

Descriptions of Visits to Family,  
Walking and Other Trips Around Tallahassee,  
etc.  
by  
Jerome Fee McNeill

The Mills Hotel N.Y.  
Sept. 14, 1908

Dear Jessie:

I had a nice letter from you the other day which, as always, I greatly appreciated. I have just written a letter to Mamma, which explains how I happen to be in the mood to write two letters in one evening. Keeping this reason in mind you will read this letter with a good deal of sympathy for the state of despondency induced by lonesomeness which could lead one to write two such silly letters at a sitting. (I have assumed that this is going to be a silly letter, there is no doubt about the silliness of the one that is completed). I told Mamma about some of the things that did and didn't happen to-day and if she does not burn the letter after she reads it you may eventually get it from her. It contains one piece of surprising information which Anna also knows about. If Mamma should consider this letter more or less unfit for publication and destroy it and you should strongly desire to know what this interesting item is you will have to possess your soul in patience until about the first of April next (All Fools day as Anna has justly remarked.) By this time the thing will not be any secret and Anna cannot reproach me with having betrayed her confidence. Perhaps you had better send this letter to Mamma and ask her to forward it to Anna so she may feel quite sure I have not told anyone but Mamma. There are some people so suspicious that they must twist an entirely innocent remark into something which is quite different from that intended to be conveyed and I want her to have visual proof that I have said nothing in this letter about IT.

I have told Mamma a little of my experience to-day. I will write you what happened yesterday. Other interesting things happened on the days before but the memory of much of them is gone with the days. The most that is left is an impression of very happy almost carefree days that do not down with every sun now in the dull middle age in which I live. Saturday we planned to go to Mr. Beacon eighteen miles away, the highest mountain in the neighborhood (1800 ft.) the place where signal fires were built during revolutionary times. A cable road runs straight up the steeply sloping side. We planned to get up along about three or eight o'clock and we did. With Leslie's help and mine it did not take Anna more than two hours to do what she alone could have done in one so about ten o'clock we left behind the rough streets of the town for the beautiful country oiled State roads. A green country with swelling hills around which wind pleasant roads along which we glide, stopping now and then to steal a few apples, now through sunshine sprinkled woods, then by a waterfall or a lake. Everywhere old-fashioned well preserved country homes and frequently the splendid palaces of the lucky rich. Two or three good solidly built, irregular towns of 5 to 10 thousand. About noon we reached Fishkill and the foot of the incline.

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Leaving the automobile we slipped up the side of the mountain and as we rose a splendid expanse of fog lay stretched before us. Through its enshrouding folds we could still see however the maplike country with the winding patchlike roads converging to Fishkil below. We should have seen Katewan (or "Wan Loike that") and other towns and villages and the incomparable and notobementionedinthesamebreath-with Mississippi Hudson but the gray pall blinded us. At the top of the incline Leslie complained of ringing ears and deafness. I did not feel this but did experience a plentiful scarcity of breath before we reached the monument after a climb of 300 ft. from the top of the incline. Anna felt neither of these sensations but complained of trembling "limbs". She did not say whether this unpleasant feeling was in the forelimbs or the hind limbs and my shrinking modesty prevented me from asking her, but I strongly suspect it was her legs. Leslie lugged the basket and I carefully assisted the girl when I could keep up with her, thus saved myself from an awkward fall as I clung to her fore limb.

We reached the summit and inhaled a few barrels of ozone, also some tobacco smoke and finally descended a few feet on the opposite side of the mountain to that on which the ascent was made. Here we decided to establish a temporary home on a shelving flat rock. It contained in the center a kitchen. "What is home without a kitchen?" Answer "It is a boarding house". Separated from this by a bush wall was the dining room which contained but one chair (or rather a chair-back) a convenient stone a couple of feet in diameter. On the other side of the kitchen an airy chamber luxuriously carpeted with "lush" green - brown grass. The walls and ceilings were fog gray beautiful pictures of many-hued woods and lake and rocky hillside beautified (I beg pardon for such vulgar English. I should have said "made beautiful") the walls. Leslie climbed down to the reservoir with coffeepot and pail for water. Having gotten this he had reclimbed a hundred feet he espied a pump. Considering this an infallible sign of water, presumably purer than ordinary frog-pond water, he poured out what he had to make the humiliating and anguished discovery a moment later that the pump had no limb (perhaps I may say Hand-le). Returning a sadder also a wise and likewise a tired man he refilled his receptacles and climbing up to Anna and me on the shelf found the hearthstone bright with the home-fire. We soon had the coffee boiling and we had to keep it boiling an interminable while to get a modicum of the strength from the berries (so greatly was the boiling point lowered by the pressure.

The first and last meal in the new home was irreverently opened by a joke from frivolous Leslie who said "Why is this region dangerous." (I didn't reply because I did not happen to think of it just then "because Anna is here"), but he said it was because Fishkill on one side and Catskill on the other. Judging by the curling waves of laughter that radiated from this home-spot and overflowed the hillsides wit and humor must have been easy flow or perhaps it was only that common things were illuminated and made beautiful by the light of love and

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goodfellowship. Anyway I have forgotten most of them. Anna recalled with joyful mirth a paraphrase of mine on Dolley when on the preceding day I had got a particle of gravel in my eye while riding. I said "The next time I feel like taking a ride in an autymobile I'll put a gravel-stone in my eye and take the rocking-chair." Did I say we went to the grassy floored living room where Anna seated herself in the exact center of the universe with Leslie on one side smoking and lounging, I supinely stretched at and close to her feet. Thus if you please, since this is our short hour to be sentimental and poetical the group representing a human home of which the center and inspiring cause is the woman, supported on either side by a man, one representing strength and the other adoring admiration. Which represented which I will not say and if you guess rightly you will only be half right.

But I make the story too long. We reached home safely, slipping softly through the darkening day. When aggravated by the increasing chill of night Anna's cough began to trouble - Leslie and I (and incidentally Anna), it was my coat that shielded her as Leslie's duties as Captain of the ship and helmsman put him at a disadvantage in the race to see who could oblige her first. On reaching Poughkeepsie we had to go some blocks out of our way to see the old home imperfectly through the dark.

Very incompletely and I fear quite inadequately I have tried to tell the story of one day. Necessarily almost all that made it memorable has been omitted or merely suggested. I have seen the bright sunshine not only feel but look cold, its warmth only a half believed memory. But someway this figgy day was illuminated and glorified by the purple glow of youth. Did I say or only think that it is barely an hour until train time and I must get through this unfamiliar city, a distance of several miles. All the rest I would write another time but it will be too indistinctly remembered or time will not allow or the mood will have changed. I have not heard from Ma for several days. I hope the improvement mentioned then as decided, still continues undiminished and intensified.

