromptu entertainment, however, was not held at the assembly room, but in the parlor at Beth Ophrah. Lovelle and I had a little puppet show we frequently played with at our own cottage. The theatre was a medium sized wooden box with draw curtains over the front which could be worked from behind. The actors were all little homemade stuffed rag dolls for which we had raveled out ribbons to provide hair, ranging from blonde to brunette.

By wires which went through the top of the box, we could make them "dance," while we sang the songs. I remember especially a dark haired girl who wore pink satin tights and a very short skirt made from a ribbon. Then there was a man doll with gray hair and beard raveled from a rope who sat in a chair made from a tin cup with a piece of cardboard inserted for back and arms, the whole thing covered by a silk brocade handkerchief, and rocked a baby, while we manipulated the chair by a wire fastened to the handle of the cup and sang:

"I've a sweet little wife,  
She's just twenty-five;  
Just ten years younger than I.  
She's fond of all pleasures  
And drinks Lager beer  
And often goes out on the sly.

"Sing a-laa-hoo, a-laa-hoo,  
Rock the dear baby and swing  
  it so high.  
Sing a-laa-hoo, a-laa-hoo,  
Mother'll be home by and by.

"She leaves me behind  
The baby to mind,  
The house in good order to keep,  
But don't be alarmed  
For I'm sure there's no harm  
In walking out on the street.

"Sing a-laa-hoo, a-laa-hoo" etc.

One day while we were playing with it, somebody, though I have forgotten who, happened to come in and was so amused she insisted that we give an exhibition at the main house. Arrangements were made to use the parlor bay window where curtains could be stretched across except for the little theatre, mounted on a table, and short curtains from the wire to the top of the theatre and from the table to the floor, so that only the theatre, itself, was visible. Pappa was there to play the accompaniments on a comb, and we had as an added attraction Lucile Curry. Lucile was quite a character; a tall, angular woman whose attempts at curling her coarse black hair (we always thought she was part Indian) usually resulted in a few wiry loops pinned in place, so that we always referred to unruly loops in our hair as "Luciles." She had a whimsical sense of humor, though. One of her eyes was glass and one of her favorite readings was, "How I came by the eye," someone explaining a "shiner" he had acquired, but she always placed her finger under her glass eye, to everyone's amusement. On this occasion, while waiting behind the curtain for her turn to come,

she decided that we were not rocking the chair hard enough, so reached over and gave the string a pull, bringing down the house as well as the cup, which fell with its bright tin bottom toward the audience.

At the very back of the property was a long building, part two-story and the rest single, which contained the machine shop and other work rooms, one being where clothes were ironed, while the second floor of the central part provided sleeping quarters for the men who lived and worked at Beth Ophrah. Later on, Belgian hares were kept in part of the one story building and a temporary structure in front of it.

The last of the buildings was a small one which was used as the school house when we first moved there, and then Victoria took it over for her Persian and Angora cats after classes were no longer held there.

The grounds themselves were beautiful. There were several large oak trees, one right in front of the house, and between that and the street was a large circular arrangement of flower beds, including many roses, with paths winding among them. Just opposite the assembly room, across the driveway, were lilacs and a large round bed of lilies of the valley. The other corner of the lot fronting 99th, had quite a grove of pine trees, which, with a smaller clump at the other side and behind the assembly room, were always so thrilling to me when loaded with fresh snow. Although the short driveway to Winston sloped down gradually, the part of the lot to the north of it was terraced, so made a nice place to coast on our sleds when the snow was right for it.

The cottage on the extreme southwest corner of the block, separated from the rest, was probably occupied by servants



originally and was turned over to our family in its entirety when we first entered the Unity. Soon Pappa moved to quarters over the laundry, where he had room for working on his temple and shuttle guides, etc., and then Doctor Ruth and Blanche took over two of the upstairs bedrooms, but Lovelle and I still had the other one until a fire caused us to move temporarily to another place on the back of the lot on Charles Street where the house eventually known as Blanche Ruth's cottage was. When the firemen came, the first thing some of them did was to begin to throw everything out of the windows, including our most prized toys - a pair of gray cloth covered plaster of Paris donkeys, whose heads hung on hooks so that they moved up and down when the donkeys were pushed or pulled. Later, we grieved to find them crushed beyond repair. The building was only slightly damaged by the fire, so we soon returned to it but as by then Catharine had joined Imogene and the other girls of her group at the big house, not only the second floor was taken over by others, but also the front room on the main floor, so Lovelle and I slept in a double bed in what had originally been the living room, and Rosalea in a smaller bed beside it. It was during this period that I entertained the others with serial bedtime stories, made up as I went along, though I now remember nothing about them except that the hero in one was named Diamonda and the heroine Emerald. I have always been an early sleepyhead so after awhile I would begin to drift off on "and, and, and," only to be brought back with a jerk by Lovelle and Rosalea in unison with a loud "and WHAT?" Sometimes Rosalea did go to sleep first and lost the continuity of the story, so she had to be brought up to date before we could continue the next evening. Lovelle recalled these story-telling sessions, saying

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that she and Rosalea would be hanging on every word and there I was going to sleep.

There was a storm entrance at the front door of our cottage and a much larger one at the back. In the latter was the flight of stairs to the first floor, and the few steps necessary to enter the basement, which was almost ground level and divided into three rooms. The first of these we children used as a play room and the middle one contained the bake shop, which Mamma took over and baked the bread as her main duty since she could do that and still look after the smaller children in the same house. The third room was the unfloored cellar type and was used mostly for storage and for Lovelle's and my white rat cages, which ultimately overflowed into the front room, also. Someone had given us three, which we christened Dreyfus, Cleopatra and Fern. From somewhere Pappa dug up quite a large wire cage and then made a revolving wheel so they could exercise. It was like a large tin can with about five round holes in each end for entrance and exit, and long slits cut in the main part, with the edges turned outward, making running in it easy and comfortable. A wire through the center suspended it in the cage, and I have often awakened in the night to hear it humming as the rats took their nocturnal workouts. At first we spent a good bit of time watching them for, except for their unsightly tails, we thought them just as cute as squirrels, but it was not long before the little ones began to come in litters of from six to nine, and as this happened every few weeks, we soon had boxes faced with wire netting all over the place. Feeding them, cleaning the cages, and gathering dry grass for their beds became an almost full time occupation outside of school or anything else we were supposed to do, and this became rather tiresome. Also, Mamma objected to their smell so

near to the bakery, and then, to top it off, a few got away from us somehow and we began to see white and dark spotted rats running up the ropes of the dumb waiter sometimes if we happened to open the door, so, when Pappa suggested that he take a few at a time down town and try to sell them, we were only too happy to agree. He put a few in a small cage in the printing office window and, to our amazement, they sold like "hot cakes," even to old Dreyfus, who had developed a goiter on his neck and become morose so that we had not thought anybody would want him. When cleaning the cages, we would drop the rats into a barrel which we had for the purpose and, since our reaches were short, sometimes just caught a bunch of fur and pulled it out. The only one to resent this was Dreyfus but, although he would crouch down as low as he could and look mean, he never bit either Lovelle or me. However, one time when Ada Grier was with us, she thought she might be able to reach him better, but as soon as her hand came near enough he sank his teeth into her fingers.

Our cottage front yard had a tall pine tree, decorated clear to its top, in season, by the orange-red blossoms of a trumpet vine which grew near its base, and there were two kinds of flowers that we children, at least, had never seen before - the yellow California poppies in the front corner of the other side, and the big, thick, velvety, red cockscombs, which never seemed to rightfully belong on a plant.

The front part of our lot was separated from the other one by a double up-and-down board fence, something like a wall as it had a top which could be walked on, and sort of undulated upward with a couple of curved steps to a big open shed on the other side. This shed roof was one of our play places as it

was almost flat and well shaded by a walnut tree nearby. I still love Virginia creepers because of the one which climbed the back part of the fence and along the front edge of the roof and was always so bright red in the fall. The shed and walnut tree were in a kind of corridor formed by our fence on one side and the western wall of the assembly room on the other, and Lovelle recalled the tall apple tree, also in it, with big green apples which made such delicious applesauce that she still thinks it was the best she ever tasted.

The rest of the strip along the western or Oak Avenue part of the grounds, not occupied by our cottage and its yard, had been devoted to fruit trees - just pears, as I remember, a trellis for grapevines, and some garden vegetables. The only time I ever saw artichokes growing was along the western fence, or asparagus - though this bed was inside our part of the lot and was no longer used or cared for.

Each year beds of radishes, onions and parsley were planted, the latter two being used excessively in soups, we children thought. Susie Ehrsman was the main cook and when it neared noon we would often run into the kitchen to ask what we were going to have, though I don't know why we bothered for her reply was invariably the same: "I neffer tell," to which we would grumble, "Probably parsley soup."

Between Oak Avenue and the next block, the other half of the Hilliard estate, were the tracks of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad, now owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Its right of way was always a source of fun and pleasure for us children. In the spring it was covered with bluebells, lilies of the valley and other flowers, and a little later we gathered and

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ate the wild strawberries that grew in such profusion - tiny, but unusually flavorful, and sweet as sugar. In the long winter months, the long frozen ponds at the sides of the tracks provided fine skating. Sometimes the winds from the lake were so strong we had to bend at right angles to make our way from one end to the other, but then all we had to do was to stand up and keep our feet pointed the right way and the wind carried us back with no effort at all on our part.

Our real playground in warm weather, however, was the block on the other side of the railroad right of way, which had originally been the farm.

At the southwestern corner of the block, 99th Street and Charles Avenue, was "Aunty Brown's Cottage," occupied when we first knew it by a group of women who seemed to live rather independently of the main house, and the matron was an old lady whose last name was Brown. I knew it much better later on as "The Children's Cottage." Behind this cottage was a large, barn-like, two-story building, the lower part of which was the laundry where Lovelle and I helped Thomas Bedam hang up the clothes on washdays, and the upper floor mostly for storage, other than the section where Pappa had his living quarters, and I spent many hours with him while I was living at the children's cottage and when he was not at Englewood.

