Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler Lovelace Family Papers.

Version 3
August 20, 2018

is right" "Trying to make others better and happier" "live and act according to the light that we have from day to day...absoribing the sunshine that comes on our path thatvits rays may be reflected through us on our associates and that it may be said of us that the world was better for our having lived rhereu in. And in the tax paper: speaking of the system of assessing:
"I think that in all of Blue Earth County there may be half a dozen people assessed for diamonds while there are, no doubt, several hundred people who own and wear them. But the poor man's cow and even his dog very rarely escape notice." "old and worn-out pianis of the poor"assessed for the same figure of as hthe fine instrumenrs in the homes of the wealthier class" (all were assessed for 4x $80.) (He was Country Treasurer at the time.)

He had a good mind. He almost stopped se;llimng shoes to to the law school at one point. But he had a greater gift for people than for hooks.

x x x x x

16a

Above all he enjoyed his home and family (This is, Inthink the ideal transition.) And it needed little perssuaion from mother to convince him that his girls were the finest in the world. They felt alike about their children. Their loyalty and confidence in us were endless. They were ambitious for us, too. Any budding talent any of us showed was encouraged as a gardener encourages a precious seedling. We fully believed it ourselves. or We girls were lavished with praise, were raised on praise, and never doubted that the Harts were the most wonderful family in the world.

Because of the activities which spra g from mothers ideal and daddy's sooperation there in, Kathleen and I iften enjoyed each other in spite of ourselves. Our family The Hart family did such lovely things together. There's no other world for it. We had so amny festivals, anniversaries, and traditions. The year was strung with them lik e lights on a Christmas tres.

There was no Christmas like a Hart Christmas, we all felt

O—

Sometimes

visits and we children thought ~~them glorious~~. Aunt Minnie Agnes
three year old
~~was an elocutionist and taught/Kathleen, xxkkxxIxxxxxkkkkxxx~~
~~xxkyx to "strike attitudes." Kathleen could represent anger, love,~~
~~fury, surprise or any other emotion upon request. I have a vivid~~
old for her board
~~account of this from/a delightful/lady who worked/at our house~~
~~xxxxxxxxxxxx while shxxxxx going throug h high school. That~~

~~I stayed with her and her family at their farm while~~
~~mo her, father, and Kathleen went to Chicago for the World's Fair~~
~~the same year I was born.~~ Ixxxxxxxfxxxjxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

an older relative

~~This aunt~~, who ~~also~~ visited us on Center Street, Aunt Libby,
~~Another aunt who came visiting/sometimes was Aunt Libby~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
divorced wife of Uncle Frank. She never should have married him, she admitted, for she was as old as his mother. ~~She wore a curly wig~~xxx Sh wore black taffeta dresses trimmed with jet and had a curly wig and a bright, alert facex and a low attractive speaking voice for she aas a former actress and singer, and Kathleen and I adored her stories of life on the road. She ~~xxxxxxxx~~ lived in Chacago and was very world,y, for her visit papa/always/brought in a case of beer ~~,whichxwasxkept~~ ~~xoldxinxthexcellarxunderxourxkitchen~~x otherwise unknown in our house. It was kept cold in the cellar ~~underxourxkitchen~~ which was entered by a trap door from our kitchen. It was there the winter barrels of apples were kept.

Aunt Libby brought us children bound copies of ladies' magazines, piles of sheet music and even opera scores on which Kathleen pounced like a hungr tiger. One of the pieces of sheet music was The Cat Duett which Bickie and I sang at a school entertainment when wex were in th grade. Our mothers made black cat costumes for us, and we were such a literally howling success that we sang the Duett for some school entertainment or other almost every year until we were trhough high school. (We can still sing it on request.)

Papa was a tall man and , in those days, still youth-

or sausage, A favorite spot was Jones's Ford with its red iron

(WPA Perrot. fur trader, Lake Pepin. Le Sueur, a companion of Perrot, built a fort on Prairie Island near Red wing, on I685. Five years later he erected another near the site of Mankato, to which he came not by the usual Great Lakes route but by boldly ascending the Mississippi from the Gulf. It was from this point that je transplanted to France 2 tond of blue colored earth, supposing it to be copper ore, (worthless clay.)

(Dr Storrs. Jones' Ford...used to be a ford...marked by a red iron bridge across the Blue Earth river and the bottom of its curving deep-cut valley, about three miles abive its junction with the Minnesota.... Pierre Charles Le Sueur's pitious and tragic dream... made ft Le Hullier here in .....I70I/Minn River then called the St Peters.Took blue earth back to Frane in I696. Le Huillier,

As long as we lived in Mankato, when October the I5th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to Lake Madison, to the lakeside home of which my mother's stepfather had built before he and Grandma moved to California.

A sign reading Prospect Park rose over the tall white gate, and the road leading to the house was lined with spicy-smelling evergreens. The lawns were spacious, with swings and a summer house. Scuffing through the red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under which Dad had proposed. He had been camping with friends on the lakeshore and came to the house to borrow a cup of salt, but stayed on and on and on.

"It was moonlight," Stella would say dreamily.

"And she hooked me," he would crow while we children giggled delightedly until Kathleen grew old enough to look indulgent.

We saw the bay window in which they had been married and the window above where mother said she had been waiting, wearing a tea-gown, when he drove up the drieway in a hired livery rig.

"With Uncle Henry Bowder. Aunt Flo's husband."

"There never was a happier marriage made."

Sometimes we had brought a picnic ALONG FOR THE Harts were great picnickers. We took picnic breakfasts to the country, sometimes, on Sunday mornings, cooking ive r open fires so the mmell of smoke mingled with the tantalizing smells of boiling coffee and sizzling bacon or sausage, A favorite spot was Jones's Ford

(WPA Perrot. fur trader, Lake Pepin. Le Sueur, a companion of Perrot, built a fort on Prairie Island near Red wing, on I685. Five years later he erected another near the site of Mankato, to which he came not by the usual Great Lakes route but by boldly ascending the Mississippi from the Gulf. It was from this point that je transplanted to France 2 tons of blue colored earth, supposing it to be copper ore, (worthless clay.)

(Dr Storrs. Jones' Ford...used to be a ford...marked by a red iron bridge across the Blue Earth river and the bottom of its curving deep-cut valley, about three miles abive its junction with the Minnesota.... Pierre Charles Le Sueur's pitious and tragic dream... made ft Le Hullier here in .....I70I/Minn River then called the St Peters. Took blue earth back to Fr

kings chemists, pronounced it copper. Le S got a commission to work this mine, Delaysm hardshios, an all-summer journey from the mouth of the Miss-isipp wemt up the Blue Earth to the mouth of the Le Sueueur, about 2 miles and esytablished winter quarters on one of the many high bluffs overlooking both rivers callin g the place Fort Le Hullier.Le S and hismen dug 20,00o pounds in 22 sdats. Selected 4000, loaded a shallop and started back to New Orleans leaving half his company to work the mine, To Ft Snelling then down the Mississippi....blue earth vcontained no copper; only a worhless tincture orf iron. In I907 , I7 fragmentary skeletons weere unearthed on a farm near the old locationof Ft Le Hullier., on one of the wooded hills that enclose these deep fruitful valleys, like battlements thrown u p b by nature for their protection from cold winds....arrow heads of flint." My letter Nov. 30, I948. Tom Edwards took Marion E and me on the most enchanted ride.....Rapidan, Garden City, Minneopa Falls, the Red Jacket Roadm Indian Lake Road, Tinckomville. I'd forgotten how gorgeous the scebery in Blue Earth County was, but part of it was so familiar. At Jones' Ford I coul d have walked right into the grove of trees where we Earts once picnicked, and well I remember one of our Old Mags balking on Pigeon Hill.

(WPA again.) West of Mankato the rugged hills and ravines extend ink all directions; the scenery along the deep-cut limestone edged valley of the Minnesota River is magnufucent. In pioneer times this region was on t the western rim of the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Big Woods but today only a wooded ravine or an/an occasional elm grove remains,

would have, how we would live in Paris with French maids, even go around the world and see the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

You will note hater ~~see as this book progresses~~ who went around the world. She went all alone and sent us post cards.

Bick and I bragged abiut our families. My ~~grandmother~~ grandparents had been in Europe and Grandma had ~~[illegible]~~ seen the Empress Eugenie sitting in the Tuileries Gardens.

"She was very old but ~~once~~ she used to be ~~was~~ the most beautiful woman in the world."

Midge listened ~~[illegible]~~ with her usual flattering attention ~~but~~ and didn't say a word. Last year , looking over a Gerlach geneology, I observed ~~[illegible]~~ that her great-grandmother had been a countess. If only she had told us about that, ~~it,~~ w e might have had better luck with one of our early ~~childhood~~ projects. We were all in love with ~~thexx~~ young King Alfonso of Spain. We cut his pictures out of the nesspapers and pinned them to our underwear. ~~But~~ We had agreed without jealossy that Midge with her yellow hair would make the best queen, but unfortunately we could not arrange it. ~~because~~ She was not of the blood royal. If we had known that she was practically a countess, we might have put itover.

Although we three always played together we did not always play alone . Ruth lived nearby in a house with a big adventurous yard, the most dangerous swing in Mankato. We four climbed a hill to Highland Park, famous for its peackcoks and thornapples, and made up a club ~~which~~ called the P O F which stood for Pledge of Friendship.

Beulah had ~~was tall and thin with long~~ black hair and big black eyes full of mischieb. She had a pony and a pony cart in which we got rides. ~~[illegible]~~ Also, because her father was editor of the local newspaper, she had passes to the Matinees which came to ~~Mankato~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the Mankato Opera House.

Beyond ~~the~~ Ruth's house in a picturesque valley lived ~~was~~ a colony of Syrians. They had not been in the United States long and some ~~of them~~ and still wore old country clothes. One of the little girls, at first, wore a long dress like a woman's. ~~and with~~ bloomers beneath. A few Snglos Saxon S Amerin

wouls havem how we would live in Paris with French maids , go around the world and see the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

You will see as the book progresses who went around the world. She went all alone but sent us postal cards.

Bick and O bragged about our families. My grandmother had been in Europe and had seen the Enpress Eugenie sitting in the Tuileries ardens. "And she used to be the most beauitful woman in the world."

Bick had cousins living in St Paul with a little girl named eadie/ about whose curls and clothes and romntic adventures she talked on and on, while I tried to think what I could tell to match it.

Then I remembered that my ~~grandfoer~~ ahd been inEurope and seen to the Enpress Eugenie sitting in the Tuileries gradens.

"She was a very old woman but once she was the ost beautiful woman in the world."

Midge would usually say nothing but when, last year, I looked ober a Gerlach geneology, I doscovered that her great grandmother had been a countess. What stories Bick or I would have spun from that. And if only she had told us about it, it we might have had better luck with one of our childhood projects. Marrying her to the oyoung King A lfonso of Spain. We were all in love with him, and cut his pictur es our of the paper and wore thwm pinned to our underwear. But we agreed that Midge, woth her yellow curls, would make just the queen for him but unfortunately she was not of the blood royal. If we had known about the Countess, we might have had better luck in marrying her offf to the King of Spain.

better luck in marrying her off to the King of Spain.

School enlarged our circle of friends

Ruth Williams lived in a house with a big adventurous lawn a big lawn wonderful for playingvin. She sometimes turned us into a foursome and we made up a club called the P O F. which stood for Pledge of Friendship. It worked for we are still friends in our 70s.

There was Beulah Hunt's whose father was editor of the Free Press. Thin, dark, with flashing white teeth, she was fun to play with. Also she had passes to the matiness . Mankato was a play town. We not only had visits from the Minneapolis stock company, with Dick Ferris and Gra ce Hayward. Our town was a stop between the Twin Cities and Omaha and many fine companies played one night stands there. Chauncey Olcott came every year, and papa always took our family to see him. One year Mary Pickford was in his company but we don't k now whethr or not she was the ye low haired little girl we followed as she walked with her mother fro m the back stage door to her hotel . We saw East Lynn and Uncle Tom s Cabin and Way Down East and other classics of the period. I remember The Secrets of the Russian Police. Does anyone else in the world remember that? And (the Gerlachs took me.) etc. Desc Opera House. Curtain by Luis Alvarez etc. Magic in that sedan chair

O f course, as soon as I saw a play, I began to write them, and always wrote in for myself a juicy part as villainess. In one play , in Midge's dining room,. my death bed scene made a little boy cry. Someimes the older girls joined in. They did, I remember, when we dramatized The English Orhpans by Mary J Holmes which was given under our sidelwan maples.

We gave a circus yearly , after the visit of Ringling Brothers, on the knoldl in the Gerlach's back yard. I saw so inadept at every sort of p hyscial exercise that it was hard to be a star in this. Midge and Bick huffed and puffed to get me up whether we sat in a box with Beulah or balcony seats which we paid for.

perfect luck in marrying her off to the King of Spain.

She listened to our stories with wide admiring eyes and the wider they grew the better the stories became. She laughed at our jokes which made them funnier. or and the more she laughed the wittier we became. She ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ accorned help with her rubbers, shoe laces, back buttons long after Bick and I took all the help we could get. She was very independent, rperhaos because ~~whe xxx~~ she was ~~a grandchild of forty-eighters.~~ great Bickie and I dreamed up advcentuous things to do but it was Midge who did them.

We decided to daub ourselves with mud and go begging but Midge was the first one to beg.

We climbed into the backyard maple and resplved to learn to fly bu jumping off but Midge was the only one to jump

We planned how we were going to go around the world endlessly about going and seeing the Taj Mahal b y moonlig t but to date Midge is the only one to do it. but to date Midge is the only one to have done it.

Sh followedour lead in everything which gave us a great incentive. like wearing bags around our necks in which we put a stone every time we were naughty and that gave us a great incentive to evil deeds. She participated in our ide a of cutting off our ha ir and keeping it to remember each other by.

Often when Bickie and I dreamed up adventurous things to do Midge did them first and sometimes was the only one to do them.

Now the mud,

One day when left alone in the Hart kitchen we decided to make a pudding of everythin g, everything, the hard cheese and we did, Midge stirrieng briskly while ick and I piled in su gar, salt, tapioca, rice, bacon grease, butter, vanilla, chocolate, corn starch, eggs, bacon, vanilla and every other flavoring, egg-o-see, oatmeal, and every thing else we could kind in cupboard or ice bix. We named this creatiom Everything Pudding. But even Midge was not brave enough to eat it.

Bick and I bragged about what we were going to do and what wonderful families we came from ut only slast year when [illegible] that her great gramdnother

and make up stories while the sun was setting. "The sun was setting in the west," was our favorite opening, whether the story was to be about the rich girl, Gwedolyn Poindexter, or Fairies or Cowboys and Indians. When one of us got bored, we would yell, "The sun was setting in the east", and that would be a signal to push one another off the fence and go racing up to CenterStreet to join the children who were playing Pom Pom Pullaway in the magical early dark.

Usually, though, Tess preferred the company of Kathleen and the other big girls, and soon Bick and I were joined by small, tanned, light-haired Marjorie Gerlach, called Midge, I have heard that Midge and I met in our baby carriages when our mothers, wheeling us, stopped to chat. But the Gerlachs lived on another street and Bick and I together discovered Midge and her chocolate-colored house which had colored glass over the front door, and front and back stairs, and was to us a mansion of all glories.

Midge had a charm for us greater even than her house, or her exquisite clothes, or herskill as a solo dancer. She appreciated us. She admired us. She realized how wonderful we were. This does not mean that she flattered us in words. On the contray she was blunt and devastatibgly honest. But she listened to our stories with wide eyes and the wider they grew the better our stories became. She laughed with delight at our jokes... as soon as she understood them, for she was a little slow at jokes.... and the more she laughed, the wittier we became. She was very industrious... Her German mother had taught her to cook, dust and sew, ... and extremely independent. A neighbor telephoned this tiny nymph had climbed a telephone pole all the way to the top.

"Don't worry," Mrs Gerlach answered, unperturbed. "She'll come down."

She was agile, fearless, and it was the more amusing because she always the smallest girl of her age roor in he r clas

*~~Kxxx~~ with a fine for ceful beat until Kathleen took over. She played/~~xixxxxxxix~~ for marches, such as we always had for birthday parties, an eager procession winding in and out from the lawn or wherever we had been playing games to the dining room and the always new excitement of the candlelighted cake.

~~Thxxfirstxxbirthdayxxxxxxxxxx~~ XXXXX

We always had cakes, but the first birthday at which I had a party was my fifth one, memorable for several reasons, one of which was that for this occasion ~~xxxxxx~~ mother made me a silk dress.

It was my first silk dress and I was overjoyed to have one. Silk dresses seemed romantic to me; they were what princesses wore. This was a checked rose and tan silk and trimmed with lace around the neck and sleeves. After the birthday I wore it every Sunday and did not doubt that the Baptist Sunday School was stunned by my beauty. Between Sundays I sometimes visited it in the sloping closet off our bedroom, to admire and smooth down the glossy skirts.

I had my picture taken in it which was fortunate for the dress had a short life. Somehwre I heard about places called slums ~~xxxx~~ in a city named New York. Children ~~kkkkxxxxxx~~ who lived there did not have enough to eat and wore ragged clothes. When I found myself alone, I went upstairs and took my silk dress out of the closet. I crept down to the kitchen and ~~went to~~ crept the ice box. The most appetizing thing I could see therein was a bowl of cottage cheese. I dumped it within the glistening rose and tan folds of my dress, wrapped it in a newspaper, found a pencil and primted on the margin To the New York Poor. I gave this damp bundle to the postmam secretly, and secretly he returned it to my mother, so I did not know until I was grown that it had not gone where it was intended to go.

Writing this ~~xxxxxxxx~~ down, I am inclined to think that it ~~this~~ was probably the noblest action, the act ~~xxxxxx~~ of purest selflessness in my entire life. I say this so you won't expect more. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~I don't recall even regretting that xxxxx dress.~~

Perhaps the most [illegible] piece of this had appeared in Dad's [illegible] magazine and he was [illegible] edited.

~~than a maple; its thick green leaves provide such privacy. There was a stout branch to lean against in periods of pencil chewing and views in all directions...up at the hills which curved around our Street to the east and south, down at the roof of our yellow cottage and across Center Street to Bick's house.~~

In winter this airy ~~study~~ cubicle had to be abandoned and I was less well off. I needed privacy for my writing; still do; and in those days I had a dread of being teased about it. My notebooks were ~~safe~~ safe though, even after I moved indoors and so were all the creased, smudged papers on which I ~~had written~~ wrote rhymes and stories. ~~My~~ mother gave me a special place in which to keep my "manuscripts." No one ~~else~~ was allowed to look at them without my express permission. (I recommend this procedure to any mother of a scribbling child.)

I could sometimes write unnoticed behind the hard coal heater ~~in~~ in our back parlor, a cozy retreat, for a kettle was ~~usually~~ singing on the warming plate and one could roast apples there, if invention led to hunger. Sometimes I could be alone in the small peak-roofed front bedroom which I shared with Kathleen and later also with Helen. A hired girl o r a girl working her board ~~(there was a distinction)~~ had the back bedroom, ~~after Helen was born and a bedroom for my~~ parents ~~was built at the foot of the stairs which ran down the back way to the kitchen.~~

While I was writing Kathleen was probably practising on the piano down in the front parlor. She not only loved to sing but to play the piano and to dance and speak pieces...in fact, to perform in any way...and she ~~willingly~~ skilfully learned and practised the gracious social arts.

I despised them , and scowled while Kathleen enchanted

would have, what big fans we would carry, how we would live in Paris with French maids , even go around the world and see the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

You will note later who went around the world. She went all alone and sent us post cards.

Bick and I bragged about our families. My grandparents had been in Europe. They had attended the Paris Exposition and we had a green bottle to prove. Grandma had seen the Empress Eugenie sitting in the Tuileries Gardens.

@She's old now but she used to be the most beautiful woman in the world."

~~Xxxxx~~

would have, what big fans we would wave, how we would live in Paris with French maids, even go around the world.

You will note later who went around the world. She went all alone and sent us post cards,

Bick and I bragged about our families. She had cousins living in St Paul, including a little girl named Belbina, nicknamed Beadie. I don't believe Bick had ever been to St Paul. But she held us enthralled with her tales of Beadie ...her curls, her clothes, her romantic adventures.

My Grandparents had been in Europe. They had attended the Paris Exposition and we had a green bottle to prove it.

"My grandma," I would say, "saw the Empress Eugenie sitting in a park. She's old now but she used to be the most beautiful woman in the world."

Midge listened raptly but said nothing. Last year, looking over a Gerlach geneology, I discovered that her great grandmother had been a countess. If only she had told us about/we had known about that, we might have had better luck with one of our early projects. We were all in love with the young King Alfonso of Spain. We cut his pictures out of the newspapers and pinned them to our underwear. We had agreed without jealousy hthat Midge would hareythow hair would make the best queen but unfortunatel y we could not arrangement, His queen, we read, had to be kf royal blood. If we had known she was practically a countess, we might have put it over.

As a matter of fact, we had a royal connection right in Mankato, Over the hill from Center Street, in an eye-resting valley, lived a colony of Syrians. They had not been in the United States long and some of them still wore old country clothes. One little girl wore a long dress with bloomers beaneath, ear rings like a woman's. and a scarf. A rumor'x went around Mankato and was brought home by my father and one of Bick'd older sisters that this little girl was a princess. A princess! We had played with her once or twice. We found out what house she lived in and sometimes tiptoed past.

26 151
A

She listened to our stories with wide admiring eyes and the wider they grew the better the stories became. She laughed at our jokes which made them funnier. or and the more she laughed the wittier we became. She xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx scorned help with her rubbers, shoe laces, back buttons long after Bick and I took all the help we could get. She was very independent, rperhaos because wshe xxx she was a great grandchild of gorty-eighters. Bickie and I dreamed up advcentuous things to do but it was Midge who did them.

We decided to daub ourselves with mud and go begging at a strange house but but Midge was the first one to beg.

We climbed into the maple and resplved to learn to fly by jumping off but Midge was the only one to jump

We planned endlessly about going ~~how we were going to~~ go around the world and seeing the Taj Mahal b y moonlig t but to date Midge is the only one to have done it.
but to date Midge is the only one tb do it.

[illegible]

Sh followedour lead in everything which gave us a great incentive. like wearing bags around our necks in which we put a stone every time we were naughty and that gave us a great incentive to evil deeds. She particiṗated in our ide a of cutting off our ha ir and keeping it to remember each other by.

Everything Pudding

Often when Bickie and I dreamed up adventurous things to do Midge did them first and sometimes was the only one to do them.

Now the mud,

One day when left alone in the Hart kitchen we decided to make a pudding of everythin g, everything, and we did, Midge stirrieng briskly while Bick and I piled in su gar, salt, tapioca, rice, bacon grease, butter, vanilla, chocolate, corn starch, eggs, bacon, vanilla and every other flavoring, egg-o-see, oatmeal, and every thing else we could kind in cupboard or ice bix. We named this creatiom Everything Pudding. But even Midge was not brave enough to eat it.

Bick and I bragged about what wwe were going to do and what wonderful families we came from but only slast year when I saw the Gerlach geneology did I discover that her great gramdnother was a countess. What Bick aor I wou d have done with that. We might

ran to tell Mrs "erlach that her little daughter had climbed a telehone pole, all the way to the top.

"Don't worry.@ Mrs „erlach answered unperturbed, @Sge'll come down."

Bick and I dreamed up adventurous things to do but it was ~~usually~~ Midge who did them. At least, she did them first. ~~in the ravine~~ [illegible] Big Hill

We decided , ~~upxonxthexbigxHill~~ one day, to daub ourselves with mud, tangle our hair, rumple our dresses and go begging at a strange house. We did, it, but it was Midge who rang the bell.

We climbed into the backyard maple and tresolved to learn to fly by jumping down, but Midge was the only one to jump

~~OnexdayxwhenxxleftxalonexinxthexHartxkitchen~~

We decided to cut off our hair (in order to have bits to remember each other by) and Midge began boldly by cutting off ~~halfxofxBickie"s~~ ~~autburnxcurlsxxThenxIxcutxoff~~ one of my braids, and I cut half of Bickie's ~~fat~~ lustred ringlets and Bick cut off half og Mdidge's yellow curls. I won't go into what happened afterward.

One day when we were left alone in the Hart kitchen, I decided we should make an Everythjng Pudding. [illegible] pan [illegible] That is, put everything ~~inxthexworldx~~ edible ~~from~~ ~~in the house~~ which icebox and cupboard yielded, put into one pan and stir it and cook it and see what would happen. ~~Midge~~ warned that it wouldn't be good but she took charge nevertheless ~~and~~ suggested beginning with bacon grease. ~~We scurried to cupboard and icebix for and Midg~~e stirred briskly while Bick and I dumped in sugar, salt, tapioca, ricem an egg, molasses ~~bacon grease,~~ butterm ~~vanilla~~, choclate , corn starch, tapioca, vanilla and ~~vanilla, and every~~ ~~other flavorings egg o see,~~ oatmeal, and everything ~~else we found in cupboard or icebix. Midge wasxalreadyxxx thought it was follish but didnt mind co-operating but brave as she was, she was not brave enough to eat it.~~ ~~[illegible]~~ I won't go into what happened afterward.

Bick and I used to spin tales by the hour about what we ~~were going to go when we grew up..~~ go around the world, see the Taj Mahal by moonlight, float on glaciers, live in Paris with French maids, ~~To date~~ ~~Midge is the only one to have gone~~ around the worl.d. ~~She went all alone~~ but sent us postal cards. Circus in the back yard

School enlarged our friends. Ruth, Beulah, a little Syrian

~~Still to work in the ravinexand Big Hill with the ravine and the glimpse of Little Syria.~~

Bickie: Probably, I declared it should make the most delicious food yet invented and we would be the first in all the world to make it.

about how beautiful we were going to be, and what [illegible] or dresses we would wear and [illegible]

more daring than we were. Again and again we dreamed things up but Midge did them. When we tried to fly she was the one who really tried. When we went begging, we made her neg first. We planned by the hour about how we were going to go around the world, but Midge was the only one of the three of us who went....who has gone so far. She waited pm on us hand and fook. She could cook, she could sew, s he had all the domestic ta le nts. Her grandparents had been 48s/ She was dainty, blunt, tiny, loyal, admiring, fearless, adventurous, always laughed at others jokes, the more she laughed the funnier we became, independent.

My mother remembered how she used to scorn help with her rubbers. "No. I can do it." I wish I could remember the phrase.

Many of our plays were played in her front parlor.

She early joined Bick and me on our ~~pick~~ bench, and on climbs up Prospect Heights which we called the Big Hill...as opposed to the Center Street Hill. Usually we took ~~picnicxxxxxxxx~~ picnics up there... a sanwich, a hard boiled egg and a piece of cake...and later were allowed to make fires over which we heatetd cocoa in a tin pail.

The Big Hill was very lovel , dotted with trees, a small ravine behind ~~inxxhichxwexfaun~~ full of trees and in which a small stream ran. See Bell's note If we walked to the south, along the grassy tree-strewn summit we could see another valley in which lay the Mankato Syrian colony. ~~I visited a new Junior High School there in 1961.~~

We also used Midge's back parlor ~~kixingxxoom~~ one time for a play. I loved to make up pla ys and even write them down. I always wrote in for myself a juicy role of villainess. I repented once so hard that I made Bennie Iverson cry.

School enlarged our friends. There was Beulah Hunt whose father ~~wxxdxxx~~ was editor of the Free Press and who had passes to the matinees. Mankato was a play town. It was a stop between the Twin Cities and Omaha and we csaw really excelt plays. The re were also weekly visits of a stock Company. Grace Hayward and Dick Ferris. We wept over East Lynn. Chauncry Olcott came every year. One year Mary Pickford came with him

off its hook. I crept down to the kitchen and went to the ice box. The most appetizing thing I could see therin was a bowl of cottage cheese. I dumped it within the glistening folds of my dress, wrapped ~~it~~ all in a newspaper, found a penil and printed on ~~the~~ a margin To the New York Poor. I gave this damp bundle to the postman secretly, and secretly he returned it to my mother, so I did not know for ~~many~~ years that my dress had not gone where it was intended to go.

Writing ~~this~~ it down, I am inclined to think that ~~it~~ this was the most unselfish action of my life. ~~I say this so you won't expect more.~~ Don't expect any more like it.

Though I lost the dress, I still have ~~kept all my life~~ two things from that fifth birthday party. A little glass pitcher which was one of the presents I received...and Bickie. That was when she came into my life and she still illumines it. We had eyed each other a few days earlier when the large Kenney family moved into our street but, due to my too exuberant overtures and her shyness, we had an unfriendly exchange. There were none such after we joined hands to lead the procession a t my fifth birthday party.

When, we had a tiff, which was ~~very~~ seldom, ~~and started home from school~~ We walked on opposite sides of the street, but we never reached our homes with that chasm betwen us. At some point, with one accord we would rush to the middle of the road shouting, "I like you!"

~~She~~ Bick liked to listen to my stories and to make them up ~~together~~ herself. We made them up together. walking to and from school or eating our suppers together on a little bench a neighbor had built on the wooded slope which skirted Center Street on the ~~grassy slope of the wooded hill which in which~~ Center Steeet. ~~lost itself~~. We were sometimes allowed to take our supper plates up there. ~~and eat there together on a little bench some/one had built there.~~

One of Bick's older sisters, Tess, was good at stories too and used to join us sometimes on the Kenney back fence, which was separated from their house by a pump and kitchen garden, buggy shed and barn, We liked to sit ~~there~~ on the fence

for thesepicnics bore no relation to meal times.

One of Bick's older sisters, Tess, was good at storesies too and used to join us sometimes the Tenney back fence, separated from their house by a pump and kitchen garden, buggy shed and barn. We liked to sit on that fence and make up stories while the sun was setting. "The sun was setting in the west" was our favorite openingm whether the story was to be about Gwendolyn Poindexter, fairies or cowboys and Indians. When one of us got bored, we would yell "The sun was setting in the east" and that would be a signal to push one anotheroff the fence and go racing up to Cente Street ti join the children who were playing Pom Pom Pullaway in the magical early dark.

Usually , though, Tess preferred the company of Kathleen and the other big girls, and soon Bick and I were joined by small, tanned , yellow-headed Marjorie Gerlach, called Midge . I have heard ~~from my mothers~~ that Midge and I met in our baby carriages for she and Mrs Gerlach sometimes wheeled us out together but the Gerlacks lived on another street and Bick and I together discovered her and her chocolate colored house which to us was a mansion o f all glories. It had colored glass over the front door and front and back stairs. She had a greater charm than her house, or her exquisite clothes. yellow hair, and her skill asa dancer which made her a star a t local entertainments. She appreciated us. She admired us. Nobody but we ourselves and Midge realized how wonderful we were. This did not mean that she flattered us in words. In fact, she was very practical amd blunt and often, but quite unknowngly, out is down to size. kept out feet on the ground.But she listened to our stories with wide eyes and the wider they grew the better our stories became,. She laugh at our jokes, as soon as she understood them, for she was a little slow at jokes, and the more she laughed the wittier we became. Put in earleir she was very independt, She was more practical than we were for her

Save for last para. a tiny version.

when Uncle Frank visited on Center Street and fell wildly inlove with one of my father's dainty school girl sisters. He wished to marry her. But, Tom reminded him, he was married already. It caused an explosive quarrel for my father was truculent where his womanfolk were concerned. So Frank disappeared again.

The actress -wife came to see us often, though, after she and Uncle Frank had been divorced. She should never have married him, she told Mother and Dad, admitting now that she was older than his mother. Aunt Libby wore black taffeta dresses trimmed with jet; she had a curly wig and a powder sift complexion. Her speaking voice was low and musical and Kathleen and I were enthralled by her tales of theatrical life. For her visits Dad always brought in a cse of beer, otherwise unknown in our house. It was kept in the cellar to which one descended with a candle through a trap door in the kitchen.

Aunt Libby brought us children bound copies of ladies' magazines, piles of old sheet music, and even opera scores. Kayhleen pounced like a hunry tiger on "Erminie", "Olivette", and "Pinafore." One of the sheet music pieces was "The Cat Duett"; perhaps it had been used as a between acts "specialty" in Aunt Libby's ingenue days. Bick and I sang it at a school entertainment when we were in Fourth grade. Our mothers made cat costumes for us, and we were such a literally howling success that we sang the Duett even unto high school days.

We can still sing it on request.

Aunt Libby never heard from Uncle Frank. Nobody did, except his mother when he enlisted in the Spanish American War . I believe my father always felt a wrench in his heart about that quarrel. Quarrels were rare with him; he was a man of peace; and Frank was Stella's idolized brother. Alsom the two young men, so unalike, had been friends. But I'm sure Tom never dounted that he had been right. He had promised his mother to look after his young sisters and marriage, in those days , meant what the marriage service says.

father always felt a wrench in his heart about that quarrel, although

for thesepicnics bore no relation to meal times.

One of Bick's older ~~sister Tess~~ sisters, Tess, was good at storesies too and used to join us sometimes/~~in making them up when she was not busy with Kathleen; We liked to tell them on~~ the Penney back fence, separated from their house by a pump and kitchen garden, buggy shed and barn. We liked to sit on that fence and make up stories while the sun was setting. "The sun was setting in the west" was our favorite openingm whether the story was to be about Gwendolyn Poindexter, fair es or coqboys and Indians. When one of us got bored, we would yell "The sun was setting in the east" and that would be a signal to push one anotheroff the fence and go racing up to Cente Street ti join the children who were playing Pom Pom Pullaway in the magical early dark.

Usually , though, Tess preferred the company of Kathleen and the other big girls, and soon Bick and I were joined by small, tanned , yellow-headed Marjorie Gerlach, called Midge . I have heard from my mothera that Midge and I met in our baby carriages for she and Mrs Gerlach sometimes wheeled us out together but the Gerlacbs lived on another street and Bick and I together discovered her and her chocolate colored house which to us was a mansion o f all glories. It had colored glass over the front door and front and back stairs. She had a greater charm than her house, or her exquisite clothes. yellow hair, and her skill asa dancer which made her a star a t local entertainments. She appreciated us. She admired us. Nobody but we ourselves and Midge realized how wonderful we were. This did not mean that she flattered us in words. In fact, she was very practical amd blunt and often, but quite unknowngly, cut is down to size. kept out feet on the ground.But she listened to our stories with wide eyes and the wider they grew the better our stories became,. She laugh at our jokes, as soon as she understood them, for she was a little slow at jokes, and the more she laughed the wittier we became. Put in earlei

German mother taugher her early how to cook and dust and sew. She waited on us and she was more independent than we were, and scorned help with shoe laces, rubbers, back buttons. long after Bick and I w ere taking all the help we could get.

she was very ~~indenent~~ independent perhaps because she was a great grandchild o f forty eitghters who had come to Milwaukee in search of freedome they did not have in Germany. Bickie and I dreamed up adventurous things to do but it was Midge who did them. We had a problem child

~~Bick and I needed her f or she built up our self esteem.~~ Bickie had a flock of older, self reliant, sisters and brothers some of whom were already out in the working world. She herself was shy and self effacing with almost everyone but me. I too had the challenge of an older sister ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ who was pretty and precocious and ~~sang and danced and~~ a baby sister who was naturally ethe center of attention. She was tiny and dainty and danced at local ~~xxxxxxxx~~ entertainments and was always daintily dressed but she followed where we led listened admiringly to what we said and followed where we led... ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxxx~~ in fact, going farther than we dared to do ourselves. (Wre never mentioned this to her, however, for fear of spoiling her.)

Midge climbing telephone pole to lookout.

A shewaitress at a > Lady Luck Club was the lucky lady Lu Stanton knew had taught Lu to drive and had actually shared the inspiration with us.

Though I lost the dress, I have kept two things from that party. A little glass pitcher which was one of the presents I received ~~and it is~~ .... and Bick~~ie~~. That was when she came into my life and she still illumines it. We had eyed each other ~~sometime~~ a few days earlier when ~~she~~ the large Kenney family moved into our street, ~~she~~ ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ due to my too exuberant overtures and her shyness ~~had had~~ we even had ~~had~~ an unfriendly exchange, But there were none such after ~~the birthday party~~ we joined hands to lead ~~but never after the birthday party when we led the procession for which~~ ~~my mother played so gaily~~ the procession at my fifth birthday party.

When we had a tiff, which was very seldom, and ~~walked~~ started home ~~from school~~ from school on opposite sides of the street, we never reached ~~home~~ our houses with that chasm between ~~us~~ u s . At some point, With one accord we would rush to the middle of the ~~street~~ road shouting "I like you!"

We went to and from school together, every day, and during vacations we played together from morning until night. ~~I have tried sometimes~~ ~~to figure out what made us so congenial.~~ ~~I think it was good for both of us to have so important to each other.~~ ~~I have tried sometimes to figure out what made us so congenial. For~~ ~~one thing,~~ ~~and~~ It is too complicated to try to figure out what made us and makes us [illegible] so utterly congenial but one thing which figures in a book about writing. We were both imaginative. She loved to listen to m y stories and at first I told more stories than I wrote down. We made them up together; ~~it was one of our favorite pastimes.~~ walking to and from school, or eating our suppers ~~on a~~ ~~bench~~ on a low grassry slope of the hill which ended Center Street. A little bench had been put there and we were sometimes allowed to take our supper plates there. I

We are both [illegible]
[illegible]

*~~It~~ with a fine ~~for ceful~~ beat
until Kathleen took over. She played ~~xixxxxxxx for marches, such as~~
we always had for birthday parties, an eager procession winding in and
out from the lawn or wherever we had been playing games to the dining
room and the always new excitement of the candlelighted cake.

~~Thxxfixxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

We ~~always~~ had cakes, but the first birthday at which I
had a party was my fifth one, memorable for several reasons, one of
~~which was that for this occasion xxxxxx mother made me a silk dress.~~

~~It was my first silk dress and~~ I was overjoyed to have
one. Silk dresses ~~seemed~~ romantic ~~to me;~~ they were what princesses
wore. ~~This was~~ a checked rose and tan silk ~~and trimmed~~ with lace
around the neck and sleeves. After the birthday I wore it every Sunday
and did not doubt that the Baptist Sunday School was stunned by my
beauty. Between Sundays I sometimes visited it in the sloping closet
off our bedroom, to ~~admire and~~ smooth down the glossy skirts.