With love to all,  
Papa

Otis, Ind. July 3, 1909

Dear Mary:

I am on the train after an interesting day in the woods here with Dr. Cowles and his class. 29 of us today. He is a fine fellow and I think I can get just what I want from him. It is half past five and I think it will take us a couple of hours to get to Chicago as this is a smooth road and I have nothing in particular to do I guess I will utilize some of the time by writing you. There is so much to tell if I had time that I am discouraged from trying to write it. I am so extremely busy that I have hardly time to eat and I get nothing done on the book. If I had gotten here when the term started I would have been comfortably busy every hour of the day. They give me all I could ask for but the reading and notes and papers of one sort and another don't leave much time for play. The other day I went to Chicago as I had to have some things and I finally got a suit of clothes for which I paid \$30. The stuff was good and the clothes were well made and I concluded finally I had better get them. All I have are getting shabby. Among the things I got was a Gillette razor and when I got home I went straight to the barber and had my beard taken off. When I got through with this operation I was surprised and not agreeably. My first thought was you look like a circus clown who has pretended to be funny all his life but has been too conscious all the time that life was a good deal more of a tragedy than a comedy. Then I thought you look like an old actor. There were two deep furrows that ran from the nose to the corners of the mouth. These I was conscious of before the beard was gone but they were much more pronounced after the beard was removed. (The mustache went too, the barber trying to make the best of a bad business advised the removal of the mustache as it was so straggling. Farther out on the cheeks were two curved wrinkles that had been hidden by the beard. These gave me the appearance of laughing while the first looked tragic. So it was a serip-comic face such as I have seldom seen. Whimsical and humorous to a degree. When Miss Gano first saw me she had the surprise of her life probably. She said from the side I was Sir Henry Irving though she did not like my front elevation. This confirmed me in my opinion that I looked like an old blast actor of the Sol Smith Russell type. She said it was a remarkable face and with such a face I ought to do something remarkable. She meant of course remarkably ugly, not homely, but ugly. My landlady when she saw me first said "Well it will be cooler anyhow". The barber said you will surprise yourself when you look in the gladd. His guess was all right. I was surprised and pained. The idea of such a face belonging to a sober, decent, commonplace school teacher. I knew I had been deceiving people basely all these years by wearing a mask. It was a good thing I did not try the experi-

ment in Tallahassee. It is bad enough to get used to yourself under such circumstances but to endure the surprise, and pity, and dislike and ridicule of your friends at the same time would be pretty hard. I am inclined to think now that there should be law against a man's having his beard removed after he had worn it long enough for his friends to forget him. Having now made the plunge I hate to go back but I don't know, I guess I will experiment a little more.

Well I have not seen Dane yet. I will try to see him tomorrow morning. Sunday is the only possible time I can spare and this but seldom unless I can manage my work better. I changed Bot. 21 for Zool. 18 as it appears likely that I can get credit better for my Stanford work here if I get in with the Zool. man. I like Dr. Shellford. He looks like a boy of 22 or 25. He seems very kind and is giving me unusual favors. The course is a minor but he is going to give me extra reading and allow me to do as much or little of the field work as I choose and count it a double minor. This will give me the majors for the three months work and I think the work that I can do in Fla. will be worth more than any work done here to advance me in my course so I hope if things go well to get the Ph.D. in a couple of years with little or no more residence work. It is entirely out of the question for me to do anything with my Stanford work but I am going to show it to some of the men here and I think it will help me. Dr. Cowles says they have no particular requirements here for the Doctor's degree but give it after they are satisfied an applicant can do productive work. Altogether I think I am doing about the best I can though it is going to cost more than I expected, the \$150 is for the summer trip not for the stay for the present term. If Miss Gano and I could get the book done and think it would be a decided help. The weather has been decidedly cool for several days. I am glad to hear that Marjorie is going east with Mama and I hope she will make out a very pleasant summer. I hope Warren and Malcolm are in better shape by the time this reaches you.

Well it is 6:50 and I guess we are getting in the neighborhood of Englewood. I was about to say when we reached the station and I had to get off. I reached home and went out to get a suit of clothes that I left to be pressed and when I got to work Dane came in. He is looking well and I think he is doing pretty well but it is too late today to tell you about it and it is too uncertain to start to tell it tonight. He makes about \$125 a month. I intended to go to see him tomorrow but after seeing him I concluded it would suit Anna better maybe if I did not visit them till after payday as they are going to move and can't move till payday which is the 17th. So I will not go out there for a couple of weeks. I got a letter from Uncle Charlie tonight asking me to take dinner with him some night next week. I will do that and I think I had better go to bed now. My eyes give me some trouble and I do not like to work them too hard. I will write you more about Dane the next time I write. He says he is not drinking now except beer and that he has no anxiety about whiskey. He says he drinks a glass now and then but never gets under the influence of it any more and has no fear that he will. You had better send this to Pa and Jessie I guess as I can't well spare the time to write them and I know they want to hear.

Love to all of you.

Rome

Chicago July 20, 1909.

My dear People,

I have an important letter to write concerning a radical change in my plans for work and as I want you all to know something about it and as time is so precious to spend in duplicating letters I am going to resort to my old expedient of writing a joint letter. In brief I am going to give up the Canada trip with Dr. Cowles and make the Stanford work in the wings of orthoptera my principal work and stay here and work at it as long as I can. The way the thing came about is something like this. I have always been pretty sure I had a good thing but I have said little about it because I was afraid someone would get the idea and beat me to the goal. I have had this idea confirmed by what the men here say, they urge me to finish the work as quickly as possible and publish it as the basis for my doctor's degree. I am to have the utmost latitude as to residence and everything else I could ask. All that is expected of me is to finish the work and publish it. When I showed Miss Gano the work she saw its importance at once and immediately began to urge me to drop the idea of botany as the principal subject and stick to this. I was a little unwilling to do this because I wanted to get out in the woods for a change and because I had pretty firmly made up my mind to work at botany instead of zoology as I thought I had so much better chance at this sort of work in Florida. When I showed the work to Dr. Shelford and Neighbor his assistant they urged me so warmly to go on with it that I have finally decided to do this. Dr. Shelford said "That is a fine piece of work" and "That is excellent work" and "You have been very fortunate to stumble on anything like that". He wanted to know how many years I had been at it. Everybody else that has seen it and I have shown it to a half dozen at least are immediately struck with it as an important piece of work. I have always thought that it was one of the most striking and irrefutable evidences of evolution that has been published in a long time and I have had this impression confirmed by what the men here say about it. Of course it may be disappointing in the end but I have 176 drawings I believe, at least I have a lot and one of them is numbered 176 and they all seem to tell the same story. In brief it is this. The internal structure of the veins of the order Orthoptera show that they are all constructed on the same plan if their development is studied in forms of young and old and there is no possible explanation for this than that they are all blood relatives, that is they have had a common ancestor. Then I think I may be able to show how grasshoppers have come to have wings that fold up like a fan. If I am not disappointed in my expectations that seems very likely this will be a really important piece of work and I am very anxious to get at it.

