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The President's Page

Charters of Freedom

The Ordinance of 1787

By way of a preface to comment upon another great document of liberty and incident to the observance of the Ohio Sesquicentennial, reference is herein made to some of the events preceding the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787.

In 1763, at the close of the French and Indian War, Great Britain came into possession of all of the domain east of the Mississippi which had been claimed by France. The territory west of the Alleghany Mountains and north of the Ohio River was annexed to the Province of Quebec in 1774. This region, comprising about 260,000 square miles, was ceded to the United States in 1783 by the Treaty of Paris, at the close of the Revolutionary War. New York, Virginia, Connecticut and Massachusetts, for a number of years asserted conflicting claims of ownership to portions of the territory, based upon early grants from the Crown and conquest of Indian territory. In the interest of settling such claims, Congress in 1780 pledged the Union that if the States should cede to the Confederation the territory, it would be devoted to the good of all of the States, and should, in due time and under appropriate conditions, be admitted as States of the Union, with equal rights and privileges with the original States.

New York ceded her claims in 1781; Virginia followed on March 1, 1784, excepting the "Virginia Military District" comprising a large portion of the southern part of Ohio. Massachusetts ceded her claims in 1785 and in 1786 Connecticut followed suit, excepting, however, the "Western Reserve", which she retained until 1800.

On March 1, 1784 (the same day Virginia ceded her claims) Thomas Jefferson introduced a plan or Resolve in Congress which contemplated that all of the territory east of the Mississippi be divided into seventeen States, ten of which north of the Ohio River should be named, Cherronesus, Assinisipia, Sylvania, Pelisipia, Illinoia, Polypotamia, Washington, Metropotamia, Michigania and Saratoga. From an examination of Jef-

ferson's plan it appears that the northern half of Ohio was to be called Washington and the southern half Pelisipia. Upon the report of the committee, the names were omitted, but provision was made that each State should comprehend two degrees of latitude from north to south. The report also eliminated the prohibition of slavery in the territory after 1800 suggested in Jefferson's draft. The resolution also promised that whenever any State should have a population equal to that of any one of the original States, such State should be admitted by its delegates into the Congress of the United States, on an equal footing with the said original States, provided nine States consented thereto.

The Jefferson plan as amended was adopted by the Continental Congress on April 23, 1784, but was never effective, since it was superseded three years later by the Ordinance of July 13, 1787.

To Nathan Dane is attributed the authorship of the Ordinance of 1787. He was a Delegate in Congress from Massachusetts and later became one of the most prominent lawyers in New England. In 1830, Thomas Benton in the United States Senate referred to Jefferson as the author of the Ordinance of 1787. Dane, then the only living ex-member of the Continental Congress who had participated in the passage of the Ordinance, wrote a somewhat pathetic but emphatic letter to Daniel Webster, in which he gave all due credit to Jefferson for the inclusion of the anti-slavery clause in the Ordinance, but ascribed its most important fundamentals as having been taken from the laws of Massachusetts.

(To be continued)

LEHR FESS

The Director's Page

Ohio's Local History Law

On September 23, 1947 there became effective in Ohio a law which may be called the Magna Charta of Local History. It provided that the Board of County Commissioners of any county in the state could appropriate sums to be paid to the historical society of the county. According to the law, the money was to be used "for the promotion of historical work within the borders thereof, and for the collection, preservation and publication of historical material, and to disseminate historical information of the county, and in general to defray the expense of carrying on historical work in such county." The amounts available depended on the population of the county. The commissioner in those having not over 25,000 inhabitants could appropriate up to $2,000 a year; in counties with not over 100,000 inhabitants up to $5,000 a year; in counties with not over 300,000 inhabitants up to $10,000 a year; and in counties with over 300,000 inhabitants up to $15,000 a year. The historical society was required to be incorporated not for profit under the laws of Ohio.

In accordance with this law, leading historical societies made application for and received different sums of money. The particular kind of work varied. Some went in for radio broadcasting, others published documents, other reorganized their library service. In 1948 the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio, under the presidency of the late Richard D. Logan, applied for and received the sum of $4,900. This made possible the appointment of the present Executive Director of the Society who suspended part of his work in the History Department of the University of Toledo to give time to research and writing in the history of Lucas County. The appropriation by the Board of County Commissioners of Lucas County was renewed each year. This enabled the Society to produce its well-known History of Lucas County, three volumes of which have been published. A fourth volume is nearing completion and it is hoped that volumes five and six will be published in the near future. The nature of this historical interpretation of our county's history will be described in future reports by the Director. Other phases of the program will also be described.

In 1953, Judge Lehr Fess, President of our Society, upon authorization by the Society's Board of Trustees, made application for the maximum amount permissible to counties of our size. In March 1953, the Board of County Commissioners granted the Society the sum of $15,000. This will make possible the publication of our Ohio Sesquicentennial memorial in the form of our public school textbook entitled *An Introduction to the History of American Democracy.* Our plans for this work were described in the winter (1952-53) issue of the QUARTERLY.

With pardonable pride we can justly claim that our Society's program is the best and most permanent way of building a sound basis for the fitting of local history into our general history. We also feel that our method of celebrating the Sesquicentennial is the most truly monumental and vitally permanent of any adopted anywhere else in the State of Ohio. Our pride and our thanks go out to our County Commissioners who have understood our program and given it their blessing.

Our former president, the late Richard D. Logan, once said, "Let us keep our knowledge in repair." We are not only doing that, but we are building a correct foundation for a sound understanding of American History in our locality. We believe that in so doing we are living up to the high purpose of the Magna Charta of Local History—the Ohio law of September 23, 1947.

RANDOLPH C. DOWNES

Ohio's Second Constitution

By Randolph C. Downes

1. *How Ohio's First Constitution Became Out Of Date*

The difficulty with Ohio's first constitution as adopted in 1802 was that it was practically unamendable.[1] Amendments had to originate in another constitutional convention. Such a convention could be called only upon the request by a two-thirds majority in each house of the legislature that the question be submitted to the people. In 1819 such a request was made by the legislature, but the people voted against a convention. For almost 50 years the Constitution of 1802 went unchanged.

Fifty years is a long time to go without making some changes in any constitution. This was especially true for the first 50 years of the 19th century in Ohio. In 1802 the population was 45,028; in 1850 it was 1,980,329. In 1803 the main method of transportation was by foot or by horseback; in 1850 railroads, steamboats, and canals were vying for supremacy in the field of commerce. In 1803 there were no large cities in the state: in 1850 Cincinnati, Queen City of the West, with a population of 115,435 was a great meat packing center. Cleveland, with a population of 48,099, was experiencing its commercial and industrial beginnings. Toledo, convinced of its destiny as the "future great city of the world," was vigorously trying to throw off the shackles of the Black Swamp and other retarding influences.

It was clearly necessary to adjust the rural Constitution of 1802 into gear with new urban, industrial and commercial conditions. By 1850 there were several rural features which stuck out like sore thumbs in the old constitution. One was the provision that the legislature could create counties with an area as small as 400 square miles. This was based on travel conditions slower than the horse and buggy; it went to the hike-and-horseback days. Another rural feature was that the state Supreme Court had to hold annual sessions in each county. By 1850 there were 87 counties. This was imposing an unbearable job on the justices. Transportation facilities in 1850 were such that it was justifiable to expect the people to come to the Supreme Court for justice rather than to require the Supreme Court to come to the people. In 1847 Clement L. Vallan-

digham of Dayton drew an amusing picture of the conversion of the judiciary into "a flying express", having a criminal hung in Cleveland one day, and the next day sentencing a group in Cincinnati to the penitentiary.

Another flaw which had become apparent by 1850 was the excessive power given to the legislature. In 1802 this had been part of the reaction to the excessive powers of territorial governor, Arthur St. Clair. The new constitution had deprived the state governor of the power to veto laws. It gave the state legislature power to appoint the secretary of state, the state treasurer, the state auditor, the members of the state Supreme Court as well as all the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in each county. In addition to the right to create new counties, it had the responsibility of drawing up representative districts for electing members of the legislature and Congress. It had power over such petty matters as granting divorces and incorporating businesses, churches, and lodges. It could block the movement to cut its powers by constitutional amendment by refusing a two-third majority to a call for a constitutional convention.

2. *Log-Rolling and Gerrymandering*

The result was that by 1850 the Ohio state legislature had become a notorious nest of log-rolling. New counties became political footballs and were promoted by ambitious politicians of one party or the other. There were plenty of political plums to offer, especially the judgships of the county courts of common pleas.

Perhaps the most undignified aspect of this log-rolling was the periodical indulgence of the legislature in the practice of gerrymandering. This was a juggling of the districts of representation by the party in power. The techniques varied. One was to spread thin the areas supporting the opposition party by attaching pieces of them to larger areas supporting the party in power. Or you could waste a very strong opposition area by putting it all in one district. At any rate, every effort was made to cut up the strongholds of the party in power into as many representative districts as was safe.

Gerrymandering is an example of a good idea gone wrong. Its basis lay

in a desire to avoid the rotten borough system which was debauching English politics. Districts which the tides of population had passed by and in which only a handful of people were left, were entitled to a member of Parliament. Other districts which had hundreds of thousands of people were entirely unrepresented. Even the eastern American colonies and states had fallen into the practice of misrepresentation. There had always been a tendency for the tide-water aristocracy to have more than its share of representation. That was because redistricting legislation lagged as the population moved West. Hence, when a western state like Ohio was formed, it was natural that there should be a provision for frequent redistricting in order to preserve a proper balance.

But the idea degenerated into a racket in Ohio. For example, there was the wierd redistricting bill of 1836. Jacksonian democracy of the common-man variety had reached its climax in the state and was beginning to level off. Ohio had gone solidly for Jackson in the presidential elections of 1828 and 1832. In 1831 Ohioans elected Jacksonian Democrat Robert Lucas to be their governor; in 1833 they re-elected him. In 1836 the Democrats planned to get Jackson's hand-picked friend, Martin Van Buren, to succeed to the Presidency. Cries of "dictator," and "King Andrew" arose. Undaunted, the Democratic legislature gerrymandered the Congressional districts to suit its fancy. The result was that the Democrats got 11 Congressmen against 8 for the opposition Whigs, while the Whigs carried the state at large for William Henry Harrison for President and for Joseph Vance for Governor. The Democrats had also gerrymandered the state legislature into a majority for them. When the legislature met, there followed one of those undignified legislative squabbles which caused much disgust. The first order of business was to elect a United States Senator. In order to do business the legislature had to have two-thirds of its members present. The disgruntled Whigs therefore stayed away to prevent the Democratic majority from electing its candidate, William Allen. After a Whig embargo of a month and a half, public opinion forced them to give in. This made possible the election of Allen.