I had my picture taken in it which was fortunate for
~~the dress~~ had a short life. Somehwre I heard about places called
slums ~~xxxx~~ in a city named New York. ~~Xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Children ~~who lived~~ there
did not have enough to eat and wore ragged clothes. When I found my-
self alone, I went upstairs and took my silk dress out of the closet.
I crept down to the kitchen and went to the ice box. The most appetizing
thing I could see therein was a bowl of cottage cheese. I dumped it
within the glistening rose and tan folds of my dress, wrapped it in
a newspaper, found a pencil and primted on the margin To the New York
Poor. I gave this damp bundle to the postmam secretly,and secretly
he returned it to my mother, so I did not know until I was grown that
~~it~~ had not gone where it was intended to go.

Writing ~~this xxxxxxxx~~ down, I am inclined to think that
~~it~~ ~~xxxx~~ was ~~probably~~ the noblest action, the act ~~xxxxxx~~ of purest selflessness
in my ~~entire~~ life. I say this so you won't expect more ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~I don't recall even regretting that xxxxx dress.~~

According to mother, if she sang Swannee River to me, I would stop nursing and start to cry. She would change to something else and I would return to the nipple, but if she/slyly reverted to Swanee River I would leg go and start to cry again. I don't know what this was supposed to prove but I doted on hearing it ~~told~~. Most of the family stories seemed to pertain either to Kath;een, because she was the oldestm or to Helen, because she was the baby. ~~So I made the most of Swanee River.~~

When ~~she~~ mother wasn't putting babies to sleep, ~~mother's~~ her songs to them were ~~usually~~ lively. Like Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines or Marching Through Georgia or -- best of all -- The Birdies' Ball. This last I have never heard ~~xxxxx~~ outside our family circle.

~~As she sang those tra la la las, she jounced~~

She ~~went for~~ those tra lala las, ~~and sang them~~ gayly, the lucky baby briskly, holding it ~~holding the lucky baby~~ well out on her knee, her hands ~~clasped~~ firmly beneath its arms, ~~jouncing it briskly~~. Her determination was to elicit a smile from the enchanted infant and I seldom knew her to fail. I remember ~~xxxx~~ Helen, a fat delicious baby, yielding a toothless smile and our Merian doing the same, for mother sang Birdies' Ball to her grandchildren, just as she had to us, through interminable verses of which she never forgot a line.

~~You may wonder why The Birdies' Ball belongs in a book about living with writing, but you will see.~~

She played the piano with the same verve with which she sang,

We saw the bay window in which they had been married and the window above where mother said she had been waiting, wearing a teagown, when he drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig.

Sometimes we had brought a pincic along for the "arts were great picnickers. We took suppers out to Sibley Park where ~~the~~ ~~twoxxivxxxxxxxx~~ high bluffs overlook the meeting of two rivers. We children would enkoy the big swings while our father made coffee in the park kitchen and mother spread out the supper on one of the long tables. ~~Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ A hot dish would have come wrapped in the tabl cloth.

We took picnics ~~p~~out to the country, ~~especially on Sunday morning,~~ cooking over open fires so the smell of smoke mingled with the delicious smells of ~~xaffxxx~~ boiling coffee and sizzling bacon,

Sometimes we~~xx~~ were accompanied by the Woods or Macbeths~~x~~, friends of our parents from the Whist Club. The Macbteh daughter, Flossie, was to become Florence Macbeth of the Chicago Opera Company. I believe they went with us when we picnicked at dawn on thr Fair Grounds when the circus was being unpacked, the tents raised and the elephants fed. This was almost nicer than the parade with the bands and screaming calliopes which we watched from in front of the shoe store.

On the rides home from picnics, we often sang, Kathleen and I cuddled in the back seat, "elen up front with our father and mother. We all had good voices except daddy and he loved to hear the old songs. Mother had a rich contralto and we "took parts" in Annie Laurie, Sweet Adeline, The Tavern in the Town and The Battle Hymn of the "epublic.

At homein the evenings we sang hymns abd popular songs such as After the Ball and A Bicycle Built for Two and Daisy, Daisy, Give me your promise true, and sometimes songs from Pinafore and the Mikado. Mother put her babies to sleep with the Lullaby from Erminie, or Rockabye Baby, and soft songs like Swanee River.

ran to tell Mrs Gerlach that her litt;e daughter had climbed a telephone pole..all the way to the top.

"Don't worry," ,rs Gerlach answered unperturbed. "She'll come down."

Bick and I dreamed up adventurous things to do but it was often Midge who did them. At least, she did them first.

We decided one day to daub ourselves with mud, tangle our hair, rumple our dresses and go begging at a strange house. We did it, but it was Midge who rang the bell.

We climbed the backyard maple and decided to fly like birds. We would learn just as young birds did. "We'll wave our arms and jump," I said. Midge jumped.

We decided to cut off our hair (in order to have some to remember each other by.) Midge began boldly by cutting off one of Bick's braids, so I cut off half of Bickie's long red ringlets, and Bick cut off half of Midge"s yellow fluff.

I won't go into what happened when our parents saw us.

and my too exuberant overtures,we had an unfriendly exchange. There were none such after we joined hands to lead the procession at my fifth birthday party.

When we had a tiff, which was seldom, we walked on opposite sides of th street but we never reached our homes with that chasm between us. At some point , with one accord, we would rush to the middle of the road AND SHOUT, "I like you!"

In some ways we were very similar: imaginative dreamers

Every moment of the day, when when it was humanly possible, making romantic plans, inventing games, telling we were together, stories. Bick liked to listen to my stories and to make them up herself. We made them up together, walking to and from school, or sitting under a tree or eating our supper together on a little bench which a neighbir had built on the woodsy slope which ended Center Street. We were sometimes allowed to take our supper plates up there.

One of Bick's older sisters, Tess, was good at stories and used to join us sometimes on the Kenney baclfence which was separated from their house by a pump and kitchen garden, buggy shed and barn. We liked to

ran to tell Mrs Gerlach that her ~~little~~ Terri daughter had climbed a telephone pole..all the way to the top.

"Don't worry," ,rs Gerlach answered unperturbed. "She'll come down."

She fell in with a gang

Bick and I dreamed up adventurous things to do but it was often Midge who did them. At least, she did them first.

We decided one day to daub ourselves with mud, tangle our hair, rumple our dresses and go begging at a strange house. We did, ~~it,~~ but it was Midge who rang the bell.

We climbed the backyard maple and decided to ~~learn to~~ fly like birds. "~~Just wave your arms and jump," I said. Midge jumped~~ "Just look, I'll tell you how" "How's that?" We ~~would~~ learn just as young birds ~~did~~. "We'll wave our arms and jump," I said. Midge jumped.

We decided to cut off our hair (in order to have some ~~kind of a reminder~~ to remember each other by.) Midge began boldly by cutting off one of Bick's braids, ~~and~~ so I cut off half of Bickie's long red ringlets, and Bick cut off half of Midge"s yellow fluff.

I won't go into what happened when our parents saw us. a disaster

A favorite spot was Jones's Ford where a red iron bridge crossed the Blue Earth and looking down were the tall rugged bluffs where Pierre Charles Le Sueuer and his men made a fort around I700. afte r digging tons o f the blue earth and sending it to France in the false belief that it was copper.

Someitmes we were accompanied by thw Woods or the Macbeths, f friends from the Hi Fly Whist Club . ~~Eleanor Wood, Flossie Macbeth and xxxxx Kathleen, in spangled tulle dresses, had danced in a Kermiss together.~~ Flossi was to become Florence Macbeth, prima donna of hhe Chicago Opera Company. She
~~Eleanor Wood, Flossie Macbeth and~~ one blue, one ~~red,~~
She and Kathleen and Eleanor Wood, wearing spangled dresses,/~~one red, one~~
red
~~green~~ green, one/blue, danced together about this time in a Kermiss.
Kathleen's dress was the green one, and that shade of green still gives me
~~Flossie was to become Florence Macbeth, prima donna of the Chicago Opera~~
~~Company~~ a quiver, ~~I was so enchanted by it xxxx~~ as it did when I saw it hanging in our closet long after the dance was done.

We took family picmics to Sibley Park where high bluffs overlook the meeting of the rivers. We children would wade in the Blue Earth, throw pebbles. gaze up at the high rugged bluffs whuch ovellook the meeting of the ~~waters~~ rivers, ~~and~~ and we would enjoy the tall wooden swings while Dad made ciffee in the parl kitchen and mither sprsad out supper on on of the long tables. A hot dish would have come wrapped in a blue table clot

About the time I was born—

~~A fter selling shoes on the road for a while~~, Dad set himself up in his own shoe store. He enjoyed road travel: ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ ~~setting~~ starting off/~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ for a new place, each day in the cool of the morning, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ meeting people, talking, bending his skill ~~and energies to~~ ~~his favorite game of~~ /selling, But he could sell in a shoe store too and he was glad to settle down for he was, above all, a family man and got his greatest satisfaction from his home, his wife and children.

~~[illegible]~~

He agreed with Mother that there was no family like ours and so, willy nilly, did we children, ~~and because of the acivivities which sprang from Mother;s ideal and Dad's cooperation therein~~, Kathleen and I enjoyed each other, ~~[illegible]~~ in spite of ourselves. Our family did such lovely things together; there's no other word for it. We had so many festivals, anniversaries and ~~traitions~~ traditions. The year was strung with them like lights on a Christmas tree.

There was no Christmas like a Hart Christmas, we all felt sure although Dad's income from the shoe store was modest and our celebration the same. From the first smell of fruit cake suspense built up and up.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Strict secrecy governed the making or buying, thewrapping and hiding of presents, even joke presents which were one of our traditions. Everyone got one. Mother was unfailingly remembered with a tastefully wrapped potato or lump of coal from the beau Daddy had taken her away from.

Another tradition which started on Center Street was Dad's making Sunday night lunch. (We never called it supper.) He made coffee, using an egg(?) and sandwiches from cheese or the remnants of the ~~Sunday~~ roast or chicken ~~or xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx from from onions....~~ his ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ onion sandwiches were especially famous... ~~and~~ friends of all ~~ages, of all mebers~~ members of the familt, were welcome to drop in.

~~we were Dad's Sunday night [illegible]~~

~~cheese — he could find in~~

Relatives and boyfriends was that

~~[illegible]~~

We ~~Harts~~ brought back presents for every one ~~member of~~ in the ~~fx~~ family As whenever ~~we~~ one of us returned from even the shortest trip.

All ~~five~~ of us observed our parents' wedding anniversary.

~~It~~ started it, I don't doubt, ~~to make~~ things easier for mother or a night when the hired girl was out.

This started on [illegible] day of the [illegible] last [illegible] and after [illegible] into an [illegible]

~~Fair Grounds where the circus was being unpacked, the tents raised and the elephants fed. This was almost as thrilling as xxxxxxxx the~~ ~~parade which we watched from in front of the shoe store~~ ~~xxxxxx, xxxx xx xxxxx xx xxx xxxx xxxxx, xxx xxx parade with its bands~~ and gilded wagons and ~~and screaming calliope which we watched from in front of the shoe store.~~

We took family picnic suppers to Sublet Park where high ~~xxxx~~ bluffs overlook the meeting of the rivers. We children would enjoy the tall wooden swings while Dad made coffee in the park kitchen and and mother spread out ~~a blue tablecloth and~~ supper on one o f the long tables.

. On the rides home from supper picnics, we ~~often~~ sang, Kathleen and I cuddled in the back seat, baby Helen up front with mother and Dad. We all loved to sing ~~xxx xxxx xxxxxx~~ except Dad and he loved to listen. ~~xxxx xxx xxx xxxxx~~ Mother's voice was a rich contralto and we "took parts" in "Annie Laurie," "The Tavern in the Town," ~~The Battle Hymn of the Republic.~~ "Tenting tonight, Tenting tonight, Tenting on the old camp ground" [illegible]

~~Music is woven into the fabrice of my childhood.~~ Mother had a rich contralto while we took parts

~~At home we often sang popular songs, such as "After the Ball". "A Bicycle Built for two" (Helen's first song). a d such lik.e.~~ etc

Mother rocked her babies to sleep with the Lullaby from Erminie,

"A bicycle built for two" was Helen's [illegible]

"Bye, bye.
Drowsiness o"er taking
Pretty little Eyelids Close"

~~Or Rockaby Baby~~ or soft songs like Swannee River. According to Mother , if she sang Swannee River to me, I would stop nursing and start to cry. She would change to something else and I would return ~~xxxxxx~~ to the nipple, but if she slyly reverted to Swanee River I would let go and start to cry again. I don't know what this was supposed to prove but I doted on hearing it told. Most of the family stories seemed to pertain either to Kathleen, because she was the oldest, or to Helen , because she was the baby. ~~So I made the most of Swanee River.~~

When mother wasn't putting babies to sleep, her songs to them were lively. Like Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines who fed his horse on pork and beans, or Marching Through georgia, or...best of all....the Birdies' Ball. This must have been one of Aunt Libbie's songs for I ~~xx~~ never heard it outside our family circle.

It was a tradition that a Hart brought back presents for every one else in the family whenever he returned from even the shortest trip.

En masse, we observed our parents' wedding anniversary. As long as we lived in Mankato, when October the I5th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to Lake Madison, to the lakeside home which Mother's steofather had built before he and Grandma moved to California.

Except on the lake side, which had a dock and boat house, it was enclosed by a white fence with a stately gate in front, and the road leading to the house was lined with evergreens. Kathleen and I had visited here in earlier days and the aromatic smell of the evergreens brought back recollections of the good times we had had in these spacious lawns, of playing milliner under a beech tree , the leaves of which could so easily be made into hats, swinging in a long-roped swing and dawdling in a romantic summery house.

Scuffing now through the red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under which Dad had proposed. He had been camping with friends on the lakeshore and came to the house after supper to borrow a cup of salt.

WE children would look up into the branches,

"It was moonlight," Stella would say dreamily.

"And she hooked me," he would crow and then we chuckled delightedly until Kathleen grew old enough to lokok indulgent.

We saw the bay window in which they had been married and the window above where Mother said she had been waiting, wearing a teagown, when he drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig.

"With Uncle Henry Bowder. Aunt Flo's husband. He married us."

"There never was a happier marriage made."

Perhaps we had brought a picnic along for the Harts were great picnickers.

We took picnic breakfasts to the country, cooking over open fires and the mingled smells of smoke, boiling coffee, and sizzling bacon or sausage mingled tantalizingly in the cool morning ai

A fter selling shoes on the road for a while, Dad set himself up in his own shoe store. He enjoyed road travel:, setting off for a new place, each day in the cool of the morning, meeting people, talking, bending his skill and energies to his favorite game of selling, But he could sell in a shoe store too and he was glad to settle down for he was, above all, a family man and got his greatest satisfaction from his home, his wife and children.

He agreed with Mother that there was no family like ours and so, willy nilly, did we children, and because of the activities which sprang from Mother;s ideal and Dad's cooperation therein, Kathleen and I enjoyed each other in spite of ourselves. Our family did such lovely things together; there's no other word for it. We had so many festivals, anniversaries and traditions. The year was strung with them like lights on a Christmas tree.

There was no Christmas like a Hart Christmas, we all felt sure although Dad's income from the shoe store was modest and our celebration the same. From the first smell of fruit cake suspense built up and up.

Strict secrecy governed the making or buying, thewrapping and hiding of presents, even joke presents which were one of our traditions. Everyone got one. Mother was unfailingly remembered with a tastefully wrapped potato or lump of coal from the beau Daddy had taken her away from.

Another tradition which started on Center Street was Dad's making Sunday night lunch. (We never called it supper.) He made sandwiches from the Sunday roast or chicken or from onions....his onion sandwiches were especially famous.... and friends of all ages, of all mebers of the familt , were welcome to drop in.

We Harts brought back presents for every member of the family whenever we returned from even the shortest trip.

All five of us observed our parents' wedding anniversary.

Perhaps we had brought a pinnic along, for the Harts were great picnickers. We took Sunday breakfast to the country sometimes, cooking over open fires, and mingled smells of smoke, boiling coffee, sizzling bacon or sausage, mingled tantalizingly ~~with~~ in the cool morning air.

Perhaps we had brought a picnic along, for the Harts were great picnickers . We took Sunday breakfast to the country sometimes, cooking over open fires, and smoke, npilomg coffee, sizzling bacon or sausage, and the cool morning air made a fine quartet of smells..... made a fine bouquet of smells..... made a symphony of smells. or were delicious ly smellsome.

for although Dad and mother were good Baptists, they weren't like all Mankato Baptists. They played cards, they went to ~~all~~ dances and balls, and sometimes on a Sunday morning, packed up blankets, ~~thexdanxexxMatherxlaakingxlikexxxquexnxandxDadxxxproudxofxhexxxandxxx thexx~~ and us small fry and hitched up Old Mag and

Perhaps we had brought a pinnic along for ~~the~~ we Harts were great picnickers.

great picnickers. We took Sunday breakfast to the country sometimes, for ~~although~~ not often Mother and Dad were good Baptists. ~~they weren't~~ But strict "what was called" ~~to use the favorite phrase of the day.~~ They played cards, they loved ~~to go to~~ dances ~~.. or~~ and balls as the most elegant affairs were called ~~...~~ and sometimes on one in a while Sunday we ~~would pack~~ packed a basket, ~~rolled~~ rolled up blankets, hitched up Old Mag and drove out through the Dam to cook breakfast in the country. The ~~mingx~~ smoke, ~~and~~ the boiling coffee, ~~and~~ the sizzling bacon or sausage, ~~and fresh~~ cool morning air, mingled with the cool morning air to make a ~~delicious aroma.~~ ~~to make an aroma deliciouely smellsome.... a fine quartte of smells.....~~ a still remembered fragrance.. ~~...a tantalizing fragrabce.~~

~~mingled to make a fine aroma~~

As long as we lived in Mankato, when October the I5th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to Lake Madison, to the lakeside home of which my mother's stepfather had built before he and Grandma moved to California. ~~A sign reading Prospect Park rose over the tall white gate,~~ and the road leading to the house was lined with ~~spicy-smelling~~ evergreens. The lawns were spacious, with swings and a summer house. Scuffing through the red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under which Dad had proposed. He had been camping with friends on the lakeshore and came to the house to borrow a cup of salt.

"It was moonlight," Stella would say dreamily.

"And she hooked me," he would crow ~~while we children giggled~~ delightedly until Kathleen grew old enough to look indulgent.

We saw the bay window in which they had been married and the window above where mother said she had been waiting, wearing a tea=gown, when he drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig.

"With ~~Uncle Henry Bowder,~~ Aunt Flo's husband.

"There never was a happier marriage made."

~~Sometimes we had~~ brought a picnic ALONG FOR THE Harts were great picnickers. We took picnic breakfasts to the country, ~~sometimes, on Sunday mornings,~~ cooking over open fires so the smells of smoke ~~mingled with the tantalizing smells of~~ boiling coffee, and sizzling bacon or sausage. A favorite spot was Jones's Ford where a red iron bridge crossed the Blue Earth and looking down ~~at our breakfasts~~ were the tall rugged bluffs where Pierre Charles Le Sueur and his men made a fort around I700 after digging tons of the blue earth and sending it to France ~~believeing that they had discovered copper. But they hadn't~~

Sometimes we were accompanied by the Woods or the Macbeths, friends ~~of our parents~~ from the High Fly Whist Club. The Macbeth daughter Flossie, was to become Florence Macbeth of the Chicago Opera Company.

~~I believe they went with us when we picknicked at dawn on the~~

Eleanor Wood, Florence Macbeth (who [illegible] and Kathleen

Sometimes we were accompanied by theWoods or the Macbeths, friends from the Hi Fly Whist Club. Flossie Macbeth was to become Florence Macbeth of the Chicago Opera Company. About that time she and Eleanor Wood and Kathleen, wearing spangled tulle dresses, one blue, one red, one green, danced together in a Kermiss. Kathleen's dress was the green one, and that shade of green still gives me quiver of delight, as it did when I saw it hanging in our closet, spangles still twinkling, long after the dance was done.

We took family ~~picnics~~ suppers to Sibley Park which stands at the meeting of the rivers. We children would wade in the Blue Earth, throw pebbles, and gaze up at the high grassy bluffs, coverdd with trees, ~~which looked down from~~ of the Minnesota ~~side~~, and we would enjoy the tall wooden swings while Dad made coffee in the Park kitchen and mother spread our supper on one of the long tables. (A hot dish would have come, wrapped in a table cloth.)

On the rides home ~~from supper picnics,~~ we sang. Kathleen and I cuddled in the back seat, baby Helen up front with Mother and Dad. We all loved to sing except Dad and he loved to listen. The first song in which Helen could join was ~~about~~ the bibycle built for two. ~~Mother's voice was a rich contralto and~~ We "took parts" on "Annie Laurie". "The Tavern in the Town," "Juanita/" ~~And of course, after thw Spanish American War, in "Tenting tonight"~~

~~"Tenting tonight,~~
~~Tenting tonight,~~
~~Tenting on the old camp ground....."~~

~~Mother~~ rocked her babies to sleep with the lullaby from "Erminie/"

"Bye, bye.
Drowsiness o'ertaking
Pretty little eyelids close...."

of other soft songs, loke "Swanee River." ¶ According to ~~Mother~~ Ma, if she sang Swanee River to me, I woild stop nursing and start to cry. She would change to something else and I would return to the nipple, but if she slyly reverted to Swanee River I woild let go amd start to cry again. I don"t

off its hook. I crept down to the kitchen and went to the ice box. The most apprtizing thing I could see was a bowl of cottage cheese. I dumped this into the glistening folds of my dress, folded it up, wrapped it in a newspaper tied it with a string and printed on the margin To the New York Poor. I gave this damp bundle to the postman secretly , and secretly he returned it to my mother, so I did not know for many years that my dress had not gone where it was intended to go.

Writing it down, I am inclined to think that this was the most uselfish action o my life. Don't expect others like mix it."

Though I lost the dress, I still have two things from that fifth birthday party. A little glass pitcher which was one of the presents I received...and Bickie. That was when she came into my life and she still illumines it. We had eyed each other a few days earlier when the large Kenney family moved into our street but, due to myxxhyxxxxxxxx her shyness and my too exuberant overtures,we had an unfriendly exchange. There were none such after we joined hands to lead the procession at my fifth birthday party.

When we had a tiff, which was seldom, we walked on opposite sides of th street but we never reached our homes with that chasm between us. At some point , with one accord, we would rush to the middle of the road AND SHOUT, "I like you!"

We liked each other all right. We were each other"s alter egos. Bick liked to listen to my stories amd we made them up together, walking to or from school, or climbing xxxx the Big Hill which crossed Center Street and rose behind our house, or eating our supper together on a little bench which a neighbor had built on the woodsy slope which ended Center Street. We were sometimes allowed to take our supper plates up there.

One of Bick's older sisters, Tess, was good at stories amd used to join us sometimes on the Kenney back fence which was separated from their house by a pump and kitchen garden, buggy shed and barn. We sat on

~~on~~ that fence ~~xhilexthexsunxwasxsettingxxx~~ and made up stories while the sun was setting. ¶ "The sun was setting in the wesst" ¶ That was out favorite opening whether our tale was to be about the ~~beautiful~~ ravishing Gwendolyn Poindexter, or fairies, or Indians. When one of us got bored, she would yell, "The sun was setting in the east," an d that would be a signal to push one another off and go ~~raching~~ racing up to Center Street to join those children who were playing Pom Pom Pullaway in the ~~magical~~ early dark.

Usually, though, Tess preferred the company of Kathleen and the other big girls, and soon ~~Bick and I were joined by a third~~ ~~in~~ all our undertakings by a little girl, quite different from us, but who, neverhheless became our ~~inx~~ inseparable companion. We three considered it a duty, as soon as we had swallowed breakfast and helped with the dishes...if we couldn't avoid doing that ~~xx~~... to join each other for as much of ~~the~~ each day as we could ~~xxxxxx.inxeveryxsortxofxfascinatingxundertakingxxxxx~~ possibly manage.

Marjorie Gerlach, ~~always~~ called Midge, was small, ~~xxx~~ and wiry, and her ~~xx~~ light hair looked lighter than it was because she was so ~~light-haired and~~ deeply tanned. She lived on the ~~next streeet~~ street next to ours in a chocolate colored house which had ruby glass over the front door and was, to Bick and me a mansion of all glories.

Midge had a charm for us greater than her house, or the ~~exquisite~~ lovely lacy clothes her mother made for her, or her skill as a solo dancer. She appreciated us/ She admired us. She ~~knewxhowx~~ realized how wonderful we were. Not that she flattered us in words. On the contrary she was blunt and ~~devastatingly~~ all too honest. ~~and~~ Often, without meaning to, ~~punctured our balloons~~ she jolted us back to earth. But she listened to our stories with wide eyes, and the wider they grew the ~~xxxx~~ better thestories became,.. She laughed with delight at ourjokes...as soon as she understood them for she was a little slow at jokes...and the mrore she laughed the wittier we becane. She waited on us. She had been taught to be helpful at home. In fact, her German mother had taught her to cook, dust and sew. She was practical where we w were dreamy, independent where we were tied to apron strings, ~~in awe of big sisters~~, fearless where we were timid.

She was as agile as she was fearless. A neighbor one day ~~telepgoned~~

sit on that fence ~~while the sun was setting~~ and make up stories while the sun was setting. "The sun was setting in the wesst" was our favorite opening whether our tale was tp be about the beautiful Gwendolyn Poindexter, or faifies, or Indians. When one of us got bored, she would yell, "The sun was setting in the <u>east</u>," an d that would be a signal to push one another o f and go raching up to Center Street to join those children who were playing Pom Pom Pullaway in the magical early dark.

Usually, though, Tess preferred the company of Kathleen and the other big girls, and soon Bick and I were joined in all our undertakings by a third little girl, quite different from us, but who, nevertheless became our inseparable companion. We three considered it a duty, as soon as we had swallowed breakfast and helped with the dishes...if we couldn't avoid doing that... to join each other for as much of the day as we could possibly manage.

Marjorie Gerlach, always called Midge, was small, light-haired and deeply tanned. She lived on the next streeet in a chocolate colored hiuse which gad ruby glass over the front door and was, to Bick and me a mansion of all glories.

Midge had a charm for us greater than her house, or the ~~exquisite~~ lovely lacy clothes her mother made for her, or her skill as a solo dancer. She appreciated us/ She admired us. She ~~knew how~~ realized how wonderful we were. Not that she flattered us in words. On the contrary she was blunt and devastatingly honest and often, without meaning to, punctured our balloons. But she listened to our stories with wide eyes, and the wider they grew the better thestories became,.. She laughed with delight at ourjokes...as soon as she understood them for she was a little slow at jokes...and the mrore she laughed the wittier we becane. She waited on us. She had been taught to be helpful at home. In fact, her German mother had taught her to cook, dust and sew. She was practical where we w were dreamy, independent where we were tied to apron strings, in awe of big sisters, fearless where we were timid.

She was as agile as she was fearless. A neighbor ~~telepgone~~ one day

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ off its hook. I crept down to the kitchen and went to the ice box. The most appetizing thung I could see therin was a bowl of cottage cheese. I dumped it within the glistening folds of my dress, wrapped it in a newspaper, found a penil and pinted on a margin To the New York Poor. I gave this damp bundle to the postman secretly, and secretly he returned it to my mother, so I did not know for many years that my dress had not gone where it was intended to go.

Writing this down, I am inclined to think that it was the most unselfish action of my life. I say this so you won't expect more.

Though I lost the dress, I have kept all my life two things from that fifth burthday party. A little glasspitcher which was one of the presents I received...and Bickie. That was when she came into my life and she still illumines it. We had eyed each other a few days earlier when the large Kenney family moved into our street but, due to my too exuberant overtures and her shyness, we had an unfriendly exchange. There were none such after we joined hands to lead the procession a t my fifth birthday party.

When we had a tiff, which was very seldom, and started home from school on opposite sides of the street, we never reached our homes with that chasm betwen us. At some point, with one accord we would rush to the middle of the road shouting, "I like you!"

She liked to listen to my stories and to make them up herself. We made them up together. walking to and from school or eating out suppers on the grassy slope of the wooded hill in which Center Steeet lost itself. We were sometimes allowed to take out supper plates and eat there together on a little bench someone had built there.

One of Bick's older sisters, Tess, was good at storiss too and used to join us sometimes on the Kenney back fence, which was separated from their house by a pump and kitchen garden, buggy shed and barn, We liked to sit th

and sew. She was practcal where we were dreamy, independent where we were t tied to apron strings, fearless where we were timid.

She was as agile as she was fearless. A neighbor one day ran to tell Mrs Gerlach that her tiny daughter had climbed a telephone pole. ....all the way to the top.

"Don't worry," Mrs Gerlach answered. "She'll come down."

Midge fell in with all our plans. Bick and I dreamed up adventurous things to do but it was often Midge who did them. At least, she did them first.

We decided one day to dabb ourselves with mud, tangle our hair, rumple our dresses and go begging at a strange house. We did, but it was Midge who explained that we were hungry.

We climbed the backyard maple and decided to flylike birds.

"But we haven't got wings," Midge pointed out .

"We"ll use our arms for wings."We'll just wave our arms and jump like baby birds do."

Midge jumped.

One day when we were alone at our house, I decided we should make an Everything Pudding. Put in one pan a little of everything edible which the cupbpard and icebox yielded, stir it and cook it and probably it would make the most delicious food ever eaten. And we would be the first in the world to eat it, because no one had ever thought of doing it.x before.

Midge looked dubious but she took charge nevertheless, suggesting that we begin with bacon grease, and she stirred briskly while Bick and I dumped in sugarm salt, tapioca, an egg, molasses, butter, chocolate, bay leaf, corn starch , molasses, oatmeal, cinnamon, vanilla and other flavorings. She made it for us, but had too much sense to eat it.

Bick and I used to spin tales by the hiur about what we were going to do when we grew up. Midge listened, fascinated, as we told about how beautiful we were going to be, what long trains our dresses

would have, what big plumed fans we would wave, how we would live in Paris with French maids, even go around the world."

You will note later who went around the world. She went all alone and sent us post cards,

Bick and I bragged about our families. She had cousins living in St Paul, including a little girl named Belbina, nicknamed Beadie. I don't believe Bick had ever been to St Paul. But she held us anthralled with her tales of Beadie ...her curls, her clothes, her ~~romantic adventures.~~ antics.

My Grandparents had been in Europe. They had attended the Paris Exposition and we had a green bottle in the parlor to prove it.

"My grandma," I would say, "saw the Empress Eugenie sitting in a park. She's old now but she used to be the most beautiful woman in the world."

Midge listened raptly but said nothing. Last year, looking over a Gerlach geneology, I discovered that her great grandmother had been a countess." If only she had told us about that, we had known about that, we might have had better luck with one of our early projects. We were all in love with the young King Alfonso of Spain. We cut his pictures out of the newspapers and pinned them to our underwear. We had agreed without jealousy that Midge would make the best queen but unfortunately we could not arrange it. His queen, ~~we read,~~ had to be of royal blood. ~~If we had known she was practically~~ Still a countess, we might have put it over.

As a matter-of-fact, we had a near-royal connection right in Mankato. Over the hill from Center Street, in an eye-resting valley, stood Mr Tinkhom's impressive brick house, and up and down the single street were the small houses and gardens of a Syrian colony. Mr Tinkhom had sold them their land and the place was called Tinkhomville. The Syrians had not been long in the United States and some still wore old country clothes. One little girl wore a long dress with bloomers beneath, ear rings like a woman's . and a scarf. Midge, Bick and I who sometimes were playmates her [illegible] twice, A rumor went around Mankato and was brought home by my father, that this little girl was a princess. A princess! We ~~had~~ saw some ~~played with her once or twice. We found out which cottage she lived in and sometimes tiptoed past went to Timkhomvelle and tiptoed past.~~ [illegible] believed it. We did the [illegible] we went to Tinkhomville after [illegible] tiptoed past her house.

and crystal chandelier

Although Bick, Midge and I played so much together, we did not always play alone. Ruth lived nearby and one day we four climbed to Highland Park, famous for its peacocks and thorn apples, and made up a club called the P.O.F. which stood for Pledge of Friendship.

Beulah had swinging black hair and devilish black eyes. She had a pony and a pony cart in which we got rides. Also, because her father was owner and editor of the local newspaper, she had passes to the matinees which came to the Opera House.

The Opera House! When Beulah took us on her passes we sat in a velvet draped box, when we went alone we sat in the gallery but wherever we sat under that magic roof we were enthroned in glory. Many years later, doing research in the New York Public Library I strolled into their Art Gallery and saw a painting on the wall which made me hear again the magical sound of an orchestra tuning up, expected to have the room darken and the the painting to rise slowly ~~and made me expect~~ ~~while to reveal an~~ illuminated square in which enchanted people moved about and stories would be acted out before my eyes. Not to be too flowerly the painting was, I discovered, called Mau festival in Spain painted by Luis Alvarez It was the curtain in an Opera House. ~~How well~~ I knew everyh5hing on it, for we always aimed to be the first ones inside the ~~Opera House~~ door and had a long time to wait before the curtain went up. The flower booth....the sedan chair.... Some looked at the curtain. the gentlemen in cocked hats...the ladies in pink and dresses, and chickens scracching about.

Mankato was a good show town. We not only had visits ~~lasting for a week by~~ from the Minneapolis Stock Comoany, starring Dick Ferries and Grave Hayward...they were wonderful enough. But many fine companies played one night stands there, when en route from the Twin Cities to Omaha. We saw Uncle Tom's Cabin, and East Lynn, and Way Down East and

Joe Jeff came. Mr Leslie Carter, Anna Held. Evan Mayeska.

other classics of the period. Isaw Secrets of the Russian Police. Does anyone else in the world remember that? The Drifter Twins Chauncey Olcott came every year and it became another Hart tradition for Dad to tage all of us to hear him. ~~xax~~ ~~would xxxxpandxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ At some point in the play, he would yield to ~~xxxxpandxxx~~ continuous clapping, pounding a nd shouting by ~~hoisting himself to a~~ the aisle, right up on the stage ~~table and~~ singing his old hit, My Wild Irish Rose.

Richard Carle came in"The Tenderfoot." Mr and Mrs Gerlach had seats in the dress circle for an evening performance and were dressed in gala clothes for it, too. ~~For some reason~~ I was at their house to stay ~~...perhaps to stay~~ overnight with Midge, Perhaps we showed how we were longing to go. At any rate with some of the moment they took us along, ~~and~~ I was ~~overjoyed~~ dizzy with joy. I had never seen a musical comedy, Kathleen had been taken to The Prince of Pilsen ~~and, I think, to~~ Woodland when I ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~had been~~ was considered too young to go, ~~Thexxxxxxxxx~~ and it never ceased to rankle. The Gerlachs had only two seats but we sat in their laps...turn and turn about, I hope for although Midge was light as a fairy I was a chunky little girl. Our foursome may have looked ~~a little~~ a little odd to the opera cloaks and full dress suits around but ~~Mr and Mrs~~ Gerlachs weren't the kind to care. In a blissful daze Midge and I listened to Richard ~~Clare~~ Carle sing his famous song:

Of course ~~this turned us to making~~ by now we were making up we made up I plays like mad. I always wrote in fer myself a juicy part as villainess. When we gave Th Reoentence of Lady Clinton in Mifdge's dining room, I repented so hard, (I was dying of course) on my deathbed that I made a little boy cry.

W e ~~didnt~~ weren't often allowed to give our plays in any of our houses but we rigged u p theatres out doors. Stretching sheets to serve as curtains. And we charged pins although anyone could look for from a convenient fence.

After a Steet Fair came to Mankato, with a dsensational flying lady, we had a flying lady show in our barriage shed. We had found out how it was worked. in the down town show. The flying lady sat on one end of a

A street fair came to Mankato for one dazzling week. There

other classics of the period. Isaw Secrets of the Russian Police. Does anyone else in the world remember that? Chauncey Olcott came every year and it became another Hart tradition for Dad to tage all of us to hear him. At some point in the play, he would yield to continuous clapping, pounding a nd shouting by hoisting himself to a table and singing his old hit, My Wild Irish Rose.

Richard Carle came in"The Tenderfoot." Mr and Mrs Gerlach had seats in the dress circle for an evening performance and were dressed for it, too. For some reason I was at their houre...perhaps to stay overnight with Midge, Perhaps we showed how we were longing to go. At any rate they took us along and I was overjoyed. I had never seen a musical comedy, Kathleen had been taken to The Prince of Pilsen and, I think, to Woodland when I had been considered too young to go, and it never ceased to rankle. The Gerlachs had only two seats but we sat in their laps...turn and turn about, I hope for although Midge was light as a fairy I was a chunky little girl. Our foursome may have looked a little odd to the opera cloaks and full dress suits around but Mr and Mrs Gerlach weren't the kind to care. In a blissful daze Midge and I listened to Richard Clare sing his famous song:

Of course this turned us to making I plays like mad. I always wrote in fer myself a juicy part as villainess. When we gave Th Reoentence of Lady Clinton in Mifdge's dining room, I repented so hard, (I was dying of course) that I made a little boy cry.

W e weren't often allowed to give our plays in any of our houses but we rigged u p theatres out doors. Stretching sheets serve as curtains. And we charged pins although anyone could look from a convenient fence.

After a Steet Fair came to Mankato, with a dsensational flying lady, we had a flying lady show in our barriage shed. We had found out how it was worked. in the down town show. The flying lady sat on one end of a

A street fair came to Mankato for one dazzling week. There

were tents and booths at every corner along Front Street which was decorated w ith bunting and flags. ~~There~~ Barkers were calling us to enter every show, and the merry go round was dringing out tunes and there was a Ferris Wgeel copied after the one which had electrified visitors to the ~~Worlds Fair in~~ Chicago!s World Fair.

Most fasinacting of all was the show called the Flying Lady/

"Sge's beautifu; he's marvellous. She flies!" the barker called. "Dont run folks, but hurry jjust a little..."

And in the darkness of the tent a beautiful lady did indeed fly up and down and back and forth while the music made it even more mysertious than it was.

We were much let down when we were told by grownups that she saw on a bar somewhat like a see saw and something heavy at the other end moved her on her aerial gyrations.

Disconcerting at first, but we did the same thing in our woodshed , with ~~Mary~~ Bick, rded curls and wearing an older sister's long white nightgown ~~long white robe moving through~~ moved thru the sepulchral dark by means of Midge and me, behind the scenes ~~the sepulchral dark, Only the gal screamed and yelled once but the~~ sitting on the other end of the see saw. Once Tacy got scared and yelled
audience didnt want their pins back.
"Stop. Stop. I'm falling!" But the audience didnt ask their pins back.