Chicago, Aug. 2nd, 1909

My dear Jessie,

I am sure I owe you a letter so I am going to write you some account of my visit to Dane and Annie Yesterday. I cannot make it as full as I should like because there is material enough for a volume of respectable size. I feel sure that Dickens would have found in the company assembled yesterday evening as many and as striking types as in Pickwick papers for instance. I waited nearly an hour at the corner of 63rd and Stony Island before a S. Dearing car came along so that it was between ten and eleven when I reached S. Chicago. Then I misread Dane's writing and hunted up 8908 Superior St. when I should have been looking up the same number on Buffalo Ave. Their rooms, Dane's directions said, were on the second floor. I knocked on the only available door and an old woman came to the door and expressed regret at being unable to tell me anything about Mr. McNeill. She was sure she ought to know something about him but I gave her up in a little while and went down stairs. I regretted less her knowing nothing about Dane because she was not dressed with that degree of neatness with which we are accustomed to associate refinement of manners. In fact I accounted to myself for the appearance of her down by guessing while our conversation was in progress that she must have worn it ever since she was old enough to put on long dresses. At the foot of the stairs I met two rough looking men who like everybody else I met were really much kinder than they looked. They examined the postal critically and were finally able to put me on the right track. I knocked vainly on a door that opened on the street and finally made bold to open it and start up stairs. I met Annie coming down to see if she had heard someone at the door. Up stairs in the kitchen I met Dane. It happened to be a Sunday off for him and they had slept until 10 o'clock and he was finishing his breakfast which appeared to be beer and coffee. I joined him in drinking the beer. After finishing he and I started out for a walk, Annie declining to accompany us on the ground that she had to get dinner. Dane and I walked around the town and visited Bessemer Park which is one of the three parks which the town boasts. I wish I could tell you about it as it comes very near being an ideal park for a workingman's town with free play grounds for small girls and small boys and for men and for women, all separate, free library and reading room, free bathing pool with thousands of free bathing suits that had been thoroughly and scientifically cleaned and a free hall for all kinds of social meetings, political gatherings excepted. We went home at one o'clock and found dinner and Annie waiting. The dinner was very good and well cooked but the menage was no all that could be asked. We had napkins but no large spoons. We heaped ourselves to butter with our individual knives and helped ourselves to potatoes and other things with our forks. We had a pail of beer and I drank a couple of glasses. Dane and I smoked and drank beer. Lizzie came in, she is a cousin of Annie's about 18 and is a bright girl and works

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in a box factory. She and her brother Red Mike are being brought up by Annie's father who will appear in these truthful chronicles as Mike. He is a watchman and Red Mike is a machinist. The former was badly hurt in a mill accident and has a life job at about seventyfive dollars a month. His face is disfigured by the severe burn he received and he talks fluent but very broken English. In a short time Dane and I started to go to East Side park which is on the Lake shore. It is not highly improved but seems to have had willows (All S. Chicago was originally a swam) planted in rows along what were intended to be streets in somebody's subdivision sometime. Here we saw a game of ball and watched the lake till supper time. When we went home and as we were warm and dry (Drought seems to be the normal condition of S. Chicago) Dane sent out and got another pail of beer. I drank a few more glasses.. While we were doing this Red Mike came in and as he was very cordial, as were all of them, we had an interesting conversation. In a short time Joe and his wife (married two weeks) came in. Joe is a woodworker. His wife did not wait for an introduction but came straight across the room and shook hands warmly with me. I gave expression to my hypocritical pleasure at the meeting. Joe was a talker and kept the conversational ball rolling as did all the men. The women were all very shy and all, except Lissie, said just as little as possible. Shortly Bill came in with Mike. Bill is a good looking young man, a bridge tender who gets seventy-five dollars a month and has been boarder with Dane and Annie. By the way Red Mike is a boarder. Bill was dry so he sent Red Mike for another pail of beer and we all drank a few glasses. It was now past supper time but the company was too large for Annie's accommodations and did not appear until they had all gone which was about eight o'clock. Meanwhile we talked and when the pail was emptied sent out for more beer.. It was very good beer. Apparently it produced about the same effect as so much water would have done. I suppose in the course of the day I drank fifteen or twenty glasses and entirely unused as I am to the beverage it produced no effect upon me that I could see. Bill and Joe possibly showed some effect of their potations as Bill at frequent intervals broke out into a song of which he always sang just one line, which was "My wife has gone to the country and aint I glad" and Joe as regularly as if he had belonged to a phonograph record sang the refrain which was "Hurra-a-a, Hurrah-ah-ah). The men talked fluently, after the ice had been broken, with each other and with me. There was no finesse in their methods. When Mike came in he seemed disposed after shaking hands with me warmly to devote his attention chiefly to someone else than me. This did not suit the views of Joe, or Red Mike or Bill, I forget which one it was that made the remark originally but it evidently met the approval of all of them so it makes no differenow, "Well Mike here is Mr. McNeill don't you talk to him". Mike met the challenge squarely and after that it was difficult for anyone else to talk. I flatter myself that I met a situation that might be fairly considered difficult with some degree of success. They talked and acted exactly like boys and were natural and easy and anyone who could not have met their advances must have been a prig.. Towards the

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end of the meeting a little round Dutch woman came in and I was introduced to her (or more exactly she was introduced to me) as annie's mother. She could talk no English as she would never learn and she immediately took herself to the kitchen where she stayed until time to leave when she came in and shook hands again. After some time some heaven-sent inspiration suggested to them that it was time to go home and they all left but Mike, though Lissie afterwards returned. They all shook hands with me affectionately and expressed pleasure at having met me and regret at having to go and made me various offers to show their friendship as showing me the mill or the part of it where they worked and wanted me to stay over and come and see them. None of the women Kissed me. To be sure I do not know why they should, but, several of them were nice looking and they did and said so many things that I did not understand and that I should not have been surprised if they had kissed me affectionately. After they had all gone but Mike we had supper though Mike would have nothing but some coffee and some beer. We had to send out for ore as that in the pail had gr wn stale before we finished it... After supper we made cigarettes and sent out for some beer. Really wltthough difficult because so entirely new to me I had a very good day and enjoyed myself. There was less harm in drinking the beer, I believe than in drinking so much coffee. I am sure I could not have put away the same amount of coffee without making a nervous wreck of myself. The beer made no slightest difference so far as I could see either then or today. They have four fairly good rooms in the second floor front. Decently furnished, with several rather good pieces. There is a kitcher, with a bedroom leading off from it, a dining-ditting room with a bedroom leading off from it. They pay seven dollars a month. The great inconvenience is that there is no bathroom and the closet is down stairs back of the house. Arnie is a good German housefrau. They seem contented. Annie seems to regret the children she might have had. She said this morning that her boy would have been three years old if he had lived, and again she said that she had had three boys. She seemed to think her brothers experience of four children at the age of twenty-two was envisble. The obvious and usual opinion no doubt would be that Dane had done badly in marrying her but his case is so unusual that I am by no means sure that he has not done well.. By the way Annie told me that Dane never visited saloons. His drinking beer in the house she regarded, rightly probably, as of no more consequence than his drinking coffee. Very likely that is waht keeps him from drinking whiskey. Annie by the way in a few years will be a little round woman such as her mother is now. She does not seem to be a fit mate in education, culture, or intellect for Dane but it may be she has the qualities just necessary for his salvation. I think I will send copies of this letter to mama and Annie or rather you may send yours to Annie and I will send one to mama and I think it would be a good idea if you would all write her a nice letter. It would not hurt if one or two of you mentioned in-