On the other side of the block, next to the railroad, was the barn where the two farm horses and Nellie, Doctor Ruth's buggy horse, as well as the cows, were kept. From the barn to the back of the lot was a strip of tall oak trees and, adjoining it, an area of fruit trees, mostly apples, but also some others. The remaining and greater part of this block was the actual farm,

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where we children were sometimes called upon to help plant corn, tomatoes, green and wax beans, etc., and later on to assist in the harvesting; though I don't remember that this applied to the field of muskmelons, we sometimes harvested one or more of those without being asked.

The oak and fruit tree areas were our main interests. We played hospital under the apple trees, our patients being apples fastened together - a small one for the head and one or two larger ones for the body (depending upon whether a child or a grownup), with stick arms and legs. After we had our hospital satisfactorily filled, we then proceeded to operate on bruises, worm holes and other defects.

When the horses were not otherwise in use, we sometimes rode them, usually bareback or with just a blanket, along a path separating the apple trees from the oaks.

Or we made Indian villages under the oaks, the tepees covered with corn husks, and the Indians themselves made of acorns and sticks with cornsilk hair and warlocks. More often, however, we would just lie for hours at a time watching the various colonies of ants - big and little black ones, and small and smaller red ones - carrying on their multitudinous activities at the bases of the trees. They would build their homes, entering through holes or between roots, carrying out piles of sawdust, and carrying in their supplies of bugs and worms. Sometimes one kind invaded the home of another, and then it was bodies of the victims which were carried out and dumped in a pile, or some of those which had escaped death frantically trying to save as many of the white eggs as they could.

Although Elizabeth Robinson was the matron, our contacts

were mostly with Christine Hamilton, the assistant matron, her Danish accent still slightly discernable. One of her beliefs was that "Children and dogs are all right in their place, but their place is not in the house," and I often wondered if she had held the same belief when her two daughters, Linda and Minerva, were small.

There were two dogs at Beth Ophrah at the time. "Queenie," a cream colored great Dane, owned by Mary and Libby Macomber, was regularly fed, bathed, walked, and kept in the house. "Duke," a big tan mastiff, though of course fed was otherwise pretty much on his own and, like us children, was not allowed in the house by Christine.

Doctor came out one cold winter day when Lovelle and I were sitting shivering on the porch while we waited for the dinner bell and asked why we were not inside. When we told him we were not allowed in until the bell rang, he said, "Well, I know one place you are allowed. Come with me," and led the way into his room where, by the brightly burning fire in the grate, lay Duke, comfortably dozing. Doctor then went to find Elizabeth and gave instructions that we were not to be kept out at any time. After that Christine scowled at us sometimes, but never said anything.

We children had a great affection for Doctor in those days. We would always run to kiss him when we were playing near the Winston side of the lot and he would come in that way from the 99th Street car stop. Even after I went to the children's cottage and would see him coming from the Walden station alone, I would run out to kiss him, and then we would walk together as far as the railroad tracks, he with his arm around my shoulders.

Victoria, "Pre-eminent," or head woman of the organiza-

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tion, unlike Doctor, was rather "standoffish" and not a person to whom we children, at least, could feel near. Very "finished," according to the standards of the day, she devoted a great deal of time to the older girls, giving lessons in drawing and painting, embroidering, and singing to those whose voices showed promise. Catharine, who had a beautiful voice with an unusual range, was her favorite pupil in the voice classes and the only one she continued to teach long after we all went to Estero. She always ate in the front dining room with Doctor and certain others, but at noon she had only the older girls, that she might teach them table manners. Ruth and I (Nina had not yet come) were not included in the other classes, but were in this - which made me anything but happy for she also used the occasion to lecture me on anything she had seen or heard about that the children had done of which she or someone else had not approved. I always bore the brunt of this because Ruth, who was then living with her mother in their own home further down 99th street, was not always there; also, her mother was a special friend so Ruth was more or less of a pet with Victoria, and even when she was at the table Victoria seemed to direct her talk to me; nor were Lovelle and Ada, being still younger, there to take their share.

Another sufferer was Myrah Hunter, a quiet girl with big brown eyes, and when Victoria would suddenly turn to her for one reason or another, poor Myrah would roll her eyes upward and gulp down whatever she had in her mouth, often a bite just taken.

Victoria also coached us on our "speeches," which we were called upon to give at our various entertainments, and actually ruined me for ever speaking in public, though in school and Sunday school activities before we came in, I had loved to give



recitations, and even the first part of the time we were at Washington Heights. She would pick out words which she said I used with a "Pennsylvania accent," though I could not see that I said them any differently than anybody else, including Catharine, whom she never accused of such an accent, and certainly I did not use a Pennsylvania Dutch accent for I had never associated with anyone who did and, at that time did not even suspect that we had Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. After a few such sessions, I developed a horror of having to go on the stage alone, and my last time was to give "The Schooner Hesperus." Victoria, who was very emotional, sat in the front row and I could see her dabbing at her eyes frequently. Afterward she came to me to say that I had done it beautifully, but to me it had seemed that I was doing it automatically and that it would never end. From then on I absolutely refused to go on the platform except as part of a group.

Lessons that I did enjoy, however, were the French ones. One of our members was Lucie (pronounced "Lu-see'") Borden, who was herself French or of French extraction, and had taught the subject at Wellesley, an exclusive women's college in Wellesley, Mass., founded in 1870, and, incidentally, the one which all the New Castle Wallace daughters attended. The program began with lessons taught by her to the older girls and then they, in turn, were to give them to us younger ones, though I believe that Imogene and Catharine were the only ones who did. After we became somewhat proficient, Lucie began taking us for long walks, during which nothing but French was used, and I, at least, looked forward to these walks with great enthusiasm. Nina was hardly less interested, but was more timid about talking than I was. Lucie gave me a wonderful French-English dictionary, which Nina

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later borrowed and still has, for she has mentioned it in her letters occasionally - especially just after World War II when she met a young French girl - though, as she remembers it, Lucie gave it to her.

When we became owners of our own bicycles, our trips were extended further than to the little shopping centers. We especially liked to go to Beverly Hills, where there were nice homes and gently rolling hills, and to Morgan Park. There was a military academy at the latter which Harry Boomer attended before he ran away to join the Spanish American Army band, and also a long steep hill that we loved to coast down. We had to walk and push our bicycles to the top, as it was impossible to pedal them, but the ride down was a real thrill - faster and faster, and then across a road at the bottom. If traffic then had been anything like it is now, our careers would probably have ended at Morgan Park. Fortunately for us, the few automobiles around Chicago then were mostly electric and confined to such places as Washington Park, as far as we ever saw, and we never happened to collide with anything else. In order to be with us more on Sundays and to accompany us on trips, Pappa, who had never ridden a regular bicycle (though Lovelle remembers he said he had when young on one of those with a big wheel in front and a tiny one behind - which was probably the one that had belonged to Uncle Walter and was still at the house when I visited Grandpa and Grandma as a girl - and in fact did ride a short distance on one at Beth Ophrah), brought one that was at Beth Ophrah to the house where we were living on Charles Street and learned to ride it in the cow pasture next to our place. She also recalled how we worried about him at first when crossing ditches on the narrow planks provided because he

wobbled so we were afraid he might run off, but he never did. After he had acquired enough self-assurance, he would take us on long trips to some of the parks where we could not have gone alone.

After the Griers came with their daughter Ada, two children with the same name caused confusion, as they were the same age and together most of the time - especially after I went to the children's cottage. Ada was the youngest of the family and pretty much a law unto herself so, when somebody would go to her mother about some little infraction of the rules, whether Lovelle had taken part or not, she was always included, and Tillie Grier, a slow moving, slow speaking little woman, always referred to them as "The Two Hades." As Ada was not Lovelle's name, anyway, it was decided to use her second one, and that was it from then on.

The Unity attracted all kinds of people, some for reasons other than the belief, and Madam Diss de Barr was one of these. She was a very large woman with straw colored hair (though perhaps not naturally so) drawn straight back, and a florid complexion, who wore a full black dress, gathered into the neck, and two continuous silk scarves around her neck, reaching practically to the waist, one white and the other orchid in color. She came with the announced intention of putting a considerable amount of money into the coffers, always welcome information to Doctor who had many needs for funds. She was also an interesting and, apparently, interested talker, so was given the red carpet treatment when she first came, one of her special friends being Mrs. Boomer. We all called her just "Madam" and she went out of her way to be nice to us children, even to plopping her great bulk down on the ground where we were playing to take part in whatever we were doing, so she was always included in the kissing when she went down town

and came home with Doctor. She would get the older girls into her room in groups to tell them tales of her travels in India, etc., and weird stories of supernatural experiences which, when Catharine repeated them to Pappa and Mamma made them warn her to be very careful with the Madam and, sure enough, it was not long until she began to try to talk two or three of the girls, including Myran Lane and Catharine, to leave with her. When this became known, her popularity immediately plummeted, though she still stayed on a little longer.

Then one day while Lovelle, Ada and I were playing in the yard to the back and west of the kitchen, we were attracted by a commotion, and there came Madam, tumbling down the kitchen stairs, with Mrs. Boomer running down after her, evidently having tried to stop her before it could happen. Madam was drunk, an unheard of happening in the Unity, so the next morning she was hustled away, not to return.

When it was decided to convert Aunty Brown's cottage into a home for the children, I volunteered as a member, but Lovelle remained with Mamma, who had been promised by Doctor before she would agree to come in that she would never be required to give up her children, and this promise was kept, but I was always of an adventurous nature and this would be something new.