~~After the circus came... morning picnics... parade... copied from earlier mention.~~

The circus came we, Harts, along with the Woods and Macbeths, picncked at dawn on the Fairgrounds, where it was being unpacked, the tents raised and the elephants fed. This wa was almost as thrilling as the parade which we watched from in front of the shoe store, bands and gilded wagins and screaming calliopes. ~~Somet~~ There were clowns and beautiful ladies sitting in the gilded wagins. Some- ~~times~~ years we ~~could never afford to~~ were even take n to the circus itsle.f

After the circus had rolled away, we gave our own circus in the Gerlach;s back yard. They had a tree there from the branches of which ~~we used as trapezes~~ we hung swings to help as trapezes. Brothers helped in this project ~~too.~~ also. ~~Midge had two of them, and Bick had one~~

Some readers may know all about this for I based the Betsy-Tacy books on my own young days...always, of course, inventing, changing and embroidering to make the plots. The family I call the Rays in those stories is certainly much like the Hart family and the Ray Christmas with its various customs, traditions and rituals was certainly ours. (The brass bowl out of Heaven to Betsy stands in our front window now.)

Like the Rays , we Harts brought back presents for every member of the family when one of us returned from even the shortest trip .

Like Mr Ray, Tom Hart made Sunday night lunch. We never called it Sunday night supper. He made sandwiches from the Sunday roast or chicken or whatever he found in the ice box --- his onion sandwiches were especially famous --- and friends of all ~~xxxx~~ members of the family were welcome to drop in.

Like the Rays the whole Hart family observed the parents' wedding anniversary. As long as we lived in Mankato, when ~~xxxxxxx~~ October the 15th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to Lake Madison to the lakeside home which my mother's stepfather had built before he and my grandmother moved to California.

A sign reading Prospect Park rose over the tall white gate and the road leading to the house was lined with spicy-smelling every green. The lanws were spacious with swings and a summer house. Scuffing through red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under which our father had proposed. He had been camping on the lake shore and had come to ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ Stella Palmer's house to borrow a cup of salt.

"It was moonlight," he would say dreamily.

"And she hooked me," he would crow.

28

I was not agile but my friends were loyal and I was hoiested, into a trapeze ~~wherexIxjustxsatxxxxxx~~ on which I did no tricks wjatsoever but swang back and forth, painted and bedizened. Our audie ce sat in the grass beneath the treet. Midge and Bick ~~couldxdoxtricksxxx~~ and Ruth and Beulah could do tricks, and ~~thex so~~ the first three had brothers, ~~hnot~~ not too much younger than us, who could do tricks ~~Rxxk Midge had two of them Dewey haceing been born ion the 4th of July in the thick(?) of the Spanish American War...that was how he got his name. He and the other brothers could do various tricks.~~ So could my baby sister Helen. amd Helen was a great hit, a chubby little dumpling had been advertised raucously, "She combs her hair with hrer feet!" She could, in fact, lie on her round little stomch and hold a comb and in her toes and get it into her hair. The crowd adored it.

She waas pulled in a cart in the parade which preceded the show/ And ~~even though~~ though, even as a msmall child, she awas reserved and dignified, she seemed modestly not displeased whem we hauled he r down Caneter Street inin a cart, ~~a combin her toes~~ while we shouted, ~~"Shexcombsxherxhairxwithx herxfeetx~~ She's womderfu;. Sges marvellous. She combs her hair with her feet!"

Although ~~we were~~ diverted by the theatre and the circus, reading was one of our true loves and about this time I was introduced to the Mankato Public Library.

Another ~~house~~ place of enchantment was the library, bui;t with a Carnegie grant when I was eleven. Before that was built we had, of course, the books in the breakfront bookcase, my copy of Longfellow's Poems. "They gave us children intense pleasure but it was a pleasure mixed with pain for they included such tear-wringers as Black Beauty, Beautiful Joe, Elseie Dinsmore, (the first one only) The Lamp lighter, Queechy and The Wide Wide World. More cheerful were The Fuve Little Peppers, Efitha's Burgler and The Birds" Christmas Carol.

my Longfellow

The ,ast two rovided fine recitations for Kathleen. She did th Christmas Carol in the / ? grade, taking all the parts herself, changing her tones and gestures to suit the characters. A;so for Kathleen probably there ~~were~~ was a fat book of recitations and readings from which included a blood curdling account of ~~h~~the ~~executionxxx~~ execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.

"Even more enthralling to me were thetravel lectures of John

I was not agile but my friends were loyal and I was hoiested, into a trapeze ~~wherexIxjustxsatxxxxxxx~~ on which I did no tricks wjatsoever but swang back and forth, painted and bedizened. Our audie ce sat in the grass beneath the treet. Midge and Bick ~~couldxdaxtricksxxxx~~ and Ruth and Beulah could do tricks, and ~~thex~~ so the first three had brothers hnot too much younger than us. ~~Ruth~~ Midge had two of them Dewey haceing been born ion the 4th of July in the thick(?) of the Spanish American War...that was how he got his name. He and the other brothe could do various tricks. amd Helen was a great hit, a chubby little dumpling had been advertised raucously, "She combs her hair with hrer feet!" She could, in fact, lie on her round little stomch and hold a comb and in her toes and get it into her hair.

She waas pulled in a cart in the parade which preceded the show/ And even though as a msmall child she awas reserved and dignified, she seemed modestky not displeased whem we hauled he r down Caneter Street inin a cart, a combin her toes while we shouted, ~~"Shexcombsxherxhairxwithx herxfeet:~~ She's womderfu;. Sges marvellous. She combs her hair with her feet!"

Although we were diverted by the theatre and the circus, reading was one of our true loves and about this time I was introduced to the Mankato Public Library.

Another house of enchantment was the library,. bui;t with a Carnegie grant when I was eleven. Before that was built we had, of course, the books in the breakfront bookcase. "They gave us children intense pleasure but it was a pleasure mixed with pain for they included such tear-wringers as Black Beauty, Beautiful Joe, Elseie Dinsmore, (the first one only) The Lamp lighter, Queechy and The Wide Wide World. More cheerful were The Fuve Little Peppers, Efitha's Burgler and The Birds" Christmas Carol.

work in

The ,ast two rovided fine recitations for Kathleen. She did th Christmas Carol in the / ? grade, taking all the parts herself, changing her tones and gestures to suit the characters. A;so for Kathleen probably there ~~were~~ was a fat book of recitations and readings from which included a blood curdling account of ~~m~~the ~~executionxxx~~ execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.

"Even more enthralling to me were thetravel lectures of

classics
other/~~slassies~~ of the period. I ~~remember~~ Saw The Secrets of the Russian Police. Does anyone else in the world remember that? Chauncey Olcott came every year and ~~Dadxtook it was~~ another Hart tradition was for for Dad every year to take all of us to ~~seexit~~ hear him. He ~~always~~ would responded to a continuous clapping, ~~shoutingx~~ pounding and shouting ~~for My Wild Irish~~ Rose by hoisting himself to a table and singing ~~it for us.~~ My Wild Irish Rose

~~Mrxandx Mrsx Gerlachxhadxxx~~ When Richard Carle came in The Tenderfoot , Mr and Mrs Gerlach had fine seats in the parquet for an evening performance.
and I suppose I was staying with Midge to console her for not going along,

And Mr and Mrs Gerlach took Midge and me to what was miy first musical show. (Kathleen had seen The Prince of Pilsen before I was
a never-forgtptten insult.)
considered old enough for the theatre.) Richard Carle was the star of and the Gerlachs had seats in the Dress Circle and when they found out how Midge and I were longing to, they took us along. They had only two seats but we sat in their laps. Midge, of course, was light as a fairy but I was chunky and it may have seemed a little odd to Whuch may have seemed a little odd to the finely dressed gaily fdresseed full dress suits and ~~eveningxgowns~~ opera coats aroun. But Mr and Mrs Gerlach weren't the kind to ~~mxxxx~~ gind that hardbear.

When Rdchard Carle came in "The Tenderfoot", Mr and Mrs
dress circle
Gerlach had seats in the/~~parquet~~ for an evening performance. They were ~~dressedx,xtoo,x~~ dressed for it, too. I was at their invite there for some reason... ~~probablyxs~~ perhaps is ~~stayingxwithxMidgexforxthexx~~ and and perhaps ~~because~~ Midge and I showed how we were longing to go, at any rate they took us along. They had only two seats but we sat in their laps. Turn and turn about , I hope, for although Midge was light as a fairy I was a chunky little girl. I was overjoyed to be seeing
and
a muscial comedy. I had never seen one/~~although~~ Kathleen had been taken to The Prince of Pilsen whihh I was considerdd too young to go. That rankled. Our foursome may have looked a little odd to the opera cloaks and full dress suits around but the Gerlachs weren't the conventional kind.
[illegible]

other/classics of the period. I saw The Secrets of the Russian Police. Does anyone else in the world remember that? Chauncey Olcott came every year and was for Dad to take all of us to hear him. He would respond to continuous clapping, pounding and shouting My Wild Irish Rose by hoisting himself to a table and singing.

When Richard Carle came in The Tenderfoot , Mr and Mrs Gerlach had fine seats in the parquet for an evening performance. and I suppose I was staying with Midge to console her for not going along,

And Mr and Mrs Gerlach took Midge and me to what was my first musical show. (Kathleen had seen The Prince of Pilsen before I was considered old enough for the theatre. a never-forgtptten insult.) Richard Carle was the star of and the Gerlachs had seats in the Dress Circle and when they found out how Midge and I were longing to, they took us along. They had only two seats but we sat in their laps. Midge, of course, was light as a fairy but I was chunky and it may have seemed a little odd to Whuch may have seemed a little odd to the finely dressed gaily fdresseed full dress suits and opera coats aroun. But Mr and Mrs Gerlach weren't the kind to find that hardbear.

When Richard Carle came in "The Tanderfoot", Mr and Mrs Gerlach had seats in the dress circle for an evening performance. They were dressed for it, too. I was at their house for some reason... perhaps I stay overnight with Midge, and perhaps Midge and I showed how we were longing to go, they took us along. They had only two seats but we sat in their laps. Turn and turn about , I hope, for although Midge was light as a fairy I was a chunky little girl. I was overjoyed to be seeing a muscial comedy. I had never seen one and Kathleen had been taken to The Prince of Pilsen which I was considerdd too young to go. That rankled. Our foursome may have looked a little odd to the opera cloaks and full dress suits around but the Gerlachs weren't the conventional kind.

I was overjoyed because

would have, how we would live in Paris with French maids, even go around the world and see the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

You will note later ~~see as this book progresses~~ who went around the world. She went all alone and sent us post cards.

Bick and I bragged abiut our families. My ~~grandmother~~ grandparents had been in Europe and Grandma had ~~seen~~ seen the Empress Eugenie sitting in the Tuileries Gardens.

"She was very old but ~~once~~ she ~~was~~ used to be the most beautiful woman in the world."

Midge listened ~~with her usual flattering attention~~ ~~and didn't say a word~~. Last year , looking over a Gerlach geneology, I observed that her great-grandmother had been a countess. If only she had told us about ~~it~~ that, we might have had better luck with one of our ~~childhood~~ Early projects. We were all in love with ~~the~~ young King Alfonso of Spain. We cut his pictures out of the newspapers and pinned them to our underwear. ~~But~~ We had agreed without jealousy that Midge with her yellow hair would make the best queen, but Unfortunately we could not arrange it, ~~because~~ since She was not of ~~the~~ blood royal. If we had known that she was practically a countess, we might have put itover.

Although we three ~~always~~ usually played together we did not always play alone . Ruth lived nearby in a house with a big ~~adventurous~~ yard which boasted the most dangerous swing in Mankato. We four one day climbed ~~a hill~~ to Highland Park, famous for its peackcoks and thornapples, and made up a club ~~which~~ called the P O F, ~~which stood~~ standing for Pledge of Friendship.

Beulah ~~was~~ had ~~black hair and big~~ black eyes, ~~full of mischief~~ and twinkling. She had a pony and a pony cart in which we got rides. Also, because her father was editor of the local newspaper, she had passes to the Matinees which came to ~~Mankato~~ the Mankato Opera House.

Beyond ~~the~~ Ruth's house in a picturesque valley lived ~~was~~ a colony of Syrians. They had not been in the United States long and some of them still wore old country clothes. One of the little girls, ~~at first,~~ wore a long dress like a woman's. ~~and~~ with bloomers beneath. ~~A few Anglo Saxon~~ Americans,

wouls havem how we would live in Paris with French maids , go around the world and see the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

You will note later ~~see as the book progresses~~ who went around the world. She went all alone but sent us postal cards.

Bick and I bragged about our families. My grandmother had been in Europe and had seen the Enpress Eugenie sitting in the Tuileries "ardens. ~~"And she used to be the most beauitful woman in the world."~~

Bick had cousins living in St Paul including ~~with~~ a little girl called ~~named~~ ~~about whose curls and clothes and~~ I don't believe Bick had ever met her but she Bick wove an enthralling tale of Beadie's beauty and clothes and romantic adventures. Beadie/~~whosexxherxandxclothesxand~~ romntic adventures ~~xxxlovedxhearingxabout andxBickxspunxthemxout she talked on and on, while I tried to think what I could tell to match it.~~ Could hold us spellbound.

Then I remembered that my grandfoer ahd been inEurope and seen to the Enpress Eugenie sitting in the Tuileries gradens.

"She was ~~a~~ very old ~~woman~~ then but once she was the most beautiful woman in the world."

listened quietly at these sessions with her usual flattering attention and

Midge ~~would usually~~ said nothing ,~~but when,~~ last yrar, ~~I~~ looked up oVer a Gerlach geneology, I discoovered that her great grandmother had been a countess. ~~What/~~ stories ~~Bick or I would have donexxwithxthat!xxifxxxx spun from~~ [illegible] that. And if only she had told us ~~earlierx~~ about it, earlier ~~it~~ we might have had better luck with one of our childhood projects. ~~Marrying~~ (her ~~to the oyoung King A lfonso of Spain. We~~ were all in love with at that time him; ~~and~~ we ~~Wexxhx~~ cut his pictur es our of the paper and wore thwm pinned to our underwear. But we had ~~knewxMidgexcouldn'txmarryxhim;xxx~~ agreed without jealousy that Midge, woth her yellow curls, would make ~~just~~ the best queen for him ~~for but~~ ~~only~~ but unfortunately it could not be arranged she was not of the blood royal. If ~~we~~ had known ~~about the~~ she was practically a Countess, we might have ~~had better luck in marrrying her offf. to the King of Spain.~~ here'

put it over.

Please
show
[illegible]
the blood
royal!

found work driving a dray and saved $100 to send back to those sisters who were now in the Academy. He delivered groceries, and worked at other jobs, making friends wherever he went. One of them was a tall, thin young man with dark auburn hair, a mustache to match, bright blue eyes, fine white teeth, who could play any tune he heard, dance any step he saw, act the clown . Completely unalike, the two boys became friends and later roomed together. Frank Palmer was the stepson of the wealthy owner of a wholesale shoe house in Mankato. The family home was out at nearby Madison Lake. In the winter months, they came in town to live in an apartment over their plant, so the choldren could go to school. Frank's sister Stella was attaneding the State Normal School. They met and she wrote in his autograph album in swirls of purple ink:

Friend Tomas, In contentment is true wisdom, Truly your friend, Stella M. Palmer."

While he wrote in hers,

Friend Stella,

Friends may meet and
Friends may part
But distance cannot
Change the Hart.

And added, Pleasant Memories of Yesterday

Shortly before his mother's death, it came Tom's turn to attend ~~Breckenridge's arrived~~. Decorah Institute, ~~The Academy's formal name~~, was usually called simply "Breckenridge" because ~~seldom used because~~ white-bearded Professor Breckenridge, its principal was such an impressive figure. He certainly impressed my father, who never forgot how ~~the white-bearded patriarch~~ ~~My father never forgot how he~~ dismissed school at day's end with the words, "Now, you boys and girls, to please me put on clean clothes and go among clean people."

Other advice gave my father his courtly carriage.

"Remember the big elm on Water Street?" the Professor would boom from his platform. "Every morning and evening when you pass that tree, stop, take a deep breath and then expel it slowly. If you come to school from the other direction, stop by the monument."

After three years, with an autograph album full of nuggets of wisdom, Tom left home and went to Mankato.

I don't know why he chose Mankato but for me not to have been born there seems now almost as incredible ~~as it would be~~ as not to have been born into the Hart family. Mankato stands at the great bend of the river, just where the Blue Earth River ~~flows into the Minnesota, just as that stream makes its proud Great Bend.~~ Going north, ~~xxxxxxxxxx it~~ is followed for a space by Mankato's ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ Front Street and the tiers of steep streets which parallel it ~~looking down at the river from higher and higher points, levels~~. The houses on top of the hills. Other streets meet the hills head on, ~~and but~~ most of them are ~~are~~ bordered by tall elms or maples, ~~and~~ shading pleasant ~~houses, while conveniently near thereare~~ for there are ~~the~~ hills all around, with steep and meadows ready for coasting in winter, or ~~xxxxxxx~~ picnicking in summer, ~~xxxxxxxxxx and there are woods~~ and ferny ~~xxxxxxxx moist~~ rare ravines in which to hunt for wild flowers.

~~in Mankato~~ Moreover, in Mankato the sun rises in the east and sets in the west which cannot be said for any other place in which I've ever lived. To be respect To find the straight direction about the Mankato

~~In Mankato~~ Tom found work driving a dray and saved ~~xxxx~~ $100 to send back to those sisters who were now ~~in~~ Breckenridge's. He clerked and delivered groceries, ~~and xxxxxxxxx clerked, and~~ making friends wherever he went. ~~and interest to send be made friends and inspired either and or fiction and always made friends and interest he worked he made friends and inspired either and or fiction. 182 and made friends many friends and~~

Shortly before his mother's death Tom's turn to attend Breckenridge's arrived. Decorah Institute, the Academy's formel name, was seldom used because white-bearded Professor Breckenridge was such an impressive figure. My father never forgot how he dismissed school at day's end with the words , "Now, you boys and girls, to please me put on clean clothes and go among clean people."

Other advice gave my father his courtly carriage.

"Remember the big elm on Water Street?" the Professor would boom from his platform. Every morning and evening when you pass that tree, stop, take a deep breath and then expel it slowly. If you come to school from the other direction, stop by the monument."

After three years, with an autograph album full of nuggets of wisdom, Tom left home and went to Mankato.

I don't know why he chose Mankato but for me not to have been born there seems now almost as incredible as it would be not to have been born into the Hart family. Mankato stands where the Blue Earth River flows into the Minnesota, just as that stream makes its proud Great Bend. Going north, it is followed by Mankato's Main Front Street and tiers of streets which parallel it, looking down at the river from higher and higher points. levels. Other streets meet the hills head on, but most of them are bordered by tall elms or maples, and pleasant houses, while conveniently near therecare hills ready for coasting in winter, or picnicking in summer, and there are woods and ferny moist ravines in whuch to hunt for wild flowers. Moreover, in Mankato the sun rises in the east and sets in the west which cannot be said for any other place in which I've ever lived.

In Mankato Tom found work driving a dray and saved $100 to send back to those sisters who were now at Breckenridge"s/ He delivered groceries and clerked, making friends wherever he went.

The early years ~~were~~ gruellingly hard. That first autumn James and a farmer neighbor drove their cattle to the Chicago market on foot, James barefoot, for his shoes ~~were~~ had worn out. There were droughts and blizzards and ~~grasshoppers and~~ hogs ~~dying~~ died of cholera, but ~~the Harts~~ ~~they~~ after a few years ~~they were able~~. the ~~young~~ Harts were able ~~were able~~ to build a better house near Ossian, ~~with a loft for the children~~ ~~preacher's bedroom downstairs and a loft for the children.~~

Arsomond was weakened by child-bearing and the drudgery of pioneer farm life was uncongenial to her. Her happy spirit survived, however, and she managed her work efficiently, assigning each child his task. She was determined that they should have a gentle upbringing and began with their

One was a tall, thin boy of about his own age, with a high-held head of glossy dark red hair. He had bright light blue eyes, and a flashing smile which showed fine white teeth. He could play any instrument at hand, dance any step he saw, write verses and stories, compose music, model, build anything if given a hammer and saw, He loved to tease, especially the girls, and act the clown.

Frank Palmer was the stepson of a wealthy owner of a wholesale shoehouse in Mankato. The family home was at nearby Madison Lake but in the winter they lived in town in an apartment over their plant so that Frank and his sister and two young half sisters could go to school. Frank's sister Stella was attending the State Normal School. Once when their parents were out of town and the Andrews Opera Company came for a week to the Mankato Opera House Tom and Stella attended every performance, hearing in one glorious bedazzled week Chimes of Normandy, Pinafore, Mikado, Carmen, Pretty Persian, Erminie, Pirates of Penzance and Martha.

Tom was introduced to Stella and she wrote in his autograph album in swirls of violet ink:

Friend Thomas, ¶ In contentment is true wisdom. ¶ Truly your friend, Stella M Palmer.

While she wrote in hers,

Friend Stella,

Friends may meet and
Friends may part
But distance cannot
Change the Hart.

And he added in a corner, Pleasant Memories of Yesterday.

Stella had a girl friend at the Normal with a spirit as gay as her own. Merrie's page in her autograph album is stuffed with nonsense. "Where are the cookies? What did they do with them." And possibly she was teasing Stella about Tom when she wrote, "Suffer not yourself to be betrayed by a kiss."

In love from the start. Tom sought for a solid job and

One was a ~~tall,~~ thin boy ~~of about his own age,~~ with a high-held head of glossy dark-red hair, ~~Her had~~ bright, light-blue eyes, and a flashing smile, ~~which showed fine white teeth.~~ He could play any instrument at hand, dance any step he saw, write verses and stories, compose music, model in clay and build anything if given a hammer and saw, ~~and xxxxxgivexxtxxxxxingx and xxxingxthexxlxxxxx~~ He loved to tease, ~~especially the girls,~~ and act the clown, ~~for he had the high spirits and a quick wit flipper at we de.~~

Frank Palmer was the stepson of a wealthy owner of a wholesale shoehouse ~~in Mankato.~~ The family home was at nearby Madison Lake but in the winter they lived ~~in town~~ in an apartment over their plant in Mankato, so that Frank and his sister Stella and their two young half sisters could go to school. ~~Frank's sister~~ Stella was now attending the State Normal School. Once, when ~~thexAndrexx OperxxxcompanyxxwxxxxingingxinxMankatoxxxxx~~ their parents were ~~out of town and~~ travelling the Andrews Opera Company came to Mankato for ~~a week, to the Mankato Opera House~~ ~~stay~~ for a week and Tom and Stella ~~xxxx~~ attended every performance, hearing in one glorious bedazzled ~~week~~ time The Chimes of Normandy, Pinafore, Mikado, Carmen, Pretty Persian, Erminie, Pirates of Penzance and Martha. Seeing Stella as a friend ~~Tom was~~ introduced to Stella, the wife of the state normal school president, and she wrote in his autograph album in swirls of ~~px~~ violet ink:

Friend Thomas, ¶ In contnemment is true wisdom, ¶ Truly your friend, Stella M Palmer.

While she wrote in hers,

Friend Stella,

Friends may meet and
Friends may part
But distance cannot
Change the Hart.

And he added in a corner, Pleasant Memories of Yesterday.

Stella had a girl friend at the Normal with a spirit as gay as her own. Merrie's page in her autograph album is stuffed with nonsense. ~~"Where are the cookies? What did they do with them." And~~ possibly she was teasing Stella about Tom when she wrote, "Suffer not yourself to be betrayed by a kiss."

In love from the start, Tom sought for a solid job and started

We liked each other all right.

Certainly we liked each other. We played together all day/ long until school began to interfere and sometimes ate our supper together were allowed to take out supper plates and milk up to a little on a little bench which a neighbor had built on the woodsy slope that bench which a neighbir had built on the woodsy slope that ended Center Street. Later...with picnics in baskets...we climbed the Big Hill which crossed Center Street and rose behind our house.

Except for one or two houses it was all trees and deep grass and it had a/ wide view over our valley There was a small ravine behind it where one could/ drink from an an icy spring

but if we kept to the summit and walked south we could look down on anothee valley in which lived the Mankato Syrian colony. We came to

know a little girl there who was rumored to be a princess.

We liked each other all right."

Certainly we liked each other.

We played together all dayblong, until school began to interfere, and sometimes ate our suppers/ together. on the/ woodsy slope that ended Center Street. A neighbor had built a/ little bench there. Later and we were allowed to take our supper plates up. Later we took pincnics in baskets up the Big Hill which crossed Center Street and rose behind out house. Except for one or two houses it was all trees and deep grass./ We ate as soon as we reached the top for our picnics/ bore no relation to meal time. It had a fine view over our valley There was a small ravine behind from whuch one could drino from an icy spring or if we kept to summit and walked south we had fine could look down on another valley in which we could look down on anither valley in which lived Mankato's Syrian colony.

One these wanderings we loved to make up stories. One of Bick's older sisters, Tess. was good at stories too and used to join us sometimes on the Kenney back fence which was separated from their hiuse

We played all day long, until school began to interfere,

and sometimes ~~xxx~~ were allowed to take our filled supper plates up to a

little bench which a neighbor had built on the woodsy slope which ended
~~at the top at the and~~

Center Street. ~~There, sharing tidbits, we could/watch the street and~~
It was called Center Street Hill, as opposed to the Big Hill which crossed i
~~make up stories which was one of our favorite diversions,~~
~~Center Street~~ and rose ~~behind my house~~, to gigantic heights behind my house.
~~One of Bick's older sisters, Tess, was good at stories, too,~~
Eating our suppers on Center Street hill, we shared tibd bits and made up
and used to join us sometimes on the Kenney back fence which was separated
stories ~~whi~~
from their house by a pump and kitchen garden, buggy shed and barn. We sat

on Making up stories was one of our favorite diversions. Cass,

one of Bick's older sisters, was

hour or so. But we all liked Aunt Maud so well/ You remember what a dear she was. Widws weeds w ere fetching in those days. Little caps and that ;ong swirling veil.

She d odged my reprachful gace.

Our house was a second home to these young aunties and the uncles came often, too./~~Memory and legend Legend is mingled in my legend of the memories of them~~ [illegible] Legend and memory mingle ~~when I think~~ of them./

~~Uncle Jim came visiting while mother was feather stitching baby clothes~~

Mother was feather stitching baby dresses in anticipation of me when Uncle Jim came visiting and fell in love with Maud Maloney. ~~She was a young widow of the neighborhood. A black mourning veil still hung to her heels.~~

~~cipation of me when Uncle Jim came visiting,~~ He was a dashing salesman with the lovely Hart manners and a n irresistable mustache. ~~He fell in lonce with~~ She was a young widow ~~of the neighborhood~~ and although her black mourning veil ~~still~~ hung down her back to her heels she fell in lo e too. ~~and they became engaged~~ They became engaged ~~in April,~~ with the 25th of April. ~~She was to be 20, I believe.~~ just as ~~Maud's~~ her birthday was approaching,/~~her twentieth, I think. And~~ mother, swept away by romantic excitement, declared that if the baby came, on the 25th, Maud's birthday, and was a girl, she shouldbe named for her proespective aunt.

So I was named Maud. But when I was 50ish and motjer was old, I asked her to repeat the oft told tale. I inquired par icularly as to the hour of my birth/

Mother looked embarrassed.

"Well, it was pretty near midnight.W" After a ~~long~~ pause she ~~"Hm" meekly~~ added,"In fact it was a little after. But only a ~~After a long guilty pause a said~~ teeny bit."

"You mean the 25th was just coming in?"

"~~No~~ No, It was just over. "

"Just over! You mean I was born on the 26th?"

"Well, I suppose so. It was after midnight, a half hour

hour or so. But we all liked Aunt Maud so well. You remember what a dear she was. Widws weeds w ere fetching in those days. Little caps and that ;ong swirling veil.

She d odged my reprachful gace.

Our house was a second home to these young aunties and the uncles came often, too. Legend and memory mingle when I think of them.

Uncle Jim came visiting while mother was feather stitching baby clothes

Mother was feather stitching baby dresses in anticipation of me when Uncle Jim came visiting and fell in love with Maud Maloney. She was a young widow of the neighborbood. A blck mourning veil still hung to her heals.

cipation of me when Uncle Jim came visiting, a dashing salesman with the lovely Hart manners and a n irresistable mustache. He fell in lonee with a young widow of the neighborhood and although her black mourning veil still hung down her back to her heels she fell in lo e too. They became engaged in April just as Maud's birthday was approaching, with the 25th of April. She was to be 20, I believe. her twentieth, I think. And mother, swept away by romantic e citement, declared that if the baby came, on the 25th, Maud's birt day, and was a girl, she shouldbe named for her proespective aunt.

So I was named Maud. But when I was 50ish and motjer was old, I asked her to repeat the oft told tale. I inquired par icularly as to the hour of my birth/

"Mother looked embarrassed.

"Well, it was pretty near midnight." After a long pause she added,"In fact it was a little after. But only a teeny bi ."

"You mean the 25th was just coming in?"

"No. It was just over. "

"Just over! You mean on the 26th?"

"Well, I suppose so. It was after midnight, a half

I'm born on the 25th in all the records + ~~school~~ Births,

"Just ov r ? You

"~~Xou~~ mean I was born on the 26th?"

"Well, I suppose so. It was after midngight ~~about half past~~ 12, I think. But we all liked Aunt Maud so well. ~~"e thought it wo uld be lovely if you xaxx xarxxanxharxxbirthdayxx could have her birthday."~~ You remember what a dear she was" ~~and then~~

She dodgedmy erepraochful gaze.

I was fifty or so at the time and it was far too late to go back through the records and set my birthday straight. But it did explain one thing that had always puzzled me. In later life, a literary agent, interested in astrology and numerology and so on, ~~hadx~~ who handled both my work and Delos's had inquired as to our birthdates and informed us that we enver should have married.

"You know, "I ~~taidxxharxxnaxx~~ rebuked h r. "There's such a thing as ~~numerology~~ astrology. maybe I'm under the wrong stars. And everyone who has ever read ~~our~~ my ~~numbers~~ stars is mystified ~~that~~ because Delos and I are so happy together

numerology never ~~did work~~ had worked for me. ~~That~~ This was was, of course, the reason.

"Ehy don't we put on the coffee pot," mother suggedted, a longtime ~~fa~~ heart remedy for family crises.

~~[illegible]~~ Uncle Steve used to come by vacation from ~~[illegible]~~ now and then in Chicago. He was ~~[illegible]~~ paying ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ by working as [illegible] [illegible] Lewis but never could [illegible] remembering ~~to~~ [illegible] [illegible] whether [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] me the great myths. [illegible] a tiny humorous face.

To the South,

Beyond our house to the South

the Kennedy's Crouter street

~~crowd in a few feeby~~

~~lies. The~~ over the houses

~~beyond~~ on the two hill in

which Crouter street

proved its end. ~~we called~~

~~it Crouter street hill and~~

~~the hoffy hill behind our~~

~~house was the Pots Hill.~~

~~The hill street was only~~

3 blocks + then we have long

~~to the north the little street~~

~~of disorderly houses~~ in our block

in pattern à ~~houses and~~

houses S. + terraces. after

our block

tree. steps led down to our hitching block and the road.
To the south, of our " were
house and the Kenney's,
three houses on the low hill in which Center Street
found its leafy end.

Our north lawn was narrow and sloped sharply to the lawn of the next house, and that pattern of lawn and terrace continued down our hillside block. The next block was level. ...that held the cootahe in which I had been born. The third and last one sloped again and the little street only 3 blocks + 3 houses long, ended at a pie shaped piece of land called Lincoln Park, which had ~~At the smaller end of this~~ in which there was a Civil Wa r cannon and ~~in the center stood~~ a round red stone fountain with the statue of a Union solider on the top. and a huge elm — probably the largest in Marblehead.

~~down to the roof of our yellow cottage which xxfxxxxxxxx~~ and across ~~the~~ center street to the house where my best friend lived, Frances Penney nicknamed Bick, and down to the roof of our yellow cottage.

A lattice separated ~~our back yard from the~~ our side and ~~front~~ lawn from the back yard in which my maple stood. Looked down in ~~My father had been a farm boy and he had put in not only~~ the ~~usual~~ kitchen garden...to which I was often sent to pull radishes and ~~o~~ions for supper. Dad who had been a farm boy, had put in ~~but~~ also a few young fruit trees. Behind them were the buggy shed and the barn for Old Mag. That was

Some readers of my Betsy-Tacy stories have commented on their being so happy. "Didn't you ever have anything sad happen to you?" Well, as I recall it, I had Betsy punished sometimes but perhaps I did leave out, not deliberately though, some of the mishaps which were not exactly due to misbehaviour.

My mother made me a brown silk dress with an accordian pleated skirt. It was piped with pink but the pleated skirt was glory of the dress. ~~was the accordian pleated skirt. They were new and in style and I was rapturous with joy at havin one.~~ It made its debut at the Baptist Sunday School but after dinner I did not wish to change out of it, and I persuaded mother to let me with Bickie over to West Mankato, ~~near with Bibley Park~~ and show it to a friend.

We ~~Bickie and~~ I started out happily ~~(for she always rejoiced in my good fortunes) to show Alice Snook my accordian pleated skirts. We went on bicycles, but~~ the glorious skirt got caught in the wheel. It ripped, ~~or~~ even tore. ~~Both~~ Bickie and I were in despair and we turned around and went home, our hearts heavy with dread, either in tears or near it. I don't remember how we broke the news to mother or whether she punished me; probably not. Come to think of it, I ~~used that incident for~~ gave a torn pleated skirt to Tib in "Betsy and Tacy Go Over the Big Hill."

Another minor tragedy happened when my grandparents left the ~~beautiful~~ home on Lake Madison to go to California. ~~Before they left~~ grandma, of whom I was very fond (and she of me), came to bring mother some family keepsakes and one was my mother's ~~own~~ doll, ~~that~~ which she had played with ~~when she was~~ as a ~~little girl~~ child. I was never much for dolls but I was moved by receiving this one and proud and honored entrusted with such a treasure. I rushed over to show it to Bickie and together we ~~rushed~~ ran down Center Street

hill to show it to someone else. We rushed too fast, ~~I guess,~~ for I fell on my face, which wasn't smashed but the doll ~~'s face was.~~ ~~The doll~~ was ruined beyomd repair. And ~~grandm a was still~~ this was mother's ~~treasured~~ doll, one of the few mementoes she had ~~left~~ from her childhood. And Grandma who had saved it for me until I was old enough to appreciate it, was still at our house, ~~a~~ probably still glowing ~~with~~ the ~~appreciation~~ with which I had received ~~my~~ her gift. Never two snails crawled up that hill as Bickie and I did, both weeping, ~~and again~~ kind memory ~~xxxx~~ refuses ~~now~~ to tell me what happened ~~when I dragged myself misterably into our yellow house.~~ ~~Again,~~ though, I am al ost sure I was not punished. See below ~~That never went into a Betsy-Tacy book but it~~ called Family Treausres which ~~did go into a short story I wrote for Jack and Jill,~~ the incident ~~was somewhat prettied up. In the story, I think, the doll could be mended. I probably not even scolded ~~but taken to my mother's heart and my grandmother's heart. The scar punished.~~ That wasn't the sort of thing mother ~~spanked~~ punished for. ~~Probably I was not even scholded but taken to her heart and my grandmother's heart. Nor~~ However, this was never put into a Betsy-Tacy book, but I do remember, ~~though,~~ some such incident in a story I wrote for Jack and Jill, ~~called Family Treasures.~~ The broken doll went into that but I mist admit that the accident was somewhat prettied up. In the story, ~~I think,~~ the doll could be mended.

There is one ~~more even~~ much sadder ~~story~~ story of which memory does not ~~xxxx~~ spare me a single detail. It was so awful that I never forgot it. No one in the family ever mentioned it to me after it was over. It ~~was~~ never became a subject ~~an occasion~~ for joking as so many childish misadventures ~~are~~ do when they are over. I ~~'ve~~ have never written it down and probably have never told it more than once or twice in my lifetime. It was as horrible as that.

My mother ~~had a dear childhood~~ friend of her ~~youth~~ Normal School days, who lived in Minneapolis with a husband and five children ~~and she~~ came to visit us ~~now and then.~~ She ~~and mother had attended the Normal School in Mankato~~ together ~~when they were in their mid-teens~~, training to become teachers. They had always kept in touch with each other. ~~She lived in Minneapolis with a husband and five children~~

On ~~this visit, her~~ last ~~one~~ visit to ~~us in~~ Mankato, she invited me to go home with her for a stay of a week or so.

Mother gave her permission and I was ~~delirious~~ beaming with joy. To go on a train, to see Minneapolis, perhaps even to ~~see~~ visit St Paul where ~~Bickie had a cousin who figured in our stories and dreams like a princess in a fairytale.~~

My clothes were washed, starched and packed. I got a new hat with flowers on it, and ~~I started off~~ away with ~~Mrs Goode~~ aunt Mame, so shining with happiness that I must have glowed like a lamp. The whole family ~~saw us off~~ and Bickie saw us off.

"Write to us," mother ~~called~~ reminded, waving as we stood on the platform while the train moved out.

"I will," I called. ~~"Every day."~~ There was really no need ~~to tell me for~~ I had packed my fat notebooks and ~~my~~ a clutch of pencils with my most important impedimenta, ~~and my father had given me stamps.~~ Writing ~~the~~ letters here would be part of the fun.

The ~~train bell rang~~ ~~raucous~~ whistle blew, the bell tolled, the conductor cried "All aboard" and ~~we~~ chuff chuffed the train ~~rolled~~ away. I wasn't even tearful. I loved ~~Mrs Goode who was a kind, gentle lady.~~ aunt Mame and felt sure that I would not be homesick on this visit and I wasn't.

I had a very fine time. ~~The Goode~~ The home was a humble one, near the railroad tracks, but ~~Mr and Mrs Goode were~~ aunt Mame + her husband were very kind

My mother had a dear ~~childhood~~ friend of her youth who lived in Minneapolis/~~but~~ with a husband and five children ~~and~~ ~~she~~ came to visit us now and then. She and mother had attended the ~~State~~ Normal School in Mankato/together when they were in their mid-teens , training to become teachers. They had always kept in touch with each other. ~~She lived in Minneapolis~~ ~~with a husband and five children and came~~ ~~visits us now and then~~

~~She had a dear friend of her youth~~

On this visit, her last one to us in Mankato, she invited me to go home with her ~~me~~ for a stay of a week or so.

Mother gave her permissoon and I was delirious with joy. To go on a train,/to see Minneapolis, perhaps even to see St Paul where Bickie had a cousin who figured in our stories and dreams like a princess in a fairytale.