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identally how much I had enjoyed myself. Perhaps if all of you did this it might not look quite spontaneous even to her unsuspecting mind. Dane says he is only seventy dollars behind and that two more paydays will straighten them out. His paydays come every two weeks. He is going to take the civil service examination for engineers as he does not like his present position. The mills employ seven thousand hands and business is looking up. They are able to employ 16000 when running at their full capacity. As I understand it his position is something like that of a superior machinist. Well I think I have told you all the facts and a few things that may not be facts and I think I must get to work. I have been to supper and then visited the Laboratory and must go again tonight to see how Ceuthophilus behave at night. Then I ought to write up my Saturday notes and those for Friday and today which I have not been able to do and then I can put in a little time copying descriptions. My time seems to be so cut up that I do not do much. This is the worst place ever invented for wasting time in entirely unnecessary ways. It is more difficult to get anything to work with here than I thought possible. It is not at all because people are not disposed to help you in every way but on account of the complicated and wretchedly bad organization that makes it necessary to see three or four officers, this is not exaggerated, if you want something of the value of a postage stamp. I had a postal from Marjorie today that states she is enjoying herself but I cannot answer it because she did not give her address. Suppose you send it to me. By the way I believe I would not show this letter to the relatives as it is too brutally frank. I wanted you and mamma and Marjorie and Annie to understand the situation as fully as possible and I have not glossed anything over, I think on the other hand I have not exaggerated. Well this is a scrappy letter but it is the best I could do with the many things pressing upon me to be done.

With love to all of you.

Papa

Tallahassee, Jan. 27th, 1910.

My dear Anna,

As this is vacation week and I am going to give but one examination I have a fine chance to catch up with my correspondence and as I owe everybody I write to regularly this is a fortunate opportunity. You may be interested to know that our new \$100000 building is actually in course of construction. When this is finished my department will have nine or ten rooms of various sorts, laboratories, store-rooms, lecture rooms, etc. and for the first time we will be decently equipped to do something a little better than mere high school work. I have just had a somewhat interesting trip to the country south of here and bordering on the Gulf which I will have to tell you about. It is bound to be a long story if I tell it at all and if you get tired reading it you can take it by instalments, say a page a day. It is a country of swamps and rivers and these swamps are still wild enough to shelter bear and deer. It is and has been for a long time a hunters' paradise, and only hunters and lumbermen and turpentine men know it, and each of these classes know only a part. Now there has been for a half century a persistent belief that a certain one of these swamps contained a volcano which has been not infrequently in a state of irruption. Almost everybody in this part of the State has at times seen a column of smoke rising in the direction of the supposed volcano. Some have seen both smoke and flames. It has frequently been reported for the last fifty years or more by ships at sea. Several newspapers have sent their expeditions to investigate the truth of the stories. Both the New York Herald and New Orleans Picayune have tried to solve the mystery. It is said that search parties have spent weeks in trying to penetrate the swamp, but have found the natural difficulties insurmountable and have always been defeated in their purpose. I have had some experiences in the swamps in various parts of the country for several years and especially this fall, which is remarkable for being the driest within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. I have walked all over what are called swamps this fall without wetting my feet. This condition of things has led two or three of us who are fond of walking to try to solve the mystery or to prove that there was no mystery after all. I have found on two former visits to that part of the State that the people there spoke very slightly of the volcano, but in spite of that we felt that such a persistent belief must have some foundation in fact and we wanted to find out what it was. After fixing dates several times for the start and being obliged to abandon them two of us finally got off on Saturday morning at eight o'clock. We expected to be gone three days but we got home Monday morning at 1:30. Did we find out the truth of the story? I am well satisfied that we did but did not find the volcano. What we learned was purely a matter of accident. We did not one of the things we planned to do but we stumbled on just the right man and I think we learned what we wanted to know. My companion may be known as A. Walker. This is not the name recorded in the family bible but it will answer. There is no doubt about his

belongin~~g~~to the walker family and the initial is all right too. Of course it will stand for a number of things, perhaps you can decide for yourself what it should be when you have read this truthful chronicle. St. Marks is three or four miles from the mouth of the river of the same name and twenty miles south of Tallahassee. It is the terminus of the third oldest railroad in the United States. At or about the time the railroad was built this was probably one of the most important ports in the country. At this time much of the cotton of northern Florida and southern Alabama and Georgia was shipped through this port. It is now a small hamlet with, I believe, one general store. Three miles up the River is Newport, a newer town, and once an important seaport, having a population of 2200, and collecting customs to the amount of \$1250000. Now it is the remnant of a town without a school, a church, or store and with two families within its limits and one or two others nearby. A Walker's plan was originally to go to St. Marks then go up the River to an abandoned tramway (about one mile) once used for hauling lumber, and follow this to the end, at a little river whose name I have forgotten, about twelve miles from Newport or St. Marks. This passes the north end of the swamp. His plan was after we had explored the swamp to continue on eastward until we had crossed the Wacissa River, six or eight miles, cross this river, because it was understood we could not make our way up the west side because of the multiplicity of swamps and entire lack of roads and inhabitants. The fatal defect of the plan was in the extreme uncertainty that we could get across the Wacissa. There had been a lumber company getting cedar about where we wanted to cross until a year ago, but it was supposed that they had gone. Without their assistance it was thought we could find no way to cross the river. It was evident from what the people I talked to said that we could get to the swamp, Pinhook, by way of the old tramroad, explore it, it covers about two sections, and come back by the way we went in, but the country between the two rivers is uninhabited and the uncertainty about our being able to cross the Wacissa made me unwilling to undertake this plan and we adopted the alternative. We left St. Marks about half past nine, I with a knapsack containing a loaf of bread, a box of crackers and some apples which I had brought from home and two cans of sardines and half pound of cheese which Walker consented to our buying rather unwillingly. He said that he always depended on the country and he got along very well. In addition to this I carried my plant press. Walker had his camera. We crossed the river and proceeded without loss of time to get lost. If we had gone up the river to the old tramway we could have found the swamp and got back without trouble probably, but we were too smart for that. Mr. Hall, an old resident of that region and now a citizen of Tallahassee, had told us how we might go diagonally to the tramway instead of taking time to go directly to the river end of it. He gave us minute directions which we tried fathfully to follow. After a while we found ourselves in the middle of an old salt marsh miles wide, with no roads apparently except the one we were following and this was taking us to St. Marks Lighthouse at the mouth of the River. The marsh was dry except for occasional thin sheets of water which had collected since the rain of the previous Thursday night. When we had come within plain sight of the lighthouse a couple of miles away without finding a road going north-east we concluded to abandon the road and strike straight north