One new experience was that we had our own kitchen at the cottage and most of us learned how to do simple cooking.

We also became acquainted with Mary and Julia Wright who had just come in with their parents. Mary was about my age, a quiet blonde, already suffering from tuberculosis, we learned later. She had a guitar which she strummed while we sang, or played little pieces for us, our favorite being "The Spanish Fandango."

The Wright girls did not come to Estero with our group, but remained in Englewood with their mother until the last crowd came and, meanwhile, Mary had died.

Sister Fannie (none of us remember her last name) was the matron and Sister Elzina Woodbury assistant matron. Although we all liked Elzina, Fannie seemed to rub the older girls the wrong way and before long Ruth and Nina moved back to the mansion. I stayed but maintained my independence and, in addition to the time I would spend with Pappa in his quarters behind the cottage when he happened to be there, I would go up to see Mamma nearly every afternoon for awhile. Fannie objected to this, though it did not interfere in any way with my duties, and finally complained to Elizabeth Robinson who went to Mamma about it, but Mamma announced that when things reached the point where I could not come to see her when I wanted to, she would take me and leave, which ended any further attempt to interfere.

Nina and I chummed together a good bit, off and on, and, while she was still at the cottage, we embarked on the project of collaborating on a novel, writing alternate chapters, which continued for a good while after she left as Pappa obligingly carried the ever larger manuscript back and forth when he went to his meals at Beth Ophrah.

About the same time we also began a correspondence in French, each taking what we considered a rather "sissy" man's name. She was Percival, or Percy, and I Reginald, or Reggie, a nickname that stuck with me for many years, Catharine and Lovelle both using it, though Lovelle always pronounced it "Riggie." Even Mamma called me Reggie sometimes. Pappa acted as the postman in this case, too.

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Then one day Doctor, who had just returned from a visit to the colony in Florida, announced at a meeting called for the purpose, that he would like volunteers, especially among the young people, to join the Florida part of the Unity, and from then on everything was excitement and many decided to go, Catharine, Lovelle and I among them.

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During the summer of 1919, while in the Chicago area, we drove out to Washington Heights to see the old place and found that the mansion grounds had been cleared of the old buildings; instead, a row of small homes faced 99th Street and another Winston Avenue. Our cottage was unchanged, and the block containing the Aunty Brown cottage and the farm remained the same, even to the sweet clover that grew so high along the fence - it was just as high and just as sweet.

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## E S T E R O

In 1884 an old German farmer, Gustav Damkohler, and his family homesteaded a tract of land along the Estero river and then added to it by purchasing an adjoining one. His wife and two of the children died of a fever, but Elbert, a young son, survived and the two of them continued to live on their property. Then, in the early 1890s, Mr. Damkohler became converted to Korshanity and turned his property over to Doctor who, by that time, was planning to establish his growing colony in a home of their own. On January 31, 1894, a pioneer party of sixteen members left Chicago and began the long trip by slow train to Punta Gorda, then the terminus of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, and from there, first by sloop and then by skiffs, to join the Damkohlers and begin clearing land and constructing the buildings necessary to house themselves and the others to follow. The first finished was "the log house," still there, and Pappa's home during his entire life at Estero.

The experiences of this first group are well written up in "A Yankee Piomeer in Florida," by Allen H. Andrews, one of them. He also has a detailed account of the "Geodetic Survey," made in 1897, which those who took part were convinced proved the theory Doctor had evolved during or following his "Illumination" that all life exists on the inside rather than the outside of the earth. The instrument used was called "the rectilinear," a model or part of which is still in existence at Estero.

Other properties were soon added to the Unity's holdings, including longstrips of beach on Estero and Big and Little Hickory islands, and still later a tract at the mouth of Estero River and

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Mound Key, both now parts of the Koreshan State Park.

Mound Key is comprised of nearly 140 acres of shell mounds a mile and a quarter from the tip of Fort Myers Beach and about a half mile west of the entrance to Estero River. Frank Johnson acquired it by a land grant which was signed by President Harrison in 1891 and he, his wife, two sons and two daughters lived there and supported themselves by fishing and growing winter vegetables. I remember just one time when Mrs. Johnson came up to Estero, but we often saw Mr. Johnson and the boys on trips to and from Fort Myers, either there or sometimes around the docks at Punta Rassa.

There was a very interesting article in the "all Florida" magazine several years ago. I do not have the author's name, but he had made a personal trip to see it and the substance of his story was somewhat as follows:

The mounds on Mound Key are entirely man-made of shells gathered from the waters of Estero Bay by a very ancient people who are said to have inhabited it as long as 1,500 years before Christopher Columbus reached this part of the world. It is not known who they were, but from the similarity of the mounds to those of the Mayas it is thought that a colony of these people drifted northward with the prevailing winds and the ocean current from the Yucatan Peninsula to bring their peculiar civilization to the Florida area. This was first pointed out by Dr. Frank Cushing, a noted archeologist connected with the University of Pennsylvania. He also noted that arts of this kind have nearly always traveled by sea, not land.

The highest, or temple mound, rises 60 feet and has a square base measuring an even 150 feet on each of its sides, three of which are steep and the other sloping gradually to



face the rising sun. The top is flat, as are the Maya temple mounds of Yucatan, rather than pointed as are those constructed by the Egyptians.

Still discernible are the remains of what was probably once a wide "Grand Canal," from which a path led to the theatre mound where it is supposed religious pageants were staged and watched by spectators on a plateau constructed for the purpose.

To the northeast of this are the many smaller mounds on which the people lived and burial mounds where they were interred.

There is some conjecture that the island was used by a Spanish mission in the early 17th century, and a more fanciful one that its first inhabitants may have been refugees from the lost continent of Atlantis which is believed by some to have been east of the east coast of Central America; that, as the Atlantans realized their land was sinking into the sea, they sought new homes elsewhere, taking their customs and arts with them.

At any rate the first known inhabitants of the Florida west coast were the Caloosa Indians, a peaceful, industrious people who used the conch shells to make their household and farming equipment, fitting them with wooden handles. Some of their clothing was woven from the fiber of palms and the yucca plant, which is not native to Florida but is to the Yucatan Peninsula so supposed to have been brought from there. The last of the Caloosa Indians had been thought to have fled to Cuba more than 250 years ago from Key West but, in 1903, it was reported that there was an Indian tribe living on a remote hammock near Cape Sable, whose language, clothes and way of living resembled the Caloosas.

Allen, in his brief story of Mound Key, says that gold beads, Spanish coins, cannon balls, a sword hilt, glazed crockery,

silver plates and other items show ancient Spanish occupancy, and he also tells of human bones of great size having been dug from one of the burial mounds, indicating that the owners were of giant height, but they crumbled immediately, only the teeth remaining.

As the cannon balls, coins, etc. mentioned by Allen certainly seem to confirm the Spanish mission conjecture, might not the giant bones which crumbled immediately confirm the Atlantis theory, the Mayas having been short in stature?!! The author of the magazine story soliloquizes at the end as to whether in unearthing the secrets of Mound Key the riddle of a lost continent might be solved.

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I have no idea how many there were in our party, but I do know that our car was filled with women and girls and the men and boys were in another one behind ours. They were day coaches but, most of us being young, we managed to sleep well enough during the the three nights lying on the seats with pillows for our heads, and walking around outside at the main stops gave us some exercise. However, all were glad when we reached Punta Gorda and the sloop waiting to take us to Punta Rassa, and from there to Estero Island where we spent the night before being packed into row boats for the journey up the Estero River to our destination. The monotony of the mangroves everywhere in the bay and lower reaches of the river were disappointing to me so I could not be very enthusiastic when Doctor, who was in the same boat I was, kept saying, "Isn't it beautiful?" However, as we progressed, I could, for Estero River is the most scenic stream I have ever known.

When we finally climbed out on the "Bamboo Landing" at

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Estero and looked around, it seemed that we had really entered a new world. The grounds were attractive with their, to us, unusual trees, shrubs and flowers but, with the exception of the picturesque log one, the houses were ugly, black, unfinished shells. Dominating the others was the big three-story building which was the center of the colony's life. The ground floor of the main part was the dining and general assembly room, with the women's dormitory on the second and the girl's on the third floors. The wing on the back contained a combination hallway and butler's pantry and the kitchen with its two big wood-burning ranges. From the hallway part there was a door to a porch outside and a stairway leading to the second floor. The rest, or butler's pantry part, had a long table in the center where food was deposited by the cooks, dished up by others assigned to that duty, and passed through windows to the shelves inside the dining room where, in turn, the dishes were picked up by boy waiters and carried to the proper tables, known as the First, Second, Third, etc. Sisters' and First, Second, Third, etc. Brothers. There were two tables for the children, one for the girls and the other for the boys, each headed by one of the women. Just above the center table in the Butler's pantry was a two-tier storage shelf hung from the ceiling. In one corner was a cabinet covered with fine-mesh wire netting and, under the stairway, the bread slicer.

Catharine and I both sat at the Third Sisters' table, which seated about twelve of the older girls, and had a room together on the third floor in front. Lovelle was with the children.

Each of the two floors above the kitchen had one bed room, the one on the second being Mamma's for most of her life there, though she had first had a place in the women's dormitory.

There was also a one-story attachment beyond the kitchen where the baking was done and a long storage pantry to one side, both opening into the kitchen. The little bakery room was rather isolated from the rest of the house and had a separate small stove so the young people sometimes used it for clandestine get-togethers to cook weiners and make coffee, or fix up other little snacks. Later a two-story building was constructed not far from the kitchen with living quarters on the second floor and the first used exclusively as a bakery, the big oven being built into the back.

There were no partitions in the dormitories except the framework supporting the sheets which enclosed each person's little "room." Each had a long shelf with a row of pegs underneath covered by a curtain and a homemade washstand, also curtained. equipment consisted of a pitcher and bowl or basin and two pails, one to carry water up and the other to carry it down again after used. Later, when the flowing wells were brought in, a community washroom was built in each dormitory and the water piped up, which did away with at least the first of these chores.