My/~~Our~~ clothes were washed, starched and packed. I got a new hat with flowers on it, and ~~and with all my belongings~~ I started/~~off~~ away with Mrs Goode, so shining with happiness that I must have glowed like a lamp. The ~~shining, with my belongings packed with happiness~~ whole family ~~saw us off~~ and Bickie saw us off. ~~Good. She was saying, with a gesture, as though giving us a message~~

"Write to us," mother/called, reminded, waving as we stood on the platform while the train moved out.

"I will,"I called. "Every day." There was really no need to tell me for I had packed my fat notebooks and ~~my~~ a clutch of pencils with my most important impedimenta, and my father had given me stamps. Writing the letters wouldbe part of the fun.

The ~~train~~ ~~called~~ raucous whistle blew, the bell tolled,the conductor cried "All aboard" and ~~was called~~ the train/chuff chuffed away. I wasn't even tearful. I loved Mrs Goode who was a kind, gentle lady. I felt sure I would not be homesick on this visit and I wasn't.

I had a very fine time. The Goode home was a humble one, near the railroa tracks, but Mr and Mrs Goodewere very kind

several
~~Two~~ of the

to me, ~~and xxxxxxxall~~ the children. ~~Some of them~~ were ~~very~~ near my age and/ all were fun ~~they were~~ fun to play with. We played from morning to night, no quarreling. They took me on the street car to St Paul to see Paradise ~~Tacy's magical cousin.~~ The family ~~Sh~~e wasn't at home but I saw the ~~the her~~ house. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ which had a sort of magic~~al~~ light ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ around it ~~because Seadie lived there.~~

Aunt Marie's home ~~Mr and Mrs Goode were very kind to me and it was an atmosphere in which I flourished and was my best self. As always this made me creative and~~ one morning I delayed going out to play in order to write the promised letter home.

There was much to tell and one of the most interesting thin s to me was these people ~~the Goodes~~ were so different from the "arts. The~~y~~ children didn't have good table manners. They grabbed and talked with their mouths full. Also they sassed their mother ~~who~~ she was, as I have said, very gentle, ~~She was~~ not a disciplinariant like Stella. Even now I cannot ~~xxxxxxxx~~ imagine anyone with temerity enough to sass mother .As Kathleen said one day mother had implanted in us a conviction t at if we did certain things the sky would fall. Mrs Goode had no such power. The children told each other to shut up and even told their mother ~~her~~ to shut up.

I descrived all this with a skill of which I was proud and probably , being a fiction writer, I colored it up a bit.

The girls were calling me to come out and play so finally I finished the innumberable pages and stuffed them in an envelope. Mrs Goode said, "Run along dear. I'll stamp and mail it for you." ~~So~~ I put it down and ran outsoodrs.

As we played I began to have a queer sickish feeling which I've had now and agin in crises through my l life, as a woman I knew in the pit of m y stomach that something was wrong. I remembered that I had not sealed my letter. But surely Aunt Marie ~~Mrs Goode~~ would not

no type
3/2

and as the clerk approached I was plaeased to see that I knew her. She was Mary Wood of the HY Fly Whist Club family with whom we had many picnics and get togethers and celebrations. She was older than the Eleanor who was Kathleen's friends, younger than their brother, and probably still in high school, Earning ~~a little money in the vacation period.~~ Christmas money in the store

A tall girl in a crisp Gibson girl shirtwaist,and skirt, with a high pompadour.

"What do you want, Maudie?' she asked.

"That silver thing in the window. That is, if I can afford it."

She ~~taxkxmyxhandxand~~ led me to the window and I pointed.

"That silver thing."

"Oh that/....it's a chatelaine."

"How much is it?" I asked.

"A dollar and a half."

I feel sure that/an ~~my~~ exclamation of dismay escaped me. and Mary looked synpathetic.

"Did you want it for your mother."

"Np." said Betsy. "For myself/"

I winked away tears. A lot she knew about it, I thought. But her synpathetic face urdged me to go on.

~~Nax~~ I explained. that is was exactly what I needed.

"But it can'yt be," Mary said. It hangs froma ladies nbelt as purses do this season. But instead of a purse there is this little botebook, and she can jot down her shppping lists.

I explained that I cuould write down ideas for stories and lines of poetry which would othewrwise escape me. And winking rapidly I got out of the store. A doollar and a half! It was as out of ~~thixxwarix~~ my reach as a hundred.

From then until Christmas I talked amd talked about my chatelaine but it did not good. My presents were bought, no doibt, and stored away, and none so ridiculous as a matron's chatelaine. But

two of the

to me and the children. were near my age and all were fun fun to play with. We played from morning to night, no quarreling. They took me on the street car to St Paul to see Tacy's magical cousin. She wasn't at home but I saw her house. which had a sort of magical light around it because Eadie lived there.

Mr and Mrs Goode were very kind to me and it was an atmosphere in which I flourished and was my best self. As always this made me creative and one morning I delayed going out to play in order to write the promised letter home.

There was much to tell and one of the most interesting thin s to me was the Goodes were so different from the arts. They didn't have good table manners. They grabbed and talked with their mouths full. Also they sassed their motherwho was, as I have said, gentle. She was not a disciplinariant like Stella. Even now I cannot imagine anyone with temerity enough to sass mother .As athleen said one day mother had implanted in us a conviction t at if we did certain things the sky would fall. Mrs Goode had no such power. The children told each other to shut up and even told her to shut up.

I desciived all this with a skill of which I was proud and probably , being a fiction writer, I colored it up a bit.

The girls were calling me to come out and play so finally I finished the innumerable pages and stuffed them in an envelope. Mrs Goode said, "Run along dear. I'll stamp and mail it for you." So I put it down and ran outsoodrs.

As we played I began to have a queer sickish feeling which I've had now and agin in crises through my l life. I knew in the pit of m y stomach that something was wrong. I remember that I had not sealed my letter. But surely Mrs Goode would not

read it. I had been br roight up to believe that people d d not read other people's letters.

Finally, though the noise of our play, I heard ~~Mrs Good's~~ her sweet voice.

"Maudie. Will you come in a minute? Not ~~Just~~ the others. Just you."

I ran in, still trying to make myself believe that nothing was wrong.

I saw that she was had been crying. She went to her rocking chair and took me on her lap.

"Maudie," sje said. "I read your letter. I thought it was nice that you wrote such a long one and I wanted to see what you said. I wish you wouldn't send it. You know, dear, this is a big family..."

That is about as far as she got for I broke into tears. I cired and cried and so did she, but I couldn't stop ~~and~~ ~~and I cried so that she became alarmed~~. I kept saying over and over that I wanted to go hone.

She tried to dissuade me and so did the children who came running in but weren't quite clear as to what ~~I had done~~ had happened. ~~But~~ I kept on crying ~~and saying that and she~~ aunt Marie put me to bed and mother told me later that I had a fever and ~~Mrs Goode~~ aunt Marie ~~she~~ was up with me all ~~that~~ night. The next morning I was still crying and I still wanted to go home ~~so Mrs Goode~~ She said I might. But, I declared tears breaking out afresh, I could not go home without buying presented for everybody. No Hart did. And ~~my~~ popa had given me money to buy them. So ~~Mrs Goode and all the little Goodes~~ ~~She wrapped [illegible]~~ took me ~~took me~~ weeping downtown on the street car and weeping I bought presents for everybody and weeping I was put on the train.

Mrs Goode had telephoned my family that I was coming and had told them the reason why. ~~and~~ She also sent the letter.

read it. I had been br roight up to believe that people d d not read other people's letters.

Finally, though the noise of our play, I heard Mrs Good's sweet voice.

"Maudie. Will you come in a minute. Just the others. Just you."

I ran in, trying still to make myself believe that nothing was wrong.

I saw that she was had crying. She went to her rocking chair and took me on her lap.

"Maudie," sje said. "I read your letter. I thought it was nice that you wrote such a long one and I wanted to see what you said. I wish you wouldn't send it. You know, dear, this is a big family..."

That is about as far as she got for I broke into tears. I cired and cried and so did she, but I couldn't stop and she became alarmed. I kept saying over and over that I wanted to go hone.

She tried to dissuade me and so did the children who came running in but weren't quite clear as to what had happened. But I kept on crying and saying that and she put me to bed and mother told me later that I had a fever and Mrs Goode was up with me all that night. The next morning I was still crying and I still wanted to go home so Mrs Goode said I might. But, I declared tears breaking out afresh, I could not go home without buying presented for everybody. No Hart did. And my popa had given me money to buy them. So Mrs Goode and all the little Goodes took me downtown on the street car and weeping I bought presents for everybody and weeping I was put on the train.

Mrs Goode had telephoned my family that I was coming and had told them the reason why. She also sent the letter.

My mother met the train, and back in the safety of home, I told her mother and aunt the whole horrible story. She took smypathy and p ity. Everyone was all in a wave of sympathy and pity. Even Aunt Minnie

"Mrs Goode should not have read that letter. She got what she deserved."

Daddy Papa was synpathetic, too, but before I went to bed that night he took me on his laip and told me a story. It was about desert chieftains and the loyalty they feltto anyone whose salt the had eatem.

"You had eaten Aunt Minnie's the Goodes' salt," papa said, "and so you should not have written that letter. Always remember, that obligation," Daddy.

I always have.

Aunt Minnie wrote to mother and apologized for having read my Mrs Goode is the heroine of this story. She awful letter. She said she had told the children the things they said and did which I had criticized. She said it had helped them the whole family. She forgave me.

Later we moved to Minneapolis and the thought of meeting the her Goodes after the awful letter, the cruel tears, Although I was now I9, a student at the University, made my flesh crawl. I felt it was impossible to enter their house again, but I did had to, almost immediately.

Wonderful Aunt Minnie! Mrs Goode! I was received warmly lovingly, like a dear friend. In no time I was chattering at their table, the girls and I picked up our friendship where we had dropped it. Later, One of them was at the University with me and we were often together.

My disastrous visit was never mentioned and it was never put into a book. But an experience so deep and cruel , when it

My father and mother met the train, and back in the safety of home, I told her the whole horrible story. She took my part and was all sympathy and pity.

"Mrs Goode should not have read that letter. She got what she deserved."

Papa was synpathetic, too, but before I went to bed that night he took me on his laip and told me a story. It was about desert chieftains and the loyalty they felt to anyone whose salt the had eatem.

"You had eaten the Goodes' salt," papa said, and so you should not have written that letter. Always remember, that obligation."

I always have.

Mrs Goode is the heroine of this story. She wrote mother and apologized for having read my awful letter. She said she had told the children the things they said and did that I had criticized. She said it had helped the whole family. She forgave me.

Later we moved to Minneapolis and the thought of meeting the Goodes after the awful letter, the cruel tearsm Although I was now 19, a student at the University, made my flesh crawl. I felt it was impossible to enter their house but I had to, almost immediately.

Wonderful Mrs Goode! I was received lovingly, like a dear friend. In no time I was chattering at their table; the girls and I picked up our friendship where we had dropped it. One of them was at the University with me and we were often together.

My disastrous visit was never mentioned and it was never put into a book. But an experience so deep and cruel , when it

happens to a writer, could not but get

into a book sometime. So here it is, in

this one.

~~And the moral, of course, is the salt.~~

— 0 —

Dad County Treasurer ~~12-18-45~~

I do not know how old I was when I made the visit but ~~I do th~~ think it might be said to mark the beginning of my growing up.

It was perhaps the following summer that I was allowed to make a second visit alone, this time to som e farmer friends of my father's/ While I was there, I receibed a phone call from Kayhlen teling me to come come because the family had a surprie for me, and when I reached ~~(of course I took the hack)~~ 333 Center Street I ran into mystery indeed.

A folded handkerchief was tied across tmy eyes and tied tightly in back. I was led itnto the surrey, Dad, mother, Kathleen, and Hlen and Bick all crowding in ~~beside me~~. We drove, ~~it seemed to me~~ up hill and down dale, and landed at last amd I was led up ~~stairs and~~ steps and doors were openeing and there was a smell of new paint and I discovered myself in the hall (Kayhleen called it ~~music~~ room and so did all of us, soon) of a spanking brands new house. Daddy had bought it while I was gone.

It had modern improvements....a furnace, ~~gas lights,~~ a gas stove. It had never been lived in. It was spanking new but perhaps mother had soetmhing to say about the wall aperpers which wre very attractive. ~~I remember~~ graoes and fruit on the upper part of the panelled dining room wals.

Having always adored Center Street, I ~~cordially hated it~~; I was lonely in advance for Center Streetm and Bicks house across the wy, and the hills all arund us. Mother was dancing with joy because of the modern improvements. ~~Of course,~~ I didnt ~~let on~~ how I felt when everyone else was pleased. So we ledft Center Steet and I waas removed with a large box of manuscripts from Bick and my little yellow house and hil.s

with their mouths full. They sassed their mother and nothing happened. Mother had instilled into us the conviction that if we were saucy to her the sky would fall. ~~Shexprssedxdownxhardxonxthexideaxthatxxx xexshouldxxxxx~~ Aunt Merrie had no such power. The children told each other to shut up and even told her to shut up.

I described all this with a skill of which I was proud and probably, being a fiction writer, ~~I~~ colored it up a little.

The girl~~s~~ were calling me to come out and play so finally I ended the letter and stuffed ~~the~~ as many pages into an envelope. ~~xxxx~~

Aunt Merrie said,"Run alomg, dear. I'll stamp it and mail it for you." So I put it down and ran outdoors.

As we played, I began to have a queer sickish feeling whic h I've had mpw and again in crises through my life. I was aware, in the pit of my stomach, that something was wrong. I remembered that I had not sealed my letter. But surely Aunt Merrie would not read it. I had been told all my life that people did not read tother peol,e's letters.

Finally, through the din of our play, O heard Aunt Merries sweet voice.

"Maudie, will you come in a minute? Not the others, just you."

I ran in quickly, still trying to make myself believe that nothing was wrong.

I saw at once that she had been crying, She went to her rocking chair and took me on her lap.

:Maudie," she began, "I read your letter. I thought it was noce that you had written wouldn't be long one, and I wanted to tell what you'd said.

is a big family...."

That was about as far as she got for I broke into tears. I cried and cried, and I couldn't stop. I was overcome by the awfulness of having hurt her. I could only say over and over that I wanted to go home.

She tried to dissuade me and so did the children who came running in but weren't quite clear as to what had happened. I kept on crying. Aunt Merrie put me to bed and Mother told me later that I had run a fever and Aunt Merrie was up with me all that night. In the morning I was still crying and I still wanted to go home so Aunt Merrie said I might. But, I declared, tears breaking out afresh, I could not go home without buying presents for everybody. No Hart did. And Daddy had given me money to buy them.

So Aunt Merrie and all her awed flock took me, still weeping, downtown on the street car and weeping I bought presents for everyone in the family and weeping I was put on the train.

Mrs Goode had telephoned Mother that I was coming and had told them the reason why. She also sent my letter.

Mother met me and back in the safety of home I told the whole horrible story. She overflowed with symptahy and pity, rocking me in her arms.

"Poor little Maudie! Oh, I shouldn't have let you go! Aunt Merrie shouldn't have done that."

I tried to be comforted, but still I didn't feel right inside.

Kathleen and Helen tiptoed about in sympathetic silence.

Daddy was synpathetic, too, but before I went to bed that night he took me on his lap and told me a story. It was about desert chieftains and the loyalty they felt to anyone whose salt they had eaten.

"You had eaten Aunt Merrie's salt," Daddy said. "And you

had never ~~seen~~ met, to see Minneapolis, perhaps even to ~~see~~ behold St Paul where Beadie lived! Kathleen had gone with Mother ~~all the way~~ to California to visit Grandpa and Grandma Austin. Now I was off to see the world!

My clothes were washed, starched , and ~~xxxxxxx~~ ironed, and packed in ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a valise. I got a new hat with flowers on it, and I started away with Aunt Merrie so shining with happiness that I must have glowed like a lamp. The whole ~~xxx~~ family saw us off.

"Write to us," Mother reminded, waving, as we stood on the platform while the train moved out.

"I will," I called.

There was really no need for her to remind me, ~~to write.~~ I had packed paper and a clutch of pencils with my most important impedimenta. Writing letters home would be part of the fun.

The whistle blew, the bell tolled, and the train chuff ~~xxx~~ chuffed ~~away~~ out of the station. I wasn't even tearful. I liked Aunt Merrie who was a kind, gentle lady, plumper than Mother, with a pretty careworn face, I felt sure that I would not be homesick on this visit.

I had a very fine time. The house was a little shabby, and the neighborhood, near the railroad tracks, not as pretty as our leafy Canter Street, But the whole family was very kind to me. Several of the children were near my age, and all were fun to play with. We played from morning to night, no quarreling. They took me on the streetcar to St Paul to see Beadie. She wasn't at home but ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I saw the outside of her house! It had a sort of magic light around it.

One morning I delayed going out to play in order to write the promised letter home.

There was much to tell and one of the most interesting things to me was that these people were so different from the Harts,. The children didn't have good table manners. They grabbed and talked

shouldn't have written that letter. Always remember, Maudie, that when you accept someone's hospitality you have an obligation to that person."

I've tried to remember that through my life.

Aunt Merrie is the heroine of this story. She wrote mother and apologized for having read myletter. She said she had read it to the children and they were trying to correct the things I had criticized. She said it had helped the whole family. She forgave me.

Later/ I went to Minneapolis to attend the University and although I was then eighteeen, the thought of seeing that family again still made me sick with shame and self reproach. I could not bring myself to enter their house, but I did.

Wonderful Aunt Merrie! I was received lovingly, like a dear friend. In no time I chattering at that table I had so maligned. The girls and I picked up our friendship where we had dropped it. One of them was at the Univeristy with me and we were often tigether.

My disastrous visit was never mentioned and it was never put in a book but now Sunt Merrie has been dead for many years and and an experience so depp and cruel, when it haopens to a writer could not but get into a book sometime. So here it is, in this one.

~~As Somersat Maugham said, "The writer in the only free man."~~

-0-

bent over and pretended to have a stomach ache. I remember that mother objected to this poem. It could not go into the volume unless I made it clear that I really loved my sister.

I grabbed my pencil.

"Yet I love her with all my heart
And of my life she is a part
And I pray God's blessing rich and rare
To hover round my Kathleen fair
And when to womanhood she's grown
And in other lands may roam
Under God's abiding love
He will guide her from above."

That did it! That got her into the book.

Much earlier, not long after I followed my mother around with that pencil, (if ever I actually did so), I used it on a bold project. A Letter to God. It was written in collaboration with my best friend Frances, nicknamed Blak, who lived across the street. She had red ringlets and freckles and blue eyes that could sparkle with fun or grow tragically fearful as such eyes can. I feel sure they were fearful and that mine were popping when we met on that momentous evening, as was usual after supper, on our hitching block.

Each of us, at our own supper table, had received the same impression...the world was going to pot. This was in the gay 90s but they weren't always gay and there must have been something in the evening paper which disturbed our parents greatly.

~~did something else involving a pencil. This was soon after my fifth birthday party and my first silk dress. I had longed for a silk dress. I thought they were romantic; they were what princesses wore. And I was overjoyed with this one. My mother had made it, of a checked tan and rose silk with lace trimmed neck and sleeves. After the birthday party I wore it every Sunday and did not doubt that~~

End of High School....and end of Part One.

So I was graduated, and that night I wrote in my journal:

"Well, goodbye, dear old diary....How faulty, how poorly writtem, how inadequate you are and yet I have loved you very dearly.. and you are valuable to me more for what lies between your lines than on them....."

As a matter of fact, they were valuable ~~period. I had no idea of the importance of what was on the lines or between them.~~

After a vacation at Point Pleasant, I went to the State University, but briefly. I stayed just about long enough to join Kathleen's sorority. I ~~wasn't happy and I wasn't well~~ and Dad with one of his beauiful snogesstions proposed that I come home ~~for the holidays~~ and ~~then~~ go to California to ~~spend the rest of the winter with my grandmother~~ Grandpa Austin. That was what I did and while I was away the family moved to Minneaolis. Dad had been beaten for his fourth term asCounty Treasurer and wasn't too sorry about it for with both Kathleen and me in ~~Minneapolis~~ "the cities", it seemed foolish for the rest of the family not to be ~~living~~ there too.

So I never lived in Mankato again ~~but~~ I had no idea of the importance of what I ~~had taken away with me. With one or two important exceptions~~, I had been given materials ~~for all the stories I would write.~~

~~or how much that would helo with my work. Out of these materials, with a few important vital things addded: The aunties, the bend of the river, my father's stories, the little bench to which Bick and I took our suppers, ~~stories~~, the green bottle, the Birdies Ball, Uncle ~~Frank, the Big Hill~~ Tinkomville, Dad;s Sunday night lunches.. mother's brass bowl.~~

I loved Mankato but I never dre med it wouldbe important in my work. ~~I was writing stories like Lady Golfie and~~ The birds in my verses were still nightingales and English ~~marks~~, ~~the characters~~ sat beside ~~bright~~ fires while their maids brought them tea, ~~they swarnmed with lords and ladies, maids and valets~~, I set one in ~~high~~ school. ~~But the girl~~ who was the center of the ~~crowd~~, proved to be a princess.... like Beverly of Graustark,... and ~~the visitors at Point Pleasant Inn~~ was a society girl from New York in disguise.

no dupe

away on every side.

Her sister Eva who had married a Methodist minister came to do what she could. She took Emma, the delicate child, back with her to Canada. Emma, recovered from the hip disease, lived a lively life with four boy cousins, She and one of them had a memorable argument, "Which was better, the President of the United States or Queen Victoria?" History does not record the answer , only that Emma and this cousin did not speak to each other for six months. In spite of her lingering Yankee loyalty, Emma lived out her life in Canada, marrying a Methodist minister there.

After years after his mother's death, Tom left the farm amd wemt to Mankato where he found work driving a dray and saved $100 to send back to the sisters who were still in the Academy. He delivered groceries, making friends wherever he went, and finally started travelling on the road, selling first fiber ware and then nursery stock. Farmers west needed seedling trees. The Timber Culture Act allowed a homesteader I60 acres in addition to his original half section if he would plant one fourth of it to trees. Tom made his journey by horse and buggy. He greatly enjoyed these drives over the prairies of western Minnesota and South Dakota as t they rolled to meet the sprrading sky. Later, travelling that country, he would proudly point out the fine groves in which he had had a part. His headquarters were stlll in Mankato. He roomed with tall, red=headed, swaggering Frank Palmer until Frank made his dash for freddom via a ytravelling Pinafore Company. He met Frank's sister Stella who was attending the state normal school and in time started selling shoes for their step-father, Chauncey Austin, the wealthy owner of a wholesale shoe house in Mankato and by then his father-in-law.

~~Quarrels were rare with him He was a man of~~

more/ He had a very happy
nature and did not
believe in brooding
over ~~things~~ anything after one had
done one's best. He'd had
used his best judgement
certainly. He had ~~to~~ his
promised his mother to look
after his young sisters
and marriage ~~was,~~ was ~~were~~ in
those days, ~~what the~~ sacred
marriage service says. But the quarrel-
quarrels were rare with him. He got on well with
~~But quarrels were rare~~
~~with him, he was a~~
~~majesty~~ a perfect peace, and he.
Stella, she accepted his decision
although it was painful to her ~~to united~~,
~~as they were too close~~, for her faith in him was limitless.

people, He was a man of peace. And why had it had to be Stella's religious brother.

Some readers may kmow all about this for I based the Betsy-Tacy books on my own young days...always, of course, inventing, changing and embroidering to make the plots. The family I call the Rays in those stories is certainly much like the Hart family and the Ray Christmas with its various customs, traditions and rituals was certainly ours. (The brass bowl out of Heaven to Betsy stands in our front window now.)

Like the Rays , we Harts brought back presents for every member of the family when one of us returned from even the shortest trip .

Like Mr Ray, Tom Hart made Sunday night lunch. We never called it Sunday night supper. We made sandwiches from the Sunday roast or chicken or whatever he found in the ice box --- his onion sandwiches were especially famous --- and friends of all members of the family were welcome to drop in.

Like the Rays the whole Hart family observed the parents' wedding anniversary. As long as we lived in Mankato, when October the 15th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to Lake Madison to the lakeside home which my mother's stepfather had built before he and my grandmother moved to California.

A sign reading Prospect Park rose over the tall white gate, and the road leading to the house was lined with spicy-smelling every green. The lanws were spacious, with swings and a summer house. Scuffing through red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under which our father had proposed. He had been camping on the lake shore and had come to Stella Palmer's house to borrow a cup of salt.

"It was moonlight," he would say dreamily.

"And she hooked me," he would crow.

She had married with ~~her high~~ ideals ~~about~~ her family life ~~in her mind~~ ~~was to be~~. She had not been ~~very~~ happy at home before her marriage, having a step father w ho did n ot understand her and her brother. ~~who~~ were ~~both~~ red haired and ~~full of music and highly life~~ spirited and musical as their own father had been. ~~She~~ had started te aching at I6 and building up her dreams of what a home should be. They fared ~~pretty~~ well, My father was in love with her until the day he died ~~and~~ we never saw anything but a loverlike harmony between them...except perhaps then the bills came in. According to Victoria n custom he handled the money and although he had a ~~very~~ generous nature tje first of the month was sometimes a dark time. But from the first he fell in with her idea that their family life shouldbe ideal and so ...willy nilly....did we children.

Mother was a brisk discuplinarian. After Kathleen and I

this was an exceptional marriage and this an exceptional family. And so, ~~in later years we used~~ ~~spend an entire evening~~ ~~or eight hours talking about~~ ~~our girls, how wonderful we~~ ~~were~~. willy nilly, did we children

we were raised by parents who mother was a brisk disciplinarian, too.

She had married with ~~kax~~ high ideas about what her new ~~xax~~ family life ~~inxkaxxxnaxxhoma~~.
was to be. She had not been very happy at home before her marriage,
having a step father w ho did n ot understand her and her brother who
were both red haired and ~~full of xnaixxnaxhighly life~~ spirited and musical as
their own father had been. She had started te aching at I6 and building
up her dreams of what a home should be. They fared pretty well. My father
was in love with her until the day he died, ~~and~~ we never saw anything but
a loverlike harmony between them...except perhaps then the bills came
in. According to Victoria n custom he handled the money and although
he had a very generous nature tje first of the month was sometimes a
dark time. But from the first he fell in with her idea that their
family life shouldbe ideal and so ...willy nilly....did we children.

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I

We liked to sit on that fence and make up stories while the sun was
Perhaps that was why we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] same way.
setting. ~~Her older sister Tess was good at it, too.~~

"The sun was setting in the west" was our favorite opebing
g p
whether it was ~~axkaxaxafxfairy~~x the story was to be about fairies,
Gwendolyn Poindexter
~~xichxpeople~~ or cowb oys and Indians. Tess always favored the/latter. last-named.

When one of us
~~Sometimesxbecausexonexofxus~~ got bored or ~~we~~ began
we would yell
to feel like acting silly ~~or was eager to would shout:~~

"The Sun was setting in the east " which would be a
the fence
sig nal to push one another off/amd go racing up to Center Street ~~xto~~ and join
playing ~~the game of~~
~~join~~ the other children ~~were~~ who were/~~stxxtingxgamexxtoxplayxpr~~ prisoners base or
magical
pom pom pullaway in the ~~first~~ early dark ~~which wasxsuchxaxfinexsetting~~
magic
~~gave such/excitement andxmagic to games~~

~~Bick?~~ ?
Sometimes ~~we~~ made up plays. I loved to make up plays,
and ~~alwaysxgavexmyxself~~x wrote in for myself a juicy role of villainess.
I can't imagine why
Why I so loved to play villainesses ~~should interest a psychiatrist f or~~
moon-faced
I was a chubby friendly ~~merry~~ child, ~~andxthatxtinmore~~ one whom teachers and parents
instinctively trusted. Not that ~~we~~ did nit get into plenty of mischief
but ~~itxwas~~ we never intended to be anything but good. In fact, ~~it was~~
trying to be good ~~which~~ led us into some of our worst scrapes but that
has all been told in the Betsy Tacy stories.

I do not wish, in this chapter, and the next (after which
I plough v irgin land) to rewrite my Betsy Tacy stories but I put so
much of my own childhood and youth into that series,(always of course
inventing, changing, embroidering to suit the plots) that it is difficult
myself.
to tell about the~~x~~ period without repeating/. ~~Andxmyxxwritingxtheyxareso~~
~~soxpermeatedxwxxxxxx,yxlifexandxadventures~~

I thought of beginning this book with my marriage but
Merian, our daughter, who to some of you can be "Betsy's Bettina", pro
tested.

"Mom, your childhood was so nice. Tell them a little about it."

And so it was. ~~No one ever had a happier one.~~

~~That was [illegible]~~ ~~The beginning [illegible] patchwork,~~

I do not know what events of the great world ~~caused~~ ~~brought about its end. Something going on in the gay nineties Something was going on in New York which was not like Center Street going on in our neighborhood.~~

brought about its end. Although the period was still the gay nineties, all was not gay in New York. My father at the supper table where he often talked about current events told some tragic story involving New York tenements. ~~Certainly I heard something which moved me greatly and must have disturbed my dreams~~ for the next ~~afternoon~~ ~~I climbed to the attic closet, after guilty probings I~~ went ups tairs and ~~climbed to the attic closet~~ and took ~~out~~ my cherished silk dress out of the closet. I crept downstairs and went to the ice box. The most appetizing thing I could see therein was a bowl of ~~Dutch~~ cottage cheese. ~~It~~ They was hastily dumped into with n the glistening folds of m dress and when the post,am came I ~~gave him an un idy~~ bundle wrapped in a newspaper whic vore on the margin ~~in~~ a straggling inscription To the New York Poor. I never saw the dr ss again and did not know until long afterwards that the postman had returned it to mother.

~~the world taught us~~ ~~the facts. They~~ Supposing adult conversation about the praise ~~of~~ Rick and me also to unity ~~a~~ LIKE to God, ~~It was~~ ~~I could~~ ~~the world~~ was going to pay. People were wicked.

lost his life in the little mountain ~~uprising. He had been crushed~~ rebellion ~~when another~~ man's horse had rolled down hill upon him.

Cruel, brave, handsome Pedro de Alvarado was dead.

~~"Now what happens?" Cabrillo wondered.~~ looked out ~~at the rockpile.~~ "Now what happens?" he wondered.

~~His wife and children wondered the same thing~~ when the news of the Governor's death reached Santiago.

"Now what will happen?" Young Juan and Beatriz asked.

Their mother did not know.

The answer lay in a great disaster which was still ~~it wasn't very far away.~~ undreamed of.

The Cabrillo ~~family~~ and all Santiago ~~were watching~~ with ~~surprise the actions of the Governor's young widow.~~

57A

By her orders Indian servants were painting the Palace black. Inside and out, it was painted black, and the windows were covered with black cotton curtains. In these black rooms, dressed in black herself, the Duke's daughter wept.

She was still proud. She insisted on being made Governor in her husband's place.

It was the rainy season and now the rain fell harder than it had ever fallen before. Lightning streaked; thunder crashed and rolled.

An earthquake shook the city. Then from one of the three volcanoes, the very one on which Santiago stood, an avalanche of water swept down. ~~The wall~~ A of the volcano wall had burst, releasing a lake in the deep crater; the flood almost washed the little capitol away.

Some people said that an Indian God who lived in that volcano wanted to get rid of the white men. Others said that the God of the Christians thought the Governor's widow wept too much. Still

did something
else ~~which~~
~~matter~~ involving
a pencil. This
was ~~before I started~~
soon after I started
to school.

This book is to tell about living with writing which I can honestly claim to have done. It has been my good fortune to do it since, at age four or so, I approached my mother with a pencil and asked her how to spell going-down-the-street. Not that I remember this, but I've often heard her tell it. She loved to brag about her children. Our father was more subtle. In 1902 he had privately printed (but widely distributed) Selections from the Poems of Maud Palmer Hart. Ten Years Old.

Up to that time my name had been Maud Rosemond, the Rosemond for my father's mother. Mother, sensing the approach of fame, thought that her side of the family should be represented, and changed the Rosemond to Palmer, her maiden name. My older sister Kathleen, who sang, had already had her Kathleen Albertine changed to Kathleen Palmer. The baby was Helen Palmer from the first, and my father used to say, with the chuckle he often accorded to mother, that when the boy was born he would be Palmer Palmer. But P.P.P. never appeared. My so-called poetry, was sad, sentimental, mock-religious doggerel. There was only one spritely piece about Kathleen. She was, according to my "poem", pointing out that she was three years older than my senior until it came time to wash dishes. I remember that mother objected to this "poem". She did not want it included in the volume unless I made it clear that I really loved my sister. I grabbed my pencil and wrote:

"Yet I love her with all my heart
And of my life she is a part
And I pray God's blessing rich and rare
To hover round my Kathleen fair
And when to womanhood she's grown
And in other lands may roam
Under God's abiding love
He will guide her from above."

This was, of course, before Bickie and I had washed our hands of the evil in the world. And as later at the family supper table, under the hanging lamp, I had heard about th misery. My father who often talked about current events must have told some tragic story involving New York tenements. Perhaps welfare work? Certainly I heard something which moved me greatly for the next morning when I found myself alone in the house I went up stairs and took my cherish silk dress out of the clost. I crept down to the kitchen and went to the ice box. The most appetizing thing I could see was a bowl of Dutch cheese. I hastily dumped it within the glistening folds of my dress and when the postman came I met him secretly and gave him a damp bun dle on which I had printed in the margin, To the New York Poor. I never saw the dress again, nor heard of it, until years later when my mother told me how the postman had given it to her.

~~-2~~ 910

[illegible] in the [illegible] / warm [illegible] / and well

had fallen from its nest and with considerable help from our hired girl we had raised him in a shoebox, ~~xkxingxhimxwithxwormsxand~~ He was ready to fly any time now, ~~Annaxsaidx~~ we had heard Anna say.

I produced my ~~ready~~ bold pencil and a paper and Bick and I thought out aletter to God. Since we were ~~xxxix~~ only First Graders and did not know how to ~~write~~ spell many words, we ~~hadxtoxexpressxourselves xsuccinctlyxxbutxwexknewxhowxtoxaddressxandxenvelopexto~~ T ~~were obliged,~~ ~~toxmakexmuch~~ against our will, to ~~use xxx~~ a controlled compressed vocabulary. But we managed to let him know that bad things were going on and he had better ~~do something quick.~~ Come quick. We tied the letter to the r obin's foot neck and let him out of the box and there my memory of the incident ends. I trust we put him on ~~thextopxmostxaxbranchxof~~ top of the backdoor ~~maple,~~ ~~andxthatxhexwasxnotxtooxburdened~~ but I know only that we ~~were able to wash our hands thereafter of thw wickedness in the world.~~ [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ to keep him [illegible] that [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ ~~felt [illegible]~~ STET

Bickie had come into my life (she still illumines it) at my fifth birthday party , memorable also because ~~oux~~ this occasion ~~I wore my first silk dress. Itxwas I had longed for a silk dress and~~ ~~myxmotherxhadxmadexthisxespeciallyxforxthexpartyx~~ especially for the party. ~~was overjoyed with this one which my mother had made/ for the xoccasion~~ ~~avent It was checked, in colorsxxtan and rose, andxcreamy, with lace-trimmed neck and sleeves.~~

And there was a [illegible] that which in colors & pencil.

I wore my first silk dress. I had longed for a silk dress ~~xxxxxxx It~~ It seemed romantic. ~~[illegible]~~ It ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ was what princesses wore. And I was overjoyed with this one. My mother had made it especially for my birthday, ~~A~~ checked ~~I had my picture taken in it, and~~ silk in colors tan and rose with lace-trimmed neck and sleeves. A fter the ~~supper~~ birthday party I wore it every ~~Sunday and did not do it that the Bapt ist Sinday School was~~ ~~overwhelmedxbyxmy~~ ~~stunnedby my beauty.~~ Between Sundays I sometimes visited it in the sloping closet off my bedroom to smooth down the silken skirts.

~~This dress was [illegible] by my pencil.~~

guests.

"Why did she have to say 'I beg your pardon'?" I grumbled to mother after callers left, ~~on an occasion when~~ Kathleen ~~had introduced~~ this innovation ~~with dazzling effect~~. "Isn't ~~just~~ plain 'excuse me' good enough?"

I was chubby with a round and usually beaming face, parted front teeth and short brown braids. My hair was fine and straight and ~~only after~~ mother ~~had~~ put it up on rags for Sunday or a party ~~didn't I like the way it looked. Kathleen's long dark~~ hair was wavy; she was delicately built, poetic looking ~~with lovely small white hands. She was~~ very precocious, the kind of child other children often fail to understand ~~and~~ I did not understand her although I secretly admired, envied and adored her. From high school days on we had complete rapport but as children we ~~had~~ some lively scraps.

We would have had more except for ~~our~~ mother. Stella Palmer had married Tom Hart with the firm ideal that their family life should be perfect. Perfect! She never added...or as nearly perfect as it can be in this imperfect world. She had not been happy at home before her marriage. A stepfather did not understand her and her brother who were red-haired, spirited and musical as their own (Palmer) father had been. Frank ran away with an opera troupe and Stella started teaching at 16 and building up her dreams of what a home should be.

The dreams fared pretty well. ~~My father~~ Dad was in love with her until the day he died. We children never saw anything but a loverlike harmony between them...except, perhaps, when the bills came in. Accordingto Victorian custom, he handled the money and in spite of his generous nature the first of the month was

guests.

"Why did she have to say, 'I beg your pardon'?" I grumbled to mother after callers left on an occasion when Kathleen had introduced this innovation with dazzling effect. "Isn't ~~just~~ plain 'excuse me' good enough?"

I was chubby with a round and usually beaming face, parted front teeth and short brown braids. My hair was fine and straight and only after mother had put it up on ~~kid curlers~~ rags for Sunday or a party did I like the way it looked. Kathleen's long dark hair was wavy; she was small + delicately built, ~~slenderly built and~~ poetic looking, ~~and~~ with ~~had small white hands but white hands were so small that she had~~ ~~difficulty stretching them to make chords~~ ~~had~~ lovely small white hands ~~of which~~ ~~she was anything but vain for she~~ displayed ~~could not stretch them~~ ~~had difficulty stretching them~~ ~~to make chords on the piano.~~ She was very precocious , the kind of child other children often fail to understand, and I did not understand her although I secretly admired, envied and adored her. From high school days on we had complete rapport but as children we had ~~quarreled sometimes~~ ~~had~~ some lively scraps.