For several years both parties fired back and forth at each other with gerrymanders and counter gerrymanders. Finally in 1848 matters came to such a climax as to turn two successive legislative sessions into an exhibition of sordid log-rolling. A Whig gerrymander in 1848 had divided Hamilton County into two districts: one to elect one state senator

and three representatives, and the other to elect one senator and two representatives. Prior to that time the county was all in one district, and usually sent two Democratic senators and five Democrative representatives to the legislature.

In the election of 1848 the Whigs were able to elect one senator and two representatives. The Democrats claimed that it was illegal to split a county's representation. They therefore claimed that all seven of their candidates were elected.

The fight was carried to the legislature and again focussed on the election of a United States Senator. The balance of power was held by several Free Soilers who represented the anti-slavery sentiment of the time. Their leader was Salmon P. Chase of Cincinnati, later to be President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury and Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. In order to foil the Whigs the Democrats made a deal with the Free Soilers and elected Chase Senator. It was an almost unheard of thing for a splinter party to be so successful. The Whigs, of course, were furious. Therefore, a year later, when the legislature met for its session of 1849-50, feelings were so bitter that week after week passed without the senate being able even to agree on a Speaker. Finally after 301 ballots a Whig was elected. But so great was the public clamor of protest that the Whig Speaker resigned. More electioneering followed with the result that a Democratic Speaker was elected.

The spectacle of a legislature spending more time in electioneering than in passing laws led to an overwhelming popular demand for a constitutional convention. The Democrats, taking advantage of the situation, came out in favor of asking for popular approval of one. In March, 1849, enough Whigs gave in to secure the two-thirds vote necessary for submitting the question of a convention to the people. They gauged public opinion correctly. In the 1849 fall election the public endorsed the calling of a convention by a vote of 145,698 to 51,161. In the ensuing election of delegates a Democratic majority was chosen.

3. *The Constitution of* 1851

The ensuing constitutional convention, held at Columbus and Cincinnati, wrote an entirely new constitution.[2] It contained reforms which

went to the heart of the log-rolling, gerrymandering evil.. It transferred many important powers from the legislature to the people as a whole. In the first place it made the amendment process more flexible. Three methods were devised. One was that every 20 years there should be a vote by the people of the state as to whether or not a constitutional convention could be held. The second method was that specific amendments could be added at any time if both houses of the legislature approved by a three-fifths majority and if the people approved in a state-wide referendum. The third method was the old one of a two-thirds call upon the people for a special convention, followed by a vote of the people as to whether a special convention was necessary. These three methods are part of the Ohio Constitution at the present time.

Other provisions of the new constitution weakened the legislative opportunity for log-rolling. It was provided that there should be no changes in county lines without the approval of the old counties affected. This cut down county-making politics. No new counties have been created since the Constitution of 1851 went into effect. Legislative election of officials was abolished. Judges of the county courts were to be elected by the people of the counties involved. The secretary of state, auditor, treasurer and attorney general were to be elected by the people at large. The state Supreme Court was no longer to make annual visits to each county. Instead a district court system was created to meet more local needs for appeals from county courts. The legislative power to incorporate business, churches and lodges was abolished. The issuing of charters was made an administrative process under the direction of the secretary of state. Divorces were to be matters for judicial consideration.

Gerrymandering of the state legislature was given a mortal blow. Redistricting of the legislature was to take place every ten years after the national census had been taken. A strict formula controlled the process. In the house of representatives a so-called "representation ratio" was determined by dividing the state population by 100. Each county was to have as many representatives as it had ratios in its population. If it had less than one ratio but more than half a ratio it had the right to a representative. If it had less than half a ratio it was attached to an adjoining county for representation purposes. If it had more than one ratio in its population it got increased representatives proportionately. For state senatorial purposes the state was divided into 33 districts or groups of counties. A senate ratio was obtained by dividing the state population

by 35. Each district had a right to one senator and more in proportion to the number of district ratios. Each county which had a population equal to one senate ratio had a right to a senator provided the population of the rest of the district equalled one ratio. This formula method of determining representation exists today with the exception that each county has a right to one representative in the lower house of the legislature regardless of size. The ratio process is not applied to districts for United States Congressional representation.

Other sections of the new constitution sought to cope with the rise of banks and business. A feeling was growing during the 1830's and 1840's that the Ohio banks were not paying their share of taxes. It had been the original practice when the legislature incorporated a bank to include the tax rate in the charter of incorporation. The rate was usually about 4% of the bank's profits. As banks became more and more prosperous it became desirable, especially by Democrats, to increase their rate. But the banks claimed that to increase the rates was a violation of the United States Constitution's provision that no state could pass a law impairing the obligation of contract. The state, said the banks, had contracted with them to levy a certain rate of taxation. To raise it was a breach of contract. This logic was upheld by the United States Supreme Court in the so-called Dartmouth College decision of 1819, as written by Justice John Marshall.

The dispute had a very serious effect on Ohio's financial problem. The prevailing property taxes were imposed on land in proportion to its fertility. This disregarded the improvements made thereon. Land was classified according to three types of fertility and taxed accordingly. It was aimed at speculators who held land out of use. By being forced to pay taxes on their land they would be forced to sell it to farmers. Obviously a reform was necessary so as to include the value of farmers' barns, houses and cultivated acres. But the farmers were not willing to consent to this if the banks were not made to increase their taxes. Why, asked the farmers, should we pay more than our share of the state tax burden?

The result of this "you-can't-tax-me" situation was disastrous to the state debt. The state-built canals were not doing as well as expected because they were spread too thin over the state. The tolls were not paying off the bonds by which the state originally borrowed the money

to build them. In some years toll receipts were not even paying the costs of maintenance. Money was diverted from school and road funds. The state debt not only went unreduced but it went higher. Interest rates were high and millions of dollars were wasted in paying them. The credit of the state was not good. Therefore, bonds frequently sold at a discount, or, in other words at less than face value.

The Constitution of 1851 had several provisions to cope with this situation. In the first place the land classification basis of taxation was abolished and taxes were made to include all property values including banks and other businesses. Whether or not this included banks under old charters of incorporation was not stated. (Later the United States Supreme Court decided in favor of the banks).[3] The banks were further restricted by the provision that individual stockholders were to be held to a liability to the extent of at least double their investment; the legislature might provide for unlimited individual liability. This meant that a bank investor might lose all his property in case of the failure of his bank. Finally the future state debt was to be limited to $750,000. The state could go above that limit only "to repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war or to redeem the present outstanding indebtedness." This meant that the state would not be allowed to engage in such risky enterprises as canal building or railroad building. In order that there should be no question about it, a clause was inserted stating, "The state shall never contract any debt for purposes of internal improvements."

The divorce between government and private enterprise was made more complete by clauses forbidding the state or any subdivision from investing in any corporation. This was the result of many counties, townships and cities having burned their fingers by floating bond issues to raise money for buying railroad stock. In the 1840's railroad companies had high-pressured many localities into buying stock. Such localities had vied with each other in order to get railroads to come through their neighborhoods. But most of these railroads went bankrupt. Hence many towns and counties had to pay all bond issues with taxes instead of expected railroad receipts.

The state of Ohio thus faced the rest of the 19th century with a hands-off, laissez-faire attitude toward private enterprise. This was to lead to abuses by which the public became aroused at the alleged "public-be-

damned" attitude of big business. Cities, especially, were eventually to develop an attitude of suspicion towards electric power companies, street-car companies and similar "monopolies." A desire to control them in the public interest led to the so-called city home-rule movement. Country districts, somewhat overly represented in the state legislature, feared to let the cities engage in alleged radical or socialistic innovations. There was gradually created a new constitutional problem which came to a head in the Constitutional Convention of 1912. This will be described in the next QUARTERLY in the third of our Sessquicentennial series on Ohio constitutional history.

FOOTNOTES

1. See Randolph C. Downes, "Ohio's First Constitution," *Northwest Ohio* QUARTERLY (Winter, 1952-53), pp. 12-21.
2. The terms of the Constitution of 1851 are in Isaac Franklin Patterson (ed.), *The Constitutions of Ohio* (Cleveland, 1912), pp. 117-158. Unlike the Constitution of 1802, the 1851 document was submitted to the people and ratified by a vote of 125,564 to 109,276.
3. See Randolph C. Downes, "Judicial Review under the Ohio Constitution of 1802," *Northwest Ohio* QUARTERLY (October, 1946), pp. 164-166.

Memories of Great Churchmen of the Past Fifty Years—

A Toledo Newspaper Man's Reaction to Different Brands of Theology

By George W. Pearson

1. *Early Memories*

I have felt it a great privilege that in the past 50 years I have met and reported some of the great churchmen of America and known intimately many of the outstanding clergymen of Toledo. Coming to Toledo in February, 1893, I served for six or seven years as church editor of the old Toledo *News* and the *Blade*. After coming to the East Side in 1900, I covered East Side churches for 40 years until my semi-retirement on account of ill health.

Before touching briefly on my contact with various men and influences affecting my own life, I might mention that these included such great souls as Dwight L. Moody, Washington Gladden, Dr. Josiah Strong, Prof. Graham Taylor, Jane Addams, Russell Conwell, Walter Rauschenbusch, Bishop Charles Williams of the Episcopal church, Bishops Fowler, Vincent, Bashford and other bishops of Methodism, B. Fay Mills, Billy Sunday, Sam Jones, evangelist, Charles Sheldon, Stanley Jones, our own Marion Lawrence, various missionaries from all over the world who were here for the great Laymen's Missionary movement, and even Dharmapala, representative of the Hindus at the World Parliament of Religion at Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Attending services of Catholics, Protestants and Jews, I found some wonderful folks in all of them and a few "not so hot" in my own. Religion and character are personal and I find good in all the creeds, for as Moses Mendelssohn, a great Jewish writer of the 18th century, said: "I certainly believe that he who leads mankind on to virtue in this world cannot be damned in the next." And the Hebrew prophet Micah gave a formula which, if adopted, would assure world peace and could be adopted by all religions: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love kindness and walk humbly with thy God."

Coming to Toledo in 1893 after being brought up in a Christian home, I had already been influenced by my Methodist pastors, reading great thoughts by Spurgeon and Talmadge and hearing the latter in his own Tabernacle in Brooklyn, and had been told by President Bashford, of Ohio Wesleyan University (afterwards bishop) that the doctrine of "original sin" was in error and that sin was an intruder in our lives. And, unlike a member of a sect in Pennsylvania, I could not see that there was great joy in attending a service where the minister "preached the glad tidings of damnation," as this member was quoted as saying.

One of my first duties was covering an international YWCA convention which selected Agnes Gale Hill, Toledo secretary, as the first missionary of that organization to India. Miss Hill was plain and almost masculine in appearance, but when she spoke her face lighted up with the Christian spirit in her soul and she was beautiful.

Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, conducted services in the old First Congregational church on St. Clair street, and here I met him personally, reported his sermons and was inspired by his consecrated spirit. Jane Addams, who had recently started her work at Hull House, Chicago, spoke in this same church under the auspices of the Central Labor Union and Dr. D. M. Fisk, assistant pastor of the church. She was one of the great souls of all time, and because she was genuinely Christian, was criticised and persecuted by selfish interests. The *Christian Herald* said of her, "She was radical; as radical as the Sermon on the Mount. She was dangerous; as dangerous as the New Testament." After her death the inspiration that led her to give her life in service was found underlined in her Greek New Testament, "And Jesus went about the cities and villages . . . healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness. But when he saw the multitude, he was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered."

2. *The Social Gospel*

Soon after going to The *Blade* on May 15, 1893, I covered a series of lectures on "Applied Christianity" in the same downtown church. Here I met Dr. Washington Gladden, Dr. Josiah Strong, author of "The New Era," and Prof. Graham Taylor of Chicago. The course was supported

by Samuel Jones, we afterwards learned, the man who became "The Golden Rule Mayor." These great leaders were pioneers in "The Social Gospel" which deeply influenced my life since. I learned from these and other pioneers of the social gospel that religion should be more than a theory or creed and that Jesus meant what he said in His prayer, "Thy Kingdom come ON EARTH as it is in heaven." I learned that this idea of doing nothing to improve conditions on earth but merely waiting to "have pie in the sky" after death (as some agnostics say) was not following the Jesus Way of Life. With men working in the steel mills in Pittsburgh 12 hours a day, seven days a week at a mere pittance, here was a situation that the Federal Council of Churches recognized as an evil that should be corrected, for as one tired workman said, "We have no time to serve the Lord and very little reason." A campaign was inaugurated to correct these and similar conditions in many cities. John R. Mott was asked to take the leadership, but he went to Europe and did nothing about it. I have always felt that while he became a great influence in Y.M.C.A. work and made eloquent addresses, he missed an opportunity of real Christian service.

I must not take time to go into detail about these pioneers of the Social Gospel, but want to quote a few sayings to show the spirit. Among other things Dr. Gladden said, "The priest and the Levite in the Parable of the Good Samaritan were probably going down to Jericho to attend a convention called to discuss the question, 'How Shall We Reach the Masses?' " Editor James Bloomer, of the old Toledo *News,* put the situation more bluntly when a certain Toledo minister was commended for being "so conservative": "Yes, if Jesus had been one-half as conservative as Dr. Blank he never would have been crucified."

Bishop Charles D. Williams, of Detroit, was a great Episcopal churchman who did not mince words in calling attention to the need of the church. He insisted that Christianity means more than a spineless policy. He said, "She (the church) preaches for the most part, a narrow and petty round of ethics, the minor moralities of purely personal conduct, respectabilities, good form, technical pieties and ecclesiastic proprieties, while the age is seeking the larger righteousness of the Kingdom of God, which is human society organized according to the will of God." I am indebted to Rev. W. H. Graham of St. Paul's Episcopal church for the information that Bishop Williams was criticised for his position. But

the Bishop stood firm and offered his resignation twice to those who dared not accept it.

In passing, I might state that Stanley Jones, the great world missionary, is one outstanding Christian leader of today who is "on fire" with the right kind of fire. He says, "Protestantism's great mistake is: we haven't preached the Kingdom of God." He continues, "Some say they believe the social gospel, others that they believe in the personal gospel. I do not believe in either—I believe in THE GOSPEL—the gospel applied to the total life, cleansing man without and within. They are really one. The Kingdom of God is wide enough in its scope to take in every human relationship, and intimate enough to give us a sense of personal fellowship with God."

Walter Rauschenbusch puts it this way, "A perfect religious hope must include both—eternal life for the individual, the Kingdom of God for humanity." He further says, "Ancient Israel believed intensely in the divine consummation for the community; the hope of a future life for the individual had very little influence in Jewish religious life before the Exile. On the other hand in the Greek world of the first Christian centuries, the longing for eternal life was exceedingly strong, and the hope for any collective salvation almost non-existent."

Dr. Charles Sheldon, author of "In His Steps" or "What Would Jesus Do," said, "The most important thing in life is the way people behave. Happiness and satisfaction in life do not depend on how many languages a man can talk or the number of facts he knows about history or science, but whether he is kind instead of cruel, honest instead of dishonest, a lover of men instead of an exploiter of them. What Jesus taught was human behavior. That was the biggest subject on earth. It is now and always will be. And our system of education, whatever else may be said about it, is under indictment today because it has not taught this most important subject."

Dr. Russell Conwell, of Temple University, was the most eloquent speaker I ever heard. I heard him deliver his lectures on "Acres of Diamonds" and "The Jolly Earthquake" in the old National Union auditorium on the present site of Lasalle and Koch's, and a patriotic address before the Baptist Young People's Union of Ohio and Civil war veterans

in Memorial Hall. "Acres of Diamonds" was delivered 6,000 times and is said to have yielded one million dollars, all of which was spent in giving young men an education and in development of Temple University of Philadelphia. While that was a marvellous address I think his address before the B.Y.P.U., and Civil war veterans was even greater, for after an hour's speech and his attempt to stop, there were cries all over Memorial Hall to "Go On." I met Dr. Conwell and interviewed him in the old Boody House, and he gave me his photograph, which we used in the *Blade* and which I treasure highly today. He had a sublime faith in God and that "The Lord will provide." He never worried about money. In his magnificent work for the University and in all matters he told of marvelous experiences, how funds came from unexpected sources to meet all emergencies. His was the faith "that removes mountains." At the end of his life he had little money left that he called his own, but he went to Atlantic City and engaged a room in one of the great hotels, but his daughter who was with him told him that they had no money left to pay for their room and board. "Well, daughter," he said, "I have always worked for the Lord and the Lord has always taken care of me. He is not going to desert me now. I'm old and tired and I want to see His vast ocean, His clear skies and His glorious sunshine." The unexpected happened and a man in the hotel whose son Dr. Conwell had assisted said, "Send the bill to me."

While the Jews in ancient Israel practiced the equivalent of the Social Gospel which Protestants have developed in the past 50 years, the Catholic Church has not been behind their Protestant brethren in taking a stand for the same principle of action. In 1891 Pope Leo XIII said, "The error is already very common that the social question is merely an economic one, whereas in point of fact it is above all a moral and religious one, and for that reason must be settled by the principles of morality, and according to the dictates of religion." He added: "The ministers of holy religion must bring to this struggle the full energy of mind and the full power of endurance which they possess." Pope Pius XI likewise had held that the social question is a question not so much related to economics as to morals and religion.

Marion Lawrence, who became secretary of the International Sunday School Association, was the greatest religious leader Toledo ever produced. For 18 or 20 years he developed a magnificent Sunday School

at Washington Congregational church which became a model for thousands of churches throughout the world. I was in his office nearly every day from the time he started work as state secretary in a corner of a laundry office of L.B. Lake in the basement of a building at Monroe and Summit streets. Through seven or eight years he had an office in the Nasby building with Fred Starr as secretary. Mr. Lawrence made Toledo Sunday Schools an aggressive force in the city. He developed an enthusiasm that led to great Sunday School Field Days when 60 Sunday schools with 10,000 teachers and pupils took street cars, with flying banners, and rode around the Belt Lines to the Fair Grounds where there were picnics and great addresses by eminent speakers. He also directed a state Sunday School convention with delegates from all over Ohio in the old First Congregational church which stimulated Sunday Schools everywhere and received full pages of publicity in Toledo newspapers. As international secretary he directed conventions in Chicago, London and Havana, Cuba and elsewhere. I heard him in an address in the old First-Westminster Presbyterian church, Huron and Orange streets, after he had entered the international work. Here are some of his epigrams: "The heart of religion is religion of the heart"; "Every display of authority lessens authority"; "He governs best who appears not to govern at all"; "Seek to have a real Sunday School"; "Try to beat nobody but yourself"; "It is just as wicked to steal a scholar from another Sunday School as to steal money from another's pocket"; "Enthusiasm for God is a true elixir of life"; "A leader without humility is a bully." He urged all to be true men and women, be leaders, to have vision and faith, to be loyal, studious, ambitious, enthusiastic, patient and humble.

John E. Gunckel, who organized the Newsboys Association, was another man in Toledo who was an aggressive force in character building. He had a national reputation. His sympathy and love for newsboys drew more than 4,000 boys about him to whom he taught principles of integrity. He urged all to attend the church of their own faith. Great union meetings and conventions were held all over America in the Nineties and early 1900's. These included Christian Endeavor conventions, the Laymen's Missionary Movement meeting in Toledo, the gathering of the American Board of Missions, the meeting of Methodist Bishops, the great Billy Sunday Tabernacle meetings, besides those of Dwight L. Moody and B. Fay Mills and others. The Laymen's Missionary meetings brought together missionaries from all over the world. We heard Sam Higgin-

botham tell of his pioneer work in teaching agriculture as well as religion in India, Heber Jones of Korea from whom we learned that American Indians are doubtless descended from the Koreans who bear striking physical characteristics indicating that centuries ago they crossed Bering Straits. From a great missionary named Hotchkiss, of South Africa, we heard that when he was asked why a man of his refinement could live in the mud kraals of the Zulus and Hottentots, he replied, "The sweetest place on earth is in the center of the will of God."

We heard five Methodist bishops speak on a Sunday at their meeting in Toledo, including Bishop John Heyl Vincent, founder of Chautauqua and Bishop Charles Henry Fowler who pointed out the strongholds of Christianity in the text: "Walk about Zion and number her towers." Bishop Fowler's address on Lincoln is said to be one of the finest gems in the English language.

Billy Sunday brought a militant gospel to Toledo in great tabernacle meetings located near where the Safety Building now stands. Here are quotes: "Many folks will go to hell sure if they don't die during Lent"; "The worst thing that can be said of you after you are dead is that you had no enemies. If you do anything worth while and always stand for the right you will have enemies"; "Some church members wear out six pairs of 'hold-backs' to one pair of 'tugs.'" Dwight L. Moody said: "Many of us have just enough religion to be miserable; not enough to be happy." B. Fay Mills gave a series of sermons based on the 13th Chapter of First Corinthians, driving home the thought that "Love never faileth."