There were no window screens, but each bed had a "mosquito bar" suspended over it - a frame covered with cheesecloth long enough to tuck under the mattress which, at first, was a tick filled with pine needles, so the insides of our wrists were always speckled from reaching through the slit, left for that purpose, to stir the needles around. Sometimes in the mornings we would find the cheesecloth practically covered with mosquitoes, and more than once I awoke to see bat claws and, more indistinctly, the bat itself hanging to the screen.

Usually a barrel rocker completed the furnishings of each

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room, and these were surprisingly comfortable unless one rocked too hard; then they always toppled over.

When the last of the Chicago contingent moved down, bringing several carloads of furniture, including many beautiful antiques, the rooms began to lose some of their pioneer appearance.

The children's cottage, a two-story building, was some little distance to the west of the main house, the first floor occupied by the girls and the second by the boys, with a caretaker or matron who lived with the girls but looked after all.

Between the big house and the children's were two small cottages, though believe the one directly between was built a little later, and in line with the children's but to the south was a one-story place in which three or four of the women had rooms. Still in line and further to the south was the laundry, with connected machine shop. Mamma and I were in the first of the little cottages during my convalescence from typhoid and later our blind member, Emmet McPhetter, lived in it. The other was our school for a time and then was used by Marie Fischer and now by Vesta Newcomb.

To the east of the main house and near the road was another two-story house where we went to school when we first came to Estero, Samuel Armour being the teacher. Later it was renovated and used entirely for residence purposes. Both Doctor and Victoria lived there at times and when Doctor's son Arthur Teed and his wife visited for some months, they had the upstairs room facing the big house. At that time the school was being held in a little building some distance up the country road and I remember Rosalea and I had a frightening experience in connection with it one day. I don't know how we happened to be there after all the rest had

gone but, as we left and started down the short path to the road, a big razor-back hog, which had been rooting around nearby but we had not seen before, charged us. We ran back around the building, hand-in-hand until we could manage to scramble up on the porch from the side just as he reached us, and there we stayed, marooned. After some time, when he seemed to have lost interest and wandered off behind the building, we decided to make a break for it. With the school between him and us, we slipped off the porch and began to run, still hand-in-hand, only to learn that his interest had not waned after all. When his view was no longer blocked and he saw us running, he started after us again and did not give up the chase until we were about ready to turn into the grounds, out of breath and our hearts pounding. I believe George Hussey was the teacher at that time.

It was while school was held in the little cottage nearest the children's house that I was appointed teacher to fill out the term when, for some reason I do not remember, the teacher did not complete it. Until then I had always thought I would like to be a teacher, but that experience ended any such notion. Several in the school were just my age or a little older so of course had to assert their independence to show that they were not subordinate under my jurisdiction to rules they had otherwise observed as a matter of course, and, of the children, Mildred Teed was especially obstreperous, so none of the pupils was more glad than I when the end of that term arrived.

On the river bank, reached by a short path from the main walk and from the river by a flight of steps, as there was a little landing there for row boats, was the little thatched building we called "Sister Emma's Cottage," as she lived in it for some

time after we first arrived. Later on Doctor and Blanche Ruth lived in it until they left and returned to their home in Iowa.

Not far from it, cornered by the river and the county road, was the original store and postoffice, which later burned and was replaced by a larger and better one.

Others from the north, or new members, kept coming occasionally, but it was not until the fall of 1903 that the remainder of the Chicago colony came to Florida from Englewood, the Washington Heights place having been given up in 1902 and the ones living there moved to Englewood. With their arrival, our population soared up toward 200 and things really began to hum.

The first need was a new building to house the printing and publishing department, so work was begun immediately on a two-story building near the river and on the other side of the county road. This offered an excuse for little groups of the young people to have get-togethers. We would go over in the early evenings to see what progress had been made during the day and usually a group of six or eight would meet, make see-saws by putting planks across sawhorses, and some of the more adventurous of us would climb around on the floor beams; then all would take a walk up the road. Sometimes, but not always, we would take something to eat.

After completion of the printing office, the sawmill was moved to the river bank beyond it, and boatbuilding docks and other facilities built closeby.

Much later, after the Lewises both retired (she was a sister of Rose Gilbert and a postmistress somewhere and he was, I believe, a Western Union operator), they leased a lot on the same side of the road as the printing office and built a nice little home there.

I am not sure whether it was before the visit of Arthur Teed or just after that the art hall was built, but certainly the name was given to it because of the large collection of his paintings which adorned its walls after the Unity purchased them at the end of his stay. He had received his training in various art centers of Europe and was considered an artist of note. For some time, anyway, it had been felt that a separate place should be provided for church meetings, entertainments and concerts. Situated right off the road and some distance from the strictly living and utilitarian buildings, it was easily accessible to the general public and more suitable for such purposes. It still houses much of the history of the community in the various objects kept there, even the old orchestra and band instruments.

I believe the "Planetary House" was the last to be added, and that this was after I left, though of course am familiar with it from my many trips back while Mamma and Pappa were still living. It is just east of the big house, which has long since been torn down and no trace left.

Although there were already many plantings of tropical trees, shrubs and flowering plants on the grounds before the arrival of the last contingent from Chicago, a crash program was soon under way to make the place outstandingly beautiful. A large crew of Negro workers were employed to complete the work as soon as possible. Walks and driveways were widened and new ones made and covered with shell brought up from the bay. Mounds were constructed and sunken gardens dug. Many more palms of various kinds, and other trees, shrubs and flowers set out. Soon a plant nursery was built up which for many years to come helped add to the community's income.



As Lovelle went into the children's cottage and I into the dormitory, our lives diverged for awhile. She and Mamie Weimar became practically inseparable companions for a time and, though Catharine and I shared the same room, we both turned to others for companionship. She had always been more friendly with Imogene than any of the other girls in the north, but after coming to Estero she and Vesta spent much time together.

My first companion was Bertha Graham, whom I had not known in the north as she had been at Englewood and was some four years older than I, though never seemed so to me, and we spent practically all of our free time together, and if it had not been for Bertha I would not be here now.

She had lived at Estero before for a time and was the only one of the girls - except Vesta, and she almost never joined in such activities - who could swim, but we all wanted to learn. The river was the only place available and it was shallow only along the shore, the bottom suddenly dropping to a depth of eighteen feet in the middle at the Royal Landing where we were practicing - so named because of a royal poinciana tree nearby.

After playing around in the water for some time, the others had one by one climbed out and were on the landing, but I was still practicing my strokes and kicks, not noticing that I was alone until I suddenly realized I had slipped into very deep water. Looking up, I could see the sun's rays in what looked like long diagonal stripes, and I seemed unable to rise. My only thought was the hope that Bertha would miss me and come in, which she did. The next thing I remember is being on the landing and the others rolling me around. Later, Bertha told that when she reached me, I immediately climbed on her back in such a way that swimming was

impossible, so all she could do was walk and hope it was in the right direction. Some of the girls said I had come up and gone down three times, but I was not conscious of it.

Many years later, history repeated itself in a way and I again owed my life to a Graham. While in Seattle on a trip, Robbie Graham, who was working in a publishing house there, and I planned to join a bus touring party to Mount Rainier National Park. As I remember, the total cost was to be \$17 each for the trip, entrance fee and dinner at the hotel there, but, when he happened to mention it to his foreman, the latter suggested that, instead, we pay the amounts to him (he wanted the money to pay for a season entrance ticket) and he would take his family and camping equipment and we would make a two-day camping trip of it. We were both disappointed but it was difficult for Robbie to turn the proposition down so that was the way we went. The wife, little boy and I were to have the tent and the man, Robbie and the big boy would roll up in blankets and sleep around the campfire, but, at the last minute, the man decided to crawl into the tent, too, so with his snoring added to the discomfort of the hard ground, the cold and having to keep my clothes on, I didn't sleep a wink. The others were slower about getting up so Robbie and I decided to take some pictures before breakfast and wandered up to Narada Falls. We each had our own camera and, in order to get the view I wanted, I stepped out on a ledge with around a 200-foot drop-off just in front of me, raised my camera, and then everything went black. I awoke lying on solid ground with Robbie's scared face just above mine. He said he had looked away from me for just a second and then back to see me swaying on the ledge. He jumped and caught me just in time to keep me from falling into the abyss.

After Bertha, I went around some with Marguerite Borden, but that companionship was not always harmonious. She had a mania for collecting all sorts of insects, butterflies, spiders and anything else that she could catch and impale on boards with pins to die, which to me, always tenderhearted to the point of fanaticism, seemed horrible, so I always fought to save them from her when I was around. I remember once even dropping to the ground and spreading my skirt over a big spider she was attempting to add to her collection.

Meanwhile, Catharine was frequently calling on me to act as her foil when she and James Newcomb, who were then interested in each other, wanted to meet somewhere. These sessions were more than boring to me. I was entirely out of the conversation, but just had to be there.

On the whole, however, those early days were happy ones as everything was so new and different and there was always so much going on. Even the freeze which occurred the first winter had its thrills. The men stayed up all night during it to fire the citrus groves and several of the women stayed in the kitchen to have hot coffee and snacks ready when they would come in off and on. The first night I hardly slept for, sitting at my third-floor window, I could see the many fires with the men moving around among them under the pink-tinted smoke clouds, and it all seemed too beautiful to leave for sleep.

Although the young people were not supposed to date alone, we were always together in groups and I believe really had much more fun than most of the young folks outside who were supposed to be more privileged.

One of the favorite spots for little get-togethers was

Victoria Island, a small plot of ground in the river some distance further up toward its source. In addition to its own growth, the trees from both banks of the mainland leaning over made it a regular little bower. Groups of about six, usually, and a chaperon would build a fire at one end, eat their little picnic supper and then lounge around, talking or singing.