We would have had more except for our mother. Stella Palmer had married Tom Hart with the firm ideal that their family life should be perfect. Perfect! She never added...or as nearly perfect as it can be in this imperfect world. She had not been happy at home before her marriage. A stepfather did not understand her and her brother who were ~~both~~ red-haired, ~~and~~ spirited and musical as their own (Palmer) father had been. Frank ran away with an ~~a travelling~~ opera troupe and Stella started teaching ~~in a country school~~ at I6 and building up her dreams of what a home should be.

The dreams fared pretty well. My father was ~~romantically~~ in love with her until the day he died . We children never saw anything but a loverlike harmony between them... except, perhaps, when the bills and in spite of his generous nature the first of the month was

sometimes an uneasy period. Mother managed it beautifully with his favorite desserts, a bow in her hair and us children on our best behaviour.

Although outragedby her arithmetic, Tom appreciated Stella, and no wonder! She was handsome, gay, stylish, a mouth-watering cook, and a fine though never fussy housekeeper. She usually had some sort of helper but it was Stella herself, with flying red hair and plenty of clean kitchen aprons who made 333 Center Street (and our several later homes) so shiningly attractive.

All before three in the afternoon, too. By then she had her dress changed and was sewing in the parlor.

Moreover, housework was not easy in the '90s. There were no helpful electric appliances. Gas had ceased to be called, as it was at first in Mankato, "the man killer"...two men at the new plant having been asphyxiated... but in the Center Street house we still used kerosene lamps. A hanging lamp over the dining room table, a bracketed lamp in the kitchen, lamps with painted shades in the front and back parlor, and small lamps with glass shades for the other rooms. They had to be filled, trimmed, washed and polished daily but they made sweet shadows as one carried them about.

We did not have plumbing. There were decorated wash bowls, pitchers and chamber pots in our bedrooms and a well scrubbed water closet in back of the house. (Water closet may be a euphuism but the other word was banned as vulgar.) On Saturday night a tub was set out in the kitchen beside the crackling stove and we bathed by turns, beginning with the youngest, and by turns were hurried, steaming, into bed.

Water came into the house via a pump in the kitchen

sometimes an uneasy period. Mother managed it beautifully with a his favorite desserts, a bow in her hair and us children on our best behaviour.

Although outragedby her arithmetic, Tom appreciated his Stella,and no wonder! She was handsome, gay, stylish, a mouth-watering cook, and a fine though never fussy housekeeper. She usually had some sort of helper but it was Stella herself, with flying red hair, rolled up sleeves and plenty of clean kitchen aprons who made 333 Center Street (and our several later homes) so shiningly attractive.

All before three in the afternoon, too. By then she had her dress changed and was sewing in the front parlor, ready for callers unless she going out to call herself.

Moreover, housework was not easy in the '90s. There were no helpful electric appliances. Gas had ceased to be called, as it was at first in Mankato, "the man killer"...two men at the new plant having been asphyxiated... but in the Center Street house we still used kerosene lamps. A hanging lamp over the dining room table a bracketed lamp in the kitchen, lamps with painted shades in the front and back parlor, and small lamps with glass shades for the other rooms. They had to be filled, trimmed, washed and polished daily but they made sweet shadows as one carried them about.

We did not have plumbing. There were decorated wash bowls, pitchers and chamber pots in our bedrooms and a well scrubbed water closet in back of the house. (Water closet may be a euphuism but the other word was banned as vulgar.) On Saturday night a tub was set out in the kitchen beside the crackling wood stove and we bathed by turns, beginning with the youngest, and by turns were hurried, steaming, into bed.

Water came into the house via a pump in the kitchen

sink. There was also a rainbbarrel beside the back kitchen door. We did not have a furnace but Dad shook down and filled the two stoves ~~xxxx~~ night and morning. The stoves, like the lamps, were beautiful to me, especially the one in the back parlor. It had isinglass windows through which one could see the flame-licked coals, and around its nickel trim ran the heads of horses with outflung manes.

So far as household decorations were concerned we were strictly uo to date. Mother would have mo out-of-style horsehair sofas or marble-toppedtables around and she painted white any old furniture which she could not afford to replace. It would have transfixed a modern collector with horror to watch the joyful vigor with which she splashed paint on black walnut chests and a steeple clock which had once been her mother's. We had a rattling rattan curtain in the doorway between the two parlors, a plaster of ~~Paixix~~ paris lion waving its tail on the piano, scarves on everything, cushions everywhere, all liberally supplied with tossels.

On the wicker front parlor table was a green glass bottle with white and gold daisies painted on it. Mother's mother and stepfather had brought it back to her from the Paris Exposition, Another gift from them on the table was a conch shell from California ; by holding it up to our ears we could hear the sea. In the place of honor was a copy of Owen Meredith's Lucille. This was an ornate volume, not intended to be read, but in the back parlor was a secretary bookcase full of books that were. Qhen Tom and Stella entertained their Hi Fly Whist Club, 333 Center Street looked as sophisticated as any Hi Fly house.

I am positive, too, that mother looked as stylish as any Hi Fly Wife. With her own quick needle, she dressed herself and her girls in the latest fashions from the women's magazines. She looked like a queen to her admiring brood when she started off with her proud erect escort for a Knights of Pythias dance. She ~~xxx~~ dressed Kathleen and me alike at first. We had green (We used to sing together, "I don't want to play in your yard etc/" but that didn't last long. Kathleen was too professional for me!) We had green coats with matching pointed hoods, blue checked ginghams/worn with flat round blue caps. Once she turned a worn pair of my father's trowsers into a dress for

It was a grey striped, hard-finish wool to which she added a ~~red~~ tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satisfaction until word of its origin leaked out.

My father was a tall man and in those days youthfully thin. Later he became somewhat portly with a swelling front across which his watch chain was draped. He ~~always~~ proudly held himself ~~proudly~~ with squared shoulders, and the mein of a benevolent monarch. ~~Early photographs show a mustache, but I remember only the day it was cut off.~~ He had shining fine dark hair, very kind hazel eyes, and a geniality which sprang from a genuine love of people. Children frolicked about him like puppies, yet he had a dignity on which one ~~they~~ did not impose.

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I had

now.)

Mr Ray's Sunday night sandwiches were real. The custom began on Center Street of my father making his famous sandwiches for Sunday night lunch lunch to which guests of all ages were welcome.

So was his habit of making, whenever any donestic difficulty or prob lems arose, one of his famous suggestions, which he always called 'snoggestions." When he was dying,and his womenfo.lk sat around stunned and unbelieving, Kathleen said, "It seems as though daddy must walk in and make everything right with one of his 'snoggestions.

Another true custom was the of bringing back presents fot eh family when any of us left Mankato for even the shortest trip.

So was the celebration of our parents' wedding anniversary and as long as we lived in Mankato., when October I5th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to ake adison, to the lakeside home which my mother's stepfather had built before he and my grandmother moved to alifornia.

It had a white fence and a tall white gate, and small arbors scattered about a spacious lawn . The road to the house was lined with evergreen trees which gave off an aromatic smell. Scuffing through red and yellow leaves we inspected the tree under which my father had proposed. He had been camping on the lakeside and came to the house borrow a cup of salt., "and she hooked me." We saw the bay window in which they were married and the window above where mother said she had been waiting, wearing a tea gown, when he drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig, his best side beside him.

Sometimes we went to the Inn for dinner but sometimes we had brought a picnic along. The arts were gr at picnicers. We

This book is to tell about living with writing which I can honestly claim to have done. It has been my good fortune to do it since, at age four or so, I approached my mother with a pencil and asked her how to spell going-down-the-~~xxx~~ street. Not that I remember this, but I've often heard her tell it. She loved to brag about her children. Our father was more subtle. In 1902 he had privately printed (but widely distributed) Selections from the Poems of Maud Palmer Hart, Ten Years Old.

Up to that time my name had been Maud Rosemond, the Rosemond for my father's mother. Mother sensing the approach of fame, thought that her side of the family should be represented, and changed the Rosemond to Palmer, her maiden name. My older sister Kathleen, who sang, had already had her Kathleen Albertine changed to Kathleen Palmer. The baby was Helen Palmer from the first, and my father used to say, with the fond chuckle he always accorded to mother, that when the boy was born he would be Palmer Palmer Palmer. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I was fond of writing this so-called poetry, was sad, sentimental, mock-religious doggerel. There was only one really sprightly piece in the collection about Kathleen. She was always, according to my verses, ~~pointed~~ pointing out that she was almost three years my senior until it came time to wash dishes. I remember that mother objected to this "poem". She did not want it ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ included in the volume unless I made it clear that I really loved Kathleen. Grabbing my pencil, I complied:

"Yet I love her with all my heart
And of my life she is a part
And I pray God's blessing rich and rare
To hover round my Kathleen fair
And when to womanhood she's grown
And in other lands may roam
Under God's abiding love
He will guide her from above."

would be Palmer Palmer Palmer. But we remained a family of three girls.

I feel that before going farther I should explain why a woman of my years and dignity uses for her father such a childish word as 'daddy.' We girls grew up calling our parents 'papa' and 'mamma,' but about the time I was twelve or so mother gathered us around her and asked us henceforth to call her 'mother' and our father 'daddy.' (I suspect that the mother-daddy combination was the newest thing or was the rage just then.) Helen was amenable to the change but Kathleen and I disliked it and mother offered a bribe. I forget was the bait was but probably a silver dollar. Kathleen, always more independent than I, refused and although she did, in time, slide into 'mother', she called our father 'papa' all her life. I gave in, (perhaps I needed a dollar for something extremely important), and to train my self to the change. Nax it would be dishonrable , after half a century, over the years I came t o love the word, perhaps because it applied to someone so benign, so kindly, and so all-important.

My so-called poetry was sad, sentimental, mock-religious doggerel. In later years I lived in dread of having the selections fall into the wrong hands. There was only one sprightly piece in it and that concerned Kathleen. She was, according to my poem, always pointing out that she was almost three years older than I, except at dish-washing

readers of same, will say here that the brass bowl out of ˛eaven to ˜etsy sits in our front window in Claremont, California. For although some of the things in those books are true and others are invented there is a little truth mixed in with everyth ing and the ^ay Chrostmases were true. This is importamt because so many girls write me that they are having Ray Christmases at their house or plam to after they are married . The brass o l out of ˛eaven to ˜etsy sits now in our front wind ow in Claremont, California.

So ~~xaxaxmather~~were my father's/Sunday night lunches true.
custom
They began in that little Center Str et house for him to make sanwhies on Sunday night and ~~xkk~~ our friends ~~dropxin~~ were free to drop in.
for the family
So was the custom of bringing back presents/when any one of us went away on the shortest trip;

~~Birthdaysxwerexonlyxslightly~~ Family traditions, many of which the Lovelaces have invented, will probably run all through this book, ~~forxusxx~~ where they belong, even though they do not pertain to writing because they were put into books.

Birthdays were only slightly less glorious than Christmas etc. Singing around piano etc in here.

The young ^r and Mrs ^art had a gay social life of their own and we often went picnicing with the Woods or _a coeths ot others of the H i Fly Whist Club. And sometimes with them and sometimes alone used to to take a picnic brea fast, around daybreak, to the ground where the circus was being set up. Kathleen reproached me
a
ince for never putting that into ~~the~~ ˛etsy ^acy book, ~~xxxxxxxxxxstories~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxwithxthexworldxofxchildrenxthe~~

T e celebration of ~~my~~ our parents wedding anniversary for a trip to Lake ^adison where her stepfather8 s lovely ome was, where they
Ocyober
became engaged and were married was an/event ~~ofxOctoberx1x~~ just as descirbed in the betsy ˛acy books.

And from all such expeditions we children loved thr drive

declared would be Palmer Palmer Palmer. But we remained a family of three girls.

I feel that before going farther I should explain why a women of my years and presumable dignity still uses for her father such a childish word as 'daddy.' We girls grew up calling our parents "papa' and 'mamma ' but about the time I was I2 ~~or so~~ mother gathered us together and asked us to change to 'mother' and 'daddy.' (I suspect that the mother-daddy combination was the rage just then.) Helen was amenable to the change but Kathleen and I disliked it and mother offered a bribe. ~~It was~~ something terrific like a dollar, or maybe even five. Kathleen, always more independent than I, refused and although she did, in time, slide into 'mother', she called our father 'papa' all her life. I gave in (perhaps I had good use for that dollar) and stubbornly trained myself to the change. It wouldn't be honorable to change now, would it? Besides over the years I came to love the word, perhaps because it applied to someone so benign, so kindly and so all-important.

My so-called poetry was sad, sentimental, mock-religious doggerel. In later years I lived in dread of having a copy of the Selections fall into the wrong hands. There was only one sprightly piece in it and that concerned Kathleen. She was, according to my poem, always pointing out that she was almost three years older than I, except at dish-washing

However , our parents always forgot our lapses fro m perfection. We were never reproached with them after proper punishments had been given. These were always administered by mother. If he had had boys, I imagine, Tom Hart would have taken a hand. But girls and women were in a special catagory. He believed they were better than boys and men. He was a thorough-going feminist, and championed women's rights long before it was popular to do so.

Before he died they had assumed rights which startled and distressed him. On his last visit to my husband and me in New York in the '30s, he made a business call in Brooklyn, and afterwards told me what he had seen.

He had gone into a bar with his customer for a glass of beer and girls were sitting up at the bar, drinking.

"And not beer either, Maudie! Scotch! Can you imagine girls sitting up at a bar drinking Scotch? Why, that's a man's drink. That's not for a dainty little girl."

This feeling for women probably spruang from his reverence for his mother

His mother, the Rosem nd for whom I was meant to be named, had been an exceptional woman. She had been a school teacher in Canada

He had been raised on a farm, one of nine children, on an Iowa farm in the rugged pioneer times. But his mother had been a school teacher back in Canada and each child in turn, until her death was sent to the Academy in Decorhal.

Our house was a second home to these young aunties and the often came there/too. They belong to my earliest, faintest memories and sometimes just to legend.

Uncle Jim, a dashing young salesman, fell in love with Maud Maloney, who was newly widowed and still wearing a black mourning veil to her heels.

with Maud Maloney, a young Center Street widow still wearing a black mourning veil to her heels.

with Maud Maloney, a young Center Street widow, romantic in black widow's weeds. A black mourning veil still hung to her heels when she and Uncle Jim became engaged. He and she were often in the house as mother

While mother was feathering stitching baby clothes for me, Uncle Jim came visiting and fell in love with Maud Maloney, a young Center Street widow, whos e blck mourning veil still hung to her heels.

Jim came visiting, a dashing young salesman with am irresistable mustache. He fell in love with Mauld Meloney, a young Center Street widow whose black mourning veil still hung to her heels. They soon became engaged just as Maud's birthday was aprroaching and swept away by the exctiemtn motherpromised that if the baby came on the 25th of April, and was a girl she could be named Maud for her prospective auntie.

By a happy coicidencem I was. Or at least I always thought so. Years later, when mother was old, I asked her to repeat the oft told tale. I in quired as to the hour of my birth.

Motherlooked embarrassed.

"Well, it was pretty near midnight. In fact, it was a little after midnight."

"You mean the 25th had just arrived."

"No, no. It was just over."

~~There was no nearby Protestant Church but Arsomond decided there must be one.~~ When Tom was 13 he hitched a team of horses to ~~the~~ a wagon and drove her out to raise the money. Her husband headed her paper with a pledge of $100 and ~~one~~ Tollver Holverson matched it and others put down their names for various sums... twenty dollars, ten, thirty, three, two-fifty....

Arosmond was not only dainty, feminine, persuasive, but ingenious, too. If a farmer said he had no money to give, she would look around the barnyard and suggest a pig from that fine new litter, or a calf or some hens. Many gave such gifts, ~~so Dad often told us children in telling us the story, and gifts of labor, too.~~

There was a colony of athiests ~~in Winnishiek County.~~ Dad always referred to them, but in a friendly way, as 'infidels.' "Almost all the infidels gave money for her church," he assured us. Men of many denominations gave and by August, $1153.25 had been promised and the Articles of Incorporation of the United Brethren Church were filed. ~~Arosmond was a Methodist but~~ The church was for the use of all Orthodox Christian denominations, and ~~It~~ was also open for all funerals. ~~I suppose that was how the 'infidels' got their reward.~~

Arosmond died at 44,

"She hath done what she could," it says on her tombstone in the ~~little~~ burying ground ~~beside the~~ at the small white church. Fields stretch away on every side, golden with wheat or white and billowing with snow, ~~and although it is very quiet there are meadow larks in season.~~

After her death Tom left the farm and went to Mankato, where he got a job driving a dray and ~~finally~~ saved $100 to send back

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other grand-daughters were named, ~~the~~ Arosmond..in most cases...being modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a slight fine-spun girl, a teacher in a quiet Canadian village, when she became engaged to James A Hart. He went ahead of her to stake out a claim in Iowa and after a time his father wrote ~~him~~ that the young Methodist minister was getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried back and they were married. ~~at~~ 1857

They made all or part of the journey by ox-drawn wagon. It was ~~it~~ was spring and she was entranced by the wild flowers embroidered in the prairie grass. She kept asking him to stop the oxen so she could pick some and he would swing her up and over the big wheel and down. He could span her waist with his hands.

and he was entranced to comply do so , swinging her up and over the big wheel.

and they were married.

They made all or part of the journey by ox-drawn wagon. It was spring and both of them entranced. She kept asking him to stop the oxen so she could pick some of the flowers which embroidered the praire grass

and they were married.

They made part or all of the journey by ox-drawm wagon It was spring and she was entranced by the wild flowers embroidered in the ~~prairie wheel high~~ prairie grass. She kept asking him to stop the oxen so she could pick some and he was enchanted to comply, swinging her over the big wheel and down. He could span her waist with his hands.

But finally they reached the acres he had broken and planted. ~~At last~~ This was in 1857 and Iowa seemed to be all sky. the prairie crouched so low. The primitive house ~~James~~ he awas builimg for her was not finished

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I was named...temporarily, and several other grand daughters for keeps, ~~although~~ Arosmond, ~~was~~ in most cases modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a slight fine-spun girl, a teacher in a quiet Canadian village, when she became engaged to James A. Hart. He went ahead of her to stake out a claim in Iowa and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried back and they were married and went by train to Chicago and by covered wagon to the acres he had broken and planted.

This was in 1857 and Iowa seemed to be all sky, the prairie crouched so low.

The primitve house James was building for her was not finished and Arosmond stayed for a time with kindly neighbirs. It is reported that she wept, thinking no doubt of Canada and ~~elm-lined streets and brick houses and her~~ sisters Eva and Mary. She named her first two children Eva and Mary, and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed in turn Flora and Emma, (Emma, not being well, was sent back to Canada to an aunt who raised her,) Ersula Arosmond, called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen, and somewhere a little Edna who died.

Arosmond was determined that her children should have a gentle upbringing. She began with their manners and every one of them carried fine manners through life, ~~a luck coin in anyone's pocket~~. The endless drudgery of the farm was uncongenial to her, and she was weakened by child bearing, but she managed efficiently, assigning each child his task. She taught them to read at home. They read aloud to her while she ironed, sitting on a tall stool to save her strength. They attended country school for three or four months each year, and when money could be found the older ones went

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I was named...temporarily , and several other grand daughters permanently, although Arsomond was in most cases modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a slight fine-spun girl, a teacher in a quiet Canadian village when she became enanged to James A. Hart. He went ~~ahead of her~~ to stake out a claim ~~on the Iowa prairies~~ and after a time his father wrote ~~him~~ that the young Methodist minister was getting much interested in Arosmond, whereupom James hurried back and they were married and went by train to Chicago and by covered wagon to the acres he had broken and planted. ~~This was in 1857.~~

There was no nearby ~~church in the~~ Protestant Church ~~in that part of the Winnishiek County, and~~ but Arosmond decided ~~that~~ there ~~must~~ be one. When Tom was ~~13~~ 13, he hitched a team of horses to ~~the new platform spring~~ wagon and drove ~~his mother~~ her out to raise the money ~~for one~~. ~~He~~ husband had headed her paper with a heroic pledge of $100 ~~and~~ Tollver Holverson matched it and others put down their names for various sums, $20, $10, $30, 3, 2.50. ~~(spelled) for~~

Arosmond was naively dainty, feminine, persuasive, ingenious, too. If a farmer said he had no money to give, she would look around the barnyard and ~~smilingly~~ suggest ~~that she might give~~ a pig from that new litter, or a calf, or ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ some hens. Many gave such gifts, ~~my father~~ so Dad often told ~~Kathleen and Helen and me~~ us, and gifts of labor, too, ~~but~~ I do not see these offerings on the List of Pledges which is now in my hands. ~~I suspect that~~ Perhaps, ~~not~~ to lower the giver's status. ~~they are~~ piglets were entered at the prices they would bring?

There was a colony of athiests in Winnishiek County. ~~My father~~ Dad always referred to them, but in a friendly way, as 'infidels.' "All the men of all infidels gave mother money for her church," he assured ~~xxxxxx~~ us. Many ~~of many~~ denominations gave and by August, $1153.25 had been promised and the Articles of Incorporation of the United Brethren Church were filed. ~~The church was to be open for all funeral occasions and for the use of all Orthodox Christian denominations. It was used chiefly by the United Brethren and xxxxxxxx and the Methodists.~~ Arosmond was a Methodist but the church was open for all funeral occasions — that was how the church was used. It was also open for use of all Orthodox Christian denominations. It was used chiefly by the United Brethren and the Methodists.

1879
63
16

When Arosmond died at 44 she was buried ~~near~~ beside ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~at~~ this small white church, near Ossian, Iowa, ~~and so were others of her family.~~ "She hath done what she could", it says on her tombstone in the little burying ground from which fields stretch away on every side, ~~fields~~ golden ~~xxxxx~~ with wheat or white ~~with~~ and billowing snow.

After her death Tom left the farm and went to Mankato

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other grand daughters were named...Arosmond in most cases modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a ~~slight fine-spun girl,~~ a teacher in her home village, ~~on~~ St Williams in Ontario, when she became engaged to James A Hart. He went ahead of her to stake out a claim in Iowa and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was ~~getting~~ getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married.

They journeyed to Iowa by ox-drawn wagon, in which were safely packed her mahogany melodeon, a modern marvel called a sewing machine, and six silk dresses. It was spring and ~~Arosmond~~ she was enchanted by the ~~wild~~ flowers embroidering the wheel-high ~~prarie~~ prairie grass. ~~Xxxxx~~ Blue, red, ~~x~~ pink, yellow, purple! ~~—~~ she kept asking James to stop so she could pick some and he was delighted to comply, swinging her down and up, down and up into the wagon, his hands clasped around a waist ~~xx~~ they could span.

But journeys end, and at last they reached the acres he had broken and planted, This was in 1857 and Iowa seemed to be empty except for sky. The primitive house he was building for her was not finished and Arsmond stayed for a time with kindly neighbors. ~~She had a happy spirit but it~~ ~~xx~~ It is reported that she wept ,thinking perhaps of ~~the things she had brought with her...her a mahogany melodein, a modern marvel called a sewing machine, and six silk dresses,,,~~ or perhaps she ~~waxxthinkingxfxof~~ thought back to streets ~~lined with tall trees,~~ and brick houses and her sisters, Eva and Mary.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary , and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed in turn Flora and Emma, Ersula Arosmond called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen and somewhere a little Edna who died.

Arosmond, a slight fine-spun woman, was weakened by child-bearing and the endless drudgery of pioneer farm life was uncongenial to her. ~~but~~ She managed efficiently, however, assigning each child his task. She was determined that they should have a gentle upbringing and began with their

sink. There was also a rain barrel beside the back kitchen door. We did not have a furnace but ~~Tom~~ Dad shook down/and filled the two stoves night and morning. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ The stoves, like the lamps, were beautiful to me, especially the one in the back parlor. It had isinglass windows through which one could see the flame-licked coals, and around ~~the~~ its nickel trimm~~ing~~ ~~bars~~/the heads of rearing horses with outflung manes.

So far as household decorations were concerned, ~~our house was~~ we were strictly up-to-date. Mother would have no out-of-style horsehair sofas or marble-topped tables around and she painted white any old furniture which she could not afford to replace. It would have transfixed a modern collector with horror to ~~see~~ watch the joyful vigor with which she splashed white paint on/black ~~xxxx~~ walnut chests and/a steeple clock which had once been her mother's. We had ~~their~~ ~~at/proper periods~~ ~~stet~~ a cozy corner, a rattling ~~rattan curtains~~ bamboo curtains in the door, burnt wood, [illegible] ~~plaster of Paris statuettes~~ plaques, tossels on everything and a copy of Owen Meredith's Lucille, ~~on the bamboo wicker table in the front parlor.~~ ~~That~~ It [illegible] on the wicker table in the front parlor ★ was not intended to be read, but in the back parlor there was a secretary-bookcase full of books that were. When Tom and Stella entertained ~~the~~ their High Fly Whist Club, 333 Center Street looked as sophisticated as any ~~house~~ High Fly house.

between the [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ parlor

I am positive, too, that mother looked as stylish as any ~~woman present~~ ~~High Fly [illegible]~~. With her own quick needle, she dressed herself and her girls in the latest fashions from the women's magazines. She dressed Kathleen and ~~I~~ me alike at first. We had red coats/with ~~double~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ double fur-trimmed capes, ~~which were trimmed with fur, we were the~~ and matching hoods. ~~We had~~ Later green coats with ~~peaked~~ pointed green hoods. Once she turned/a worn pair of ~~xxxxxxxx~~ my father's trousers into a dress for me. ~~A~~ It was grey-striped, hard-finish wool to which she added a tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and

We [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other grand daughters were named...Arosmond in most cases modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a ~~slight fine-spun girl, a~~ teacher in her home village of St Williams in Ontario when she became engaged to James A Hart. He went ahead of her to stake out a claim in Iowa and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was ~~getting~~ interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married.

They journeyed to Iowa by ox-drawn wagon. It was spring and ~~krxxxxxxd~~/she was enchanted by the wild flowers embroidering the wheel-high prairie ~~prxxrix~~/grass./Blue, ~~xxxxx~~,red,~~x~~ pink, yellow, purple ...she kept asking James to stop so she could pick some and he was delighted to comply, swinging her down and up, down and up into the wagon, his hands clasped around a waist/they ~~xx~~ could span.

But journeys end, and at last they reached the acres he had broken and planted, This was in 1857 and Iowa seemed to be empty except for sky. The primitive house he was building for her was not finished and Arsmond stayed for a time with kindly neighbors/ She had a happy spirit but it ~~It~~ is reported that she wept ,thinking perhaps of the things she had brought with her...her ~~a~~ mahogany melodein, a modern marvel called a sewing machine, and six silk dresses,,, or perhaps she/thought back to ~~wxxxthinkingxxxxxx~~ streets lined with tall trees,and brick houses and her sisters, Eva and Mary.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary , and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed in turn Flora and Emma, Ersula Arosmond called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen and somewhere a little Edna who died.

Arosmond, a slight fine-spun woman,was weakened by child-bearing and the endless drudgery of pioneer farm life was uncongenial to her,.~~but~~ She managed efficiantly,/however, assigning each child his task. She was determined that they should have a gentle upbringing and began with their

sink. There was also a rain barrel beside the back kitchen door. We did not have a furnace but Tom shook down and filled the two stoves night and morning. The stoves, like the lamps, were beautiful to me, especially the one in the back parlor. It had isinglass windows through which one could see the flame-licked coals and around the nickel trimming raced the heads of horses with outflung manes.

So far as household decorations were concerned, our house was strictly up-to-date. Mother would have no out-of-style horsehair sofas or mapble -topped tables around and she painted white any old furnirture which she could not a ford to replace. It would have transfoxed a modern collector with horror to see the joyful vigor with which she splashed white paint on black walnut chests and a steeple clock which had one been her mother's. We had at their proper periods a cozy corner, rattling rattan curtais, burnt wood, plaster of Paris statuettes, tassels on everything and a copy of Owen Meredith's Lucille on the wicker bamboo table in the front parlor. That was not intended to be read, but in the back parlor there was a secretary-bookcase full of books that were. When Tom and Stella entertained the High Fly Whist Club, 333 Center Street looked as sophisticated as any High Fly house.

I am positive, too, that mother looked as stylish as any wo an present. With her own quick needle, she dressed herself and her girls in the lastest fashions from the women's magazines. She dressed Kathleen and I alike at first. We had red coats with double capes which were trimmed with fur, as were the matching hoods. We had green coats with pointed green hoods. Once she turned a worn pair of my father's trousers into a dress for me. A grey striped, hard finish wool to which she added a tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other grand-daughters were named, Arosmond ~~in most cases being~~ modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a ~~slight fine-spun girl,~~ a teacher in ~~a quiet Canadian village, when~~ she became engaged to James A Hart. He went ahead of her to stake out a claim in Iowa and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married ~~in 1857~~.

They ~~made the journey~~ journeyed to Iowa by ox-drawn wagin. It was spring and ~~she~~ Arosmond was ~~enxxxxxxd~~ enchanted by the ~~wild~~ flowers/~~embroidered in the~~ embroidering wheel-high ~~high~~ prairie grass. She kept asking ~~him~~ James to stop so she could pick some and he/~~was enchanted~~ in turn, was ~~xxxxxxx~~ to ~~x~~omply, swinging her/~~over the big wheel~~ down and up again as often as she wished. ~~and down~~ He could span her waist with his hands.

But journeys end and they reached ~~the~~ acres he had broken and planted. The primitive house/he was building for her was not finished and Arosmond stayed for a time with kindly neighbors. It is reported that she wept, thinking ~~p~~erhaps of the things she had brought, ...~~besides the usual linens and~~ a mahogany melodeon, a modern marvel called a sewing machine, ~~a mahogany melodeon and all~~ and six silk dresses, ~~She did not cry long for she had a naturally happy spirit or perhaps of elm-lined streets and brick houses and her sisters Eva and Mary~~ ...or perhaps she/~~thought of Canada and her sisters Eva and Mary~~ was thinking ~~xxxx~~ thought of ~~Canada~~ elm-lined streets and brick houses and her sisters Eva and Mry.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary, and then came my father who was ~~h~~onas for the grandfather who had warned James to/~~hrry~~ hurry hone. There followed in turn Flora and Emma, Ersula Arosmond called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and ~~Stephen~~ Stephen and somewhere a little Edna who died. ~~She was too busy in these years to weep and besides she had a happy spirit.~~ Arosmond was ~~xxxx~~

The endless drudgery of pioneer farm life was uncongnnial to her

Arosmond, a slight fine-spun woman, ~~She~~ was weakened by child-bearing and the endless drudgery

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other grand daughters were named,...Arosmond, in most cases, modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a teacher in her home village, ~~St Williams~~ in Ontario, when she became engaged to James A Hart. He went ahead of her to stake out a claim in Iowa (or to claim government land in Iowa) and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married.

They journeyed by train as far as Chicago and then by ox-drawn wagon. It was spring and she was enchanted by the well flowers... blue, red, pink, yellow, purple... which embroidering the wheel-high prairie grass. ~~Blue, red, pink, yellow, purpl purple!~~ She kept asking James to stop so she could pick some and he was delighted to comply, swinging her down and up, down and up into the wagon, he ~~his hands clasped around a waist they could span.~~ He could span her waist with his hands.

But ~~journeys end and~~ at last they reached the acres he had broken and planted. This was in 1857 and Iowa seemed to be empty except for sky. The primitive house he was building for her was not finished and Arosmond stayed for a time with kindly neighbors. It is reported that she wept...thinking perhaps ofthe things she had brought with her: six silk dresses, a mahogany melodeon, a modern marvel called a sewing machine. Or perhaps she, thought of leafy Canadian streets and brick houses and her sisters ~~was thinking of elmlined streets and leafy St Williams and her sisters, brick houses and her sisters~~ Eva and Mary.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary, and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed in turn Flora and Emma, Ersula Arosmond called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen, and somewhere a little Edna who died.

Arosmond, ~~a slight fine-spun woman,~~ was weakened by child-bearing,and the endless drudgery of pioneer farm life was uncongenial to her. She had a happy spirit, however, and managed efficiently ~~managed with happy efficiency, however,~~ assigning each child his task. She ~~was~~ determined resolved that they should have a gentle upbringing and began with their

~~There was no English-speaking Protestant Church nearby but Arsomond decided there must be one.~~ When Tom was I3 he hitched a team of horses to the wagon and drove her out to raise the money. Her husband headed her paper with a pledge of $I00 and one Tollver Holverson matched it and others put down their names for various sums... twenty dollars, ten, thirty, three, two-fifty....

Arosmond was not only dainty, feminine, persuasive, but ingenious, too. If a farmer said he had no money to give, she would look around the barnyard and suggest a pig from that fine new litter, or a calf or some hens. Many gave such gifts, so Dad often told us c hildren ~~in telling us the story,~~ and gifts of labor, too.

There was a colony of athiests in Winnishiek County. Dad always referred to them, but in a friendly way, as 'infidels.' "Almost all the infidels gave money for her church," he assured us. Men of many denominations gave and by August, $II53.25 had been promised and the Articles of Incorporation of the United Brethren Church were filed. ~~Arosmond was a Methodist but~~ The church was for the use of all Orthodox Christian denominations. It was also open for all funerals. I suppose that was how the 'infidels' got their reward.

Arosmond died at 44,

"She hath done what she could," it says on her tombstone in the little burying ground beside her small white church. Fields stretch away on every side, golden with wheat or white and billowing with snow, and there are meadow larks in season.

After her death Tom left the farm and went to Mankato, where he got a job driving a dray and finally saved $I00 to send back

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other grand daughters were named. She was small and slight with sedate black ringlets, luminous blue eyes, a fair skin and a resolute mouth. She was serious but had a happy spirit.

were named...Arosmond, in most cases modernized th Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a teacher in her home village in Ontario, a slight girl with sedate black ringlets, luminous eyes, fair skin and a resolute mouth. She was small and slight with sedate black ringlets, luminous blue eyes, fair skin and a resolute mouth, a serious girl, but with a happy spirit and sisters to be happy with. She became engaged to James A Hart who went ahead of her to homestead land in Iowa and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married.

ww re named...Arosmond, in most cases modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a slight girl, with sedate black ringlets, luminous eyes, fair skin and a resolute mouth. She and her sisters Eva and Mary were all teachers in their home village village in Ontario. She was small adnd slight,

were named...Arosmond in most cases modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a teacher in her home village in Ontario, a serious girl but she had a happy spirit and a happy youth with her sisters Eva and Mary .

"I could span her waist with my hands," grandfather used to say.

She was a slight girl wtith sedate black ringlets, luminous blue eyes, a fair skin and a resolute mouth, a serious girl but her spirit was said to be exceptionally happy.

Yet when they reached Iowa and the acros he Jams haroken

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other grand daughters were named,...Arosmond, in most cases, modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a teacher in her home village, St Williams in Ontario, when she became engaged to James A Hart. He went ahead of her to stake out a claim in Iowa (or to claim government land in Iowa) and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married.

They journeyed by train as far as Chicago and then by ox-drawn wagon. It was spring and she was enchanted by the flowers embroidering the wheel-high prairie grass. Blue, red, pink, yellow, purple! She kept asking James to stop so she could pick some and he was delighted to comply, swinging her down and up, down and up into the wagon, his hands clasped around a waist they could span.

But journeys end and at last they reached the acres he had broken and planted. This was in 1857 and Iowa seemed to be empty except for sky. The primitive house he was building for her was not finished and Arosmond stayed for a time with kindly neighbors. It is reported that she wept...thinking perhaps ofthe things she had brought with her: six silk dresses, a mahogany melodeon, a modern marvel called a sewing machine. Or perhaps she was thinking of leafy St Williams and her sisters, Eva and Mary.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary, and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed in turn Flora and Emma, Ersula Arosmond called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen, and somewhere a little Edna who died.

Arosmond, a slight fine-spun woman, was weakened by child-bearing,and the endless drudgery of pioneer farm life was uncongenial to her. She managed with happy efficiency, however, assigning each child his task. She was determined that they should have a gentle upbringing and began with their

~~Times were hard but still~~ money was found to send the older children to the Academy in Decorah. They did not live in the Dormitory which cost $6 a week but rented a room for $3 a month where they cooked for themselves, bringing firewood, bread, cold pies, and other supplies from home to which they usually returned on Sunday. My father went there in his turn and never forgot Professor Breckinrudge who used to dismiss school at the day's end with the words, "Now go home and put on clean clothes and associate with clean people." He instructed his pupils to pause at a certain tree on the way to school and draw a deep breath and expel it, so they would never be troubled by weakness of the chest, and he had the boys who planned to be teachers or ministers visit trials when court was in session to learn the gift of oratory.

When not at the Academy the boys were busy from dawn to dusk at farm work and on Saturday nights it was their chore to clean and grease all the family boots and shoes. Since each member ~~of the family~~ had only one pair and that was not available until its owner was ready for bed the shoe greasing went on to a late hour, but always at bedtime a gleaming row of clean greased shoes was waiting for ~~church the~~ next morning.

This chore ~~not only~~ taught the boys that their sisters should be looked after but ~~it emphasized~~ the importance of church which was, in fact, of prime importance to Arosamond and her husband.

They attended a Methodist ~~church~~ which met in a log barn until Arosamond decided the community should have a church. When my father was 13 he hitched ~~two~~ horses to the new platform spring wagon and drove ~~his Arosamond~~ out to ~~solicit~~ money

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I was named...temporarily , and several other grand daughters permanently, although Arosmond was in most cases modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a slight fine-spun girl, a teacher in a quiet Canadian village when she became engaged to James A. Hart. He went ahead of her to stake out a claim in ~~on the~~ Iowa ~~prairies~~ and after a time his father wrote him that the young Methodist minister was getting ~~much~~ more interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried back and they were married and went by train to Chicago and by covered wagon to the acres he had broken and planted. ~~This was in 1857.~~ This was in 1857 and Iowa seemed to be made solid, the prairie conquered so far.