across the marsh toward the tramway. We had not gone far when we came upon a very interesting find which caused us to forget the volcano for an hour or more. In the middle of what was normally a marsh we came upon two low mounds, each about ten by twenty feet and two feet high and perhaps twenty feet apart. They were made of flinty limestone and covered on top with a pavement of brick. They were connected near one end by a double row of piles about 6 in. in diameter and 2 ft. high. These looked like they had supported a walk and from the outer corners of the same ends of the mounds, a single row of similar piles extended for 100 ft., forming curved wings. Such a structure as this was surprising enough in such a place as it was plainly artificial, not Indian and of no use, easily conjectured, to civilized men. Continued search revealed at one end of one of the mounds (and later at the other) a partly buried plate of iron made up of small plates welded together. Our first thought was that these were parts of a boiler but further study led us to abandon this idea. Finally the Sherlock Holmes eye of my friend lit upon a round hole about 1 ft. in diameter near one side of the plate and this discovery seemed to confirm a theory he had been considering from the first. He said "I thought so. There is said to be an old Spanish fort at or near the mouth of the East River and this must be it. He said this and its mate, at the other mound, were gun shields and the hole was a port. Aside from other difficulties, which I pointed out, I suggested what seemed to me to be the crucial one that the Spaniards probably didn't know how to roll and rivet iron plates. I am not sure now that this reason was conclusive, but anyhow it never made a dent in his consciousness. The obvious fact that the middle of the salt marsh was no place for a fort, he admitted and asked me to furnish an alternative theory. I suggested everything I could think of from a zinc mine to a candy factory but he found unanswerable objections to all of them. We finally dropped the discussion and propped up ~~an~~ one of the "Gun shields" and he took a photograph of it and "the Spanish Fort". While he was busy in this way I spent the time searching for more evidence. I soon came upon a long iron plate entirely buried which measured about 2 ft. by 18 ft. with a wooden strip fastened to one side and each end. When I called the Archeologist's attention to this it strengthened his conviction apparently that he could furnish no explanation of its probably use. I tried my prentice hand then and suggested that during very high tides the gun mounds would be surrounded with water and the walk between (before mentioned) might have been protected by an iron balustrade. Of course the men who used it would be forced to crawl in case the fast fort was under fire but still it would be indispensable. He looked rather favorably, I think, on this suggestion but in order to leave no stone (in this case I should say brick, perhaps) unturned to establish his theory he continued the search for further proof. This he soon found in the brick. They were full of pebbles and he assured me that his rather extensive acquaintance with brick made in this part of the world he had never seen any made of such material. Then some of them had a rectangular depression on the under side. He thought this indicated that they were of foreign make. Well that ought to have clinched the matter, perhaps because one of the first questions (to anticipate a little) asked of Mr. Ladd, of whom more will be said, was in-

formation about the "Spanish Fort". When Mr. Ladd had located the fort he said at once "Oh that is the old salt evaporating works used during the War". This knockout blow to our archeological enthusiasm did not come until later, however, and we stumbled upon a second discovery a very short distance north of the first. Here we found a series of three Indian mounds, about 30 ft. across and 2 ft. high. There was fortunately no question about their being mounds and we decided they were Indian because we picked up numerous pieces of broken pottery. After our experience with destructive criticism of the "Spanish Fort" theory we were cautious about asking for confirmation on this point so the "Indian Mounds" discovery is still intact. After while we realized that the hours were slipping away and we were probably no nearer to Pinhook swamp than when we started and started due north again. We could see the flat pine woods over to the left a half mile or so but we could not afford time to walk out of the marsh at right angles to our course. We got along well generally but occasionally we came to shallow sheets of water that we could not go around and then we waded. While still in the marsh we ate lunch, choosing for this purpose an old cow wallow to get out of the cold wind. In the afternoon we got along much better as far as covering ground was concerned. We had not learned the secret of the roads of that region yet and that was disastrous to real progress. Briefly it is this way. The only plain roads there are those made by the collectors of turpentine. We followed many of them and they either faded out after a while or they led off in a direction we did not want to go. We did not find out until later that there are no public roads except three very old ones that are no longer used. The only way they can be recognized generally is by blazed trees. In the days when freight had to be hauled by wagons there were three of these roads doubtless much used as Fort Leon, St. Marks, and Newport were all thriving towns. Instead of hunting for roads then that led in the direction we wanted we were following turpentine trails all day. It was a matter of recurring surprise to us that no matter what road we took going north or northeast sooner or later it would be going southeast, or back toward the lighthouse. Sometimes we would persevere hoping to come to a road going in our direction. Sometimes we would walk back a half mile or so to take a fork going off some other way but eventually we would be compelled to leave the road and strike off north. Early in the afternoon we came upon a cabin which to our surprise showed signs of being or having been inhabited. There were old fishnets on the porch. The inside had a few cooking implements and an old bedstead without bedclothes. The front door had a note written on it in chalk to the effect that the owner could be back that night. As the note was not dated we did not know whether to expect our host or not if we took possession of his house for the night as we thought of doing. Here we made a little detour into a swamp a half mile away to see what the trees looked like. The Cabbage Palmetto (You have heard of the Palm whose top is cooked for cabbage) was the most striking of these. In the middle of the swamp we found a clear stream of water a dozen feet wide and an inch or two deep. After a moment's reflection Walker announced this is the East River

ford they told us about. It seemed a little strange to call this little brook a river, especially so three or four miles away, at its mouth it was said to be a half mile wide. It could have been only a guess and I don't think it was a good one, still it is possible in this curious country where good sized rivers flow away from a spring and again a river flows under a hill and out on the other side. In making our way out of the swamp we came across a road going at right angles to the way we wanted to go. We took one end of it after considering in an impartial spirit the advantages of going the other way. We followed this for some time and to our surprise came in sight of a second house in a country where we had supposed there were none. Considerably to our disgust this turned out to be the one we had left an hour before. Again we discussed the plan of spending the night there and taking a fresh start in the morning. We could not make up our minds whether we wanted the negro fisherman who probably lived there to come home and bring some fish to furnish us supper and breakfast or whether we preferred to go supperless to bed for the privilege of not having his company. We finally decided to leave the cabin but resolved to stop there if it got in our way again. We realized that the afternoon was wearing away and we concluded to give up tryin' to go anywhere in particular and see if we could get somewhere. We accordingly put on the third speed and went due north until we struck a road. This road was going nearly north and we concluded to go on until it crossed the trawway. It soon veered to the east, however, and finally to the southeast again. In our determination to persevere in following some road until it took us somewhere did not include the southeast and south as these directions could only take us to the Gulf. We turned back this time and retraced our tracks for a mile or more and came to a fork leading northwest. This would take us to the St. Marks and we would follow it up or down until we found out where we were. It did not run straight long however but before we were forced to give it up we had the surprisingly good fortune to meet a timber rider. He asked him if the road we were on went to Newport. He said "not the way we were headed!" We understood that he meant the road went to Newport but we were headed the wrong way. He took for granted, no doubt that we knew we were on nothing but a turpentine road which went nowhere. We felt considerable relief for a while as we concluded that our troubles were practically over. The winding of the road was not reassuring and soon we found ourselves going nearly south. Fortunately again we met a lot of convicts gathering turpentine and found we were three miles from St. Marks and one and one half miles from Newport. They told us if we would go back along the road with them they would show us the road, but they said that was not necessary as if we would strike through the woods in the direction they pointed we would come across the road. Another time we made the mistake of thinking they meant a road on the ground that you could see, when they undoubtedly meant that we should take the blazed road that was now impassible on account of fallen trees. We found another turpentine road again with little trouble and started out feeling sure this time that we were all right. After a while we came in sight of the river swamp but before we reached it a negro hunter made his appearance. In answer to our question he said