Lovelle tells of a time when the group consisted of Ada and Carlton, Eva and Robbie, Harry and herself, with Catharine as chaperon. Redbugs were always something to be reckoned with, but must have been especially bad this time as Catharine memorialized the occasion with the following poem:

"The Redbug  
A Picnic Tragedy  
by  
Catharine McCready

"What's this romantic sight?  
An island where moonlight  
And dusky shades of night  
War for supremacy.  
Above, the tree-moss grows;  
Below, the river flows;  
O'er all a south wind blows  
With luxuriancy.

"Upon the rugged ground,  
In restful postures round,  
On picnic pleasures bound,  
Three men, three maidens lay.  
In dreamy thought they smiled  
Or murmured low the while  
In indolence they wiled  
The summer hours away.

"But ah! The treach'rous earth  
Ere this has given birth  
To things of spuricous worth  
And man's discomforture.  
Within this snowy sand  
A red fiend has his stand  
Nor thought, nor act, nor hand  
Can stay his silent tour.

"He bores into the flesh  
And leaves behind a mesh

Of crimson sores that rush  
    With stinging biting fire.  
The victims tear and scratch  
But this they find no match  
For these small mounds that hatch  
    To raise and test their ire.

"Salt baths, indeed, or Oh!  
Coal oil! Sapolio!!  
In quantities that grow  
    Can bring them no relief.  
Tired out, their efforts cease;  
Sleep brings them a release;  
Into unconscious peace  
    They sink at last from grief."

I can remember similar times, though I believe our chaperon would be Rose Gilbert, who always entered quietly into the spirit of things, and was an especial favorite of mine.

The river was the scene of many of our good times. Although occasionally a boat belonging to someone further up the river passed our place, coming or going, it was not very often so the river seemed almost to belong to us. Quite clear most of the time, we could sit on the Bamboo Landing with our feet hanging over and watch the fish swimming around, especially the long sharp-nosed gar, which were so numerous there and came in close. On dark nights the water was sometimes so phosphorescent it was like looking down into the milky way and, from a distance, it actually had a milky appearance, but when a school of fish was disturbed by something and swam off in all directions, it was as if rockets were being shot off.

Often we would go out in the rowboats for little singing parties, with Harry playing his coronet - its notes always honey sweet - or Jay would accompany us on the guitar.

Sometimes on dark nights there were fire-fishing excursions. Allen, in his book, tells that the first group had them to provide food, but ours were more for fun, though the same methods were used - a pitch-pine fire on the stern deck of the launch Victoria

and the string of skiffs tied behind (a larger one was called a "shark boat"). When enough fish had jumped in for our purposes, we would land somewhere, the boys would dig shallow pits and build fires in them; then the cleaned fish were baked in the coals and we had a fish supper by the light of a fire. There was one supper that Bessie Grier did not enjoy so much as the rest of us for a big fish had struck her in the stomach and made her quite sick for awhile.

Marguerite and I, both early birds, often slipped out at the first sign of light to an unreal, fog enclosed river. Going upstream where it was more narrow, sometimes an alligator, aroused by the sound of the oars, would slide into the water just ahead of us or almost alongside, or a nightbird fishing from a low branch suddenly fly off with great flapping of wings, while the continual drip, drip from overhanging branches soon had us about as wet as if we had been in, not on, the river.

During the early part of our life in Estero several of the girls were given alligator eggs by one of the boys who had found them somewhere along the river. Most were already cracked so it was thought they would soon hatch but it turned out that none did, the reason given by one of the older men being that the little alligators had probably drowned during a period of high water. We were told to keep them in damp sawdust and I, at least, did though do not know about the others. Ruth became impatient and decided to help her little one out, she said later, but found it was not ready so threw it into the river. This left only mine and it was at least a couple of weeks later before the shell began to crack and move. As it was during a squally weather period when we were housebound, several of us spent a good bit of time

sitting around Catharine's bed where I had it so we could be more comfortable while we watched and it would be safe from falling or getting under foot if it hatched while I was not there, for I always tucked in the mosquito bar. However, he obligingly popped out of the shell while most of us who were interested were watching. Catharine happened to be at the island at the time, but when she arrived home and found I had used her bed as an alligator hatchery, she called me down as only Catharine could. I named him Imp and, as it turned out, a fall from the bed to the floor would have meant nothing to him for he managed to get away from me one day and headed straight for the stairway. Before I could get to him he had fallen through the stair well to the second floor and through that one to the first. A colored woman who was helping out in the kitchen announced his arrival there by a loud shriek and continued with one after another until I could get down and corner him, none the worse for his experience. He died during the following winter and one of the men told me it was because I kept disturbing him for feeding when he was supposed to be hybernating. \*

The water supply had always been supplied by big cisterns, one at the corner of the diningroom with the butler's pantry, I believe, and the other at the southwest corner of the kitchen porch. A big toad lived for a long time under the latter and was considered more or less as a pet, so one day while several of us were working in the kitchen and heard a muffled but still loud croaking and ran out, we found an unusually big blacksnake swallowing our toad. John Watson grabbed a broom and beat the snake until he disgorged the toad, which was then washed off under the cistern faucet and allowed to go back into his retreat, the snake meanwhile oozing off to a less hostile environment minus his dinner. \*

After the arrival of our crowd, the increased use of water, along with an unusually long spell of dry weather, soon exhausted the cisterns so a well was dug not far from the kitchen to take care of the needs. However, as it turned out, the well was not deep enough and the water evidently contaminated so several contracted typhoid fever, I among them though Catharine and Lovelle escaped.

The first effect was a weakness which grew until I could hardly perform my duties. Several of us were assigned alternately to diningroom and dishwashing chores. In the diningroom each was responsible for five tables. We not only cleared and reset them for each meal and swept under and around them once a day, but also ironed their tablecloths and polished their silverware. Then three of us at a time would take over the dishes in the kitchen; one would wash, one wipe, and the third roustabout, which meant scraping, stacking and bringing the dishes to the dishwasher, and putting them away after they were dried.

While still on the diningroom shift, I reached the point where I could hardly drag the broom around, and several of the sisters noted with disapproval that I was doing just that - dragging and not sweeping. Then I had to rest twice on each of the two long flights of steps to get to my room, but nobody paid much attention. One of the sisters remarked that there could not be much the matter with anybody who had such red cheeks; that I was the picture of health. Mamma would have noticed at once that all was not well.

Finally I finished my diningroom shift and progressed into the kitchen as a roustabout but, by then had reached the last of my endurance and, as I started to take some dishes from



the shelf, fell headlong in a faint. Sister Emma was sent for as Doctor Ruth was on a trip to Marco Island at the time and I woke up in bed. Sister Emma was not only the matron but also a sort of homeopathic doctor whose main prescription was a series of emetics. Already so weak, these left me unable to stand.

*causes vomiting*

Catharine and I shared our little enclosure but she was at the island then so Lovelle came up to bring my dinner - I believe the second day of my illness. There was a severe thunder storm in progress at the time and, just as she was preparing to give me a spoonful of something, there was a deafening crash and crackling sound. Lovelle dropped the spoon and was off like a deer. I listened to her running down the stairs and, realizing that I was alone in that big room, looked up to see the entire unfinished inside area of the roof filled with an opaque violet light which soon gave away to flames at the far end of the room from me. Within minutes it seemed that the entire diningroom erupted into the third floor dormitory, the men carrying pails of water; though as it turned out they were not necessary for the rain, coming down in such torrents, soon extinguished the fire without aid. The bolt had come in through the extreme end of the roof peak and passed out through the window in Marguerite's room, cutting the wire holding up her mirror as it passed and dropping it unhurt to the floor. A sister who was standing near a diningroom window just below at the time said it looked like a ball of fire as it came past the window and struck the ground. Sometime later Lovelle graduated from the children's cottage and moved into the dormitory with us. Catharine's bed was at the east side of the room, Lovelle's at the west, and mine across the south side. I suppose there was some excuse for the accusation that we had too much "family tie," for we did manage to keep together to a greater

degree than most of the others there who were relatives.

That was the worst season for violent lightning storms I have ever known, and never before nor since have I seen so much of that long-lasting opaque violet light which seemed to be a part of most of them. Before then I had always loved to watch a lightning storm; the great zig-zagging streaks of light were so awesomely beautiful, especially in a dark sky, that sometimes Mamma would have to tell me to shut the window and come away from it. One other experience during my illness put the final end to that, however. After Mamma and I were moved to the little cottage among the mulberry trees for more quiet, the one big pine tree close to the door was struck, and from that time on lightning was something to be feared rather than admired.

Ruth and Bertie came down with light attacks and we were all moved into the corner room where Marguerite had been. Annis Knowles, who occupied the diagonally opposite corner at the other end, next to Catharine's and my room, was appointed to look after us. Annie Armour, who had the corner room just across from Annis, was cared for by her sister Bella, also in the dormitory, and Maude Acuff was very sick in the room at the head of the stairs. Doctor Ruth, who had come home meantime, said Maude's symptoms were more those of yellow fever than of typhoid.

Annis, it seemed to us, never paid any attention to our wants and spent most of her time in bed reading, but could hear Doctor Ruth's first footstep on the lower stairway and, by the time he reached the third floor, she would be fluffing our pillows and performing other solicitous little acts. Whatever the matter was with Bertie and Ruth, it apparently was not typhoid, or a remarkably shortlived type, for they were up and gone in a few days and

Estero - 21.

I had the corner to myself. Then my friend Blanche Ruth practically took over with me. She would sit by my bed by the hour, fanning and reading to me.