The primitive house ~~he~~ James was building for her was not finished and ~~she~~ Arosmond stayed for a time with ~~some~~ kindly neighbors. It is reported that ~~Arosmond~~ she wept, thinking no doubt of Canada and elm-lined streets amd brick houses, and her sisters Eva and Mary.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary, and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed in turn Flora and Emma (Emma, not being well, was sent back to Canada to an aunt who raised her) Ersula Arosmond, called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen, and somewhere a little Edna who died. The endless drudgery of farm life was ~~hard and~~ uncongenial, but ~~she~~ Arosmond managed well, assigning each child his duty. She ~~Arosmond~~ was determined that her children should have a gentle upbringing. She began with their manners and every one of them carried fine manners through life, ~~a lucky coin in anyone's pocket.~~ She taught them to read at home. They read aloud to her while she ironed, sitting on a tall stool, ~~for she had been weakened by child-bearing.~~ to save her strength. She They ~~attended~~ went to country school ~~through the early grades~~ for three or four months each year and when they could be spared from house or farm work, and money could be found, the older ones ~~attended~~ went to Breckenridge's Academy in nearby Decorah. They did not live in the Dormitory but rented a

& Arosmond and she was widowed by child bearing. She forced herself back to farm assignment

men. He was a thorough-going feminist , and championed women's rights long before it was popular to do so.

This feeling probably sprang from his great respect for his mother, the Rosemond for whom I was originally named. She was a gently raised young women, had been a teacher in a quiet Canadian town, before she married and went by covered wagon to the prairies of pioneer Iowa. There she gave birth to nine children whom she was determined to raise in her own traditions. My father, as a boy of ten, drove the wagon in which she called on neighboring farmers to raise money for the first Protestant church in that part of Iowa. Father used to tell us about it. My grandfather headed the list with a contribution of $100. The 'infidels', who could not refsue Mrs Hart, contributed pigs or calves. She taught her children to read at home; they read to her while she ironed, and somehow, untile her death at 4 - , money was found to send them in turn to the Academy in Decorah. They went taking loaves of bread and other foodstuffs from home for they cooked for themselves in rented rooms. My father was educated there and after his mother's death came to Mankato, and got a job driving a dray, and managed to save $100 but sent it back to Iowa to help two of the sisters finish the Academy.

Since he was one of the older children, our Center Street house was a second home to the younger sisters until they married. Between Academy and marriage they were teachers and at vacation time they descended on us like a flock of butterflies...all pretty, all animated, all talkers. (All the Harts were talkers.) They drove up in the hack which they usually charged to Tom and their trunks were unpacked in the kitchen and their bright dresses flung out over tables and chairs. I don't know where mother slept them in that small house but, young herself, she enjoyed their

There was no nearby Protestant Church in that part of Winnishiek County but Arosmond decided that there must be one. When Tom was 13, he hitched a team of horses to the new platform spring wagon and drove his mother out to raise money for one. His husband had headed her paper with a pledge of $100 and Tollver Holverson matched it and others put down their names for various sums $20, 10, 30, 3, 2.50.

Arosmond was dainty, feminine, persuasive. If a farmer said he had no money to give, she would look around the barnyard and smilingly suggest that she might give a pig from that new litter, or a calf, or some hens. Many gave such gifts, my father told Kathleen and Helen and me, and gifts of labor, too, but I do not see these offerings on the List of Pledges which is now in my hands. I suspect that, not to lower the giver's status. they are entered at the prices they would bring.

There was a colony of athiests in Winnishiek County. My father always referred to them, but in a friendly way, as 'infidels.' "All the infidels gave mother money for her church," he assured us. Many of many denominations gave and by August $1153.25 had been promised and the Articles of Incorporation of the United Brethren Church were filed, The church was to be open for all funeral occasions and for the use of all Orthodox Christian denominations. It was used chiefly by the United Brethren and the Methodists.

When Arosmond died at 44 she was buried near this small white church near Ossian, Iowa, and so were others of her family. "She hath done what she could", it says on her tombstone in the little burying ground from which fields stretch away on every side, golden with wheat or white with billowing snow.

After her death Tom left the farm and went to Mankato

replenishing

the older ~~ones~~ children by turns to the Academy in Decorah. My father went there. They ~~sent~~ took loaves of homebaked bread, cold pies, pickles, ~~taking/bread and~~ sausage and apples from home for they cooked for themselves in rented rooms and replenished supplies when they went home for Sundays. After ~~my father~~ Rosamond died...from a miscarriage at 45...~~she~~ she was buried in the churchyard of the little white church she had built. "She hath done what she could," it says on her tombstone. ~~..my father helped some of the his~~ My father left ~~home~~ the farm ~~the farm~~ and went to Mankato where he got a job driving a dray ~~day~~ and ~~saved $1x~~ finally saved $100 to send back to two of the sisters who were still at ~~the help another pair of sisters attend~~ the Academy. My grandfather married a widow who had almost as many children as he had, and his own children were no longer happy ~~on the farm~~ at home, so one by one they drifted away and my father the other older ones helped as they were able.

Our Center Street house was a second home to the three younger sisters. ~~Sometimes they lived with us for short periods~~ They soon acquired ~~After acquiring~~ teachers' certificates, and started teaching school but at vacation time thet descended on us like a flock of butterflies... All they were ~~all~~ pretty, ~~all~~ animated, ~~all~~ talkers. ((The Harts were ~~all~~ talkers.) They drove up in the Hack, which they often tcharged to Tom, their trunks were unpacked in the kitchen and their bright dresses with their big full sleeves, their capelets and shirtwaists, were flung out over chairs and tables. I don't know where mother slept them in that small house but, young herself, she enjoyed their visitations and we children thought them glorious. Aunt Minnie Agnes was an elocutionist and taught three year old Kathleen to "strike attitudes". That black-haired blue eyed moppet would represent anger, love, fury, surprise, grief or any other emotion upon request. I have a vivid account of this from a delightful old lady who, as a girl, worked her board at our house while going through high school.

Aunt [illegible] H.S.

My earliest recollections include

~~She was a country girl and~~ ¶ I~~, as a baby,~~ stayed with her ~~and~~ at her ~~family~~ farm home while father, mother and Kathleen went to ~~Chicago to see~~ ~~for~~ the World's Fair the year after I was born. They stayed in Chicago with Aunt Libby.

Sh

old version

bent over and pretended to have a stomach ache. I remember that mother objected to this poem. It could not go into the volume unless I made it clear that I really loved my sister.

I grabbed my pencil.

"Yet I love her with all my heart
And of my life she is a part
And I pray God's blessing rich and rare
To hover round my Kathleen fair
And when to womanhood she's grown
And in other lands may roam
Under God's abiding love
He will guide her from above."

That did it.

Much earlier, not long after I followed my mother around with that pencil, (if ever I actually did so), I used it on a project almost as bold as this one. A Letter to God. It was written in collaboration with my best friend Frances, nicknamed Bick, who lived across the street. She had red ringlets and freckles and blue irish eyes that could sparkle with fun or grow darkly tragically fearful, as I felt they can. I feel sure they were fearful and that mine were popping when we met on that momentous evening, as was usual after supper, on our hitching block.

Each of us, at our own supper table, had received the same impression...the world was going to pot. This was in the gay 90s but they weren't always gay and there must have been something in the evening paper which disturbed our parents greatly.

did something else involving a pencil. This was soon after my fifth birthday party and my first silk dress. I had longed for a silk dress. I thought they were romantic; they wer e what princesses wore. 2nd I was overjoyed with this one. My mother had made it, of a checked tan and rose silk with lace trimmed neck and sleeves. After the birthday party I wore it every Sundau and did not doubt that

This feeling probably sprang from his great love and respect for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I was named temporarily, and other granddaughters permanently, Arosmond being usually modernized to Rosemond. She was a slight, fair spare girl, a teacher in a quiet Canadian village when she became engaged to James A. Hart. He went ahead of her to Iowa to stake out a claim and after a time his father wrote him that the young Methodist minister was getting much interested in Arosmond Price, whereupon James hurried back and they were married and went by covered wagon to the acres he had broken and planted on the Iowa prairies; in Winnishiek County, to be exact. This was in 1857

The primitive house he was building for her was not finished and they stayed for a time with some kindly neighbors in a big house on a hill. It is reported that Arosmond wept, no doubt thinking of Canada and brick houses and shady Canadian streets and her sisters Eva and Mary.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary and then came my father, who was Thomas Walden for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed in turn Flora and Emma (Emma, not being strong, was sent back to Canada to an aunt) Ursula Arosmond, called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen and somewhere a little Edna who died.

Arosmond was determined that her children should have a gentle upbringing. She began with such as she had. Their manners and ~~her children were all to carry through life the lucky penny of an in red courtesy.~~ a lucky penny in anyone's pocket

She taught them to read at home. They read aloud to her while she ironed, sitting on a tall stool, ~~for she was not a strong woman.~~ She always sat when she ironed for she was not a strong woman. They attended country school. Once, my father related,

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I was named...temporarily, and several other grand daughters for keeps, although Arosmond was in most cases modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a slight fine-spun girl, a teacher in a quiet Canadian village, when she became engaged to James A. Hart. He went ahead of her to stake out a claim in Iowa and after a time his father wrote him that the young Methodist minister was getting much interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried back and they were married and went by train to Chicago and by covered wagon to the acres he had broken and planted.

This was in 1857 and Iowa seemed to be all sky, the prairie crouched so low.

The primitve house James was building for her was not finished and Arosmond stayed for a time with kindly neighbirs. It is reported that she wept, thinking no doubt of Canada and lined streets and brick houses and her sisters Eva and Mary. She named her first two children Eva and Mary, and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed in turn Flora and Emma, (Emma, not being well, was sent back to Canada to an aunt who raised her,) Ersula Arosmond, called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen, and somewhere a little Edna who died.

The endless drudgery of farm life was uncongenial to to Arosmond and she was weakened by child-bearing. She managed efficiently, however, assigning each child his task. She was determined that her children should have a gentle upbringing. She began with their manners and every one of them carried fine manners through life, a luck coin in anyone's pocket. She taught them to read at home. They read aloud to her while she ironed, sitting on a tall school to save her strength. They attended country school for three or four months each year, and when ~~they could be spared from house or farm~~

men. He was a thorough-going feminist and championed women's rights long before it was popular to do so.

This feeling probably sprang from his great respect for his mother, Arosamond for whom I, and others of her grandchildren, were named, modernized Rosemond. She was a teacher in a quiet Canadian village when she became engaged to James A Hart, my future grandfather. He went ahead of her to Iowa to stake out a claim and after a time his father wrote him that the young Methodist minister was getting much interested in Arosamond Price, whereupon James hurried back and they were married in 1957 and went by train covered wagon to the Iowa prairies. Winneshiek county, to be exact.

There she gave birth to II children, and she was determinined that they should have the gentle upbringing. She began with their manners

and boys and girls her inbred courteousness.

They attended country school. ~~My father, I know, went to school on horseback.~~ Once, his mother had to write an excuse for some unavoidable absence and after the teacher had excused him, Tom fished the note out of the waste paper basket and used it at carefully spaced intervals in order to enjoy the old swimming hole, ~~as spring came on.~~

I forget what put a stop to that but I know that Arosamond encouraged the children in their reading. She used to have them read to her by turns while she was ironing. She sat on a tall stool to iron for health was frail.

All this went along with sound instruction in basic subjects and long prayers twice a day.

When not at school, the Hart boys were busy from dark to dark with farm work, and on Saturday nights they took turns cleaning and greasing ~~xxx~~ the family boots and shoes. Since each member had only one pair , and that was not available until its owner was through for the day, ~~work~~ work went on to a late hour but at bedtime a gleaminh row of newly greased footwear was waiting for the morrow.

This plan of Arosmond's ~~not only~~ not only insinsuated gently to her sons that ~~women~~ sisters should be looked after. ~~(for there were seven sisters)~~ ~~but~~ and it obviated unnecessary work on the Sabbath, ~~and~~ stressed the importance of that day. ~~It was a grief to her that Methodist services were held in an old log building. There was no English-speaking Protestant church in that part of the County but Arosmond determined that there should be.~~

This feeling probably sprang from his love and respect for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I was named...temporarily, and several other granddaughters permanently, Arosmond being in most cases modernized to Rosemond. She was a slight, finespun girl, a teacher in a quiet Canadian village when she became engaged to James Hart. He went ahead of her to Iowa to stake out a claim and after a time his father wrote him that the young Methodist minister was getting too interested in Arosmond Price, whereupom James hurried back and they were married and went by covered wagon to the acres he had broken and planted near Ossian on the Iowa prairie. This was in 1857.

The primitive house he was bruilding for her was not finished and she stayed for a time with some kindly neighbors in a big house on a hill. It is reported that Arosmond wept, thinking no doubt ofshady Canadian streets and brick houses and her sisters Eva and Mary.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed in turn Flora and Emma (Emma, not being well was sent back to Canada by an aunt who raised her), Ursula Arosmond, called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen and somewhere a little Edna who died.

Arosmond was determined that her children should have a gentle upbringing such as she had had. She began with their manners and every one of them carried fine manners through life, a lucky coin in anyone's pocket.

She taught them to read at home. They read aloud to her while she ironed, sitting on a tall stool, for she had been weakened by child breading. They attended a country school through the

One June day when Tom was thirteen he hitched a team of horses to a wagon and drove her out to raise the money. Her husband headed her paper with a pledge of $100 and Tollver Holverson matched it and others put down their names for various sums...twenty dollars, ten, thirty, three, two-fifty.

Arosmond was not only dainty and persuasive; she was ingenious too. If a farmer said he had no money to give, she would look around the barnyard and innocently suggest a pig from that fine new litter, or a calf or some hens. Many gave such gifts, Dad always told Kathleen, Helen and me in relating, as he often did, the story.

There was a colony of atheists. He always referred to them, but in the friendliest way, as infidels. "All the infidels gave mother money for her church," he assured us earnestly.

Men of many denominations gave and by August, $1153.25 had been promised and Articles of Incorporation of the United Brethren Church were filed. Later it became the Centennial Methodist Church but at first it served all "orthordox Christian denominations" and was open for all funerals.

Arosmond's came when she was 44.

"She hath done what she could," it says on her tombstone in the burying ground of the small white church from which fields stretch away on every side, golden with wheat or billowing with snow and very quiet...as countrychurches are/... except for prairie horned larks in the spring.

Two years after her death Tom left the farm and went to Mankato, where he found work driving a dray and saved $100 to send back to those sisters who were still in the Academy. My grandfather married a widow who had almost as many offspring as he had ; the house was full to bursting and one byone his own children drifted away.

Emma had gone soon after

Her sister Eva came to do what she could for the children. and took Emma with her back to Canada. The hip disease was cured and she

Not used

she had to write an excuse for him for some unavoidable absence and after the teacher had read it he tossed it into the waste basket. When he had a chance, Tom fished it out, smoothed it carefully and used it at carefully spacedintervals that spring in order to enjoy the old swimming pool.

Money was found to send the older children to Breckenridge's Academy in Decorah. They did not live in the Dormitory but rented a room for $3 a month where they cooked for themselves, bringing firewood, bread, cold pies and other supplies from home to which they usually returned on Sunday.

My Tom went there in his turn and never forgot white-bearded Professor Breckenridge who used to dismiss school at the days end with the words, "Now, you boys and girls, to please me put on clean clothes and go among clean people." He had other advice. He was certainly a teacher ~~never forgot white-bearded Prof. Breckenridge who was certainly with imagination and interesting He had the boys who planned to be lawyers or ministers visit trials when court was in session in order to learn oratory. He said to his students.~~

"Remember that big elm on Water Street? Every morning and evening when you pass that tree, stop, and take a deep breath and expel it slowly. That cures stooped shoulders and sunken chests. If you ceom forom the other direction, stop by the monument."

He had the boys who planned to be lawyers or ministers visit trials when court was in session in order to learn oratory.

When not at school the boys were busy from dawn to dusk with farm work and on Saturday nights it was their chore to clean and grease all the family boots and shoes. Since each member had only one pair and that was not available until its owner was through with

— [illegible]

started

~~He started travelling on the road,~~ selling ~~first~~ fiber ware on the road. Then he changed to ~~and then~~ nursery stock. Farmers to the west needed seedling trees. The Timber Culture Act allowed a homesteader I60 acres in addition to his original half section if he would plant one fourth of i t to trees,

~~with horse and buggy~~ journeyed with horse & buggy

Tom ~~made his journeys on horseback~~ ~~and greatly enjoyed~~ ~~drives~~ over ~~his rides over~~/the prairies of Western Minnesota and South Dakota. ~~He had his mother's appreciation of natural beauty and enjoyed every the wild flowers, the cloud formations, the flight of a meadowlark~~ ~~meadow larks, and there was Stella to think about.~~

Later, travelling that country, he would ~~proudly~~ poi t out, with great pride, the fine groves in which he had had a part. He had his mothers appreciation of natural beauty and enjoyed the wild flowers, the cloud formations, the meadow larks...and there was always Stella to think about.

His headquarters were still in Manhattan. He now roomed, with ~~tall~~ Frank ~~Palmer~~ who ~~had already left the home next until that~~ no longer lived at home and shortly made his dash for freedom via a travelling Pinafore Company. After he married Stella he ~~started selling shoes for~~ ~~their~~ her stepfather. Then started selling shoes and travelling for a time

Tom's father

Back in Iowa, ~~my grandfather~~ had married a widow with seven children. ~~Their house was full to bursting~~ and one by one Rosmond's children drifted away. The two older ~~sisters~~ girls had long since married. Flora taight school and sent herself to Grinnell College where she met a serious young man ~~man studying for the ministry~~ and became, like Emma, a Methodist minister' wife. For the younger brothers and sisters Tom's and Stella's home in Mankato was a hospitable haven.

When I think of these aunts and uncles, legend and memory mingle.

men. He was a thorough-going feminist , and championed women's rights long before it was popular to do so.

This feeling probably sprang from his great respect for his mother, the Rosemond for whom I was originally named. She was a gently raised young women, a teacher in a quiet Canadian town, before she married and went by covered wagon to pioneer Iowa. There she gave birth to nine children whom she was determined to raise in her own traditions. My father, as a boy of ten, drove the wagon in which she called on neighboring farmers to raise money for the first Protestant church in that part of Iowa. My grandfather headed the list with a contribution of $100. The 'infidels', who could not refsue Mrs Hart, contributed pigs or calves. She taught her children to read at home; they read to her while she ironed, and somehow, untile her death at 4 - , money was found to send them in turn to the Academy in Pecorah. They went taking loaves of bread and other foodstuffs from home for they cooked for themselves in rented rooms. My father was educated there and after his mother's death he came to Mankato, and got a job driving a dray, and managed to save $100 and sent it back to Iowa to help two of the sisters finish the Academy.

Since he was one of the older children, and our enter Street house was a second home to the younger sisters until they married. Between Academy and marriage they wwere teachers and at vacation time they descended on us like a flock of butterflies...all pretty, all animated, all talkers. (All the Harts were talkers.) They drove up in the hack which they usually charged to Tom, and their trunks were unpacked in the kitchen and their bright dresses flung out over tables and chairs. I don't know where mother slept them in that small house but, young herself, she enjoyed their

where mother slept them in that small house but young herself, she seemed to enjoy them and we children thought their visits glorious. Aunt Minnie Agnes was an elocutionist and taught Kathleen while I was still a baby to "strike Attitudes". She could represent anger, love, fury, surprise or anything else upon request. I have a vivid account of this from a charming old lady who as a girl worked her way through school helping mother when I was a baby

Aunt Libby, the divorced wife of my undle Frank Palmer, also came to visit every summer. She should never have married him, she admitted, for she was as old as his mother. She wore a curly wig, not fashionable in those days, and looked wrinkled and old but a former actress and singer and Kathleen and I loved her stories of days on the road. She came from Chicago and was very worldly so that Papa kept cold in the cellar under our kitchen, daddy brought in a case of beer for her visit, otherwise unknown in our house. She brought and gave to us piles of music and even some old opera scores on which Kathleen pounced like a hungry tiger. One of the pieces of music was The Cat Duett which Bickie and I sang at a school entertainment when we were in -- grade. Mother made cat costumes for us, and we were such a literally howling success that we sang it for some school entertainment or other almost every year until were through highschool. We can still sing it on request, ~~She also introduced mother to an item called The Birdies' Call~~

Papa Tom Hart was a tall man and in those days youthfully thin. Later he became somewhat portly with a rotund front across which his watch chain was draped, but he always held himself proudly with squared shoulders and the mein of a benevolent monarch. He had shining dark hair, a big nose, and ~~very~~ kind hazel eyes. He was an extremely kind person. He had the sort of geniality which springs from a genuine love of people. Everybody liked him. He was universally liked and children frolicked about him like puppies. Yet, he had a dignity on which one never imposed.

~~He ran a fine shoe store and later was successful in~~

However, our parents always forgot our lapses from perfection. We were never reproached with them after proper punishments. These were always administered by mother. If he had had boys, I imagine, Tom Hart would have taken a hand but girls and women were in a special category. He believed they were better than boys and men. He was a thorough-going feminist , and championed women's rights long before it was popular to do so.

This feeling probably sprang from his great respect for his mother, the Rosemond for whom I was originally named. One of nine children, he had been raised on an Iowa farm in rugged pioneer times

A young school teacher, she had gone with her husband by covered wagon from Canada to the prairies of Iowa and there gave birth to nine children which she was determined to raise in

My father, as a boy of ten, drove the wagon in which she called on neighboring farmers to raise money for the first Protestant church in that part of Iowa. She taught her children at home, and sometimes until her death at 4-, money was tried to send them to the Academy in Decorah, with a large supple of food from home. Later, he helped to send his sisters through the same Academy. "e came to "ankato to work and earn money and his first $100 sa ed went back to help them.

"fter these sisters were out of the Academy and teaching our "enter Street house was a second home to them until they married. They were teaching, but when vacation time came they descended on us like a flock of butterflies. All pretty, all talkers , (all the "arts were talkers) all animated. Their trunks were unpacked in the kitchen abd their bright dresses flung out over chairs. They were usually out of funds. Came up in the hack which they cha ged to Tom. I don't know

Our ~~home~~ was ~~always~~ up to date. ~~Mother liked whatever was newest and freshest in household decorations.~~ She would have no out-of-style ~~old-fashioned~~ horsehair ~~xxxxxxxx~~ sofas or marble-topped tables around and/she painted white any old furniture which she could not afford to replace. It would have transfixed a modern collector with horror to see the joyful vigor with which she splashed white paint on ~~all~~ black walnut chests and a ~~Gothic steeple~~ clock which had once been her mother's. We had, ~~at that period~~, a cozy corner, rattling rattan curtains in the doorways, tossels on everything and a copy of Owen Meredith's Lucille on the ~~front parlor table or the bamboo table in the parlor.~~ That was not intended to be read, but in the back parlor there was a ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ secretary-bookcase full of ~~xxxx~~ books that were. When Tom and Stella entertained the ~~xx~~ High Fly Whist Club, 333 Center street looked ~~as~~ sophisticated ~~as any xxxxx High Fly house.~~

I am positive, too, that mother looked as ~~modish as~~ any woman present. With her own quick needle she dressed herself and her girls in the latest fashions from the ~~xxxxx~~ ladies' magazines. Once she turned a worn pair of my father's trousers into a dress for me. A grey ~~and brown~~ striped, hard-finish wool to which she added a tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satisfaction until word of its origin leaked out.

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I had undressed (under our long nightgowns) she would come up to the little peak-roofed room to hear our prayers. Then we scrambled into bed and she kissed us goodnight and we kissed each other goodnight. If we had quarreled that day, we told each other we were sorry. This was, in the main, a comforting regulation. However, after she left, we sometimes started quarreling again. In whispers first, of course. One accused

and in spite of his generous nature the first of the month was sometimes an uneasy period. Mother managed it beautifully with his favorite desserts, a bow in her hair and us children on our best behaviour.

Although outraged by her arithmetic, Tom appreciated his Stella. And no wonder! She was handsome, gay, stylish, a mouth-watering cook, and a fine though never fussy housekeeper. She ~~sent the washing out and she~~ usually had some sort of helper, but it was mother herself, with flying red hair, rolled up sleeves and plenty of clean kitchen aprons who made 333 Center Street (and our several later homes) so shiningly attractive. ~~to us.~~ (see before the clock in the afternoon, too. By that time she had her first daughter and was sitting in the parlor.

Housework was not easy in the '90s. There were no ~~magical~~ helpful electric appliances. Gas had ceased to be called, as it was at first in Mankato, "the man killer"...two men at the new plant having been asphyxiated, but in the Center Street house we still used kerosene lamps. A hanging lamp over the dining room table, a bracketed lamp in the kitchen, lamps with painted shades in the front and back parlors, and small lamps with glass shades for the other rooms. They had to be filled, trimmed, washed and polished daily, but they made sweet shadows as one carried them about.

We did not have plumbing. There were decorated wash bowls, pitchers and chamber pots in our bedrooms and a well scrubbed water closet in back of the house. Use this box of fruition for [illegible] On Saturday night, a tub was set out in the kitchen beside the crackling stove, and we bathed by turns, beginning with the youngest, and by turns were hurried, steaming, into bed.

Water came into the house via a pump in the kitchen sink. There was also a rain barrel beside the kitchen door. We did not have a furnace but Tom shook down and fueled the two stoves night and morning and we had only to add coal and wood during the day. The stoves like the lamps were beautiful to me, especially the ~~hard coal heater~~ in ~~our~~ the back parlor. It had nickle trimming around which [illegible] isinglass windows ~~through which~~ one could see the flame flicker while around the nickle trim, the ruddy coals ~~and~~ the heads of horses with out-flung manes raced endlessly, unceasingly ~~and around the nickle trimming the heads of horses with out-flung manes raced endlessly. One could see ruddy coals behind the isinglass windows and the heads of horses with out-flung manes raced endlessly~~

in life he became somehwhat portly with a rotund front across which his watch chain was draped, but he always ~~xxxx~~ held himself ~~erectly~~ proudly, with squared shoulders ~~and~~ the ~~proud~~ mein of a benevolent monarch. He had shining dark hair, a big nose, and very kind hazel eyes, He had the ~~kind of~~ genial geniality which spri ngs from a genuine ~~and deep-rooted~~ love of people. He was universally liked and children frolicced about him like puppies. He had been raised on an farm, one of nine children, but his mother had been a school teacher back in Canada and each child in turn, until her death, was sent to the Academy in Decorah Iowa. (Later my father ~~with some help from older sisters saw to it~~ helped his younger sisters through the same academy. Although he had a good mind and would probably, in other circumstances have become a lawyer, he ~~xxx~~ had a greater gift for people than for books. In fact, he never read books, although he ~~xxxxx~~ subscribed to, and read, the Century Magazine. Politically minded and later for several terms was treasurer of our home county. ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~

He supported his family ~~xxxxx~~ in modest comfort

My mother, a great reader of popular novels, musical, imaginative, was probably the one who suggested that since Maudie liked to write she was sure to become a famous author. But my father responded characteristically, and made a lovely plan in which I was to take out i a card in the new Carnegir Library and since it was far from our home I was to go down every two weeks and take my buy my lunch (he knew how I would love that) at a bakery. I was given t en or fifteen cents for this purprose. I ~~xxxxxxx~~ had read all the books in our home bookcase and now I was told that if I wanted to be an author I must read good books, the classics, so with some advice from the librarian as to editions t hat I did, and everything

take our ~~suppx~~ filled supper plates and eat up there together. Later we took picnics in baskets up to the top of the Big Hill, Prospect Heights, Shaubut Street Hill , Lewis Street hill, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ We always ate as soon as we reached the top, ~~as the was time to~~

Bick's older sister Tess was good at stories too, and used to joi n us when Kathleen was busy elsewhere. ~~We used to sit up on~~ ~~on at~~ on the Penney back fence, beyond their backyard with its pump and kitchen garden, buggy shed and barn. We liked to sit on that fence and make up stories while the sun was setting. Perhapd that was why our stories so often began, "The Sun was setting in the west." That was our favorite opening whether the story aas to be about the millionairess Gwendolyn Poindexter, fairies or cowboys and Indians. When one of us got bored or began to feel like acting silly, we would yell, " The Sun was setting in the **west**" and that would be a signal to push one another off the fence and go racing up to Center Street to join the children who w were playing Pom Pom Pullaway ~~in the~~ or some other game in the magical early dark.

Usually, though, Tess played with Kathleen and the other big girls, and soon Bick and I were joined by a small, tanned, tow-headed Midge, Marjorie Gerlach, ~~She lived on the next street in a chocolate colored house with its colored glass over the front door which to us was a mansion of all glories. It had front and back stairs and other wonders.~~ I have heard from my other that I had known her since we were in our baby carriages for our mothers knew each other, but she lived on another str et an d it was not until we started to school that Bick and I discovered her and her chocolate colored house with colored glass over the front door which to us was a mansion of all glories. For one thing, it had front and back stairs. The three lof us became inseparable friends. Bick and I needed her soe, although tiny, dainty, a danc r a d always sweetly dressed, Her German mother taught her early to cook and [illegible] she was practical which we weren't. She kept our feet on the ground. or at least closer to it than they would have been without her. She

I am not setting out to write an autobiograohy. Ixxxxx

What I have in mind is more one of those "how to" books. How to live happily with writing. I must admit that my life has been wound up almost inextricably with writing. intended

This is not/to be an autobiography. xxxx I/xxxxxxxxxxx am setting out to tell about my life as a writer. I/admit that my life has been living with writing. must

almost inextricably xound up in my work. Ixxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx I suppose that is true with most writers.

xxxxxxxxxxxxx Everything influences one's writing or contributes to one's writing or springs from one's writing or one was writing when it happened. So A good deal of biographical information will necessarily come in. But my purpose/is xxxxxto describe living with writing. I repeat only to

This Ixxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx It has been my good fortune to do it since, at age 4 or so, I etc.

or

It has been my good fortune to do this

He was growing old when he came to Santiago. ~~but he talked about the Indians to all who would listen.~~ Still pleading for the Indians. People there thought he was crazy on the subject. They thought. One of his ideas ~~seemed~~ was particularly crazy.

White men ought not to make war on the Indians in order to convert them, he declared.

"Why, Padre!" the people cried. "There's no other way to do it!"

"There is the way our religion teaches," Padre de las Casas answered. "There is the way of brotherhood and love."

"But Padre! Take those ~~Indians~~ ferocious Indians up in the Land of War! You would certainly use force with them."

"Only love," the Padre ~~repeated~~ declared firmly and the people looked at each other and laughed. Cabrillo probably laughed ~~and~~ along with the rest. ~~that anyone~~. He had gone three times to fight up in the Land of War. He knew ~~what~~ how fierce ~~warrio s~~ those Indians were.

"My Dominican brothers and I would like to try," Padre de las Casas said. And he went to the authorities.

"Please let us try!" he begged. "We will go to the Land of War without swords or muskets. We ask only that you will keep all Spanish soldiers out of that land for five years. We can persuade the natives to accept our King and our God. You shall see!"

Everyone thought his ~~proposal~~ plan was ridiculous. But there was no harm in it. The bargain was made.

"Poor mad friars!" the people of Santiago said. "They will all be killed."

until Kathleen took over. She played vigorously for marches, such as we always had for birthday parties, an eager procession winding in and out from the lawn or whever we had been playing to the dinigh room and the always new surprise of the candlelighted cake.

The first birthdsy at which I had a ~~cake~~ party was my fifth one, memorable also because on this occasion Bickie came into my life. (She still illumines it.) I still cherish a little glass pitcher which came from that party, but I do not have the dress ~~I wore,~~ mother made ~~although that too made the day eventful as it was my first silk dress.~~

I was overjoyed to have ~~a silk dress.~~ one Silk dresses seemed romantic to me. They were what princesses ~~in fairytales~~ wore. ~~Mother had made it, of course, xxx It was checked, in colors rose and tan, with lace trimmed~~ neck and sleeves. After the birthday I wore it every Sunday and did not doubt that the Baptist Sudday School was stunned by my beauty. Between Sundays I sometimes visited it in the sloping closet off our bedroom, to admire smooth down the silken skirts.

But ~~it had a short life. This was before Bick and I wrote our letter to God, so I still carried the burdensof the world on my shoulders~~ and I ~~xxx~~ heard adults talking about New York slums, ~~That fateful day,~~ when I found myself alone, ~~in the house~~, I went up stairs and took ~~the precious~~ my silk dress out of my closet. I crept down the kitchen and went to the ice box /The most ~~appetizing~~ nourishing thing I could see therein was a bowl of Dutch cheese. I ~~hastily~~ dumped it within the tan and pink silk folds of my dress, wrapped it in a newspaper, and printed on the margin To the New York Poor. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I gave this damp bundle to the postman secretly, and s ecretly he returned it to my mother, so ~~but~~ I did not know ~~that~~ until I was grown that it had not gone to clothe and feed the poor. ~~I never saw the dress again.~~

~~At first I told more stories than I wrote down.~~ Bickie and I made them up together, walking to an d from school, or eating our suppers on a low slope ~~of~~ the hill which ended Center Street/ A little bench had been put there and we were sometimes allowed to

~~might as we~~

thoroughly the~~x~~ Hart family. Like the Rays, the Harts etc.

The Ray/~~family~~ Christmas was exactly like Christmas at our house: real. It was

the delicious secrecy, the mounting suspense, the making and buying

and wrapping of presents, the ritual of carols and readings ,

the joke presents conceived with infinite wit and wrapped with infinite

wisdom. The brass bowl out of Heaven to Betsy stands in our front window

thoroughly the Hart family.

The Ray Christmas family was exactly like Christmas at our house: the delicious secrecy, the mounting suspense, the making and buying and wrapping of presents, the ritual of carols and readings,

to and from the Pleasant Grove School , or sitting on a little bench a blessed neighbor had built on the brow of the low hill which ended Center Street. We were sometimes allowed to take our filled supper plates and eat up there together. We made up stories when we climbed the big hill running up behind my house taking picnics in baskets and when we were older making fires over which to boil smoky cocoa. Bick's older sister Tess was good at stories, too, and used to join us sometimes when we were making them up as we sat on the Kenney's back fence, a rail fence which ended their big back yard with its pump and kitchen garden, buugy shed and barn. We liked to sit on that fence and make up stories while the sun was setting. Perhaps that was why our stories so often began, "The sun was setting in the west." In any case, that was our favorite opening whether the story was to be about Gwendolyn Poindexter, fairies, or cow boys and Indians. Tess always favored the last named. When one of us got bored or began to feel like acting silly we would yell, "The sun was setting in the east" and that would be a signal to push one another off the fence and go racing up to Center Street to join the children who were playing Prisoners Base or Pom Pom Pullaway in the magical early dark.

just as she had to us, through interminable verses of which she never for got a line.

The robin took the bluejay and the other birds did this and that. My book , The ~~Thxxmxxxxxxxof~~ ~~ThatxsongxwasxxthexinspirationxforxmyxxxxxThx~~ Tune is in the Tree ~~xxxxx~~ ends with the very ball I always visualized when ~~my~~ mother jounced a babay on me and sang this song.

She played the piano with the same verve with which she sang...until Kathleen took over the piano. ~~PERHAPS THIS IS THE SPOT FOR THE SINGING AROUND THE PIANO.~~

She played vigorously for marches, such as we always had at birthday parties, a gay procession winding in and out leading from the lawn...or whever we had been playing ///tp the dining room and the great surprise of the birthday cake.

The first birthday at which I had a cake was my fifth one, memorable also because on this occasion Bickie came into my life She still illumines it. ~~Also~~ I still cherish a little glass pitcher ~~forxthexxparxxmothexxmade~~ which dates from that party. Also I had my first silk dress.

I don't believe I've ever put into a book the fate of that first silk dress.

I was overjo yed to have one. Silk dresses seemed romantic to me; they were what princesses wore. Mother had made it. She mad e all our clothes. It was checked, in colors rose and tan, with lace trimmed neck and sleeves. After the birthday I wore it every Sunday and did not doubt that the Baptist Sunday School was stunned by ~~its~~ my beauty. Between Sundays I sometimes visited it in the sloping closet off our bedroom, to smooth down the silken skirts. But it had a short life. This was for Bickie and I wore an old Lace dress. So I still carried the luxury of the world on my shoulders and I had a deep feeling about New York ~~[illegible]~~ slums.

Another story belongs to that ear;y time before our world had streto hed beyond Center Street,. Again Bick and I had heard our fathers discoursing on the evils of the world beyond our ken. We had found out about evil and it troubled us greatly. We did not know how to fit in in with what we were taught in church and could onyl conclude that God had ~~had~~ not been brought up to date on the state of things in the world.

A short time earlier we had found a baby robin who had fallen from its nest and with considerable he;p fro p older brothers and sisters and probably our hired girl we had ~~raised~~ raised him iwith great care in a shoe box. We ga d grown ups say that He could flyx any time now if he were released.

I got my rrady pencil and a paper and Bick and I thought out a letter to God. Since we knew so few words we had to express ourselces succinctly. This was definitely a controlled vocabulary. But we knew how to address an envleope to God and we did. And on a paper inside we let him know that bad things were going on in the world and he had better do something quick. We ~~tied~~ toed the letter to the robin's neck and released him and ~~it~~ hopped away and I believe ~~that~~ probably we put him as high up in the maple tree as we could climb. I hope we left him some food. I hope his mother found him. ~~It was a sad day~~ His plight must have been awkward but we forgot about him and about the wickedness of the world. ~~We had put it in God's hands.~~

By this time, I should judge we had started going to school and after that our world expanded rapidly. ~~Midge, a little~~ Midge, a blondedtanned little German girl ~~became~~ became our constant companion. ~~I had known her~~ I had known her since we were i n our baby carriages for our mothers knew each other, but she lived on another street ~~and it took some adventuring to discover her~~ it took some adventuring to discover her chocolate colored house which to us was a mansion of all glories. It had front stairs and back stairs and other charms besides. Bick and I needed her for she was practical. She kept our feet somewhat on the ground, ~~Yet~~ although tiny, dainty, a dancer, she was also

'It was moonlight' the wind blew

to borrow a cup of

~~on the pretext of borrowing~~ ~~xxxxxxxx~~ salt. "And she hooked me," he would crow/ We saw the bay window in which they had been married and the window above where mother said she had been waiting, wearing a tea gown when he drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig, ~~with his brother-in-law~~ ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ~~preacher beside him.~~ ~~We were told again what a xxxxx wonderful marriage it had been and what an exceptional family we were.~~ that way

Sometimes we had brought a picnic along for the Harts were great picnickers. We often cooked ~~took~~ Sunday morning breakfast out at to some beautiy spot among our valleys, and the cold morning air made particularly delectable the smell of smoke, and coffee made with egg, and bacon and eggs or sausage and fried potatoes. We picnicked at Sibley Park where two rivers meet abd we children would enjoy the wooden swings while our ~~xxxxxx~~ parents unpacked the baskets and made coffee in the kitchen. We picnicked at dawn at the Fair Grounds when the circus was being unpacked, the tents pitched, the elephants ~~xxxxxx~~ fed. Kathleen reproached me once for never putting that into a Betsy-Tacy book. Sometimes we ~~xxxxxxxx~~ picnicked with our ~~friends~~ parents friends from the Hi Fly Whist Club, especially the Woods and Macbeths. The Macbeth daughter, Florrie, was to become Florence Macbeth of the Chicago Opera Company. often we went alone.