we were going in the direction of St. Marks. He said that he was going to Newport if we cared to go with him. We were not drawing the color line just then so we went along and finally reached the iron bridge which marked the location of Newport. My secretive companion now volunteered the information that he had spent the night at Mr. Ladd's and knew how to get there. When we had called Mr. Ladd to the door (You don't go to the door and knock in this country for fear of dogs) he agreed at once to take us for the night and when Walker said "You remember I staid here all night sometime ago", Mr. Ladd called out to his wife who appeared just then "Oh mother here's Mr. Walker who was lost and stopped here sometime ago". This was news to me but I could never get any details from Walker. This proved to be a good ending to our first day's journey. Though we had only gotten three miles from St. Marks that day while we had travelled (This conservative estimate it should be understood, is based upon what is sometimes called a scientific use of the imagination and is therefore not to be dismissed as a hasty and more or less inaccurate guess, but is based upon a careful comparison and impartial weighing of the evidence furnished by the wear and tear of our shoes and temper and the number and size of our blisters) ninety-seven miles six furlongs and five ells. I wish I could tell you something about Ladd, but that is another and much better story if I had time and could tell it as it was revealed to me. He is a Maine Yankee who has been at Newport since the war. He is Post Master, Weather Bureau agent, pecan grower, stocker grower, and a most inveterate talker. My friend says he makes \$1500 a year from pecans. Whether this is accurate or not he knows more about this fruit than anyone I have ever met and I learned many valuable things about pecan growing which will never be of any use to me. He is also a constant "spitter" and every eight seconds he has the pleasant habit of spraying everything within a sextant of two feet with a fine spray of saliva. He seems too to be a sufferer from asthma as he interrupts himself at frequent intervals with the involuntary catch which sounds something like thwzyprq (don't ask me to pronounce it is only a word on one syllable and besides I can't stop or I will never get this letter written). His wife talks as steadily and more rapidly and louder than he does. Luckily she was busy most of the time, as it was difficult to pay attention and nod or say yes in the right place with one of them talking in one ear and the other in the other ear. They gave us a fine supper, one of the best I ever ate (homemade bread, ham, and sweet potatoes, if you must know), an equally good breakfast and lunch. They gave us a good room and built us a fine fire of pine knots and beach, and a delightful bed with mattress and springs and five quilts besides the sheets, not to speak of three extra quilts piled on a chair in the corner. I wish I could tell you some of his stories as he told them but the following is the substance of the only one that is pertinent to this historical brochure (that may not be right but it sounds good). He knew all about the volcano. He was one of the guides for the N.Y. Herald expedition and his brother for that of the New Orleans Picayune. They did not find the volcano either time because it isn't there. There is no mystery about the swamp to the people that live in the neighborhood. There isn't a foot of ground that hunters have not been over. This year especially the swamp is all dry land except the

spring which is its cause. It is no more difficult to penetrate than the other swamps of this region and it covers about two sections. The spring, covering about as much ground as a good sized house, is the nucleus of the "volcano". In the fall not infrequently a dense fog arises from it (similar fogs are often seen rising from a river). This often ascends in a column which looks like smoke and can be seen for some distance. Of ten in dry seasons the marsh between the swamp and the Gulf burns off and the flames and smoke can be seen from the high land nearly or quite to the Georgia line. In addition to these evidences of volcanic activity, there is at Sheepshead Bay, two or three miles northeast, a long ridge of rocks which people think look volcanic. No doubt these are what are called "horsebacks" in some parts of the country. The rocks underlying this neighborhood are limestone with a larger or smaller admixture of flint. The flint remains after the limestone has decomposed. In many places I have seen such fragments covering the surface about as thickly as the boulders in some parts of Indiana and Ohio. The mystery of the volcano being solved and having learned by experience that it would be profitless for us to attempt to explore such a country without a guide and foolish to go without an adequate supply of food, we went to bed and slept industriously. The next morning we started up the east bank of the River following an old tramway which was said to go within a mile of the Natural Bridge. This is a place where the river 100 yds. wide sinks into the ground and reappears lower down. We thought we ought to improve the opportunity to see this wonder. We made detours in the swamp which borders the St. Marks. You must know that all the streams are bordered by swamps in all this part of Florida at least. These swamps are for the most part wet woods though some part of the area is apt to be covered with water more or less all the time. By noon we reached a railroad which runs semiannual trains to haul out timber. Here we had to make a detour of a mile to see a wooden railroad bridge which Walker said ran up grade to the middle of the bridge as a wagon bridge often does. The view of the river from this bridge was singularly beautiful but the bridge was a fake. The west bank is high and the railroad runs out over the river on the level of the bank and from there the trestle descends gradually to the low plain on the left side. Walker said he had been here along the railroad track and the bridge was said to be a mile from the Natural Bridge. We were compelled to leave our tramway here but we struck out up the river from its end. After we had walked a mile or so we came to a large sink-hole, perhaps seventy-five deep and as wide with a little water in the bottom. To one side of this and separated from it by a strip of ground a few yards wide was a dry cypress swamp but composed of very large trees. To my amazement the Romancer said "This is the Natural Bridge". We hunted for sometime in the swamp to find the river without success and nothing was to be seen of it in the other direction where the view happened to be open. This did not shake his faith. The fact that there was a well travelled road on one side of the sink hole and none on the side from which we approached was in some mysterious way proof conclusive to him that we had crossed from the east side to the west side of the River. Well we toiled on through the loose sand- Did I mention that walking in this country is like walking through loose snow. Of course we were lost again as soon as we left the tramway and more completely than yesterday because it was and had been so cloudy all day that we had had no sight of the sun and worse yet Walker insisted that we had crossed to the west side

of the river. There was nothing to do obviously but to go on and about half past four this policy was justified when we met a timber rider. In answer to our anxious question as to where we were replied that we "were in the woods". We told him that his information justified a suspicion that we had felt for sometime. After more talk he offered to take us to one of the roads of this region which is to be seen only on the trees. We took this advice trusting to his information that it would take us to the river and if followed to the Tallahassee and Southeastern R.R., he thought at Cory but was not sure about this. The distance he called eight miles, five miles east of the river. We thus learned that we had not crossed the Natural Bridge nor seen it. Well about half past six we found ourselves at the railroad, not at Cory but at Walton, 2½ miles east of there. There was a new station there but nothing else so we could not spend the night there very well. Looking about we discovered a light an eighth of a mile up the track. We made our way there called a man out and found we were 13 miles from Tallahassee by the railroad or 16 by the road and 6 miles to Chaires on the Seaboard, so we had our choice of walking to Tallahassee or walking to Chaires where we could take the midnight train. We chose the latter after some discussion. Before starting Walker said he was going to take off his shoes and go barefoot. I reminded him of the frequent pine roots covered by the sand, over which we were constantly stumbling and advised him not to try it. He said it was a case of have to and taking off his shoes carried them while I took charge of his socks, putting them in my knapsack. Half way there we stopped at a bridge to allow me to take a half pint or so of sand out of my left shoe. This shoe had been deserting me all day so that by this time there was not much left but a shoe string and a few eyelets. I firmly declined his advice to throw away my shoes as his experience had already justified my doubts of the wisdom of the plan. Twice already and once after this he stumbled over roots that were completely hidden with such force that his toes should have been broken. The fact that on these occasions he made no remarks that would have to be represented by dashes in this letter went far to prove I thought that he could qualify for sainthood without much trouble, that is on the supposition that veracity is an unimportant consideration to a saint. A little after we had crossed the St. Augustine road and were within a mile of Chaires, he stopped all at once and said in a mildly inquiring tone (I should like to know where my shoes are). I told him I was responsible for his stockings only and could give him no information about his shoes. He thought a moment and said he thought he must have left them at the bridge. I kindly offered to sit down and wait for him to go back and look for them but he said he was not sure they were there and he would let them go. Some people would have been so embarrassed at the idea of making a railroad journey in stocking feet that they would have taken even a longer journey even after a stroll of twenty-five or thirty miles but not A. Walker. Well we reached Chaires about half past nine and found everybody gone to bed and the station dark. The latter circumstance made us wonder whether the train would stop, but we were inclined to think it would if we had to build a fire on the track. Our anxiety was somewhat relieved by observing a water tank a short distance down the track and I may say our hopes were justified, the train stopped and we had no difficulty in boarding it. Meantime we had to pass two or three hours, famished and half frozen. I made one desperate attempt to get something to eat by trying to knock up one of the nearby houses. I got an answer from a man apparently in bed.