Meanwhile both Annie and Maude became delirious and would say all sorts of outlandish things which were funny to many, including Blanche, but seemed terrible to me. I remember Blanche came in one day laughing and told me Maude said somebody had found her head and arms up on the county road. I was determined not to become delirious so, when I closed my eyes and my mind began to drift, I immediately opened them again and concentrated on something definite. Doctor Ruth told Mamma later that he had never understood how, with the long, high fever I had, I never became delirious unless it was just will power.

Then Annie died and it was decided to wire Mamma that I was very sick and might not live, so she, with Rosalea and Will, left immediately for Florida. Later she told that, while waiting in Fort Myers for Brother George to arrive with the Victoria, two men standing near her were talking about the Unity illnesses and one mentioned that another girl had died. Mamma said she involuntarily cried out, "Marie! Marie is dead!" and the man assured her that the one who gave him the information also said that the girl whose mother was coming from Chicago was still alive.

I will never forget my joy at being locked in her arms and knowing she would be with me from then on. I had her put her bed right against mine so I could reach over in the night to touch her and be sure she was still there; after all those months, it seemed too good to be true. There was always something so comforting and reassuring about Mamma's presence. Even years afterward during my visits to Estero, again quartered in

the third floor dormitory, when there would be an especially bad lightning storm during the night, I would run downstairs and slip into bed with Mamma. Nothing would be said by either of us, but, with her arm across my chest, I was soon sound asleep, utterly oblivious to the thunder and lightning.

Rosalea, being a little older, seemed to adjust to being away from Mamma better than Will. He would come over from the children's cottage and sit on the steps, the nearest he was allowed to come. It must have been heartbreaking to Mamma to know he was there but, for the time being, she felt that my need of her was greater.

It was twelve weeks from the time I was put to bed until I could be propped up with pillows, and some time longer before, with the help of Catharine and Lovelle, I learned all over again to walk. Meanwhile Mamma had succumbed to such a severe attack of rheumatism that she, also, was confined to bed and Fredericka Paulson, a pleasant little Norwegian woman, was assigned to look after us.

As soon as it could be arranged after the typhoid epidemic, a well-drilling crew and equipment were brought in to drill for a deep well some distance east of the big house, and the result was a fountain of sulphur water. Just at first it caused the surrounding area to be permeated with an odor something like overripe eggs, but this gradually dissipated. Though the water always had a slightly sulphur taste, most of us learned to like it and on our later visits to Estero a drink from the fountain was always one of the first musts.

While the first rainy season we experienced in Florida left memories of vicious lightning storms, the second one tried to compensate with its rainbows. Each rain seemed to terminate with

at least one big perfect rainbow arching across the sky in the distance, and sometimes two at the same time. Watching them, I often thought of the one in Freedom. I had gone to the kitchen window to see if the rain was over and there, to my astonishment, was a rainbow, clear to the ground, in our back yard. Everybody had always said it was impossible to get to a rainbow even when it seemed near, for it would recede as one approached, so I raced out of the house and up the steps into the back yard, expecting to see that it was already at least to the wall, but it was just where it had been and I ran right into its misty veil of iridescence. Holding out my arms, I saw them through the soft multi-colored hues, which gradually became lighter and then were gone. There was no pot of gold, but I did reach the end of the rainbow and stand briefly with it all around me.

Estero Island was where we all went for vacations of anywhere from a few days to a week or two weeks at a time, and there never seemed to be any trouble about "getting off" to go. The main two-story house was maintained by a few members who lived there permanently, the men sleeping in a separate small building or buildings - I do not remember much about them. Karl Leuttich and his son Charlie lived there all the time, as did Roy Lamoreaux, and later on Harry Morrow. They were the fishermen who provided that part of the Unity's food supply, which they would bring up both fresh and smoked - mostly mullet, still my favorite fish. We all have happy memories of stays at the island, and I had two exciting and potentially dangerous experiences, one with Lovelle and the other Catherine.

Lovelle and I and another girl, I believe Ada though am not sure, had waded during an unusually low tide to an exposed

sandbar much further out than we had ever been before to look for shells. We found so many nice ones and became so engrossed in our pursuit that we did not at first notice that the area of search was becoming smaller with each wave - the tide was coming in fast. Immediately we started toward shore but found there was almost no place where we could wade, which meant swimming back the whole long distance to our beach. At first it was funny and we giggled, but learned pretty soon that we had better save our breath for swimming, and it was with great relief that we finally came near enough to the beach to touch ground and wade out, for we were all exhausted.

The other time was just after my recovery from the fever, when Catharine and I were spending awhile at the island for any possible benefit that might accrue from the change and the salt air. As it happened, there were several others there at the same time - Doctor, Victoria and Carlton Case, among others. To many of the Unity boys sailing was almost second nature, but, though this did not happen to be so with Carlton, he invited Catharine and me for a sail and we accepted. Everything was fine at first for he could manage as long as the weather cooperated but, while we were still quite some distance from port, a storm began to roll in, preceded by strong winds. Carlton, inexperienced in such a situation, was already becoming rattled by the time we reached the pass at the end of the island and then everybody being out gesticulating and yelling instructions did the opposite from helping and he lost his head entirely. That pass was dangerous enough in good weather for it was deep and swift and always full of sharks. Baited lines were often kept in it and then the sharks brought up and buried in the farming areas as fertilizer. Now the waves were high and we jumped from one side to the other as the boat

dipped and water poured over the sides. Catharine and I both bailed when we could but had to watch for the boom, which swung back and forth. Almost miraculously, it seemed, he finally did bring the boat close enough to shore so that John Watson and Thomas Gay waded out and pulled it in. They then made a seat of their hands and carried me to the house as, still so weak and burdened with my soaked clothing - then long skirts and petticoats - I could not walk. Poor Carlton, though his intentions had been the best in the world, was in deep disgrace for taking us out when he did not know how to sail.

The two big events each year were Doctor's birthday, October 18, and Victoria's, April 10. On these days the diningroom was always profusely decorated with pine boughs, palm leaves, etc.; potted plants were brought in from the nursery and flowers put on the tables. There was always an unusually good dinner and some sort of entertainment afterward. Also, we girls usually had new dresses for the occasions.

Over a long period a monthly birthday party was given for all who had birthdays in that month. Each of the men and boys was presented with a big gingercake woman and each woman or girl a gingercake man. Then, following an old Spanish custom, everybody in turn, beginning with the guests of honor - those whose birthdays were being celebrated - was blindfolded, given a heavy stick and turned around a couple of times before he or she tried to break a heavy paper bag suspended from a supporting beam in the ceiling. When the blow was successful, everybody undignified enough scrambled for the various small trinkets, candy, etc. with which the bag had been stuffed. The Spanish and Mexicans call this bag "la pinata," and Lovelle and I have wondered if Rollin Gray, who we suspect may have been part Mexican, was the one who introduced the idea. He

looked Spanish and gave Spanish lessons for awhile.

Esther Stotler, a Pittsburgher and first cousin of Andrew Mellon, gave the girls dancing lessons; not only the waltz and two-step, but the Virginia reel and such specialties as the "Portland Fancy," so there were often dances in the evenings. When it was just waltzing and two-stepping only the girls took part as the men did not like to dance with other men, but all joined in the Virginia reels and square dances. Ross Wallace, with his strong voice, was generally the caller.

When Johnny Horne, a Scotch boy, came and danced the Highland fling, some of the younger girls immediately wanted to learn it so he trained a foursome of Julia Wright, Rosalea, Ruth Wallace and Eunice Hussey. Julia and he later married and brought up a family near the Unity.

Among children's entertainments given at Estero, there was one I remember especially, perhaps because Will, then little, was the hit of the show. It was called "The Toys' Rebellion," and the children, made up to represent different kinds of toys, marched around the stage singing and voicing their protests. Will, a toy soldier, walking stiff-leggedly, brought up the rear. Just as he reached the middle of the stage on the last round, he came to a dead stop as the rest marched into the wings. He stood there a few seconds all alone and then called out: "Wind me up; I'm all run down," and brought the most of the evening's applause.

Many of the young people liked to play cards and sometimes there were several tables going at the same time, often playing different games. I believe cribbage was the more general favorite, though we also liked whist and euchre, and even poker, but think that was more the boys than the girls.



Some time after construction on the printing office was finished, an unusual swing was put up near the short-cut path leading from the dining room to the store and postoffice. Long, slender cypress poles were used instead of ropes, and two people standing face to face could "work up" to where it would swing almost straight out. Bertie Boomer and I never chummed, but I do not remember working up with any of the other girls. We would go down and stand by the swing until one of the men came by to give us a start, and then would swing until tired. We never did go as far up as was possible but sometimes the boys did. We had been doing this for quite awhile before somebody told Doctor and he sent word that it was dangerous so not to do it any more, and we didn't.

In line with Doctor's often repeated desire that his people "be informed," one member always sat at one of the reading tables during meals and read the papers aloud, most often while I was there this was Henry Silverfriend. Impromptu meetings were called sometimes at which incorrectly worded sentences were read from the stage and then it was asked that someone in the audience rise and give the correction. However, I think the spelling bees were more generally enjoyed for there was always a big, eager semi-circle on such occasions. This all had the desired results for everybody naturally made an effort to speak as correctly as possible, and even those who did not have the advantage of much schooling before coming in soon gave the impression of having had an education. During 1952, while Fred and I were in Pennsylvania and visiting Laura (Foster) Zich, a second cousin who was born and brought up in Homewood, she told that when I first came back as a young girl, she thought I used the most beautiful English she had ever heard, though added: "But she soon got over it." I knew what she meant

for, on being with Catharine again after not having seen her for years, I could not help noticing that she always used just the right word in the right place. Being pretty much of an introvert and so not associating to any great extent with anybody but Lee, who was well educated, she had not "got over it."