3. *The Catholic Clergy and Laymen*

I owe much to Catholic clergy and laymen in Toledo. Indeed, it was a Catholic layman, Joseph P. Hanley, former school teacher who became city editor of the old Toledo *News,* who brought me to Toledo and gave me my chance in life. Through him, a member of St. Patrick's church, I met Reverend Edward Hannin, who did a magnificent work in his parish and built the present beautiful edifice. Father Hannin was a tall muscular priest who took direct action when some of his parishioners stopped too often in the saloons to spend their money instead of

taking it home to their families. He would grab them by the neck and see that they got home with their money on pay days. He organized a Boys Temperance Brigade which turned out in all big city parades, with Father Hannin in a "plug hat", linen duster and cane at its head. He took pride in showing me the plans for his new church and lived to see it completed. I was the first reporter in Toledo to call on Reverend (later Monseigneur) John T. O'Connell, pastor of St. Francis De Sales, when he assumed that work. Along with Mrs. Ella Mollenkopf, mother of Fred Mollenkopf of the *Blade,* I covered the consecration of Bishop Joseph Schrembs when he became the first bishop of this diocese. My closest friend, however, was Reverend Patrick O'Brien, pastor of the Good Shepherd church, who was the most active force in the formation of the Diocese of Toledo in 1910. Northwestern Ohio had been under the Diocese of Cleveland and many priests preferred to continue that relationship because they felt that their opportunity for advancement might be better with the larger diocese and because the expense of maintenance of one diocese would be less. Two reasons led Father O'Brien to urge a new diocese: 1. He felt would be best for the progress of the church, and 2. He was a loyal Toledoan and wanted the diocesan buildings located here. As a result the beautiful Holy Rosary Cathedral was built. He appealed to Archbishop Henry Moeller, of Cincinnati, the Papal Delegate in Washington and even carried the campaign to Rome and won out. Yet he never asked for or received special recognition. He built the beautiful Good Shepherd church from designs of his own acquired through visiting cathedrals in Europe—his church being a combination of Roman and Byzantine architecture.

Reverend Francis Keyes, who organized St. Thomas Aquinas parish, with church property at Raymer boulevard and White street, was a devoted priest and a good friend of mine. At the dedication of St. Thomas church he made the most beautiful appeal for support of the church that I ever heard from any clergyman. His ability was recognized and he became pastor of St. Patrick's church where he remained until his death. Reverend, now Monseigneur, William A. Tobin, who succeeded Father Keyes, devoted himself so completely to this parish that his health broke and he had to take several years rest before being able to resume a pastorate. He is now [1945] pastor of St. Francis De Sales church, and I consider him one of the most saintly men I ever met, of any faith. Bishop, now Archbishop, Karl Alter is held in high esteem by Toledoans of all faiths

and the Catholic clergy throughout the city are cultured leaders who have developed many of our finest citizens.

One year when I was secretary of the East Side Community Y.M.C.A., I was assigned to take charge of the Community Chest in the 19th ward with Carle Rogers, of the Second Baptist church as chairman, and I as secretary. I am a "total loss" in finances and I was "sweating blood" over the situation for we were getting little Protestant support. It was then that Catholic brethren came to my assistance. John J. Scharf of the Good Shepherd church, Joseph Griss and Mr. Morrin of St. Louis church, August Weinandy of the Sacret Heart Church, and Rudolph Beckman of St. Thomas church and Thomas Devine, a Socialist restaurant man of Starr avenue, came to my assistance and raised two-thirds or more of all funds raised in this ward. These were Catholic brethren working under an all-Protestant leadership and giving us support when we weren't getting it from the Protestants. Is it any wonder that I have a soft place in my hearts for those men who were big and broad-minded enough to help us out in an emergency to meet our quota? So when any Protestant accuses Catholics of being narrow and bigoted—here is my answer. It all depends upon the individual, not on the church.

4. *Glimpses of Other Toledo Clergymen and Churches*

To cover in one paper much detail about Toledo pastors of 25 and 50 years ago is impossible. I will give brief glimpses of some of the clergy whom I met and knew many of them intimately.

Dr. J. S. Montgomery, for more than 25 years chaplain of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., was pastor of St. Paul's Methodist church at Madison and Superior streets when he assumed charge here. He built the "new church" at Thirteenth and Madison streets. He was my pastor while here, after my former pastor, Dr. A. J. Fish, of St. Johns Methodist church left the city.

Dr. Emory W. Hunt, president of Denison University and later president of a university in Pennsylvania, was a deeply religious man who built the Ashland Avenue Baptist church, while pastor in Toledo. He was an outstanding Christian leader in this city while serving here.

Dr. A. W. Ringland, pastor of Collingwood Presbyterian church, became annoyed by the "worldliness" of some of his official board, and after citing the criticisms some had made of him, and their own actions which he considered unChristian he exclaimed, "In God's name, what kind of a gospel am I supposed to preach?", thereby tendering his resignation.

Epworth Methodist church was just in its infancy and Dr. A. E. Smith, later President of Ohio Northern University, preached in the frame church at that time. He was a friend of Mrs. Pearson and myself, for we had known him in our old home in Van Wert, O., where Mrs. Pearson had been a district secretary of the Epworth League.

Reverend J. W. Roberts built the present second Baptist church, the oldest Protestant church within the present limits of the East Side. The former church was at Fourth Street and Steadman Street. The Second Congregational church has a prior history, being organized as the First Congregational church of Oregon Township in 1849, but was outside the city limits. In the Civil War every male member except the pastor went to the front and the church was reorganized in 1868 as the Second Church in Toledo. From Dr. Roberts I learned that he had inquired of a Jewish Rabbi the latter's opinion of Jesus. The Rabbi, of the Reformed Synagogue, said they regarded Jesus as a reformer of the Jews, like we regard Luther.

Members of Monroe Street Methodist church were then worshipping in a frame church at Auburn avenue and Monroe street. It is one of the oldest Protestant churches in Toledo.

Trinity Episcopal church, St. Paul's Lutheran Church and St. Francis De Sales churches have survived through the difficulties of the "down town" church and are yet powerful influences in Toledo church affairs. The Reverend Charles Scadding was rector of Trinity when I served as church editor of the *Blade*. Catholic and Protestant churches and prominent citizens cooperated in a great meeting protesting against Armenian massacres.

The first church of the East Broadway United Brethren, a frame struc-

ture, was built in 30 days—doubtless an all time record for church building.

St. Mark's Lutheran church was organized after a big flood in 1884 had carried out the bridge across the river. When Dr. A. L. Burman, present pastor, came here there were approximately 600 members, but now there are more than 2,000, with a new church, pastoral residence, carillon and complete equipment, except a parish hall, and funds for this are now in hand. This is the largest Protestant church on the East Side.

Rev. C. A. Wiederanders, former pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, Seaman street, had an exceptional record not only in his parish work and service to the Old Folks and Children's Home, but has done a service to the Luther Leagues of America unequalled by any other Lutheran minister. He succeeded in a campaign to form an international organization of Luther Leagues and served for seven years as its president. Owing to his heavy work, ill health has led him to tender his resignation in order to seek service in a smaller church with fewer responsibilities.

Rev. C. D. Boomgarden, of Bethlehem Lutheran church, is the most civic minded pastor I ever met. While unable to be active in recent years he served for a number of years as president of school and city Parent Teachers Associations and as president of the East Side Central Civic Association, a central body representing all civic organizations in the East Side area.

Reverend A. G. Jennings was pastor of the Unitarian Church and was one of the most broad-minded pastors in the city. His daughter, Miss Laura Jennings was social editor of the *Blade* and his son was an artist in the engraving department of the *Blade*. Arthur Henry, city editor of the *Blade* at the time, assigned members of the staff to cover sermons in various churches and write about 200 words for the Monday edition. Tracy Barnes, police reporter, was assigned one Sunday to Dr. Jennings church, but did not want to go. So he learned the text of Dr. Jennings sermon and wrote a regular evangelistic digest based on the text. Instead of "blowing up" over the misrepresentation, Dr. Jennings laughed it off as a great joke.

5. *Understanding Other Denominations and Faiths*

I have reserved for the last an interview I had with Dharmapala, the Hindu representative at the World Parliament of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. He was a guest in Toledo of Albion E. Lang, president of the Consolidated Street Railroad and I interviewed him at Mr. Lang's home. Asked his opinion of Christian missionaries, he said that at that time our missionaries antagonized the people they wanted to serve by insisting that they live like American and by trying to get the peoples of India to adopt American customs. Especially harmful was the insistence of missionaries on eating beef, when cattle are regarded sacred. This, he maintained, is a harmless belief of the people which missionaries would do well to overlook, if they want the sympathy of the people. Stanley Jones, in his *Christ at the Round Table* takes the same view. The objection of the people is not to the way of life Jesus taught, but to our interfering with their customs. "They want to keep their own souls," Stanley Jones says. And the Salvation Army has been singularly successful throughout the world because they adopt the dress and customs of the people insofar as they do not conflict with their Christian faith.

Just now, Protestants, Catholics and Jews must be considerate of other religions if we want world peace. Nearly all great religions had good in their original purity, but have been corrupted by their disciples, just as Christianity has been too often corrupted. The Moslems pay tribute to Jesus and they have a record of banning harmful liquors that make our attempt at control ridiculous. Confucius and his disciples advocated the plan of universal love as the remedy for all our ills, hundreds of years before Christianity developed. We believe that sacrificial Christianity is superior to all other faiths, but the only way we can prove it to the world is by example, not by argument. And if we are to bring about world brotherhood and the Kingdom of God on earth we must recognize that, as some one has written:

"Thy will be done on earth
God give me grace to see
That if Thy will be done
It must be done by me."

Old Fort Laramie

By Blanche C. Remington

Jennie Campbell was home from boarding school to spend the summer with her family of five brothers and two sisters. It was the summer of 1864, during the next to the last year of the Civil War, and the green hills around Port Matilda, Pennsylvania, were beautiful and inviting.

Hearing the hoofbeats of a galloping horse, Jennie ran to the window just as the dashing young army officer drew rein at the door below. He looked up and the brown eyes at the window looked down into the gray eyes of the soldier, and were held there, as they gazed long, with a flutter in the hearts of both.

Then he sprang from his horse and entered the house of her father, Robert Campbell, who in those days was known as an "Iron Master," because he manufactured steel. Four of his six sons had served in the Civil War. One was killed running between the lines. The two youngest sons were now eager to join in the war against the Indians, and the visiting officer had come from the west to enlist a larger army to quell the uprisings.

Jennie tiptoed down into the parlor, where the soldier and her two brothers were trying to overcome the unwillingness of their parents to consent to their joining the army. The young officer stood transfixed, as the vision from the window appeared on the threshold.

"Daughter," said Robert Campbell, "this is Captain James Mullikin. Captain, my daughter, Jennie."

Even the introduction, his low bow and the answering curtsy failed to break the trance until her father spoke again, giving his reluctant consent, and the two brothers signed up.

The officer stayed at the house for two weeks, on recruiting duty, while the attraction between him and Jennie ripened into love, with long horseback rides together over the lovely Pennsylvania hills.