He would not get up and would not sell us anything to eat though he said they kept boarders and offered to let us in if we wanted to stay all night. Abandoning the hope of getting anything to eat we tried the station got in without difficulty, built a roaring fire in the stove and waited very comfortably until the train came. Our first business here was to buy out the Butch which we did as soon as we had located him fast asleep in the colored peoples' coach. The half hour it took the train to get to Tallahassee was all too short to enable us to satisfy our hunger but we scotched the snake if we could not kill it. On the platform I was paralyzed by my companion remarking, (We don't want to ride up, do we?) I certainly did not feel the need of further exercise just then and I was in something of a hurry to get to bed. I suppose these reasons would seem sufficient to him and when I reflected that he was in his stocking feet I thought he at least would want to ride. I was not to be bluffed that way, however, so I said "I am opposed in principle to doing anything to increase the stranglehold which these transportation companies already have on the public. By all means let us walk." Well I got home and to bed. I know I took my clothes off because I had them to put on the next morning. Mrs. Rose, wife of the State Chemist, with whom Walker boards told Mrs. M. that Walker ate up everything he could find in the closet, including the bread and grapefruit for breakfast before he went to bed. She said he has not been eating breakfast in the morning lately and she thought he could scarcely be hungry after his recent performance but as he stopped a moment in the hall she asked him if he wanted any breakfast. He said he thought he would eat a little. The rest of them had finished but he went to work and ate the last bite so that the two servants had to cook themselves breakfast. So endeth the chronicle. Maybe this will not seem funny to you but I have laughed over our experiences every time I have thought of it. I wake up in the night and laugh about it. Well I guess I had better stop here and give you a chance to do your housework. I hope both you and Leslie manage to keep well and enjoy yourselves.

With love,

1apa

Tallahassee, Nov. 21st, 1910

My dear Jessie,

This is a note to accompany an account of a trip to the Gulf. I am sending copies to Anna and Malcolm. There is no news of the slightest importance to add to this except that Mamma has had a return of malaria and is only just now getting around again. It seems to hang on remarkably. We have supposed a half dozen times that it was broken up but it continues to return. Perhaps as the weather is getting colder this will be the last. There has been a great deal of this kind of sickness here this fall. The college building is still far from done but it begins to be decently inhabitable at last. Last Wednesday for the first time we had heat in the building.

Love to both you and Father.

Papa

## A Quiet Sunday at the Gulf.

Wearied with the struggle to teach four laboratory classes in chemistry with one alcohol lamp to supply the heat and with watching from one to a half dozen negroes invent new ways of doing things the wrong way, and with washing a few hundred (or thousand) bottles, relabelling and rebottling, and with trying to persuade Kellum and Conradi that it was really time to do something that should and could have been done weeks or months ago, hearing a recitation once in a while, I accepted an invitation from Barber to accompany him, with a number of students to spend a week-end at Lanark. I did not feel much like I was going holidaying. I knew few of the students as most of them were new and few of them students in my classes. On the train I found a seat by myself and looked out of the window at the cheerful panorama of scattered pines and swamps and flat pine wood with occasional clumps of palmetto and rarely little clusters of frame shanties about a mill, and I assured myself that this trip was to prove a failure. I thought to myself that it will be so uninteresting that I sh'n't have to take the trouble to write about it. I might better have stayed at home and washed bottles. But I felt more cheerful when a crowd of forty-seven bright, pretty (more or less) girls tumbled off the train at Lanark, all sure apparently that they were going to have a jolly time. Very soon we had supper and I hurried down to the pier to smoke and look at the Gulf. The bay (Appalachicola) was lazily stirring as the sun sank below the horizon. Seward, a mile away lay a sand shoal, uncovered now as the tide was low. Four or five miles beyond lay Dog Island, just showing a glimpse of sand a few pines. Beyond this stretched the Gulf to the horizon where it met the sky bordered with a purple opalescent band of clouds and mist. I was enjoying this along when a half dozen girls with Dr. Stanford (The owner of the solitary row-boat) invaded my solitude and invited me to accompany them to the shoal. The Doctor was a friendly soul who had been at Lanark for his health and though long recovered stayed on because he liked it. Two of the girls took the oars and after some spashing we were headed for the shoal. Our voyage turned out to be less peaceful than I had anticipated. All at once a series of heartrending screams rent the air and the boat rocked dangerously as the girls in the stern tried to climb on the seats and the gunwale. I had learned from the Doctor that the water was so shallow that it would be possible to wade to the shoal so I was less alarmed than might have been. When the confusion was sufficiently allayed we learned that there was a rat in the boat. The Doctor and I scoffed at the idea of a rat in a row-boat but the girls solemnly assured us that several of them had seen (I should write SEEN). This occurred not once but four times on the trip so we were finally persuaded almost that by some miracle a rat had got in the boat but we never proved it. After the first alarm the girls wrapped their drapery about them and elevated their pretty shoes to the seats or to the rail. Arrived at the shoal we found a broad stretch of white sand shining in the moonlight like a snowbank. Our charges were wild with the scene and