Music was always a vital part of Unity life. As soon as we arrived Jay began giving music lessons to those of us who could not already play an orchestra instrument, preparatory to building up an orchestra, and soon a fifteen-piece one was organized. Harry led it with his coronet, the other winds being James Newcomb, second coronet, and Walter Bartsch, slide trombone. Strings were: first violins, Jay Morgan, Laurie Bubbett and Allen Andrews; second violins, Lovelle, Annie Ray Andrews, Bertie Boomer and James Bubbett; violas, Robbie Graham and I; cello, Wilton Hoyt; and Jesse Putnam solemnly played the bass viol. Esther Stotler was at the piano until Marguerite Borden took over. Later Julia Wright joined as flutist and, when Lovelle was promoted to first violin, Jay became clarinetist.

The little "music house" to the west of the other buildings, was much in demand for practicing by those of us who were taking lessons. In fact there were just not enough hours in the day to get in all we wanted to so, in hunting around for a place where I could put in some extra time, I came upon a little hut across the river and not far from the county road where I decided I could set up my music rack and practice to my heart's content without bothering anybody or being bothered by someone else coming in with his or her instrument before I was ready to leave. This little hut was just a frame with both roof and sides thatched with palmetto leaves and had originally been used as a

bee house, where the honey was extracted, but now abandoned, was almost hidden behind weeds and bushes. For a few days I was perfectly happy in my little hideaway and then one day while I was concentrating on my notes a sudden shower of bird shot came through the window and side of the shack. Terrified, I put my viola in its case, grabbed the music and rack and ran for the road. I never did learn who fired the shot but it was certainly aimed right at me, so the little building was again abandoned. On certain evenings those of the young people who were interested, mostly the orchestra crowd, would meet at the music house, where someone would read articles from our two musical magazines, The Etude and The Metronome, and there would be general discussions.

We all enjoyed the orchestra practice sessions. Selections were classical and semi-classical and, after we had played the last long notes of some piece on which we felt we had done especially well, we would turn to each other to smile or laugh, the pianist swinging around on her stool to join in. I am sure this instilled in all of us a love of good music, and back in Homewood I often felt hungry for it, so always welcomed the opportunities while visiting in Pittsburgh to attend concerts at Carnegie Hall or those given in connection with the Pittsburgh Expositions, which enabled me to hear Sousa, Victor Herbert and others of the great bands and orchestras. Cousin Lois at that time was utterly engrossed in her music and always wanted to go but neither of her sisters cared much about concerts, so she was always glad to have my companionship.

One of our lighter numbers which we all liked was called "Aleida," so when the orchestra group, in some way I do not now remember, acquired their own little sailboat, we named it for this piece, and we often had little excursions to the island,

where it was usually kept, for sailing parties.

The most thrilling trip the orchestra made as a group, however, was to take part in the first Fair which was held in Tampa. The Unity had taken a booth (those first ones being temporary, rustic, thatched affairs) where the Koreshan doctrines could be brought to the attention of those who would attend, and the orchestra entertained and helped bring people to look at our exhibits and listen to the little lectures which were given frequently. Eleanor Castle, a brilliant ex-teacher from Chicago, did most of the talking; her quick Irish wit not only enabled her to hold her own in any argument, but always put a note of humor into it.

The orchestra members wore white uniforms with decorations of red and gold braid across the fronts of the coats and down the legs of the men's trousers and the side seams of the girls' skirts. As we were mostly young (Lovelle and I barely past our fourteenth and sixteenth birthdays - mine may have come during the Fair if it was held at the same time then that it is now), everybody connected with it made a great deal over us, which, of course, we enjoyed. At the time the Tampa Bay Hotel, now the University of Tampa, was still being operated as a hotel, and the orchestra gave at least two concerts in it, which were exciting as of course we were the center of attraction and were taken around to see the many historic and beautiful art objects which had been brought from all over the world by Mrs. H. B. Plant as furnishings for the hotel when it was opened by her husband, the millionaire railroad magnate, about 1890.

Later there was an all-girl orchestra which Lovelle, at the urging of the other girls, organized and led with her violin, but this was after I left so I never heard it.

In the earlier days concerts were under the direction of Harry Boomer and were usually held on Saturday evenings. One of these included an instrumental duet by Lovelle and him, she playing the violin and he the trumpet, with piano accompaniment, of the old song "Love me and the World is Mine." The audience was somewhat amused at this for, though Lovelle was never very responsive, Harry made no secret of his interest in her, which began, I believe, when we first went to Estero and she and Mamie Weimar, then eleven or twelve, would sit on the woodpile while he chopped wood for the kitchen ranges, and lasted until his death in an army hospital in Texas after she had left Estero. Lovelle and Will were the musical members of our family, while Rosalea's talent was for writing. Rhymes and verse came naturally to her from the time, when not much more than a baby, she announced her disapproval of the doctor who had just left with: "Bad Doc Nye, he made me cry." As a child her little verses were published in a national young folks' magazine where one of them attracted the attention of a Harry McCready in California. He wrote her and the ensuing correspondence continued for many years. Her stories have been published in various magazines.

The first band, also, was organized after I left and for awhile Julia, with her flute, was the only girl in it. I asked Will about the band as he was a member from the time he was old enough to be until he left and he replied that they had both an orchestra and a band,

"mostly the same members but substituting other instruments when necessary. For instance, Allen Andrews played violin in the orchestra and clarinet in the band. They came and went as the years rolled by. Leaders were George Hunt, James Calderwood and Prof. Schoedler. Musicians were: Jesse Putnam, cello; Celeste Rugg, trumpet; Alfred Christensen, drums; Harold Moreland violin; Claude Rahn, clarinet; Floyd Moreland, French

horn; Virgil Shaw, bass viol; Yolton Bocermany and I trombones; There were others but I do not remember their names."

One of the most ambitious and spectacular of the dramatic productions while I was there was the life of Joseph at Pharaoh's court. For weeks beforehand, Moses Weaver, our chief artist, and his helpers worked on the scenery, which they sometimes put up in the dining and then general assembly room. Finally came the rehearsals. Catharine and I had been cast as Pharaoh's daughter and her friend. One scene was supposed to open with us sitting in a room talking and then she was to sing while I accompanied her on my autoharp. However, we were equally opposed to taking part in a dialogue so, much to the disapproval of the writers, that part was changed. As the curtains were opened, Pharaoh came into the room where we were sitting and said, "Daughter, sing to me," or something to that effect, and I think she did say "(whatever my name was), will you play?" I inclined my head and we began. Catharine often sang at entertainments, but she never enjoyed it, despite the fact that she always received a great deal of praise, and even sometimes presents from "outside" young men who attended and admired her.

The general public were always invited to our concerts and other entertainments and many came from Fort Myers as well as the near neighbors, for we furnished entertainment not available elsewhere in the area.

When I first acquired my autoharp, which was a large one with seven bars, someone suggested that I get "Old Brother Jacob," an expert in woodworking, to make a case for it. I don't believe I had ever said anything to him before but when I approached him about it, he readily agreed and I took the autoharp to be measured. When he delivered the finished case, it was beautifully inlaid

with various kinds and colors of wood but, unfortunately, he had cut off the wrong corner so either it or the harp had to lie on its face. However, I never told him, and from then on always made a special effort to speak to or smile at him. Some time after I had left, when he was very old and his mind wandered occasionally, he startled Mamma one day by rising in the dining-room to announce that he would be happy in the Kingdom if he were given "little Marie McCready" as his soulmate. The small attention I had paid to the poor lonely old man had apparently left an impression far beyond its worth.

George and Charley Hunt, Jesse Putnam and Charley Faulkner were always popular as a singing quartet. Charley\* was our official hunter when we first came to Florida and brought in much of the wild game we had to eat. In those days it was not unusual for him to return with wild turkeys. \*Charley Hunt.

George was always one of my favorite people, not only while I lived there but for long afterwards when I returned for visits and he was the captain of the launch Victoria, which carried freight and occasional passengers between Estero and Fort Myers. I would go by train from Arcadia, and later Tampa, to Fort Myers and then to Estero on the Victoria, returning in reverse order. My seat was always up in front beside George, who would help while away the time by singing our old favorites such as "I stood on the Bridge at Midnight," or "Grandfather's Clock" in his clear tenor voice. John Watson was engineer and cook and on return trips, when the boat was sometimes loaded high with citrus, he would come climbing over the crates with his wide Scotch grin and plates of food for us.

Lovelle writes that George was also one of her two favorite

men there, and brought back to memory the times after we first came to Florida when he would play on the organ or piano in the dining-room and sing from memory some of his numerous songs and we would all crowd around to listen. She quoted this one, which she remembered especially:

"I would I were a fish  
How happy I would be  
If I could live on land  
As well as in the sea.  
In a birdcage I'd be useful  
As a preacher in a church,  
And if a bird should light on me,  
Why then I would be perch.

"I would I were a fish,  
I'd rather be a whale  
A-swimming all around  
And sticking out my tail;  
And when some honest man,  
Who had to work and toil,  
Would bore a hole down through my back,  
He surely would strike oil.

"I would I were a fish,  
I'd rather be a smelt,  
And happen to be thrown  
At some young lady's feet;  
And when she picked me up,  
If so inclined she felt,  
She'd put me under her little nose  
And then I would be smelt."

She mentioned his good humor and integrity, which had always impressed me, too. I have felt that he, more than anyone else, held the first little segment of the Estero community together until reinforcements arrived.