The proposal of marriage was abruptly dismissed by Robert Campbell, who pointed out that his daughter was barely sixteen and had still another year to graduate at the "Young Ladies' Seminary" in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. A compromise was the father's consent to a year's engagement. So the captain departed for the long journey to Wyoming, where he had been commissioned as Commander of Fort Laramie.

The next year the Captain returned to the east and married the sweetheart he had courted so ardently the year before.

It was a sad parting for the young bride, scarcely 18. She looked back with streaming eyes at the great colonial house and garden that had been her home, and she was fearful of the new life.

But she received a warm welcome, for the officers' wives had decorated the Fort gaily. They greeted her cordially and tried to reassure her of the perfect security of the Fort. But Jennie was shy and bewildered, and so terribly afraid of the Indians. Stories of atrocities and cruelty had spread over the country and chilled her blood, and her terror was not diminished when often in the dead of night the bugle would sound "Boots and Saddles"—then her husband would ride forth with the cavalry to frustrate an attempted assault by the Indians.

One night all the surrounding country-folk came crowding into the Fort. A rumor had been brought that their village was to be attacked. Jennie was panic-stricken, she had visions of Indians scaling the walls with high ladders and dropping down with tomahawks raised for a general massacre. Jennie had beautiful long, black hair, tied in coils at the back, and she ran to the barber, begging him to shave her head so that she would not be scalped. Fortunately, he refused. The Indians did not attack the Fort. They satisfied their fury by setting fire to some dwellings and stealing whatever they could carry off, before they were routed by the soldiers.

No spot on the Pioneer Trail is more famous or picturesque than Fort Laramie. Situated in the southeast corner of Wyoming, its story is the story of the conquest of western America.

The fort was built in 1834 because the new settlers demanded that the government should build a place where they could flee for safety in case

of attack. It was situated on a high bank above the Platte and Laramie Rivers, where they unite their waters. It saw the first missionaries venturing to Oregon, the first home seekers crossing the Rockies. It saw the great caravans pass—emigrants in covered wagons, missionaries in two-wheeled carts, drawn by mules hitched tandem, miners seeking fortunes, the pony express dashing past; and it protected the mails and the telegraph lines.

Fort Laramie was an imposing structure, made of adobe, whitewashed. Its walls were 6 feet thick and 15 feet high. Impressive 2-story block houses at opposite angles jutted atop the wall with cannon that could enfilade fire along all four sides and where sentries could patrol with a view of miles over the endless sea of prairie to the Black Hills beyond.

A high stockade surrounded the Fort, with corrals for 200 animals, laundries and machine shops. The first floor had loopholes for rifles, and from an elevated walk it was possible to shoot over the top wall. It was practically impregnable. Inside the Fort was a large enclosure, 150 feet square, with barracks at one end, offices, storage for 500 tons and kitchen where 120 loaves of bread were baked daily. At the opposite end were the 5-room concrete houses for officers.

Captain (later Colonel) Millikin, at this time, 1867, was Commander of the Fort. His house was strongly built of native stone blocks. It must have been situated at one corner of the enclosure, for Jennie said, "Every time the blinds of my shutters move, I know an Indian is looking in at me."

There were gay times, however, at the Fort. A handsome two-story building had been built, to house the bachelor officers and provide a club house. It was called "Old Bedlam," and was the scene of much revelry. Many cases of champagne and delicacies arrived from the east, delivered by ox-team, for use on such occasions. The Fort was the trade center of an inland empire.

Also, it was a scene of confusion not surpassed by a Macy "Sales Day," taking on a carnival appearance, as Indians, resplendent in regalia, even to the trailing, feather head-dress, other Indians quite undressed, squaws underdressed, or overdressed in gay calico and many ornaments, papooses naked or wrapped in buckskin, cowboys, militia, all crowding the coun-

ters. Papooses, unable to reach the table, crawled around, competing with the dogs for the bits of crackers and candy crushed underfoot.

Jennie enjoyed the card parties and delighted in taking part in the amateur plays given at Old Bedlam, where there was a dance every Saturday night, to the music of the military band of ten men.

Many interesting characters visited the Fort. Buffalo Bill, well-liked by both white and red men, Calamity Jane, the woman scout, Diamond Jim Brady, and Princess Fallen Leaf, daughter of Chief Spotted Tail. The latter used to sit at "Change of Guard" admiring the "Officer of the Day" in his wide red sash and tall feathered hat. When the princess died, she was buried, according to tribal custom, in a tree, near the Fort where her spirit could hear the martial music she so loved.

Sitting Bull, the famous Sioux Indian chief, was a constant visitor at Fort Laramie. He was always in conference to secure rights for his people, but never trusted the government envoys. He was honest, looked squarely into your eyes, spoke deliberately and forcefully. He said, "I'd have more confidence in the Great Father in Washington if he did not have so many bald-headed thieves working for him. Tell them in Washington if they have one man who speaks truth, send him, and I will listen." Sitting Bull was of commanding appearance, slightly less than 6 feet tall, erect carriage, dignified and so courteous that he refrained from smoking in the presence of the Captain's lady, when he found it was distasteful to her. He often saw and admired the handsome dark eyed girl, and offered the captain ten ponies for his "Squaw." He was surprised the offer was not accepted.

The next year the Captain and Jennie hailed with joy the advent of a son, and Sitting Bull, knowing a woman would not be separated from her child, again repeated his offer, generously adding five more ponies for the "Papoose." Later in 1876 Sitting Bull was the leader in the Custer Massacre.

General Brisbane, sent by the government to visit the Fort, was concerned that Captain Mullikin's wife could not overcome her fear of capture by the Red Men. He presented her with a little gold-mounted pistol and taught her how to use it. This she carried in her belt always, vowing to kill herself if captured.

In 1871 the Captain's health failed and the doctors recommended he leave for the east, giving him just one year to live. In spite of these dire predictions, the Captain lived, as colonel, a strong, hearty, active life for over fifty years longer.

They left in the only conveyance from Fort Laramie to railroad transportation, the army ambulance, with a detachment of soldiers as guard. The icy winds swept down from the mountains as Jennie held her firstborn to her heart for warmth. The only assurance he was still alive was to hold her finger against his lips under the blanket to feel his breath.

Several years ago, on returning from Yellowstone Park, the author visited Fort Laramie. She was impelled to see the place which had been the scene of the thrilling tales she had heard from the lips of Colonel James Mullikin and his wife Jennie who went there as a bride, for she was their daughter.

The historic old fort is crumbling to the ground. "Old Bedlam," for years the center of social life at the fort, squats like a withered and ancient squaw deserted by her tribe. The frame sways, and the joints creak before the wind that sweeps down from the mountains. The roof droops like a head bowed down, the porches, as hands, sag to the lap of the earth, and the sightless eyes of broken windows see only what they remember.

Today Fort Laramie is only a shell—but like a seaborn shell,—in the high Wyoming hills it shrieks and moans with the music of military fifes and drums and the throb of Sioux tom-toms.

FOOTNOTES

1. This article is a reprint from the May, 1952, number of *The Bulletin* of the Woman's Club of Upper Montclair, New Jersey.
   For a good study of old Fort Laramie see LeRoy R. Hafen and Francis Marvin Young, *Fort Laramie and The Pageant of the West,* 1834-1890 (Glendale, Cal., 1938).

Midwestern: An Oberlin Boyhood

By Alfred Vance Churchill

1. *Sport*

The boys of the village, like their parents, were now of every conceivable type and condition. Some were "nice" and some "mean." Others were simply queer. Through them our knowledge of human nature was greatly enlarged. I remember James Severance, Charley's chum, and Howard Tracy, Fred's bosom-friend, fine fellows both, from excellent families. There was Will Day, handsome, talented, a remarkable ballplayer, a beautiful singer, Edward's favorite companion and lifelong friend. Willy Bowen was good-natured and generous. He gave us chocolate drops and English postage stamps for our collections. He had lived in Hawaii and told us stories about the natives. Willy had a wooden leg which we never saw but which might emit, from time to time, a fascinating squeak.

There was Pute Eakins ("Pute" stood for putrid in our vocabulary. He was the son of a deacon who had cheated grandpa Vance in a horse trade). Pute had coprophile tendencies in conversation and would chalk phallic symbols and other obvious devices on the walls of our barn and those of various public and private buildings. Later on Pute entered college, only to be expelled for objectionable practices; but he came back and finally got through. He went into Y.M.C.A. work and rose high in his chosen profession.

Then there was Andrew Congdon. "Andy" was comical. Keeping just outside the line, he would follow a football game all over the field and give a fierce kick into the air, every time one of the players kicked the ball! Afterwards he looked about—shamefacedly—to see whether any one had observed him. Andy was the blood brother of those in all ages who have loved bragging and gabering. He was a simple, honest fellow. He could not have cheated you of a penny, but his florid tales put Olivier and Falstaff and Munchausen in the shade.

We were admiring a new shot-gun that Deacon Andrews had made. It was a splendid gun but Andy said his uncle had a better one. "You

don't hardly have to aim it," he said, "you just have to kinda' point it in that direction and it *hits* every single time!"

Brother Fred had whittled a wonderful ball out of a chunk of pure rubber he found on the railroad track. We thought it better than any ball in the world. It bounded almost as high as the place you dropped it from. Andy admitted that it "bounded pretty good" but said *he* had a ball once that was a whole lot better. He said *his* ball would bound up *"higher* than the place you dropped it from." "Jehoshaphat" — shouted Fred—"that *was* a ball! What fun it must have been to take it out to a nice flat place, and drop it, and watch it play all by itself—higher and higher—till it went clear up to Heaven!"

Some of our friends had no idea of obedience to parental authority. As for us, we obeyed father and mother instantly, without a question; but we felt no necessity of obeying ordinary people. There was, on Mill Street, a marvelous grist-mill. Way up in the half-darkness near the roof, resting on heavy beams, was a splendid water-tank. The boys were forbidden to go up there and in fact there was a neatly printed notice on the tank, *"Keep away from this tank.* THIS MEANS YOU." Yet we often went swimming there. The roar of the great mill drowned our shouting and splashing and we were never discovered. (I'd really like to know what the water was used for.)

We saw and heard many things that delighted our eyes and varied the monotony of village life. We saw the beautiful lady walking a tight-rope, high over Main Street downtown. We saw men with hand-organs, and little monkeys in brown soldier-clothes trimmed with red, that smiled and passed the hat. We stood by and heard street-peddlers and fakirs hawking their wares. "Step up, gentlemen—step up and examine it for yourselves—the greatest novelty ever offered to the inhabitants of this beautiful city—warranted not to rip, wrap or tear, cut in the eye or run down at the heel. Step up, gentlemen and ladies (make room for the lady there, *if you please!*)—only a nickel—a half dime—or the twentieth of a dol-*lerr!"*

Time fails me to tell of all the marvelous happenings of those brief days of childhood. There was a balloon ascension and everybody was there; a young fellow of the town had made the balloon himself. It was to be filled with hot air, and he had a wood-stove connected with

the balloon by a long piece of stove-pipe. The stove was chuckful of wood and heated red hot. The balloon slowly swelled and rose to its full height. Suddenly it burst into flames . . . The young fellow was a sight. His hair and eyelashes were singed off—same as a chicken—and his face was black as soot.