On ~~our~~ the rides home we ~~Harts~~ often sang, Kathleen and I cuddled in the back seat, Helen up front with our father and mother. We all had good voices except father and he loved to listen to the old songs. Mother had a rich contralto, and we "took parts" in Annie Laurie, The Tavern in the Town, Sweet Adeline and The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

~~We sang~~ At home ~~too, xxxxxxxxxx, mother playing the piano with vigor until Kathleen~~ in the evening, we sang hymns ~~later years when Kathleen took over. We sang the~~ popular songs ~~of the day~~ such as, A Bicycle Built for Two, and After the Ball, and ~~also~~ songs from Pinafore and the Mikado. Mother ~~usually~~ put her babies to sleep with the Lullaby from Erminie and soft songs like Swanee River. Rockabye Baby

Our family did such lovely ...there's no other word for it ...things together. Suppers ~~taken~~ out to Sibley Park which stands where two rivers meet. We children would enjoy the big swings while our father made the coffee in the park kitchen, and mother spread out the picnic on one of the long tables.

We took picnics out to the country too ~~where we~~ and ~~xxxxxx~~ cooked over open fires, ~~Taking~~ breakfast ~~out was a especial fun.~~ Oh the smell of coffee cooking outdoors and the sizzle of the bacon.

Sometimes we were accompanied by friends of our ~~father's and Mother's~~ from the Hi Fly Whistclub...~~the Woods or the Macbeths.~~ They had adughters Kathleen's age. ~~Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Sometimes with them and sometimes alone ~~we xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ used to take a picnic brea fast around daybreak to the ground where the circus train was being unpacked and the big tent set up...

And out family had so mamy festivals, anniversaries and traditions. Many, famil.liar to the Betsy Ann readers.

~~As for Christmas, we felt, that ours was supremely glorious, although our Christmas was not quite as glorious as many others in the world although~~ Although father's income from the shoe store was modest and our celebration the same. ~~But~~ But from the first smell of fruit cake suspense built up and up. Strict secrecy governed the making or buying, the wrapping and hiding of presents , even joke presents. ~~They~~ which were one of our traditions. everyone got some. Mother was unfailingly remembered with a beautifully wrapped potato or ~~a~~ lump of coal from the beau ~~father~~ daddy took her away from.

~~I've told all this in the Betsy-Tacy books which I based~~ on my own young days...always, of course, inventing, changing, and embroidering to make the plots. ~~I don't wish to repeat too much but I'll tell Betsy-Tacy readers now that most of the Tay customs belonged to the Harts. (The brass bowl out of Heaven to Betsy sits in our front window now.)~~

Like the Rays, we Harts brought back presents for every member of the family when one of us returned from even the shortest trip.

Like Mr Ray, Tom Hart made Sunday night lunch. (We never ~~said~~ called it Sunday night supper.) He made sandwiches from the Sunday roast or chicken or whatever he found in the ice box. His onion sandwiches were especially famous, and Friends of ~~all ages~~ members of the family were welcome to drop in ~~that night and Kathleen and I turned this to good account in our high school dating days.~~

Lkike the Rays the ~~whole~~ Hart's ~~family~~ observed the parents' wedding anniversary. As long as we lived in Mankato, when October the 15th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to Lake Madison to ~~xxxx~~ the lakeside home which my mother's stepfather had built before he and my grandmother moved to California.

A sign reading Prospect Park rose over the ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ tall white gate and the road leading to the house was lined with spicy-smelling evergreen trees ~~which gave off an aromatic smell~~. The lawns were spacious, ~~There was~~ with swings and a summer house ~~and a tall rope swing~~. Scuffing through red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under which my father ~~had~~ proposed to Tom. He had been camping on the lakeshore ~~lakeside~~ and, he always told us, came to Stella Palmer's

sink. We did not have a furnace but Tom shook down the stoves and took out the ashes and Stella had only to add coal or wood during the day. The stoves like the lamps were beautiful to me. Horses ran around the shining nickle trim o f the hard coal heater ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ behind which I loved to scribble. But I suppose they were dirty, and spring and fall carpets were taken up and lace curtains washed and stretched on frames.

Mother's home was not only neat but ~~xxxxx~~ always up-to-dat e/ As today's generation takes to modern furniture's strange angels, mot er took to late Victorian elegancies. She industriouslypainted out black walnut furniture, inblu ding the tall kitchen clock, whisked out horsehair thij gs and marble topped tables and brought in whatever was newest, freshest and gayest in householddecorations. We had a cozy corner, r attling rattan curtains ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ in dorrways, tossels on everything and a copy og Owen Meredith's Lucill e on the bamboo parlor table. When Tom and Stella entertained their High Fly Whist Club, 333 Center Street looked as sophisticated as any house in town.

I'm sure too that mother looked as modish as any oman present. With her own quick need les, she dressed herself and us girls in the latest f shions from the ladies' magazines. Once she turned a worn pair of my father's trousers into a dress for me. A grey and brown striped wool to which she added a tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore i t with red hair ribbons and considerable satusfaction until word of it s origin leaked out.

She made ~~xxxxxxx~~ my f rst ~~a silk dress for my fifth birthday party, an important milestone in my life for xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx and oor milestone for then Bickie came into my life (she still illumines it.)~~ here I met Bickie

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleem and

at that period

dumfied amazement

Our home was always up to date. Mother ~~always~~ liked whatever was newest and freshest in household decorations. She would have no stuffy horsehair ~~sofas~~ or marble-topped tables about and ~~with the vigor~~ ~~ousky splashed white paint~~ ~~vigorously~~ painted white any ~~black walnut~~ old furniture which she could not afford to replace. ~~It would make a collector of antiques~~ ~~have made an antique collector~~ It would have transfixed an antique collector with unbelieving horror to see ~~shudder to see her happy vigor as she splashed white paint on~~ the happy vigor with which she splashed white paint on huge black walnut chests and the tall peaked kitchen clock. ~~that had~~ which had come to herfrom her mother. We had in season, a cozy corner, rattling rattan curtains in the doorways, sconces and tossles on everything and a copy of Owed Meredith's Lucille on the front parlor bamboo table. That was not intneded to be read. But in their back parlor there was a ~~top of the desk the top whi~~ breakfront desk ~~with several~~ book shelves ~~and these were~~ full of books ~~for mother loved to read~~ which were. which were used a s their authors intended. them. She loved them so much that she found it hard to resist the books salesmen who came to the door and had put in a set of Hawthorne and one of Stevenspn. When Tom and Stella entertained their High Fly Whist Club ~~there~~ 333 Center Street house looked as sophisticated as any house in town/ around.

[illegible]

use later

I'm sure too that mptjer loked as ~~moduch~~ chic as any woman ~~present~~. Wituh her own quick needle she

All the rage

up to the minute

123.11
352.7

ultra-modern.

~~Newfangled~~

new fashioned

Gothic steeple clock

A

for when we were babies mother sang ...from Gilbert and Sullivan or the Lullusby from Ermine....when we nursed or she rocked us to sleep. Of course I heard it, consciously or unconsciously, when Helen was being rocked and Kathleen had heard it when I was being ricked. There is a tale about that. according to family tales,

If mother ~~always~~ sang Swanee River I would stop nursing and start to cry. She would changed to something else, I would take the nipple again and if she reverted to Swanee River I would let go and start to cry again. ~~It a always made me feel like crying perhaps because I knew the story.~~ ~~That melody~~ This proved to my parents that I was a remarkable child at one week another way [illegible].

There was another sad one which she sang when ~~we~~ I was ~~were~~ older. ~~It dealt with the misfortunes of a doll left out in the rain.~~

"There once was a poor little doll , dear," it began, and dealt, ~~with the misfor~~ ~~It dealt~~ with the misfortunes of a doll left out in the rain . ~~That doesn't seem too tragic but~~ The melody was untterably desolate and mother sang it with such dramatic sorrow that it seemed more than I could bear. (Although I cared for no dolls ~~but~~ except paper ones dolls)

Usually, however, her songs were jolly, ~~and I still~~ like Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines or brisk tunes ~~from Gilbert and Sullivan~~ like The Birdies' Ball ~~and~~ ~~from Gilbert and Sullivan, and another~~ which I never have heard ~~anyone else sing except myself~~ outside our family circle.

"Spring omce said to the nightingale
I'm going to give you birds a ball,

The birds and the birdies one and all
Tra lalalala la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la"

She loved those tra tra lalas and used to sing them as she held the lucky baby well out on her knee with her hands clasping it ~~safely with her hands below its~~ ~~safely below its~~ safely below its ~~arms~~ shoulders, jouncing it briskly. ~~with the tra la~~ ~~with~~ Her determination was ~~always~~ to elicit ~~elicit~~ a smile ~~and I never saw~~ from the enchanted infant and I never knew her to fail. ~~baby rested~~ I remember but faintly when she sang it to me but can well remember drawing out delighted beams from Helen a rosy delicious baby yielding a toothless smile to the song and ~~xxxx~~ our baby Merian doing the same, for mother sang it to her

we drove in the family surrey out to Lake Madison, to the handsome lakeside xxxxx home which had belonged to my mother's steofather before he and our grandmother moved to California and where mother and father were married.

The world, of course, was drenched in gold and scarlet and crimson and pink fxxxxxxxxxx and in the fields goldenrod and asters and sumac tried to match the trees and the old place with its summer houses and arbors xxxx smelled sof the water and autumn. Morning glories still in bloom. The farmer and his wife who had bought the place from my grandfather xxxx when he and grand mother moved to California were always swelcoming, and we roved about being shown the tree under which he had proposed. He had been camping on the lake shore and come over to bowwow some salt. We saw th e bay window in which they were married and the window above where mother said she as sitting when he drove up the drive way with his hied livery rig.

Xxxxxxxxx Sometimes we went to the Inn for dinner sometimes we had bro ght a picnic for the Parts were great picnickers. We often took Sunday morning breakfast out to be cooked over an open fire, xxxxxxxxx and the cold morning air made particularly delectable the smell of coffee, of bacon, of smoke. And we took picnic suppers to xxx Sibley Park where the two rivers meet. We children would enjoy the big swings while our father made coffee in the park kitchen and mother unwrapped the hot dish she had brought from home along with the hard boiled eggs, sandwiches, cookies and dfruit from home. Sometimes we were accompanied by friends of our parents from the young gay Hi Fly Whist Club. But often we went alone.

From all such expeditions I loved the ride home on which

we drove in the family surrey out to Lake Madison, to the handsome lakeside xxxxx home which, ~~had belonged to~~ my mother's steofather had built and ~~before he and our grandmother moved to California. and~~ There mother and father had been ~~were~~ married.

The world, ~~of course~~, was, in this expedition, drenched in gold and scarlet and crimson and pink ~~fromxxxxxxx~~ and in the fields goldenrod and asters and sumac tried to match the trees and the old place with its summer houses and arbors xxxx smelled ~~aof~~ fine the water and autumn. Morning glories still in bloom. The farmer and his wife who had bought the place from my grandfather xxxx when he and grand mother moved to California were always welcoming, and we roved ~~about being shown~~ liberally the tree under which my father had proposed. He had been camping with the men and had come over to borrow ~~some~~ a camp salt. We saw th e bay window in which they were married and the window above where mother said she was sitting, without a ——, when he drove up the drive way ~~with~~ in his hied livery rig.

~~Usually~~xxx Sometimes we went to the Inn for dinner sometimes we had bro ght a picnic for the Parts were great picnickers. Time to be a feature to make the circus unpaid. We often took Sunday morning breakfast out to be cooked over an open fire, ~~xxxxxxxx~~ and the cold morning air made particularly delectable the smell of coffee, of bacon, of smoke. And we took picnic suppers to ~~xx~~ Sibley Park where the two rivers meet. We children would enjoy the big swings while our father made coffee in the park kitchen and mother unwrapped the hot dish she had br ought from home along with the hard boiled eggs, sandwiches, cookies ~~anf~~ dfruit from home. Sometimes we were accompanied by friends of our parents from the young gay Hi Fly Whist Club. But often we went along.

Circus Day an expression familiar today

~~From all such expeditions~~ I always loved the ride home on which

Christmas! There was no Christmas like a Hart Christmas we felt sure, although my father's income was modest and our celebration the same. I do not wish, in these early chapters, tp rewrite the Betsy-Tacy books but I put so much of my childhood and youth into that series...always, of course, inventing, changing and embroidering to suit the pl ots,...t at it is difficult to tell about the period without repeating myself. Later I shall plough virgin land.
And of course I know that those of you who have read the Betsy Tacys

~~I will say only that at the Hart house Christmas suspense began to mount with the first smell of fruit cake. Presents were bought and made and wrapped and hidden with elaborate secrecy.~~

~~I will speak now to Betsy Tacy readers and say only that the Hart Christmas was the Ray Christmas. In th~~
Well, the Ray Christmas was true.

The Hart Christmas (and
Christmas at the Rays.
later t he Lovelace Christmas) was exactly/~~like the Rays~~. The delicious secrecy. The mounting suspense. The ritual of carols and readings. The joke presents conceived with infinite wit and wrapped with infinite wisdom.. And the sp cial ornaments on the
Yes, the Christmasses in the stories were true.
Christmas tree which represented Betsy ~~and~~ Tacy shopping expeditions./
Christmas in
The brass bowl, out of/Heaven-to-Betsy sits ~~now~~ in our front window in Claremont, California.now.

~~Many of the family traditions and customs which will appear in these pages will be familiar to Betsy Tacy readers but I know they like to know "what is true." Well, the Ray Christmas is true.~~

And so was the tradition, which began

I do not wish , in these early chapters, ~~later, I will plough virgin ground~~...to rewrite the Betsy-Tacy stories but I put so much of my childhood and youth into in that series...always, of course, inventing, changing and embroidering to suit the plots... that it is difficult to tell about the period without repeating myself. ~~Later I will plough virgin ground~~,

Betsy-Tacy readers will know what I mean when I say that the Ray Christmas was the Hart Christmas, and pretty much the Lovelace Christmas too. The secrecy, the mounting suspense, the ritual of song and story, the joke presents, and from the first smell of Christmas tree in the woodshed suspense mounted and mounted until Helen and Kathleen and I went upstairs to wait in rapture for the sounds of Santa Claus struggling down the small chimney which angled up from the back parlor stove to heat our bedroom.

Betsy-Tacy readers will know what I mean when I say that the Ray Christmas was the Hart Christmas and pretty much the Lovelace Christmas too.) The secrecy, the mounting suspense, the ritual of song and story , the joke presents and those special ornaments on the Christmas tree which represented Betsy-Tacy shopping expeditions. The brass bowl out of Heaven-to-Betsy sits now in our front window in Claremont, California. Yes, the Christmases in the stories were true.

...~~later, I will plough~~

I do not wish , in ~~this~~ these early chapters, ~~to rewrite~~ ~~virgin ground...~~ to rewrite the ~~the~~ Betsy-Tacy stories but I put so much of my childhood and youth into in that series...always, of course, inventing, changing and embroidering to suit the plots... that it is difficult to tell about the period without repeating myself. ~~Later I will plough virgin ground~~,

Betsy-Tacy readers will kmow what I mean when I say that the ~~Hart Christmas~~ Ray Christmas was the Hart Christmas, (and pretty much the Lovelace Christmas too.) The secrecy, the mounting ~~[illegible]~~ suspense, ~~the joke presents~~ the ritual of song and story, ~~and then the stocking stuffing and~~ the joke presents, and from the first smell of Christmas tree in the woodshed ~~to the~~ suspense mounted and mounted until ~~by the time~~ Kathleen Helen and and I went ~~to bed~~ upstairs to wait in rapture for the sounds of Santa Claus struggling down the small chimney which angled up from the back parlor stove to heat our bedroom.

Betsy-Tacy readers will know what I mean when I say that the Ray Christmas was the Hart Christmas (and is pretty much the Lovelace Christmas too.) The ~~suspense which mounted~~ secrecy, the ~~suspense~~ mounting suspense, the ritual of song and story , the joke presents and those special ornaments on the Christmas tree which represented Betsy-Tacy shopping expeditions. The brass bowl out of Heaven-to-Betsy sits now in our front window in Claremont, California. ~~Yes, the parts Christmases in the stories wer e true.~~

And so was the tradition, which began on Center Street, of my father making his famous sandwiches for ~~getting Sunday night lunch, making his~~ Sunday night lunch to which friends of all ages were welcome to drop in.

So was the custom of bringing back presents for the family when any of us went away on even the shortest trip.

So was the celebration of our parents' wedding anniversary and so long as we lived in Mankato, whenever ~~the weather~~ October 5 was fair, we drove out to Lake Madison, to the handsome lake-side estate which haf belonged to my mother's stepfather and where she was married.

I ran into the house where my father and mother, and sister still sat beneath the ye t unlighted hanging lamp. I found a pencil and a piece of paper and dashed past the hired gir; and out the side kitchen door.

Since Bick and I were only First Graders and did not know how to spell many words, we were compelled, against our will, to use a controlled vocabulary, but we managed to let God know about the goings-on and that he had better do something quick. We tied the letter to the robin's foot and let him out of his box and there my memory of the incident ends. I do not know what we did to help him on his long uncharted journey. I trust we put him at least on top of the lilac bush that stood by the side kitchen door. I know only that for some time we felt able to wash our hands of the wickedness of the world.

Bick had come into my life (she still illumines it) at my fifth birthday party. It was the first party at which I had a cake; mother playing the piano for the gay procession which led into the dining room. I still cherish a little glass pitcher which came from that birthday party. Also on that occasion I had my first silk dress.

I was overjoyed to have one. Silkdresses were romantic. They were what princesses wore. Mother had made it as she made all our clothes, It was checked, in colors rose and tan, with lace-trimmed neck and sleeves. After the birthday I wore it every Sunday and did not doubt that the Baptist Sunday School was stunned by my beauty. Between Sundays I sometimes visited it in the sloping closet off our bedroom, to smooth down the silken skirts.

return to the nipple,
else ad I would/~~kakextkexnipplexagainxbutxifxxx~~ but if she ~~xtarted~~ ~~SwanneexRiverxagainxIxwould~~ slyly reverted to Swannee Riber I would let go and start to cry again. I don't know what this was supposed to prove but I ~~loved~~ ~~portraits~~ told hearing ~~about~~ it, ~~It seemed to me that~~ most of the family stories seemed to pertain~~ed~~ either to Kathleen, because she was oldest, ~~orxHelenxbecausexshexwasxthe~~ ~~an d they remembered her best~~, or to Helen because she was the baby. So I made the most of Swannee River.

When she wasn't putting babies to sleep, ho~~wever,~~ Otherwise mother's songs ~~were usually~~ lively, sang these lively songs. jolly. Like Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines or rollicking, tiny [illegible] The Birdie's Ball. This ~~one~~ last I have never heard outside our family circle.

"Spring once said to the nightingale,
I'm going to give you birds a ball
The birds and the birdies , great and small.

Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la

She loved ~~[illegible]~~ the tra la las, and sang them lustily ~~and~~ ~~sangxthemxasxshexheld~~ sang ~~as she held~~ holding the lucky baby well out on her knee, ~~with~~ her hands clasped firmly ~~it safely~~ beaneath/~~her~~ its arms, jouncing it briskly. Her determination was to elicit a smile from the enchanted infant o and I seldom kne w her to fail. I rememeber w~~henxshexsangxitxto~~ Helen, a fat delicious baby, yielding a toothless smile and our Merian doing the same, for mother sang ~~it~~ Birdie's Ball to herç grandchildren, just as she had to us, through interminable verses of which she never forgot a line.

~~You may wonder how why all this fits in with living with writing or why it bel ongs in a book about living with writing but you you will see~~, as it progresses, you will see.

She played the piano with the same verve with which she sang until Kathleen took over & she played organ for marches

~~which my fatheer had proposed . He had been camping on the lakeside and came to the~~ house ostensibly to borrow a cup of salt 'and [illegible] me!' We saw the bay window in which they were married and the window above where mother said she had been sittin g, wearing a [illegible] gown , when he drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig with his ~~best man.~~ preacher-brother-in-law.

Sometimes we went to the Inn for dinner but sometimes we brought a picnic for the Harts were great picnickers. We often took Sunday morning breakfast ~~out to b e cooked over an open fire~~ out and the cold morning air made particularly delectable the smell of smoke, coffee, ~~of~~ or bacon and eggs and frie~~n~~d potatoes. We picnicked ~~with our parents friends of the Hi Fly Whist Club~~ at Sibley Park where ~~the~~ two rivers meet and there was a kitchen and picnic benches. we children would enjoy the park swing while our parents unpacked the baskets and made coffee in the kitchen ~~.We picniced at~~ the fair grounds when the circus came in. Sometimes we went with our parents' frineds from the Hi Fly Whist Club, ~~the Woods and the Wilsons~~ especially the Woods and the Macbeths. ~~(Flossie,~~ ~~later to become~~ The Macbeth daughter, Flossie, was to become Florence Macbeth of the Chicago Opera Company. ~~Often we went alone.~~

On the ride home ~~the~~ family usually sang. Kathleen and I cuddled in the back seat , Helen up front with our father and mother. We all had good voicesm except pape, and he loved to hear ~~listen~~ when we sang the old songs. Mother had a rich contralto voice, and we ~~all~~ took parts in Annie Laurie, The Tavern in the Town, ~~Listen to the Mocking Bird~~ ~~Annie Laurie~~ Sweet Adeline and The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

We sang at home, too, ~~xmmkiix~~ mother playing the piano with ~~vigor~~ until later years when Kathleen took over. The operas were [illegible] and the popular [illegible] in [illegible] ~~Mother sang the current We loved the Gilbert and Sullican Operas.~~ Mother rocked and put the babies ~~sang the current baby~~ to sleep , often with the Lullaby from Eerminie, the baby nursing while ~~mother~~ she rocked and sang.

According to mother, if she sang Swanee River, to me, I would stop nursing and start to cry. She would change to something

I have told a good deal about this period in mx the Betsy-Tacy books which are based on my own young life...always, of coursem inventing, changing and embroidering to make the plots... and I do not wish to repeat myself here. But there is some interest among Betsy-Tacy readers as to what characters are real and xxxx I might as well tell them now that the Ray family was the Hart family and the festivals, anniversaries and traditions mentioned above were xxxx all Hart.

The Hart Christmas xxx (and later the Lovelace Christ - mas) was exactly like Christmas at the Rays. The delicious secrecy, the mounting suspense, the making and wrapping xxxxxxx buying and wrapping of presents, the ritual of carols and reading, the joke presents conceiv d with infinite wit and wrapped with infinite wisdom.(The brass bowl out of Heaven to Betsy stands on our front window now.)

That was true and so was the tradition,xxxx which began on Center Street, of my father making his famous sandwi ches for Sunday night lunch to which all ages w ere welcome.

So was the custom of bringing back presents for the family when any of us left Mankato for even the shortest trip/

So was the celebration of our parents' wedding anniversary and so long as we lived in Mankato, when xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxxx October the 15th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to Lake Madison, to the lakeside home which xxx my mother's step-father had built before he and my grandmother moved to California/ We entered the arched white gate, drove up the avenue which had a pine-scented smell aromatic smell, greeted the owners and saw the bay window in which Tom and Stella had been married. We It had a white fencem a tall white gate, small arbors, and a road to the house awas lined with pines which gave off an aromatic smell. Scuffing through red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under

which my father had proposed . He had been camping on the lakeside and came to the house to borrow a cup of salt. We saw the bay window in which they were married and the window above where mother said she had been sitting, wearing a , when he drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig with his best man.

Sometimes we went to the Inn for dinner but sometimes we brought a picnic for the Harts were great picnicers. We often took Sunday morning breakfast out to be cooked over an open fire and the cold morning air made particularly delectable the smell of coffee, of bacon and eggs and friend potatoes. We picnicked ~~with our parents friends of the Hi Fly Whist Club~~ at Subley Park where the two rivers meet and we children would enjoy the park swing .We picniced at the grounds when the circus came in. Sometimes we went with our parents frineds from the Hi Fly Whist Club, ~~the Woods and the Wilsons~~ especially the Woods and Macbeths. ~~(Flossie, was to become~~ The Macbeth daughter, Flossie, was to become Florence Macbeth of the Chicago Opera Company. Often we went alone.

On the ride home the family usually sang. Kathleen and I cuddled in the back seat , Helen up front with our father and mother. We all had good voicesm except papa, and he loved to listen. Mother had a rich contralto voice: and we all took part in The Tavern in the Town, ~~listen to the Mocking Bird~~ Sweet Adeline and The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

We sang at home, too,~~mother~~ mother playing the piano with vigor until later years when Kathleen took over. ~~Mother sang the current~~ We loved the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera.s. Mother sang the current baby to sleep , often with the Lullaby from Erminie, the baby nursing while mother rocked and sang.

According to Mother, if she sang Swanee River, I would stop nursing and start to cry. She would change to something

The Ray Xmas was [illegible]

Christmas! There was no Christmas like a Hart Christmas we felt sure, although my father's income was modest and our celebration the same. [I do not wish, in these early chapters, tp rewrite the Betsy-Tacy books ~~but I~~ into which I put so much of mmy childhood and youth ~~into that series.~~ .always, of course, inventing, changing and embroidering to suit the pl ots,... ~~but~~ but it is difficult to tell about the period without repeating myself.. Later I shall plough virgin land. thus far
~~And of course I know that those of you who have read the Betsy Tacys~~

~~I will say only that at the Hart house Christmas suspense began to mount~~ ~~with the first~~ ~~smell of fruit cake.~~ ~~Presents were bought and made and wrapped and hidden with elaborate secrecy.~~

~~I will speak now to Betsy Tacy readers and say only that the Hart Christmas was the Ray Christmas. In th~~
Well, the Ray Christmas was true.

The Hart Christmas (and later t he Lovelace Christmas) was exactly/like the Christmas at the Rays. The delicious secrecy. The mounting suspense. The ritual of carols and readings. The joke presents conceived with infinite wit and wrapped with infinite wisdom.. And the sp cial ornaments on the Christmas tree which represented Betsy and Tacy shopping expeditions. ~~Yes, the Christmasses in the stories were true.~~ The brass bowl, out of Christmas in Heaven-to-Betsy sits ~~now~~ in our front window in Claremont, California. now.

when we were quite a time apart [illegible]

True also
And so was the tradition, which began on Center Street, of my father/ making his famous sandwiches for Sunday night lunch to which friends of all ages were welcome. ~~to drop in.~~

S o was the custom of bringing back presents for the family when any of us went away on even the shortest trip.

So was the celebration of our parents' wedding anniversary and so lon g as we lived i Mankato, whenever ~~the weather~~ October the 15th was fair,

~~October 15th~~

fami ly represent the Harts, and I don't wish to repeat too much

Take the custom of my father making Sunday night lunch.(For some reason we never said Sunday night supper.) He made sandwiches from the Sunday roast or chicken or whatever he found in the ice box. His onion sandwiches were the most famous of all. Friends of all ages, all members of the family were welcome to drop in that night. Kathleen and I turned this to good account in highschool dating days.

Take the custom of taking a picnic breakfast out to the Fair Grounds the day the circus came in.

We Harts brought back presents for every member of the family whenever we left

Our Christmas, we felt, was more glorious tjan any other in the world although Our father's income from the shoe store was modest and we made or bought

There was no Christmas like a Hart Christmas,we felt sure, although my father's income from the shoe store was modest and our celebration the same. From the first smell of fruitcake suspense built up and up.. Such Secrecy shrouded the making, buying, wrapping and hiding of presents. We gave joke presents along with the real ones.... perhaps a potato to mother from the beau daddy took her away from ? We were almost ready to burst by Christmas Eve when daddy came home with candy canes to be hung over the doors. After the stockings were hung we brought our gifts out of hiding to be placed on the chairs assigned to each of us. In bed and had a solemn serive of carols, Dickens and Bible readings. Kathleen and I would wait in rapture for the sound of Santa sliding down the small chimney, little bigger than an arm, which angled up from the back parlor to heat our bedroom. When Helen was old enough slept up there we would ask if she didn't hear the reindeer on the roof.

I've told all this in the Betsy-Tacy books in which the

sink. We did not have a furnace, but Tom shook down the stoves and took out the ashes, and Stella had only to add coal or wood during the day. The stoves like the lamps were beautiful to me. Horses ran around the shining nickle trim o f the hard coal heater behind which I scribbled. Spring and fall, carpets were taken up, lace curtains washed and stretched on frames, our was always up-to-date. As today's generation takes to modern furniture's strange angles, mother took to late Victorian elegancies. She painted black walnut furnture, including the tall kitchen clock, horsehair marble topped tables, and a cozy corner, rattling rattan curtains in dorrways, tossels on everything and a copy og Owen Meredith's Lucille on the bamboo parlor table. When Tom and Stella entertained their High Fly Whist Club, 333 Center Street looked as sophisticated as any house.

I'm sure too that mother looked as modish as any woman present. With her own quick needle, she dressed herself and us girls in the latest fashions from the ladies' magazines. Once she turned a worn pair of my father's trousers into a dress for me. A grey and brown striped wool to which she added a tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satisfaction until word of it s origin leaked out.

She made my first a silk dress for my fifth birthday party, here I met Bickie and Bickie came into my life (she still illumines it.)

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I had undressed (under our long nightgowns) she would come up to

fami ly represent the Harts, and I don't wish to repeat too much

Take the custom of my father making Sunday night lunch.(For some reason we never said Sunday night supper.) He made sandwiches from the Sunday roast or chicken or whatever he found in the ice box. His onion sandwiches were the most famous of all. Friends of all ages, all members of the family were welcome to drop in that night. Kathleen and I turned this to good account in highschool dating days.

Take the custom of taking a picnic breakfast out to the Fair Grounds the day the circus came in.

We Harts brought back presents for every member of the family whenever we left

Our Christmas, we felt, was more glorious than any other in the world although our father's income from the shoe store was modest and we made or bought

There was no Christmas like a Hart Christmas, we felt sure, although my father's income from the shoe store was modest and our celebration the same. From the first smell of fruitcake suspense built up and up... Such secrecy shrouded the making, buying, wrapping and hiding of presents. We gave joke presents along with the real ones.... perhaps a potato to mother from the beau daddy took her away from. We were almost ready to burst by Christmas Eve when daddy came home with candy canes to be hung over the doors. After the stockings were hung we brought our gifts out of hiding to be placed on the chairs assigned to each of us. and had a solemnserive of carols, Dickens and bible readings. In bed Kathleen and I would wait in rapture for the sound of Santa sliding down the small chimney, a little bigger than an arm, which sug;ed up from the back parlor to heat

~~7~~ 8

(under our long nightgowns)

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian . After Kathleen and ~~[illegible]~~ I had undressed ~~and were ready for bed~~, she would come up to the little peak-roofed room to hear our prayers. Then we scrambled into bed and she kissed us goodnight and we kissed each other goodnight. ~~This was, in the main, a comforting regulation.~~ If we had quarreled that day, we told each other we were sorry. start ~~This was, in the main, a comforting regulation~~. ~~We were usually glad to make up~~. start However, after she ~~went downstairs~~ left, we sometimes started squabbling again. In whispers, first, of course. One accused the other of taking more than her share of the bed clothes or perhaps of pre-empting the middle of the bed. If our voices rose, mother would call up the stairs.

"One more word from either of you, and I'll come up and spank you both."

We knew she meant it, so we usually subsided although we ~~whispered to each other our opinion of~~ noisily discussed in angry whispers the injustice of ~~the~~ her mehtod. Why should she spank us both when "you had started it." "I certainly did not! You did, and you know it."

However, our parents always forgot our lapses from perfection ~~however~~. They were swppt under the rug and we were never reproached with them later. ~~In fact, we girls~~ as already indicated, we girls were raised on praise and were as convinced as our parents that the Hart family was one in a million.

and father's cooperation [illegible]

Because of the activities which sprang from my mother's ideal, Kathleen and I often enjoyed each other in spite of ourselves / [illegible] ~~Our family did~~ such lovely things together. ~~there's no other word for it.~~ stet We had so many festivals, anniversaries and traditions. The year was strung with them, like lights on a Christmas tree.

Christmas itself built up to a ~~pinnacle~~ climx of almost unbearable excitement, ~~although~~ My father's income from the shoe store was modest and our celebration the same but from the first smell of fruitcake everything built up and up....buying ~~our presents~~ or ~~and~~ making our presents, ~~for each other~~, hiding them, wrapping them in elaborate secrecy, especially the joke presents consisting of lumps of coal , inviting ~~looking empty boxes~~, (we always gave each other,

Should be tied up with B T book because of both [illegible]

~~often~~ probably

While ~~Kathleen~~ I was writing Kathleen was ~~usually~~ practising
down
on the piano ~~in the front parlor~~ in the front parlor. She was almost
three years older than I, ~~which was a lot when I was a child~~ and very precocious.
At three or so etc....as below
..the kind of child older people offer admiring sighs but whom other
children ~~usually~~ often fail to understand. Music was her passion. She once
occurred, a new world seemed
told me that a momentous moment in her life had/~~been when the music teacher~~
to have been unveiled, when Miss Ross, her music teacher, played a note and said to her, "This is middle C. We begin with middle C." She not only
and but to and speak pieces, perform in
loved to play the pianO ~~but to~~ sing and dance ~~and perform~~ in any way .
She willingly learned and practised
and ~~she easily learned easily and loved to practise~~ all the graceful
social arts ~~which mother tried to teach us both~~ but I despised them, and Kathleen ignored me.
¶ ~~as~~ I lived for the world of children.
with a round beaming face and teeth parted in the middle?
I was chubby/~~with and~~ wore my hair in braids which stuck
out behind my ears. It was straight, straighter than a string, and only
after mother had
~~when mother~~ put it up on curlers for Sunday or a party did I like the
way it looked. Kathleen's ~~hair~~ dark hair was wavy, and her eyes were
pink and white skin and
like purple violets, and she had small beautiful white hands over which
had difficulty stretching them to play chords.
she mourned because she/~~could not easily play chords.~~ She was a delicate
little girl, the kind whom other children often fail to understand, and
was often over excited by the excitement her achievements produced. When she
was three or so she ~~sang~~ learned to sing a hymn, every word perfect, and
the current hired girl taught her then to sing it in Norwegian. She
sang it in Sunday School, not making a single mistake while the audience
similar
ohed and ahed. I was a baby then but ~~I often heard of~~ that achievements
~~and~~ were every day matters.

I did not understand her nor try to and although I admired her profoundly
often
Naturally we quarreled ~~frequently~~ and seldom ~~liked to do the same thing~~
~~at the same time~~ played together except on family picnics and drive which
were fortunetly of frequent occurrence . Coming home from such excursions
we played games or sang, probably the latter, for myour young redheaded
mother was very musical. She~~sang to us~~ rocked and sang to us when
we were babies from the Gilbert and Sulivan Operas, and Erminie,....the

While I was writing Kathleen was often practising on the piano down in the front parlor. She was almost three years older than I, and very precocious. At three or so etc....as below ..the kind of child older people offer admiring sighs but whom other children often failk to understand. Music was her passion. She once told me that a momentous moment in her life had occurred, a new world seemed to have been unveiled, when Miss Ross, her music teacher, played a note and said to her, "This is middle C. We begin with middle C." She not only loved to play the pianO but to sing and dance and perform in any way and willingly learned and practised all the graceful social arts which mother tried to teach us both but I despised them, as I lived for the world of children.

I was chubby with a round beaming face and wore my hair in braids which stuck out behind my ears. It was straight, straighter than a string, and only after mother had put it up on curlers for Sunday or a party did I like the way it looked. Kathleen's dark hair was wavy, and her eyes were like purple violets, and she had small beautiful white hands over which she mourned because she had difficulty stretching them to play chords. could not easily play chords. She was a delicate little girl, the kind whom other children often fail to understand, and was often over excited by the excitement her achievements produced. When she was three or so she learned to sing a hymn, every word perfect, and the current hired girl taught her then to sing it in Norwegian. She sang it in Sunday School, not making a single mistake while the audience ohed and ahed. I was a baby then but similar achievements were every day matters.

I did not understand her nor try to and although I admired her profoundly Naturally we quarreled often and seldom played together except on family picnics and drive which were fortunetly of frequent occurrence . Coming home from such excursions we played games or sang, probably the latter, for myour young redheaded

had fallen from its nest and with considerable help from our hired girl we had raised him in a shoebox, ~~mxyinxhimxxitxxwaxxand~~ He was ready to fly any time now, ~~Annaxsaid~~ we had heard Anna say.

I produced my ready pencil and a paper and Bick and I thought out aletter to God. Since we were ~~only~~ only First Graders and did not know how to write many words, we ~~xxdxtaxexpxesaxourxsoulsxxthatxxwexknewxhowxtoxaddxesaxandxanxxlapexxtax~~ I were obliged, ~~toxusexmuch~~ against our will, to use ~~xxx~~ a controlled vocabulary. But we managed to let him know that bad things were going on and he had better do something quick. We tied the letter to the r obin's neck and let him out of the box and there my memory of the incident ends. I trust we put him on top of ~~thextopmostxaxbranchxof~~ the backdoor maple, ~~andxthatxhexwasxnotxtooxhandicapped~~ but I know only that we were able to wash our hands thereafter of thw wickedness in the world.

Bickie had come into my life (she still illumines it) at my fifth birthday party , memorable also because ~~on~~ this occasion ~~I wore my first silk dress. Itxwas I had longed for a silk dress and~~ ~~myxmotherxhadxmadexthisxespeciallyxforxthexparty~~ ~~especially for the party.~~ ~~was overjoyed with this one which my mother had made/forxthe occasion~~ ~~exactx It was checked, in colorsxxtan and rose,xandxxwasxx with lace-trimmed neck and sleeves.~~

I wore my first silk dress. I had longed for a silk dress~~;xitxx~~ It ~~seemedxtomexthatxitxwasxit~~ was what princesses wore. And I was overjoyed with this one. My mother had made it especially for my birthday. A checked silk in colors tan and rose with lace-trimmed neck and sleeves. After the ~~summer~~ barthday party I wore it every Sunday and d d not do t that the Bapt ist Sinday School was ~~overwhelmedxbyxmy~~ stunnedby my beauty. Between Sundays I sometimes visited it in the sloping closet off my bedroom to smooth down the silken skirts.

for when we were babies mother sang ...from Gilbert and Sullivan or the Lullusby from Ermine....when we nursed or she rocked us to sleep. Of course I heard it, consciously or unconsciously, when Helen was being rocked and Kathleen had heard it when I was being ricked. There is a tale about that.