One special instance of his dependability comes to mind. A crowd of us had gone on a picnic and swimming party to one of the Hickorys in the Victoria with the Aleida in tow. During the afternoon, leaving the launch with the women, the men took the sail boat over to another island for their swim. All but two of them went around to the other side where they would be out of



sight of the women, and the two remaining decided to go for a sail but, not being experienced enough in handling it, drifted across the pass, where they lodged in the mangroves of another island and were unable or afraid to try to sail back. George tried to call and signal instructions but they remained right where they were so somebody had to go after them. Others of the men and boys could both swim and float, but it was George, who had never been able to float, who waded in and began swimming. He could not go straight across because of the current in the pass, but used a diagonal and much longer course so that the current would be a help instead of a hindrance. As he had to swim every foot of the way, unable to turn on his back and rest as some of the others might have, we were all worried about him. Nor was the possibility of his becoming exhausted our only anxiety, for the passes, swift and deep, also usually had sharks in them, so it was a great relief when we finally could see him climbing into the boat. The castaways were not very popular with some of the others when they were brought safely back, but there were no recriminations from George. For awhile we had been in the predicament of our group being on one island with the Victoria and unable to operate it; two of us at another with the sail boat and not able to sail it; and the rest marooned on a third with no transportation at all.

Lovelle's other favorite man was John Sargent, who was in charge of the stock in our early days, and she says she would sit for hours on the high fence watching the young pigs, the first she had ever seen. After awhile he gave Julia Wright and her each one for their own. Julia's was black and she called it "Love," but soon tired of and abandoned it. Lovelle's was black and white spotted and she named it "Beauty" (hardly suitable, perhaps, as pig

names, but they seemed so to twelve and thirteen year olds). Beauty followed her around like a dog and was the only pig that could climb over the stile. She bathed and perfumed it, tied ribbons around its neck and loved it, so was broken hearted when the man who was doing the butchering one time included Beauty. I don't think Mamma ever did quite forgive him, for everybody knew about Lovelle and Beauty and she felt that he had done it deliberately and not by mistake.

Although Doctor Ruth and Blanche lived as celibates while in the Unity, they also always occupied the same house for Blanche would never consent to be separated from him. During the latter part of their time in Estero, they lived in the little thatched cottage on the banks of the river near the entrance to the grounds. I believe it was the one which had been originally built by the Damkohlers and we later knew as "Sister Emma's Cottage." It had just one room on the ground floor, but there was an attic sufficiently high to provide extra sleeping quarters.

At one time he undertook to write a story of the human heart, and let me see the verses with which he began it. I have always remembered the first one:

"Oh wonderful heart in more wonderful man;  
It works day and night, as hard as it can.  
It never grows fat, and should never grow thin,  
Or the man ceases to live that the heart beats in."

I do not know what caused the beginning of his dissatisfaction for he had always been a very enthusiastic Koreshan and willing worker but, as he became more disgruntled and more outspoken against people and things, he, himself, came into general disfavor. Because of my friendship for Blanche, I often spent the evenings with them and when feelings became curdled on both sides someone told Doctor

about my visits and he sent word that it would be better for me to stop them, but I didn't. Blanche was my friend and I was going to lose her as by that time they were planning to leave. They returned to their old home in Muscatine, Iowa, but Blanche died soon afterward. Some time later, Oliver married Alice Burrows, Nina's mother, and they had a son Dean, who is still living in Washington state.

In addition to Pappa's duties at the printing office, where he read proof as long as he could be up and around, he took on the bees. Bees had always been kept, but it was rather a hit or miss operation until Pappa began to put his "as near perfection as possible" methods to work. Once when a cold winter and spring had made honey producing flowers scarce, I remember he took his own portions of honey, sugar, syrup, etc. to supplement what he was able to obtain from the kitchen to keep them going until the blooms were more plentiful again. He built new and improved hives of his own design, and the colonies multiplied rapidly. When just about ready to take off a tremendous amount of honey as measured by previous output, the worst flood in the history of the area occurred, resulting from unusually heavy hurricane rains in that watershed. The Estero River overflowed its banks, as did others, and so much flooding resulted that the launches could be taken from Estero to Fort Myers right over the countryside. When Pappa could get back to his bees, there were few left. Many of the hives had been barged further down the river to where the mangroves were blossoming and these had generally been washed out into the bay and lost. He retrieved what he could find and brought them back but, though bees still clung to some of them, the honey was mostly ruined.

While he was working with the bees, he wrote many articles for bee magazines and one of them, I believe in Ohio, reproduced

his hive design for the benefit of its readers.

In later years, when Lovelle and I, with the children, would be in Estero for visits, it was at the bee house he liked to have his picnics. This property was across the river and there was a building where the honey was extracted. It had an oil stove which provided for cooking, but Pappa liked to cook outside over an open fire when the weather permitted.

The Unity purchased the San Carlos Hotel on Pine Island with the intention of operating it commercially after extensive renovation. Meanwhile it provided another vacation facility for any who wished to spend awhile in it, and of course this was quickly taken advantage of by the young folks. I remember looking at the hotel register, which was still in the office when I first visited it with an orchestra group, and the first name on it was Roach. I have often wondered why people persist in using this, to me repulsive, spelling when Roche is synonymous. Never were mangoes more delicious than those around the hotel, nor mosquitoes more ubiquitous and vicious, especially during the early mornings and in the evenings; this detracted somewhat from our pleasure but was later helped by clearing out the rank growth of brush and weeds which had resulted from several years of abandonment of the hotel and grounds.

The dock was then owned by the Whiteside family, I believe, who had their home nearby, and a man and little boy were usually around somewhere when we were landing or leaving. Later I was to know the little boy well as he was Leslie Whiteside, brother-in-law of Lois (Moye) Whiteside, sister of Mary Moye of Arcadia, my close friend for several years. I lived at her home the greater part of the time I was working in Arcadia and Leslie lived with his brother

and Lois in Tampa. Leslie courted Lela, the youngest of the Moyer girls, for awhile before he suddenly and unexpectedly married her best friend.

Still later, we crossed Pine Island several times when we visited Roy and Abbie Spanabel, the latter Mamma's niece and our cousin, who bought a home on Bokeelia Island, which was connected with Pine by a bridge.

The hotel burned down during the early summer of 1905. The fire developed during the night and enveloped the building in flames so quickly that many of those in it escaped only in their night clothes. Catharine, who had been living there and expected to return, lost most of her belongings in it. She was temporarily in Estero helping Mamma to sew for me, preparatory to my leaving for a stay with our McCready grandparents in Homewood, Pa.

For a good while I had been dissatisfied and wanting to leave. Never strong after my long spell of typhoid, I became less and less able to enter into activities with my old zest, and finally went into a spell of anemia which kept me in bed for eight weeks, just too weak to even sit up for any length of time. When I was finally able to be around again, Mamma arranged for me to go to Grandma's, with Pappa's consent, but not his approval.

Lovelle was the next to leave. She had studied stenography and bookkeeping in classes which had been inaugurated after I left and went to Washington, D. C. early in 1908 with a group from the Unity who had gone into a cooperative furniture venture there.

Doctor died December 22, 1908, while I was still in Homewood for I remember Grandpa broke the news to me when I came in from some outing, though I do not know how he learned of it so soon. Shortly thereafter I joined Lovelle in Washington, where I,

also, took a course in stenography.

Catharine left in the summer of 1909 to marry Lee Church, with whom she had become acquainted when he spent some time at the island, where she was then the matron, during a visit he made to the Unity, and later Rosalea went to live with them while they were in Richmond, Va.

Will did not leave permanently until much later, though he was with those of us who spent several months together in Arcadia in a rented house while Lovelle and Jean moved from Jacksonville to Tampa and Jean was becoming established in his new work. Our household consisted of Mamma, Lovelle with Jean, Jr. and Fritz, then a baby, Will and, a little later, Catharine, whom I brought with me from Atlanta after spending a few days with Lee and her on the way back from a vacation trip I had made.

After Doctor's death, a general exodus of the younger people began, many of them to marry each other, and others to go to their relatives outside and then to take positions in work for which they had been trained in the Unity. Many were ready to go into printing and publishing concerns as printers, intertype operators, etc., or into machine shops, and others to find positions as stenographers and bookkeepers.

Without Doctor's lecture tours to bring in new converts and his magnetic personality to hold those already there, along with the gradual dying off of the older ones, the membership dwindled until there were not many left when Hedwig Michel, a young German woman who had become interested through a group of Koreshan scientific followers in Munich and Bavaria, came from Germany to join the Unity. Being of an energetic and naturally administrative nature, she eventually took over the actual manage-

ment of the community, though Laurie was its president until his death.

She was undoubtedly the moving spirit in the decision of the Board of Directors, most of them living outside, to turn over to the State of Florida the properties then left. She visited Pennsylvania to see just how this was handled in the case of the Harmonite Society, a similar colony - celibate and communal - which had flourished during the latter part of the last century and the first of this, now administered and maintained by The Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission as a public historic monument. At a meeting of the Board in February, 1952, those present being Laurie Bubbett, Hedwig Michel, Claude J. Rahn, and Anne W. Lewis, on motion of Hedwig, seconded by Laurie and unanimously carried, it was decided to contact the proper state authorities with a view to having the home grounds similarly perpetuated as a memorial park.

Finally, after ten years of negotiating with various organizations, on November 24, 1961, a deed to the Florida State Board of Parks and Historical Monuments, conveying 130 acres of the home place on Highway 41 in Estero, 70 acres north and south at the mouth of Estero River, and about 100 acres at Mound Key, was recorded at Fort Myers. These properties, though in three different places, are now known as "The Koreshan State Park," and this was undoubtedly the best possible use to which it could be put.

During the "Florida Boom" period I remember reading an article on the Unity in which it was estimated that the value of its land holdings was then between two and three million dollars, but of course this was based on fantastically inflated prices and the fact that they included so much beach frontage, then at a premium. However, whatever its real value, it is probable

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that if not taken care of in this way, many suits would have been filed by the heirs of those who had put their all into the Unity in days gone by to try to recover shares of what was left, to the end that it would have been eaten up by court costs and lawyers' fees. Now its beauty and history will be preserved by the State of Florida for generations yet to come.

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Tampa, Florida

September, 1966.