The most perfect experience of all was our first circus,—with elephants as big as houses—almost—and tigers and leopards; with clowns—killingly funny—and lovely ladies in pale scarlet and silver, riding and dancing on white horses and darting through hoops of fire.

We sometimes think that the younger generation has altogether too much liberty. But the boys and girls of my time were in some ways much freer than their grandchildren. We "hooked" apples and peaches from the orchards, and corn from the fields, without any feeling of guilt. Some of the farmers were "stingy guts" and wouldn't let you do it, but the others—so long as you didn't club the trees or trample on the uncut hay and wheat—did not object very much. We climbed fences and travelled as the crow flies, in every direction, with but slight remonstrance. We went after nuts or wild honey and took what we could get without asking. We hunted with rifle and shot-gun for squirrel, possum and coon with none to say us nay. You would have called us lawless, and so—in a sense—we were; but it was a lawlessness without malice or mischief-making intent. That freedom had descended to us from the time when the woods belonged to all; when fields and orchards were wider and children fewer.

Mention has been made in an earlier chapter of the mud and dust and flies that tormented the early settlers. These were only less annoying to the adults of my time. But as man's extremity is child's opportunity we found ways of extracting sport from most unlikely sources.

The plague of mud was no plague for the children. The girls found that mud was excellent for pies. It served the boys for various constructions and games. As easy to shape as snow, it had no superior as a projectile whether for duels or more extended engagements. Here was a sport of first magnitude our fathers never heard of . . . And the mud was a magical remedy for the stings of nettles, bees, yellow-jackets and hornets. Wade in it for a mile or two—and the pain was gone!

The dust was a gift from Heaven. The little shavers played and wiggled their toes in it; filled their carts with it; heaped it into mountains; cased it in salt-bags—and played store with it, using it both for money and merchandise. Three or four of us driving the cows at evening could—if the wind was just right—raise a dust-cloud that streamed out behind for an eighth of a mile like the smoke from an Atlantic liner. We could not comprehend the outraged feelings and indignant protests of ill-natured citizens (mostly women) who called and shouted at us from doors and windows along the way.

Let us speak a good word for the house-flies. They were our companions and friends. We loved the sheen of their blue-black-and-green costumes. We had learned (in McGuffey's Fourth Reader) of the marvelous structure of their eyes and the extraordinary device which enables them to scale a window-pane or walk upside-down on the ceiling. We liked their tickle on our bare legs and feet and would let them settle on cuts and sores that we might admire their skill and speed as they sucked up the half-dried blood.

Flies were good fun anyway. A straight glass tube about three feet long, a lump of putty, a strong pair of lungs, and a few hundred flies for game—these make grand sport. (You roll a bullet of putty, take it in your mouth, insert it in the tube with your tongue—and just blow. I have seen a fly killed clear across a room).

In the school-room much pleasure may be enjoyed by those not otherwise engaged, through the simple device of harnessing a fly. You take any good fly, a fair-sized blue-bottle will do, and tie around its waist, below the wings, a fine silk thread ten or twelve feet in length. The fly goes up like a balloon . . . I can recommend these two fly-sports to anybody.

Of course we had foot-ball and base-ball. The curved pitch came in when I was about fifteen and we practiced at it with green apples in the orchard, besides real balls. Foot-ball was a straight kicking-game without many rules. Our favorite games were like those today. We played gray-wolf, yard-off and "gool"—especially "stink-gool."

I wish to speak only of games that are less common or perhaps unknown. One still sees boys with tops, but it is many years since I have

seen duels of tops as we fought them. A heavy, pyramidal top with a steel point is wound with a string attached to the middle finger. The other fellow spins and you try to split his top by a direct hit from above, as you spin. After that, if he has any top left, it's his turn. This is a good game.

Hare and Hounds is great sport for those who can run. Two or three hares are equipped with big bags of paper torn to shreds. They are given a few minutes start and make off across the fields scattering the bits of paper for a spoor. The hounds follow, trying to find and catch them. Miles on miles are covered in the course of the run and the boys come home completely exhausted. It is wonderfully exciting; but it would not be so easy to find a good place to play it now.

In such games as gool and one ol' cat, where you have to "choose up," or where someone has to be "it," we lined up in a row and the leader reeled off verses at the same time pointing—first to one and then the next—with each new accented syllable. The verses might have served to inspire Lewis Carroll. One of the stanzas went like this:—

One-zall, two-zall, zickersall, zan;
Hi-bald, ro-bald
Dirty-faced man
Harum scarum, bullgine barum,
Stringle 'um strangle 'um BUCK!
(*You're It!*)

The forest was gone, the deer and the big game, but we still had "woods"—such as they were, of second growth timber, and there were squirrels and rabbits for those who liked to hunt. Some of the mulatto boys, too poor to own a gun, were the best hunters in town. They beat us all to pieces. They could get a red or gray squirrel any time, where we could spy no sign of life. By staying out all night they could even get a coon, a possum or skunk, and once in a while a wild-cat—a hopeless achievement for any of my white friends. They sold the skins and got "good money."

Howells, I think, says killing game is natural to healthy boys. But my brothers were healthy boys and didn't like it; "Grandma Brown's" boys didn't; and Grant, if I remember correctly, hated to kill. Shooting

is quite another thing. I never knew a boy who didn't like to shoot. In early years we used bow and arrows, or cross-guns, making them ourselves more often than not. At twelve we were allowed the use of firearms and shot at marks with rifle or revolver.

Beginning just out of infancy and continuing into our teens, we made constant use of the rubber-sling which might be called a lethal weapon. At least it would bring down squirrels, rabbits and birds, of the sizes we knew. Any fine "spell of weather" might have found three or four of us out on the rail-road track a few miles from home, slinging smooth round pebbles from these powerful little engines—slinging at everything, even the rear cars of freight-trains as they thundered by, or the green glass insulators of the telegraph-poles, and occasionally smashing one of them. We let fly at the fluffy little ovals of wrens and sparrows, sown like black music-notes on the humming wires—letting fly but never hitting —no, not one single time.

We had to look out or the engineers would squirt hot water on us out of the boiler. But they were good-natured fellows after all and if they weren't in a hurry would sometimes let us ride on "the cow-catcher" in front of the engine.

Then we had coasting, and boating, and fishing, and swimming. But you would have laughed at any or all of them. It made me wild with envy and filled my soul with home-sickness for a land I had never seen, when father told about his boyhood in New England, with "a hill a mile long" to slide on, the "old swimmin' hole," the river and the boats. Our landscape was flat as a pancake. We had a "big hill" all right—in the Old Cemetery it was—and it measured nearly twenty feet in height. We called it "Danger Hill!" There was another one, besides, almost as high.

We had a swimming-hole too. It was in Plum Creek over beyond the old brick-kiln, a grand place really. In the widest part it was nearly fifteen feet wide, and the water—except in the dry season—was almost up to your neck. "You could swim in it pretty good if you kept your legs and arms kind of flat." And sometimes, when it rained hard, it was over your head "for quite a ways." The water was a deep, brownish color from the Ohio clay—you couldn't see your hand two inches below

the surface—and was dirty anyway; but we didn't use it for bathing—only for swimming.

The greatest fun of all was playing "Pom-pom-peal-away" when the Creek was high. Half the boys formed a line across the stream at the deepest part, and the rest—completely invisible in the muddy water—would try to dive between their legs and reach the opposite bank without getting caught.

We learned to support ourselves in the water by paddling "dog-fashion" and a few of the boys could actually swim a few strokes—even under water. To us they seemed wonderful, until one day a stranger appeared. You could see when he stripped that he was strong—heavy-set but symmetrical—with fine light-olive skin, dark hair and dark-brown eyes. The water was high that day. It was over your head for several feet of distance, so we lined up for our favorite game. Buck Wheelock took one plunge and came up on the other side of the line before the defenders had turned around! He did it a dozen times and no one had even touched him. It was magical. We had learned what swimming was, and from that moment Buck was our idol.

The Creek also offered inducements to such as cared for fishing. When the fishing was "good" you could catch fish almost three inches long. We made our own rods of willow and dug angle-worms for bait . . . But the real sport began after the catch.

You gathered sticks and made a good fire. Once it was blazing high, you were off to a neighboring field to hook potatoes and green corn. You baked the fish in the ancient Indian way, without scaling or cleaning, simply wrapping them in corn-husks. Placing fish, corn and potatoes in a bed of hot ashes and heaping red coals on the top you roasted them together. It was a succulent—a luxurious feast. The chefs of Paris had nothing on us. When you withdrew those blackened little shrimps from the fire, they presented to the eye—though not to the nose—a dubious and unattractive appearance. But when you took them in your fingers the skin and inwards fell off in a single piece, leaving a delicious morsel of pure white meat. "We tucked our pants in our boot-tops, went down and had a good time. You should have seen us that day around the chowder kettle." (I quote from memory). Some of the happiest hours of my life were thus spent about a fire on the banks

of "the raging Plum." Whitman would have doted on us and our roast fish.

The winter sports deserve mention. I see no such snowballing nowadays as we used to have. We built forts, and had regular engagements, and got hurt. Came with the snows the old-fashioned sleighs with their swan-like curves and horses girt with red trimmings and sleigh-bells. Came also the bob-sleds and the begging and stealing of rides—getting on and off while the bob-sled was going full tilt. If the driver was "mean" you might get a nasty crack with his whip. The bob-sled was the farmer's winter car of those days. He took his big wagon-box off the wheels and mounted it on a pair of heavy sledges.

At night a few of us would find a good-natured farmer "for nothing"—or a stingy one for a few cents each—to take us, the boys and girls, for a ride. Besides thick over-coats and "tippets", we were covered with heavy buffalo-robes (real buffalo that smelled to heaven). As our feet got colder we burrowed deeper and deeper into the thick bed of straw at the bottom of the box. Singing, shouting, laughing, and freezing we zipped along through the icy air of night to the tintinnabulation of the bells. The girls looked darned pretty in the lantern light, with their bright eyes and glowing cheeks.

The skating was better than you'd think. A darkey by the name of H. Lee got control of a big field near Plum Creek, banked it and flooded it, and called it "Consolation Skatorial and Tobogganorial Park." You might have looked askance at the skates we wore—old Dutch skates with wooden soles, leather straps, a screw to go up into your boot-heel, and an ornamental steel spiral curving over the toe. Club-skates came in when I was eight or ten years old—but not for us—not at five dollars a pair!