If mother ~~xxxx~~ sang Swanee River I would stop nursing and start to cry. She would changed to something else, I would take the nipple happily again ~~and~~ if she reverted to Swanee River I would let go and start to cry again. It's ~~always made me feel like crying but perhaps because I knew the story.~~

We have around us pianos of various ages with post mortem history, resident and transient pianos.

Mother's brother had run away from home to go with an opera troupe which sang the The Andrews Opera Company which sang the G and S operas, Erminie, etc etc all over the midwest in the 80s, 90s, etc. He had gone to the Spanish American War as had Bickie's brother George. He re or later?

red crinkle

When he left for the Spanish American War he had sent his trunk full of costumes to my mother but no one in the family knew exactly where he was.

~~It was from him, we were told that Kathleen had her love of music and also that I had my love of writing for~~ he wrote as well as sang and composed music and paimted and sculped and was also a a carpenter. It was said to be from him that Kathleen had inherited her love of ~~xxxxxx~~ music, and I my lov of writing.

Mosy BT fans want to know whether I really kept my writings in his trunk. That is one of those legends which is both true and untrue. I did sometimes, I also had a bottom drawner of a certain chest. In the past stories everything is a little true but usually not all true.

Much as I liked to write stories, it was just as nice to tell them. Bickie and I inventer them together, walking

put in Book of Poems here.

but perhaps because

Mother's brother had run away from home to go with an opera troupe which sang the The Andrews Opera Company which sang the G and S operas, Erminie, etc etc all over the midwest in the 80s, 90s, etc. He had gone to the Spanish American War as had Bickie's brother George. He re or later?

When he left for the Spanish American Wa he had sent his trunk full of costumes to my mother but no one in th e family knew exactly where e was .

It was from him, we were told that Kathleen had her love of music and also that I had my love of writing for he wrote as well as sang and composed music and paimted and sculped and was also a a carpenter. It was said to be from him that Kathleen had inherited her love of xxxmxxx music, and I my lov of writing.

Mosy BT fans want to know whether I really kept my writings in his trunk. That is one of those legends which is both true and un true. I did sometimes, I also had a bottom drawner of a certain chest. TIn the B t stories everything is a little true but usually not all true.

Much as I liked to write stories, it was just as nice to tell them. Bickie and I inventer them together, walking

I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satisfaction until word of its origin leaked out.

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I had undressed (under our long nightgowns) she would come up to the little peak-roofed room to hear our prayers. Then we scrambled into bed and she kissed us goodnight and we kissed each other goodnight. If we had quarreled that day, we told each other we were sorry. This was, in the main, a comforting regulation. However, after she left, we sometimes started quarreling again. In whispers first, of course. One accused the other

of taking more than her share of the bed clothes or perhaps of pre-empting the middle of the bed. If our voices rose, mother would call up the stairs.

"One more word from either of you and I'll come up and spank you both!"

We knew she meant it so we usually subsided although we discussed in angry whispers the injustic of her method. Why should she spank us both when, "you had started it." "I certainly did not! You did and you know it." "Well, anyway you usually do, so it would all even up."

However we received much more praise than punishment. We were raised on praise. We were never reproached with our lapses from perfection after spankings had been administered...always by mother. If he had had boys, I am sure, Tom Hart would have taken a hand but he would not attempt to discipline girls. Girls and women, he believed, were superior to boys and men. He was a thorough-going feminist and championed women's rights long before it was popular to do so.

This attitude probably sprang from his love and respect

headed and gay, mother was a brisk disciplinarian. If Kathleen and I squabbled after being put to bed, she would call up the back stairs.

"One more word from either of you and I'll comme up and spank you both."

We knew she meant it so we usually subsided, although we often whispered our opinions of the injustice of her statement. Why should she spank us both when "you had started it." "I certainly did not. You did."

Argument at this time of night was particularly futile, though. We put ourselves

4

headed and gay, mother was a brisk discipl inarian.

After Kathleen and I had undressed and were ready for bed she would come up to the little peak-roofed room to hear our prayers. Then we scrambled into bed, She kissed us goodnight and we kissed each other good night. If we had quarreled that day, we told each other we were sorry. It was good to make up. This was to us both a comfortimg regulation. In wh ispers, first, of course. One accused the other of squabbling again. perhaps of taking bedclothes or pre-empting the middle of the bed. If our voices rose, mother would call up the back stairs.

"One more word from either of you, and I'll come up and spank you both."

We knew she meant it, so we usually subsided, although we whispered to each other our opinion of the injustice of her method. Why should she spank us both when "you started it." "I certainly did not. You did and you know it."

Because of our mother's ideal, Kathleen and I often enjoyed each other in spite of the difference in age, and our personalities. For our family had so many pleasant things to do — so many festivals, anniversaries and traditions. The year was str ung with them, like lights on a Christmas tree.

headed and gay, mother was a brisk disciplinarian. If Kathleen and I squabbled after being put to bed, she would call up the back stairs.

"One more word from either of you and I'll come up and spank you both."

We knew she meant it so we usually subsided, although we often whispered our opinions of the injustice of her statement. Why should she spank us both when "you had started it." "I certainly did not. You did."

Argument at this time of night was particularly futile, though. We put ourselves

headed and gay, mother was a brisk disciplinarian.

After Kathleen and I had undressed and were ready for bed mother would come up to the little peak-roofed room to hear our prayers. Then we scrambled into bed, she kissed us goodnight and we kissed each other good night. Also, if we had quarreled that day, we told each other we were sorry. This was a comforting regulation for we loved each other dearly. However after mother went downstairs we sometimes started in whispers, first, of course. Perhaps one accused the other of squabbling again. Perhaps one accused the other of taking too many bedclothes or pre-empting the middle of the bed. If our voices rose, mother would call up the back stairs.

"One more word from either of you, and I'll come up and spank you both."

We knew she meant it, so we usually subsided, although we often whispered to each other our opinion of the injustice of her method. Why should she spank us both when "you started it." "I certainly dod not. You did and you know it."

Oh, well.....

Because of our mother's ideal, Kathleen and I often enjoyed each other in spite of the three years difference in age, and

I have combined unlucky
with lucky prince at age seven
asked my mother how to
spell "guing-shu-the-
stars" and I sold my good?
first story at 18, since then
I have written professionally
and almost all of what I wrote
I have ~~written~~ written has been
sold and published ~~since~~
and I guess I am pleased
as you shall read in my next
always model to book while,
at the lucky part,

Mankato's valley , down at the roof of our yellow cottage, and across the street where my best friend lived...Frances Kenney, nicknamed Bick, and called Tacy in the Betsy-Tacy stories. She was Irish and had long red curls and freckles and blue eyes full of poetry and loyalty and love.

In winter, of course, my leafy study had to be abandoned and I was less well off. I needed privacy for my writing, still do, and in those days I had a dread of being teased about it. My manuscripts were safe, though. My mother, sensing my sensitivity, gave me a special private place in which to keep my papers. No one was allowed to look at them without my express permisision. I recommend this procedure to any mother of a scribbling child. I could sometimes scribble unnoticed behind the hard coal heater in our back parlor...a cozy retreat for a kettle was usually singing on a warming plate ; one could also roast apples back there, if invention led to hunger as it so often does. And sometimes I could be alone in the little peak roofed front bedroom which I shared with my my older sister, Kathleen, and sometimes with Helen, the baby, for there was usually a hired girl or a girl working her board (there was a distinction) in the little back bedroom. That room looked up at the big hill behind our house but ours looked across at Kenneys' house which was fitting because Bickie was important to/closely my writing .

I told her even more stories than I wrote down. In fact, we made them up together, walking to and from school, eating our suppers on the low hill which ended Center Street where we lived. A little bench had been built there and we were allowed sometimes to take our filled supper plates and eat up there together. Bick's older sister Tess was good at stories, too, and used to join us sometimes when we were making them up as we sat on the Kenney back fence beyind their backyard with its pump and back garden, buggy shed and barn. We liked to sit on that fence and make up stories while the sun was setting. Perhaps that was why our

Our Christmas, we felt, was more glorious than any other in the world although father's income from the shoe store was modest and our celebration the same. But from the first smell of fruit cake, the wrapping and hiding of presents, the suspense built up and up. Joke presents, elaborately wrapped were one of our traditions. Mother unfailingly remembered with a potato or coal from the beau father had taken her away from .

I've told all this in the Betsy-Tacy books which I based on my own young days. I've always, of course, inventing, changing and embroidering to make the plots. I don't wish to repeat too much but I'll tell readers that most of the customs belonged to the Harts. The brass bowl, given to Betsy sits now.) in the front family whenever one of us went away on even the shortest trip. We brought back presents for every member of the family.

Father made Sunday night lunch. (We never said Sunday night supper.) He made sandwiches from the Sunday roast or chicken or whatever he found in the ice box. His onions sanwiches were famous. Friends of all ages were welcome to drop in that night, and Kathleen and I turned this to good account in high school dating days.

driveway smelled spicy in the sun. They walked almost to the gate and then Aunt Effie turned off into deep grass. She led the way to a small arbor covered with grapevines. Bunches of grapes were beginning to turn purple.

"Here is where your mother used to play," Aunt Effie said. "She used to play milliner and make hats for Lily from these grape leaves."

"Did she play both milliner and lady-come-to-buy?" Cindy asked.

"Yes, she did," said Aunt Effie. "I was so much older that I wasn't much good as a playmate. But after she was through playing, I used to bring down lemonade and we would drink it together. I'll do that today after I finish my curtains."

"That will be wonderful!" Cindy cried.

Just as she was leaving Aunt Effie turned around. "You'll be very careful with Lily, won't you?" she said. "You know she's a family treasure."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Effie," Cindy replied. "I'll be very careful."

When Aunt Effie was gone Cindy put Lily down ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ gently on a bench. She started picking grape leaves.

"If mamma could play all alone, I can too," she thought. "It would be fun, though, if there was someone to play with."

Just at that moment a shadow fell across the doorway of the arbor, and Cindy looked up to see a little girl standing outside. Her hair was as short as Cindy's was long ~~but they seemed~~

Writing and Living

LIVING WITH WRITING

-I-

It may seem presumptuous for a writer of my modest accomplishments to be writing a book about writing. But this is to be about living too...living with writing. It has been my good fortune to do that since at age five I approached my mother with a pencil and asked her how to spell going-down-the-street. I started harrying the editors when I was I2 and sold my first story at I8 and it was followed by many more, and by novels, and books for children. and collaborations with my husband. And while I was thus continually writing, I have lived a very happy life. The combination seems to me to make a book, and > proper to write it, having been bold with that pencil from the start.

One of my earliest efforts was a letter to God. It was written in collaboration with my best friend who lived across the street. Bickie had red ringlets and freckles and blue/eyes full of loyalty and love. We had heard at our family supper tables some sad tales of the state of the world. It was wicked. It was going to pot. Bickie and > God, concluded, could not possibly be aware o f what was going on. If he were notified, he would stop it. But how could we send word to Love since he lived in the sky.

A short time earlier we had found a baby robin which ~~had fallen from its nest and with considerable help fro m our hired girl we had raised him in a shoe box, digging worms with enthusiasm~~

~~I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satisfaction considerable satisfaction until word of its origin leaked out.~~

~~Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I had~~ undressed (underour long nightgowns) she would come up to the little peak-roofed room to hear our prayers. Then we scrambledinto bed and she kissed us goodnight and we kissed each other goodnight. If we had quarreled that day, we told each other we were sorry. This was, in the main, a comforting regulation. However, after she left, we sometimes started quarreling again. In whispers first, of course. One accused the other

~~the~~other of taking more than her share of the bed clothes or perhaps of pre-empting the middle of the bed. If our voices rose, mother would call up the stair s.

"One more word from either of you and I'll come up and spank you both."

W e knew she meant it so we usually subsided although we discussed in angry whispers the injustice of her method. Why should she spank us both when, "you had started it." "I certainly did not! You did and you know it." ~~"Well, anyway~~ you usually do ~~so it would all even up."~~

However we received ~~much~~ more praise than punishment. ~~We were raised on praise. We were~~ never reproached with our lapses from perfection after spankings had been administered...always by mother. If he had had boys, I am sure, Tom Hart would have taken a hand but he would not attempt to discipline girls. Girls and women, he believed, were superior to boys and men. He was a thorough-going feminist and championed women's rights long before it was popular to do so.

— o —

This attitude probably sprang from his love and respect

ten-thirty, three, two-fifty.

Arosmond was not only dainty and persuasive; she was ingenious, too. If a farmer said he had no money to give, she would look around the barnyard and smilingly suggest a pig from that fine new litter or a calf or some hens. Many gave such gifts, Dad used to tell Kathleen, Helen and me in relating the story.

There was a colony of athiests. Dad always referred to them ...but in the friendliest way.. as infidels. "All the infidels gave Mother money for her church," he would assure us proudly.

Men of many denomninations gave and by August $1153.25 had been promised and Articles of Incorporation were filed. Later it became the Centennial Methodist Church but at first it served "All orthodox Christian denominations." It was also open for all funerals.

Arosmond's came whem she was 44.

"She hath done what she could,"it says on her tombstone in the burying ground of the white church from which fields stretch away on every side,

One thing she had done was to leave her mark on every one of her ten children. Her memory was always green as myrtle and is green still among her grandchildren, while even some of the great grandchildren are fragrantly aware of Grandmother Arosmond Hart.

Her sister Eva who had married a Methodist minister came to do what she could. She took Emma, the delicate child, back with her to Canada. Emma, recovered from her hip disease, lived a lively life with four boy cousins. She and one of them had a memorable argument, as to the relative merits of the President of the United States. History does not record the decision, only that Emma and this cousin did not speak to each other for six months. In spite of her lingering Yankee loyalty, Emma lived out her life in Canada, marrying a Methodist minister there.

no supper

"If Uncle Frank is killed in the war . how will we know?" Kathleen asked at supper.

"Oh," said my father, "I suppose they would send his body back to ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Grandma Austin."

I was appalled at this brutality.

"What would they do with his head?" I demanded and still remember the humiliating laughter. ~~and the lesson in sem~~ It was one of my first wrestlings with semantics.

About the time I was born, Dad set himself up in his own shoestore. It had some rocky going in the Depression ~~of "94~~, when ~~Coxely's~~ Coxey's Army ~~was marching~~ marched, but he ~~Dad~~ slugged his way through with hard work and shrewdness. ~~and shrewdness.~~ ~~He believed, as he often told us, in~~ ~~"using his head."~~

He had enjoyed road travel....starting off for a new place each day in the cool of the morning, meeting people. talking, bending his skill and energies to selling. But he could sell in his own shoe store, and he was ~~There was some rocky going in the Depression days when Coxely's army marched but Dad slugged with way through with shrewdness and hard work and he was~~ glad to settle down for he was, above all, a family man and got his greatest satisfaction from his home, his wife and ~~andor~~ children.

~~He~~ Dad agreed with Mother that there was no family like the Hart family and ~~and~~ ~~ours, and so, willy nilly , did we children.~~ Stet [illegible] We did ~~do~~ lovely things together." We had so many festivals, anniversaries and traditions. The year was strung with them like lights on a Christmas tree.

— o —

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other grand daughters were named...Arosmond, in most cases, modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a teacher in her home village in Ontario when she became engaged to James A Hart. He went ahead of her to homestead land in Iowa, and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married.

They journeyed by train as far as Chicago and then by ox-drawn wagon. It was spring and she was enchanted with the wild flowers... scarlet, yellow, pink, blue, purple...which embroidered the wheel-high prairie grass. She kept asking James to stop so she could pick some and he was enchanted to comply, swinging her down and up, down and up into the wagon,.

"I could span her waist with my hands," he remembered when he was old.

She was a slight girl with sedate black ringlets, luminous blue eyes, and a resolute mouth. Her spirit (it said to have VE Rex) happy. Yet she wept when they reached James the acres he had broken and planted. This was in 1857 and Iowa seemed to be empty except for sky. The primitive house he was building for her was not finished and she stayed for a time with kindly neighbors. Perhaps she wept thinking of the things she had brought: six silk dresses, a mahogany melodeon, a madern marvel called a sewing machine. Or perhaps she was thinking of leafy Canadian streets and her sisters Eva and Mary.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary, and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed Flora and Emma who had kept diaries and Ersula Arosmond called Zue, James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen, and a little Edna who died.

~~Arosmond was weakened by child-bearing and the drudgery of pioneer farm life was uncongenial to her. She happy spirit survived, however, and she managed her work efficiently, assigning each child his task. She was determined that they should have a gentle upbringing and began with their~~

for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other grand daughters were named...Arosmond, in most cases, modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a teacher in her home village in Ontario when she became engaged to James A Hart. He went ahead of her to homestead land in Iowa and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married.

They journeyed by train as far as Chicago and then by ox-drawn wagon. It was spring and she was enchanted by the wild flowers... blue, red, pink, yellow, purple...which embroidered the wheel-high prairie grass. She kept asking James to stop so she could pick some and he was enchanted to comply, swinging her down and up, down and up into the wagon,.

"I could span her waist with my hands," he remembered when he was old.

She was a slight girl with sedate black ringlets, luminous blue eyes, a fair skin and a resolute mouth. She was serious but her spirit was said to be exceptionally happy. Yet she wept when they reached the acres James had broken and planted. This was in 1857 and Iowa seemed to be empty except for sky. The primitive house he was building for her was not finished and she stayed for a time with kindly neighbors. Perhaps she wept thinking of the things she had brought with her: six silk dresses, a mahogany melodeon, a modern marvel called a sewing machine. Or perhaps she was thinking of leafy Canadian streets and brick houses and her sisters Eva and Mary.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary, and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed Flora and Emma who had big disease and Ursula Arosmond called Zue, Jim, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen, and somewhere a little Edna who died.

~~Arosmond was weakened by child-bearing and the drudgery of pioneer farm life was uncongenial to her. The happy spirit survived~~ however, ~~and she managed her work efficiently, assigning each child his task. She~~ ~~was determined that they should have a gentle upbringing and began with their~~

land in Iowa and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was ~~m~~ getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married.

ww re named...Arosmond, in most cases modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a slight girl, with sedate black ringlets, luminous eyes, fair skin and a resolute mouth. She and her sisters Eva and Mary were all teachers in their home village village ~~of~~ in Ontario. She was small adnd slight,

were named...Arosmond in most cases modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a teacher in her home village in Ontario, a ~~slight girl with~~ serious ~~sedate black ringlets, luminous eyes, fair skin and a resolute mouth.~~ girl but she had a happy spirit and a happy youth with her sisters Eva and Mary .

"I could span her waist with my hands," grandfather used to say.

~~Arosmond~~

a sewing machine, a her little mahogany melodeon and six silk dresses.

Ruby "They travelled by ox team ~~from~~ from Simcoe to Iowa. and her waist was so small he couold span it with his hands. She loved wild flowers and was cobstantly getting him to stop so she coyld pick a few and admire them.

It was an exhausted journey with Arosmond asking him to stop the oxen ~~[illegible]~~ so she could jump out and pick wild flowers.

Arosmond was a delicate girl (Ruby) & he kept asking him to stop the (ox) oxen ~~[illegible]~~ so she could pick some and he would sway up ~~and~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ he would span her waist with his hands.

only draft

The early years were gruelling. That first autumn James' shoes wore out and, and on bare feet he drove his cattle some two hundred and fifty miles to the Chicago market. A neighbor with his cattle went along. There were droughts and blizzards and hogs died of cholera but the Harts were able, after a few years, to build a better house near Ossian.

A rosmond was weakened by child-bearing and the drudgery of pioneer farm life was uncongenial to her. Her happy spirit survived, however, and she managed her work efficiently, assigning each child his task. She was determined that they should have a gentle upbringing and began with their manners. Every one of them carried fine manners through life. She taught them to read at home. They read aloud to her by turns while she ironed, sitting on a tall stool to save her strength. For three or four months each year they attended country school, and when money could be found, the older ones went to Brickenridge's Academy in nearby Decorah, Decorah Institute was its formal name. They did not live in the dormitory but rented a room where they cooked for themselves, bringing firewood, bread, cold pies and sausage from the farm.

The Hart boys were busy from dark to dark with farm work, and on Saturday nights they took turns cleaning and greasing the family boots and shoes. Since each member had only one pair, and that was not available until its owner was through for the day, work went on to a late hour but at bedtime a gleaming row of newly greased footwear was waiting for the morrow.

This plan of Aresmond"s not only insimuated gently to her sons that sisters should be looked after. It obviated unnecessary work on the Sabbath and stressed the dignity of the day. It was a grief to her that Methodist services were held in an old log building. There was no English-speaking Protestant church in that part of the county but she was determined that there should be.

One June day when Tom was thirteen he hitched a team of horses to a wagon and drove her out to raise the money. Her husband had headed her paper with a pledge of $100 and Tollver Holverson matched it and others put down their names for various sums...twenty dollars,

Kathleen and me alike at first. ~~I remember our~~ green coats ~~with~~ matching pointed hoods, ~~our~~ blue checked ~~dresses with~~ flat ~~round blue hats~~. Once she turned a worn pair of my father's trowsers into a dress for me. It was a grey-striped, hard-finish wool to which she added a ~~red~~ tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satisfaction until word of itd origin leaked out.

My father ~~Dad~~ was a tall man and in those days youthfully thin. Later he became somewhat portly with a swelling front across which his watch chain was draped. He ~~always~~ always held himself proudly with squared shoulders ~~and the mein of a benevolent monarch. He had shining fine dark hair, and big nose, very kind hazel eyes a mustache to match until they went out of vogue, a big nose,~~ very kind hazel eyes and a geniality which sprang from a genuine love of people. Children frolicked about him like puppies; yet he had a ~~geniality~~ dignity on which ~~one~~ they did not impose.

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I had

About the time I was born, Dad set himself up in his own shoestore. He enjoyed road travel...starting off for a new place each day in the cool of the morning, meeting people, talking, bending his skill and energies to selling. But he could sell in his own shoe store, too, and he was glad to settle down for he was, above all, a family man and got his greatest satisfaction from his home, his wife and children.

He agreed with Mother that there was no family like ours, and so, willy nilly, did we children, and because of the activities which sprang from this cooperation ~~mother's ideal and Dad's cooperation therein~~, Kathleen and I enjoyed each other in spite of ourselves. Our family did lovely things together; there's no other word for it. We had so many festivals, anniversaries and tradition. The year was strung with them like lights on a Christmas tree.

—o—

There was no Christmas like a Hart Christmas, we all felt sure, although Dad's income from the shoe store was modest and our celebration the same. From the first smell of fruit cake, suspense built up and up. Strict secrecy governed the making or buying, the wrapping and hiding of presents, even joke presents, which were one of our traditions. Everyone got some. Mother was unfailingly remembered with a tastefully wrapped potato or lump of coal from the beau Daddy had taken her away from.

Another tradition which began on Center Street was Dad's Sunday night lunch. He started it, ~~I suppose,~~ after Helen was born, to make things easier for Mother on a night when the hired girl was out. He made coffee ....using an egg, of course....and sanwiches from ~~the remnants of the dinner roast or chicken, or~~ cheese or ~~whatever he could find. His onion sandwiches were best of all.~~ Friends of all members of the family could drop in without invitation. ~~What a boon this was~~ That was a boon to us girls in high school days! The custom lasted as long as he lived , and after Delos came into the family he memorialized it with a ~~Christmas~~ gift to Dad of a ~~strong~~ solid , well-~~made~~ honed knife with a silver plate ~~attached~~ affixed to its ~~wooden~~ handle whichread:

Tom Hart's Sunday Sandwich Knife.

Another tradition was that a Hart brought back presents for everyone else in the family whenever he retrumed from even the shortest trip.

En masse, we observed our parents' wedding anniversary. As long as we lived in Mankato, when October the I5th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to Lake Madison, to the laskeside home which mother's stepfather had built before he and Grandma moved to California.

Except on the lake side, which had a dock and boat house. it was enclosed by a white fence with a stately gate in front, and the road leading to the house was lined with evergreens. Kathleen and I had visited here in the past and had had good times on these spacious lawns, making hats from grape leaves, swinging in the long roped swing and dawdling in the romantic summer house -or - The lawns were spacious with swings and a summer house. Afarm family lived there now.

Scuffing through the red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under which Dad had proposed. he gad been camping with friends on the lakeshore and came to the hiuse after supper to borrow a cup of salt.

We children would look up into the branches.

"It was moonlight," Stella would say dreamily.

"And she hooked me," Dad would crow while we chuckled delightedly until Kathleen grew old enough to look indulgent.

We saw the bay window in which they had been married and the widnow above in where. Mother said, she had been waiting, wearing a teagown, when h e drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig.

"With Uncle Henry Bowder, Aunt Flo's huabdnd. He married us."

"There never was a happier marriage made."

Perhaps we had broughta picnic along for the Harts were great picnickers. We took Sunday breakfasts to the country sometimes. Not often. Mother and Dad were faithful church-goers. But they

~~Another tradition was that~~ a Hart brought back presents for everyone else in the family whenever he retrumed from even the shortest trip.

En masse, we observed our parents' wedding anniverdamy. As long as we lived in Mankato, whnn October the I5th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to Lake Madison, to the laskeside home which mother's stepfather had built before he and Grandma moved to California.

Except on the lake side, which had a dock and boat house. it was enclosed by a white fence with an arched ~~a stately~~ gate in front, and the road leading to the house was lined with fragrant evergreens. Kathleen and I, while our grandparents lived there, ~~had visited here and in the past and~~ had had good times on these spacious lawns... making hats from grape leaves, swinging in the long rope swing and having tea ~~dawdling~~ in the romantic summer house parties. ~~-or - The lawns were spacious with swings and a summer house.~~ A farm family lived there now.

Scuffing through the red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under which Dad had proposed. He had been camping with friends on the lakeshore and came to the house after supper to borrow a cup of salt.

We children would look up into the branches.

"It was moonlight," Stella would say dreamily.

"And she hooked me," Dad would crow while we chuckled delightedly until Kathleen grew old enough to look indulgent.

We saw the bay window in which they had been married and thw widnow above in where. Mother said, she had been waiting, wearing a teagown, when he drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig.

"With Uncle Henry Bowder, Aunt Flo's husband. He married us."

~~"There never was a happier marriage made."~~

Perhaps we had broughta picnic along for the Harts were great picnickers. We took Sunday breakfasts to the country sometimes. ~~Not often~~. Mother and Dad were ~~good Baptists faithful~~ church-goers. But they weren't what was called "strict." And ~~They played cards. They loved to go to dances, or balls. as the more elegent fun lodge functions were called. And~~

once in a while on Sunday we would pack a basket. roll up blankets, hitch up Old Mag, and drive through the dawn to cook breakfast ~~beside~~ out of doors. The smoke, th e boiling coffee, the sizzling bacon or sausage mingled delectably with the cool morning air ~~to make a still remembered fragrance.~~

Sometimes we were accompanied by the Woods or the Macbeths, friends from the Hi Fly Whist Club. Flossie Macbeth was to become Florence ~~Macbeth~~ of the Chicago Opera Company. ~~About that time~~ when they were six or so, she and Eleanor Wood and Kathleen, wearing spangled tulle dresses, one blue, one red, one green, danced together in a Kermiss. Kathleen's ~~dress~~ was the green one, and that shade of green still gives me a shiver of delight... ~~even without spangles.~~ though I always miss the spangles.

We took family ~~picnics~~ suppers to Sibley Park, ~~which stands~~ at the meeting of the rivers. We children would wade in the Blue Earth, throw pebbles amd gaze up at the ~~high~~ grassy tree-covered bluffs, ~~full of trees,~~ pm the Minnesota River side, and we enjoyed the tall wooden swings while Dad made coffee in the Park kitchen and mother spread out our supper on one of the long tables. Dad said grace of course, before we ate.

On the rides home, we sang, Kathleen and I cuddled in the ba k seat, baby Helen up front with Mother and Dad. We all loved to sing except Dad and he loved to listen. The first song in which Helen could join told about that bibble built for two. We "took parts" in Annie Laurie, "The Tavern in the Town," "Juanita."..... Mother had rich contralto voice, and rocked her babies to sleep with the lullaby from "Erminie/"

"Bye, bye,
Drowsiness o'ertaking,
Pretty little eyelids close..."

and other soft songs, like "Swanee River/"

According to her, if she sang "Swanee River" to me, I would stop nursing andstart to cry. She would change to something else, and I would return to the mipple, but if she slyly reverted to "Swannee River" I would let go and start to cry again. I don't

once in a while on Sunday we would pack a basket. roll up blankets, hitch up Old Mag, and drive through the dawn to cook breakfast beside out of doors. The smoke, th e boiling coffee, the sizzling bacon or sausage mingled with the cool morning air to make a still remembered fragrance.

Sometimes we were accompanied by the Woods or the Macbeths, friends from the Hi Fly Whist Club. Flossie Macbeth was to become Florence Macbeth of the Chicago Opera Company. About that time she and Eleanor Wood and Kathleen, wearing spangled tulle dresses, one blue, one red, one green, danced together in a Kermiss, Kathleen's dress was the green one and that shade of green still gives me a shiver of delight... even without spangles.

We took family picnics to Sibley Park which stands at the meeting of the rivers. We children would wade in the Blue Earth, throw pebbles and gave up at the high grassy bluffs, full of trees, on the Minnesota River side, and we enjoyed the tall wooden swings while Dad made coffee in the Park kitchen and mother spread out our supper on one of the long tables. Dad said gracem of course, before we ate.

On the rides home, we sang, Kathleen and I cuddled in the ba k seat, baby Helen up front with Mother and Dad. We all loved to sing except Dad and he loved to listen. The first song in which Helen could join told about that bibyble built for two. We"took parts" in Ainni Laurie, "The Tavern in the Town," "Juanita."..... Mother had rich contralto voice and rocked her babies to sleep with tge lullaby from "Erminie/"

"Bye, bye,
Drowsiness o'ertaking,
Pretty little eyelids close..."

and other soft songs, like "Swanee River/"

According to her, if she sang "Swanee River" to me, I would stop nursing andstart to cry. She would change to something else, and I would re turn to the nipple, but if she slyly reverted to"Swannee River" I would let go and start to cry again. I don't

Anecdote

~~It was a~~ tradition that a Hart brought back presents for every one else in the family whenever he returned from even the shortest trip.

En masse, we observed our parents' wedding anniversary. As long as we lived in Mankato, when October the 15th was fair, we drove in the family surrey to Lake Madison, to the lakeside home which Mother's stepfather had built before he and Grandma moved to California.

Except on the lake side, which had a dock and boat house, it was enclosed by a white fence with a stately gate in front, and the road leading to the house was lined with evergreens. Kathleen and I had visited here ~~in earlier days and the aromatic smell of the evergreens brought back happy~~ many recollections ~~of the~~ good times ~~we had had~~ in the spacious lawn, ~~of playing milliner under a beech tree, the leaves of which could so easily be made into hats,~~ swinging in a long-roped swing and dawdling in the romantic summer house.

Scuffing now through the red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under which Dad had proposed. He had been camping with friends on the lakeshore and came to the house after supper to borrow a cup of salt.

WE children would look up into the branches,

"It was moonlight," Stella would say dreamily.

"And she hooked me," he would crow and ~~then~~ we chuckled delightedly until Kathleen grew old enough to lokok indulgent.

We saw the bay window in which they had been married and the window above where Mother said she had been waiting, wearing a teagown, when he drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig.

"With Uncle Henry Bowder, Aunt Flo's husband. He married us."

"There never was a happier marriage made."

Perhaps we had brought a picnic along for the Harts were great picnickers.

We took ~~our picnic~~ Sunday breakfasts to the country, cooking over open fires, and the ~~mingled smells of~~ smoke, boiling coffee, ~~and~~ sizzling bacon or sausage ~~mingled tantalizingly in the~~ and the cool morning air.

know what this was supposed to prove but I doted on hearing it told. Most of the family stories seemed to pertain either to Kathleen, bevause she was oldest, or to Helen, because she was the baby.

When Morher wasn't putting babies to sleep, jer spngs to the were lively. Like "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines who fed his horse on pork and beans, or"Matching through Georgia," or...best of all...The Birdies' Ball." This must have been one of Aunt Libby's songs for I never heard it outside our family circle.

A favorite spot was Jones's Ford where a red iron bridge crossed the Blue Earth and looking down were the tall rugged bluffs where Pierre Charles le Sueuer and his men made a fort around I700. after digging tons of the blue earth and sending it to France in the false belief that it was copper.

Someitmes we were accompanied by the Woods or the Macbeths, friends from the Hi Fly Whist Club . ~~Florence Wood, Florence Macbeth and~~ Flossie was to become Florence Macbeth, ~~prima donna~~ of the Chicago Opera Company. She ~~Eleanor Wood, Florence Macbeth and~~ She and Kathleen and Eleanor Wood, wearing spangled dresses, ~~and~~ ~~green~~ green, one ~~red~~ blue, danced together ~~about this time~~ in a Kermiss. Kathleen's dress was the green one, and that shade of green still gives me ~~Florence was too young Florence Macbeth, who was of the Chicago Opera~~ ~~Company~~ a quiver, ~~I remember how it~~ as it did when I saw it hanging in our closet long after the dance was done.

We took family picnics to Sibley Park where high bluffs overlook the meeting of the rivers. We children would wade in the Blue Earth, throw pebbles. gaze up at the high rugged bluffs, which overlook the meeting of the ~~water~~ rivers, ~~and~~ and we would enjoy the ~~tall~~ wooden swings while Pad made ciffee in the park kitchen and mother sprsad our supper on one of the long tables. (A hot dish would have come wrapped in a ~~blue~~ table cloth.)

So far as I was concerned Kathleen danced it alone. Only she had a special ~~for~~ some for me. ~~and~~ He ~~was~~ was

"Spring Once said to the nightingale
I'm going to give you birds a ball

The birds and the birdies, great and small.

"Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la....."

As she sang those tra la las, mother jounced the lucky baby briskly, holdimg well out on her knee, her hands/firm beneath its arms. Her determination was to elicit a smile from the enchanted infant and I seldom knew her to fail. I remember Helen, a fat delicious baby, yielding a toothless smile and our Merian doing the same, for mother sang Birdies' Ball to her grandchildren, just as she had to us , through interminable verses of which she never forgot a line.

She played the piano with the same verve with which she sang, until Ka thleen took over, marches a fine forceful beat . We always had marches for birthday parties, to accompany the eager procession winding in from the lawn, ~~London Bridge is Falling Down or Go in and out the windows,~~ to the dinin g room and the every new excitement of the candlelighted cake.

We had cakes at every birthday but the firstbirthday a t which I had a party was my fifth one, memorable for several reasons.

To begin with, for this occasion, mother made me my first silk dress. I was overjoyed to have one, Silk dresses were what princessses wore. This was a checked rose and tan silk with lace trimming around the neck and sleeves. After the birthday I wore it every Sunday and did not doubt that the Baptist Sunday School was stunned by my beauty.

I had my picture taken in it, which was fortunate, for it had a short life.

Somewhere at one of Daddy's supper breakfast potatoes I heard about places called slums in a city named New York. Perhaps a piece by Jacob Riis in Dad's favorite Century magazine, the Centurym and he was telling mother about it. I leanred that children there in New York did not have enough to eat and wore ragged clothes.

Next day When I found myself alone, I went upstairs and took my silk dress out

off its hook/ I crept down to thekitchen and went to the ice box. A bowl of cottagecheese caught my eye. I dumped it into the glistening folds of my dress, then folded the dressup. wrapped it in a newspaper , tied it with a string and printed on the margin, "Tp the New York Poor." I gave this damp bundle to the postman secretly, and secretly he returned it to my mother, so I did not know for many years that my dress had not gone where it was intended to go.

Writing it down, I am startled to realize that this was the most unselfish action of my life. And so many years lay ahead of me!

Though I lost the dress, I still have two things from that birthday; A little glass pitcher which was one of the presents I received...and Bickie. That was when she came into my life and she still illumines it. We had eyed each other a few days earlier when the large Kenney family moved into our street but, due to her shyness and my too exuberant overtures, we had an unfriendly exchange. There were none such after we joined hands to lead the procession at my fifth birthday party.

When we had a tiff, which was seldom, we walked on opposite sides of the street but we never reached our destination with that chasm between us. At some point, with one accord, we would rush to the middle of the road and shiut, "I like you!"

Indubitably, we liked each other.

We played together all day long, until school began to interfere, and sometimes were allowed to take our filled supper plates up to a little bench which a neighbor had built on the woodsy slope which ended Center Street. It was called Center Street Hill, as opposed to the Big Hill which crossed Center Street here , and climbed to what seemed enormous heights, behind our house, ~~buggy shed and barn~~. Eating our suppers, on the little bench, after we had inspected each other plates with interest and exchanged a few tid bits we usually told stories.

Making up stories was a favorite diversion. Tess, one of Bick's older sisters, was good at it, too, and used to jump

"Spring Once said to the nightingale
I'm going to give you birds a ball

The birds and the birdies, great and small.

"Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la////.."

As she sang those tra la las, mother jounced the lucky baby briskly, holdimg well out on her knee, her hands/firm beneath its arms. Her determination was to elicit a smile from the enchanted infant and I seldom knew her ti fail. I remember Helen, a fat delicious baby, yielding a toothless smile and our Merian doing the same, for mother sang Birdies' Ball to her grandchildren, just as she had tous , through interminable verses of which she never forgot a line.

She played the piano with the same verve with which she sang, until Ka thleen took over, She played marches with a fine forceful beat and we always had marches for birthday parties, to accompany the eager procession winding in from the lawn...or whever we had been playing Londom Bridge is Falling Down or Go in and out the windows, to the dinin g room and the always new excitement of the candlelighted cake.

We had cakes at every birthday but the/firstbirthday a t which I had a party was my fifth one, memorable for several reasons.

To begin with, for this occasion mother made me my first silkdress. I was overjoyed to have one, Silk dresses were what princessses wore.This was a checked rose and tan silk with kace trimming around the neck and sleeves. After the birthday I wore it every Sunday and did not doibt that the Baptist Sunday School was stunned by my beauty.

I had my picture taken in it, which was fortunate for the dress had a shortlife.

Somewhere I heard about places called slums in a city named New York. Perhaps a piece by Jacob Riis had appeared in Dad's favirite magazine, the The Centurym abd he was telling mother about it. I leanred that children there did nit have enough to eat and wore ragged clothss. When I found myself alone, I went upstairs and took my silk dress out