There was a splendid thing that happened at the close of winter. The Plum was in spring freshet and it really did "rage" quite a little then. The ice was breaking up and ice-floes were sailing down stream. Then we took poles and jumped from floe to floe or rode with the current. It was grand sport! It wasn't so dangerous as it sounds, for the Creek was neither deep nor wide. No one was ever "drownded" in the Plum. A ducking in the chilly water was the worst that ever happened to us.

2. *Cruelty*

Our pleasure in games that were played away from home was often spoiled by a gang of boys who would torture us by twisting our arms, stopping our breaths with their hands, or holding us down on the ground. They would egg us on to fight or play lick-jacket. I have been forced to fight a boy I was fond of, and who liked me, to make them sport. (It was Perry Kinney, a farmer's son, and he licked me good and plenty though he was no older or larger than I.) Most of these bullies were only cruel within limits, and did not intend to hurt their victims very much. But there were two or three who later became criminals. Some of those might have taken pleasure in torturing a boy—even to death—but they were restrained by fear. I have seen such fellows take humiliating liberties—unfit to describe—with the persons of boys who were smaller and weaker than they. Sometimes these villains scared us. Otherwise we did not suffer very much through them.

Our real troubles came from boys who, though not very wicked, were bent on mischief and who happened to be bigger than we. Beldy Finlay and his gang might snoop around the woods and raid our well-hidden picnic lunch, or dash in and grab our roast fish and potatoes from the fire—with coarse jokes and loud laughter at our helplessness. That was about the worst we had to fear from them, though they would do pretty mean things on occasion,—get you to go bare-foot into a bed of nettles or a nest of wild bees; tie up your clothes in hard knots—dipped in the water so it was almost impossible to undo them—while you were swimming, and hide them, perhaps, besides; put brambles or snakes in your pants; or get you to bite an Indian turnip.

This last was a favorite trick, whenever they could find a victim who knew nothing of the plant in question. I had often picked "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" in the woods, inhaled its curious odor and wondered at its improbable shape; but aside from that I was ignorant of it.

One Sunday morning—in Sunday-School of all places—the boy who sat next to me (a boy of perhaps sixteen while I was about twelve) drew something from his pocket, pretended to take a bite of it, and offered me a piece. A few minutes later I was in agony—not crying, but with tears rolling down my cheeks. It is a scalding pain, and you would hardly suffer worse if you put a live coal in your mouth. The

teacher, thinking I was sick, gave me permission to go home. I made my way to a pump and for perhaps an hour kept washing out my mouth with cool water until the burning subsided.

Not many days afterwards this big boy was terribly punished. A lot of us were down at the swimmin'-hole. Buck Wheelock was there as usual, and so was my tormentor, still savoring the richness of his joke. "Hello, Al!—say Alfred—they ain't nothing like turnups, is they Al? —that is, if you like 'em! No sir, they ain't nothin' like Indian turnups."

The joker kept this up just a moment too long. Buck Wheelock had come up and heard enough to take in the situation. Without stopping to put on his clothes he was off for a grove closeby. We could see him scurrying and circling about like a young faun among the trees. He came back on the run, leapt on the joker's neck, threw him and gagged him with a piece of stick. Buck was not as old or as large as his opponent but was very strong. Gripping the victim between his powerful thighs and with one hand in his hair, he began to scrub something back and forth across the open mouth. When it was used up he stuffed the fragments between the parted teeth.

That was before the date of the "Mikado", but Buck had instinctively followed the principle there enunciated,—

To make the Punishment
Fit the Crime—
The Punishment fit the Crime.

The object in his hand had been a bulb of the wicked plant . . . The torment of the bully was dreadful. He went and sat down a long way off on the bank with his jaws in his hands—crying bitterly.

3. *Foreigners*

Horizons were broadened and new notes sounded in the life of our village when foreigners began to arrive. There had been little in the Colony to remind its inhabitants that there might be peoples on earth of different ideas from theirs—different tongues and different cul-

tures. You shall look in vain in the early registers for a single name that does not suggest New England. There were few foreigners among us even in my time, but those few afforded us something we could not otherwise have had, precious glimpses of strange lands—of things unsuspected and unheard-of; experiences that took the place, in a small way, of travel in foreign countries.

Marx and August Straus were fairly Balzacian types of the wealthy Jewish merchant class. They were plump and handsome men who bore every outward mark of worldly success. It was Marx Straus who owned the stately—to my inexperienced eye almost palatial—home on South Main street, with its wide cornice, its round-topped windows, and its well-kept lawn, guarded by antlered stag and mastiff in polychrome sculpture. The Strauses were substantial men, good-natured and friendly—but in some curious way remote.

Take for contrast good old Adam Bork who lived on a bit of a farm way out on Prospect street next to our cow-pasture, so that I saw him almost every day. He was, I suppose, a typical Dutch peasant who knew a good deal about farming but not much else. When we were first acquainted he was a bachelor, living there alone among the queer buildings he had made, with high-peaked gables such as I was to see later in the paintings of the Dutchmen. After he had passed middle age, old Adam, who was very religious, came to think the Lord was right and that it was "not good for man to live alone." He advertised for an Eve, found one to his satisfaction and married her. She bore him several children.

Bork was a simply, kindly soul. He brought two nephews over from Holland intending to educate them. They arrived duly, in coarse flapping blue trousers, funny caps and wooden sabots. They were admitted to our public school. But they were picked on by mean boys as weak chickens are picked on by the strong. They were insulted. They were stoned with stones. I was terribly shocked and hurt, and would gladly have killed those inhuman bullies, but I wasn't big enough. The strangers showed no resentment—only great unhappiness. They wiped their tears on their sleeves without word or sound.

England was represented only by old Spriggs, the bow-legged gardener, who was like a character from the pages of Wordsworth. He was a pretty good gardener, but in the matter of aspirates he did many

things he ought not to have done, and left undone those he ought to have done. "Perfesser," he would say to my father, "would ye like to 'ev me put a little 'ot water on the hantills in yer front-yard?" We loved to hear him talk and never laughed at him—that is—not while he was there.

Besides these there were two young men who earned their living as cutters in the best tailor-shop in the village. I can not say what their race was. I think they came from Vienna. The name of the one was Subda, and of the other Srp, just S,r,p—a word without a vowel—it seemed impossible! Both were excellent musicians and played clarinet in the village band.

These are all the foreigners I knew except one family which I have saved for the last. Can you think how intense our interest would be in the speech of these aliens? What it would mean to us—who had never heard the like—to listen to the rich, unctuous flow of language of the German-Jew merchant? The highly exotic, unintelligible jabbering of Adam Bork? The comical transmogrifications of the English gardener with his 'and-saws, his 'ens-hegs, and his hant'lls? And the refined voices and clean, pleasant enunciation of the clarinettists from Austria?

Of greater value than any of these—more provoking to the imagination, more sympathetic, more colorful and at the same time much better known, were the Bohemian family from Prague who lived next door. Mr. Benes was another expert cutter—a strange little man, he seemed to us,—in a fur cap of conical shape, like a small bee-hive, who smoked incessantly and spoke but little—never in English. There were four boys,—Dominick, the oldest, and Gottfried—whom we called "Goodferd—the youngest. Between these were two others knwon to us as Jim and Tom. There was a baby sister besides. The mother was a plump juicy little woman who seemed a bit sad though she was always smiling. She must have been lonely and perhaps was homesick, for she had no friends and spoke no English. It would be impossible to imagine a decent family whose habits, whose music and pictures, stories and games, were more different from our own. Even their religion was different, for they were Catholics—the first we had ever seen!

On the very night of the day they moved in, things began to happen. Sweet sounds came floating on the summer air from the small vine-

covered porch in front of their door. They were singing, in four parts, songs we had never heard, accompanied by an instrument we did not know. They must have been tired with unpacking and arranging but they wanted their music just the same. Sometimes afterward as Goodferd and I were playing together, he invited me into the house. We went in the back way, through the kitchen. The little girl hid her face in the skirts of the mother who smiled at me, and I detected strange yet not unappetizing odors from food preparing for dinner.

We entered the front room. On the walls were such pictures as I had never imagined,—large, colored pictures with plenty of red, yellow and blue—of the Madonna with Seven Swords through her bleeding heart; of Jesus the Shepherd with pitying eyes; of prophets and saints all of them strange to me. Mounted on a heavy bracket against the wall was a clock that made the clocks I knew seem very poor indeed. It was a big clock that I thought was of solid gold; two or three feet square and heavily carved, with marvellous gold hands on a blue dial with golden traceries. Goodferd touched a lever and the clock began to play—ravishing music like fairy bells.

But that was not all. When the chiming notes had ceased, twelve little Apostles came out on a balcony! I was nearly stunned with admiration, envy, and delight . . . On the way out I saw in a corner the very biggest, handsomest and most wondrous accordion I had ever seen, nor have I seen anything like it since. The player sat on a bench and held it by a strap over his shoulders and another under his feet. Thus his hands were left free for the keyboard, which was like that of a melodeon. He pumped the wind by rocking his body back and forth. I never heard such a tone out of any accordion as Jim Benes got out of that one.

My mother's back-ground was also enriched. Mother was descended from generations of careful house-keepers. She was fastidious, really, when it came to the preparation of food. Also she was acquainted with life on the farm and the house-hold activities connected with it. She knew, for instance, about the manufacture of sausage and head-cheese. She had been taught that membranes used for skins in making link-sausage should be cleansed and treated—for many hours or even days by very particular methods. The same with head-cheese. She knew the looks of a porker in its living state and realized that a hog had never been taught to wash behind the ears. Her material for head-cheese

had to be boiled and scrubbed with stiff brushes, over and over again, before it was fit for food.

Well—"the Beneses," as was known for some distance around, kept a pig. One morning there was unwonted activity over by their barn. A huge fire had been kindled and over it hung a big cauldron on an improvised tripod. We were soon apprised of the cause for these preparations by a most frightful squealing as the victim met his death . . . *In the afternoon of the same day* one of the Benes boys came over with his mother's greeting, and a nice mess of fresh blood-pudding, head-cheese and link-sausages . . . My brother Fred ate all of them while we looked on—scared but envious. There were no ill effects.

The Benes boys meant a good deal to us. One of the first things they did was to set up a turning-pole. They were expert turners. The two elder ones could do the "giant swing" and other stunts we had never dreamed of. What I remember best of all, though, is Dominick's stories. When brother Fred was milking the cow in the evening sunshine and the children, as usual, were standing about, tall, handsome Dominick, then about twenty years old and learning to be a tailor, would hang over our cow-yard gate and reel off tales of Big Klaus and Little Klaus, Jack and the Bean-stalk, Cinderella or Hop-o-my-Thumb, with genuine imagination and spirit. Nobody else told us stories so well.

Yes, the Beneses brought me much; not, however, without inflicting certain injuries on my moral character. Goodferd used to collect the stubs of his father's cigars and smoke them. This shocked me very much at first but not for long. The time came when he offered me a whiff of one of these tempting morsels and I did not refuse. "We first endure, then pity, then embrace." True-true! But I'd rather be just a little bad than to have missed the benefits of the Beneses. They contributed permanently to my happiness and enriched for me the background of life.

4. *The Band Boys*

Another thing that lent color to the scene was the village Band. It was neither large nor well-balanced, but it made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in art. There were from fifteen to eighteen players. The

brasses were magnificently represented. They certainly played the lion's part in our Band—some of them actually roared. There were three or four cornets, with altos, tenors and basses—those big ones that wind around your body—and a monstrous tuba. How those horns did blow! You could hear them for miles. The men were very proud of their instruments and kept them shining like the sun. The big ones looked like gold, the smaller ones were "real German silver." The band-boys were by no means snobbish. Sometimes they'd let you blow their horns. (I remember the queer, brassy smell when they emptied from the tubes the water that had gathered there from their breaths.)

The wood-winds were represented by a clarinet or two. Besides these they had a flute and a piccolo, a snare drum, a bass drum and cymbals, and a glocken-spiel. The glocken-spiel was of all the instruments quite the most spectacular. It was an elegant metal affair, in contour like a great vase, with twenty or twenty-five shining steel bars up and down the middle and with horse-hair tassels—dyed red, white and black—waving from the bills of swans at the upper ends of the curving frame. As the instrument was large and heavy, it had to be supported from the belt on a short pole. Its owner and player was Frank Hovey, who couldn't play anything, really; but the beauty of the bell-like tones made up for that. Hovey just hit around at random whenever he thought it would help and that was about half the time. He didn't need any notes.

Most of the band-boys were rank amateurs who had "picked up" their cornet or bass horn without audible results of instruction. But there were at least three competent musicians among them who could have held positions in any band. These were the clarinettists, Srp and Subda, and Weatherhead, the drummer. The way those foreigners would toss off arpeggios—from the top of the scale to the bottom, just for practice—in the intervals of rehearsal, and not miss a note! The way Charley Weatherhead could do long rolls or fancy beats on the flat snare-drum strapped to his faultless thigh! (He was a fine-looking boy anyway with fair skin and corn-colored hair and a remarkable way with clothes. Even when he had nothing on but a pair of old pants and a woolen shirt, he always seemed beautifully dressed.)

Neither the noise they made nor the music they played can be adequately described; though to say thtat the band-music of the seventies was a kind of third-rate Sousa may give you a hint of its banality. For-

tunately we did not know how bad it all was. Not until I heard the regimental band play before the General's Headquarters at Leipzig—every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock—not until then did I realize what a band could be, with the oboes, English horns, clarinets and bassoons taking the place of the viols, and the brasses in perfect balance with them.

If we didn't get very much out of the music it was different with the spectacle. You should have seen the uniforms! The greatest conceptions of military costumers for the last two hundred years had been laid under contribution to make them what they were. Costumes all compact of white and scarlet and gold. Great gold epaulets—too big for a major-general, on every shoulder! Braided gold and red Brandenburgs over the chest. White-and-gold straps and belts. High, helmet-like headgear with white chinstraps and visors and waving plumes.

When those brave shapes came marching down the street with rolling gait and measured tread, every eye glued to the music and horns blowing to beat anything you ever heard, with the tall glocken-spiel rising like a Roman eagle from the midst—and my brother Frank bringing up the rear, clanging the cymbals and pounding the big drum—it was a sight to fire the meanest soul.

Though the music itself was so commonplace that I cannot recall a single piece except *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean* and *Star-Spangled Banner,* there was once—once only—when they got hold of me with their playing. It happened a day set apart for decorating the soldiers' graves. The occasion must have been an unusual one, for there was a platoon of soldiers in Westwood Cemetery who formed two lines and fired a volley into a dark and lowering sky—over a new-made grave. That in itself made a deep impression on me. But after that the band played something that didn't sound like band-music. For once the silver-toned glocken-spiel and the banging drums were silent . . . It was *Pleyel's Hymn.* That simple piece was played very slowly by the wind-instruments alone. I got an inkling of what band-music was to mean to me, years later, when I heard the majestic and moving strains of *Jesu meine Zuversicht* at the burial of Frederick the Good.

5. *Fires and Fire-Companies*

If I have dwelt at length on such a theme as our Band, it was not for the sake of picturesque detail. This and many other things that might seem to have small intrinsic value were important to us—especially to the young. I have still to speak of such matters as fires, fire-companies, torch-light processions, barbecues and circuses—all of which helped to lighten the monotony of life, provide emotional outlet and fill the place of the amusements that are open to children today.

Looked at from the stand-point of youth, we were favored beyond most in the matter of fires. There was a surprising amount of stuff in the old days—before the arrival of the garbage man—that had to be burnt; so a fire was a common sight in every backyard. On election days and on various other occasions we built enormous bonfires. Then every little while some large building might be consumed, which meant, to a child's understanding, a "nice fire." Such conflagrations were not so easily mastered then as now.

I have seen women and children helped out on ladders from the second stories of burning homes, and excited assistants carrying pillows and feather-beds down the stairway and hurling mirrors and pottery out of the windows. Once a huge barn burnt up on Main street beyond the railway station. Three little children had been playing in the barn within half an hour. It was known that they had stolen some matches. In an incredibly short time the barn was a blazing pile with tremendous billows of flame gushing out on every side. The children were believed to be lost. Their mother was like a raving maniac. I have not forgotten her actions nor the expression of her face when the children came running across the fields and were restored safe and sound in her arms.

We used to laugh when father told us how they fought fires in the early days, when there was no regular Fire Brigade but each citizen was supposed to bring "his own pail and some water if possible." It was no laughing matter. This state of things continued for many years; but as fires became more of a menace, the town got a hand-engine of a kind that was common before steam came in. I knew that first engine well and many a time have helped—or imagined I was helping—to make it go. It consisted of a closed, water-tight reservoir about ten feet long with a force-pump. The pump-handles were two horizontal poles, one

on each side. They were operated by six or eight men each, who worked the handles up and down. The men had to be relieved by a relay every few minutes.

When the fire-bell rang, citizens came running to the rescue. The fireman of the volunteer fire-companies manned the hand-engine and pumped a feeble stream. People stood in lines and passed buckets of water from wells and cisterns, for in my boyhood there was no public water supply. The town had giant, rectangular cisterns the size of a small room, dug here and there at the sides of the streets.

I have a lively memory of the first steam fire-engine that appeared among us—the first I ever saw, so the date could not have been long before 1870. We were warned by shouts and cries of some unusual happening and were aware of a deep-toned rolling sound as if a thunder-storm were on. Running for the spot we described, at long distance, a dense jet-black column of smoke that shot straight up above the crowd from the massive brass smoke-stack. As we came nearer we caught sight of the powerful upright cylinder of the black boiler with its heavy annular base and cornice of shining brass, and the glowing red flames of the open fire-box . . . Of hardly less interest was the Hook and Ladder Truck with its stack of ladders which always accompanied the engine.

A picturesque feature at our fires was the Negro Fire Brigade. The old hand-engine had been given over to them when the steam-engine came in. You should have seen the colored men pumping away like mad, —puffing and sweating, laughing and joking, eyes in frenzy rolling— having the time of their lives.

In those days competitive "tournaments" were held to see which town had the best Fire Brigade or Hook and Ladder Company. Marvellous prizes were offered, of silver vases and silver speaking-trumpets with colored silk tassels. The Fire Company with its engine, drawn by four spirited horses, would run a certain distance, make the necessary connections and begin to play on an imaginary fire. Sometimes two companies would stand face to face and fight a duel to see which could drown the other out! It was intensely exciting.

The Hook and Ladder Company's stunt was to cover a given space, raise a three-story extension-ladder (beginning while the truck was going

at full speed) and get a fast climber to the top rung in the shortest time. I can see that champion now—running up like lightning with the ladder slanting quivering and tottering until at last it stands straight up just as he reaches the top!

To cap the climax we might even have a barbecue at the close of the game. A huge hole was dug in the ground at the northeast corner of the Square, a hot fire was built and a whole ox hung above it—early in the day. By the time the games were over, the feast was ready for us and we for it.

The Oberlin companies beat all competitors and took so many trumpets and prizes that there's no use beginning to name them. They won their third trumpet in 1868. Phillips states that the Company drew its wagon forty-eight rods, stacked a thirty-foot ladder and put a man on the top rung in fifty-two seconds. In 1886 they took a solid silver belt at Norwalk—and the championship of the United States.

As for real fires, we would get up any hour of the night and stand any length of time in the scorching heat to watch flames shooting out of windows and smoke rolling from roofs; to see rubber-coated, fire-helmeted men up on ladders or balancing on ridge-poles; black lengths of hose in snaky lines and glistening coils; water-jets spouting their swinging paraboloids from the nozzles; to watch the moving reflections of all these in the puddles of the muddy street; to listen to the raging of the fire and the noises of the crowd, punctuated by the shouts of the Fire-Chief through his trumpet and accompanied by the steady thunder of the engine.

For spectacular effect we had nothing superior to the "torchlight processions" which took place during political campaigns. A few score or a few hundred young men provided themselves with torches and uniforms. The torches were kerosene lamps with spherical globes about the size of croquet-balls, made of tin and mounted on gimbals. They were attached to a wooden pole like a broom-handle. The uniforms were simple and cost very little. The costume consisted of a soldier's cap (of the Civil War type) and a wide cape of shining black oil-cloth. At night, reflecting the yellow beams of the torches, these capes were extremely effective. Such a procssion marching through the darkness with lamps alight, with the boys singing "John Brown's Body" or "The Little Octoroon"

and keeping step to the music of the band, was a colorful and impressive spectacle. Nor was it lacking in mysterious suggestion and depth of appeal. For the War was still fresh in all hearts, with its sympathy for the slaves and sorrow for the boys that had remained on the field.

We had no opera, no theatre—not even Punch and Judy—no shows of any kind. The religious sentiment of the community was still opposed to such things. The organizations and activities mentioned above were our only reliances, varied by an occasional visit from some Italian itinerant with a hand-organ and monkey, or a trainer with a dancing bear, or a travelling vendor on the street corner giving free demonstrations in order to sell a liquid guaranteed to take the tartar off your teeth instanter. (Mark Twain, who saw the same thing, says the liquid *did* take the tartar off—really—and the enamel, too.) Later on there was an occasional circus—frowned on by many but which filled with rapture the hearts of the young.