## 2. Lanark.

and they romped and played until they were tired. When we finally got away they had extracted a promise from the Doctor to bring them back for a swim in the morning before breakfast. I had come prepared to bathe but it struck me as too cold. The Doctor Reassured me by saying that while the air was chilly the water would be warm. This seemed to me reasonable but I doubted whether my enthusiasm would be sufficient to cause me to abandon a warm bed at five o'clock so I did not promise.. Back at the hotel we found Mr. Coles, the manager, about ready to start with a party to the bowling alley. Having nothing better to do we followed though it was manifest that all of us would not find an opportunity to play. The girls took to the game wonderfully and we all agreed to petition to Board to give us a bowling when we got home. By half past ten we were ready to stop and we returned to the hotel and by twos and threes the girls went to bed. Finally the men were left alone and we sat about the fire telling stories and smoking until about twelve. Barber, Williams and I went to our room and to bed but not to sleep. Our charges, or some of them, laughed and romed and chattered until two o'clock. Once during the night one impish girl thinking it was getting too dull for anything and seeking to liven things a little, ran into a room next door (it happened to be occupied by a Mrs. Walsh, daughter, and small son. The lady was there for nervous trouble, as she told me the next day, the altitude of her home in Colorado being too much for her). The beneficent intentions of the young female pirate were amply rewarded. In a few minutes the corridors were swarming with white-clad figures. I think they were somewhat disappointed when they were finally convinced that they had been hoaxed and there was no fire. In the morning I managed a superhuman effort to get up and shave before eight o'clock at which time we had been informed we would have breakfast. As breakfast did not materialize I had time to smoke several cigars (my tobacco had given out and I could buy none) on the pier. After breakfast and after the girls had been assured by the thoughtful manager that there was no Sunday at Lanark, they scattered. Some went with Barber to collect butterflies. Some went to the bowling alley and some came to the pier. On invitation I accompanied a boatload of them in short trips around the pier while they practiced rowing. They informed me that they were going bathing on the shoal at noon and invited me to go along. I objected that my bathing suit was in my room and I was too lazy to go for it. One of them volunteered to go to the hotel and find a man who would get it. This was done and we started out with a full boatload, probably ten. Mrs. Walsh and her family were of the party.. Going over I thought to test the temperature of the water and was disagreeable surprised to find it much colder than I had supposed it would be. I conveyed this unwelcome intelligence to the rest of the party but they assured me that they all liked cold baths. I was not at all sure what a cold bath would do to me but as I was the only man in the party it was obviously too late for me to retreat. We put on our bathing suits and started to wade to the gulf. It was about high tide and the shoal was covered except at a few high points. If one could have jumped into the water at once and then gotten out after a few minutes splashing it would

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not have been so bad but we had started to go to the Gulf side of the shoal and enjoy the surf. The water was all the way from ankle to waist deep, hardly deep enough to swim anywhere. The Gulf seemed a long way off. The water would shoal and then deepen and we kept getting colder and colder.. As the girls persisted that they liked it I could do nothing but go along. We had seen two sharks going over and I thought they might need some one to say "shoo" to them if they got bothersome. Gradually they began to weaken and one after another they turned to go back to the bath-house. Three of the most determined declared they would stick it out though they no longer pretended the water was just right. I wasn't yet entirely paralyzed so I went along. Fortunately we came to a hole a little deeper than usual and they lingered there until they began to feel that perhaps it was not worth while to go to the Gulf. I think they were the more willing to give this up because it was perfectly obvious that we could not tell when we got there. There was no wind to amount to anything and no surf and evidently the bar shoaled gradually and we might have had to walk a mile before we found water over our heads.. When the decision to go back was reached we lost no time in carrying it out. The girls reached the bathhouse some minutes before I did as I turned aside to get out on an exposed place and run about to get my blood to circulating again. I may have spent five minutes in this way. When I reached the party I at once saw there was some unusual commotion. On inquiry I found Miss Walsh had fainted. She was lying on a shaky little pier surrounded by women. As her mother and Miss Abernathy were with her, I did not feel it necessary for me to thrust myself into a situation that might become delicate. I was informed that she was sinking from one fainting fit into another and having chills. Son and I discussed our swim and I debated what to do. Soon my anxiety was lessened by an invitation from one of the girls (I do not know her name yet) who seemed to have taken charge of the case notwithstanding the presence of the girl's mother and Miss Abernathy, to go to my room and dress. I carried out the direction as speedily as possible and was then told that they were going home at once without dressing. They had undressed and dressed Miss Walsh in the sun hoping to get her warm. They had borrowed my coat while I was dressing to help in this desirable end. When I understood the situation I was quite of the opinion that we could do no better than get to the hotel at once. As the mother had gone to her room to dress a short time before I came I had the girls pile their clothes in the boat. The small boy seemed to have been overlooked in the excitement. We compromised on dressing him by putting on his overcoat. His mother called out from her shelter that he must have on his shoes and stockings. This the capable manageress proceeded to do grumblingly, however, and declaring that she did not know how to put on anybody's shoes. I was afraid of the shaky old pier which was only an excuse for a pier about two feet high and twenty-five feet long. I had the boat brought to the end of the pier and two girls placed themselves in the stern ready to take the sick one on their laps. Then I had her put her arm about my neck and I supported her without difficulty to the boat. One of the girls and my capable girl wanted to row as they were quite willing by this time to acknowledge that they were cold. Half way over the Boss gave up her place at one of the oars to another girl and as there was no place in the stern stood between me and the rowers. As

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standing in a boat is always a risky experiment I told her to give me her hand. The ungrateful minx was ungrateful enough afterwards to call out in the dining room when we were eating dinner "Didn't we hold hands in the boat Prof. McNeill?" I had to acknowledge the truth of the statement but told her if had supposed she would publish it in that way that I should have let her walk home. She said in reply "he told me he did not want to lose me." No what would you do with girls like that? When we were nearly to the landing at the hotel pier it was discovered that quite a crowd was waiting for us. The girls were suddenly reminded of their unconventional attire. It was decided to let me help Miss Welch out while the girls rowed to the end of the pier. By the time this was accomplished I mean the disembarkation of the invalid) there had been so much moving about that they had recovered their assurance and they decided to take their clothes and run to the end of the pier where the bathrooms were. Barber when he saw that nothing serious had happened said "I see things continue to happen when you are around". I admitted the allegation and said I did not know whether I was a mascot or a hoodoo. Barber said we are going this afternoon to Dog Island on a gasoline sloop but I have a notion not to let you go as the least that can happen to us will be to have the engine break down and have to stay on the Island all night." I promised to be good and reminded him that the boat had sails so that we could get home if the engine did fail us. He said that the wind would probably fail them and we would not get home before midnight. We got away at o'clock and made the Island by 3:45 at the only pier (opposite Carrabelle) which was eight miles away. Nothing notable occurred except a discussion starting by the girls to visit Carrabelle on the way back. This would make the return trip eleven miles instead of eight and this did not matter but we were at a loss to understand why they wanted to visit a little villa where there was little to see in daylight and nothing after dark on Sunday evening. They said they were hungry and wanted to buy something to eat. Presumably the stores would be closed and we did not see how they expected to get anything to eat when we consulted the Skipper he put a new light on the subject. He said we would have trouble getting back over the bar if we left Dog Island in an hour as the tide was falling. If we did not get over the bar on this tide we would have to wait for the next tide. A little think like this which would involve missing supper and staying half the night in the cold when many were not clothed for such an adventure did not seem to disturb the girls. Barber left the thing in doubt but I think her decided against the proposal. We did not have to make any announcement however as the event was settled for us another way as you will see. Our stay was to be short and many did not care to leave the boat but some of Barber's students started up the beach with him on a collecting expedition and I went with a half dozen or more for the other side of the island. We walked a quarter of a mile or so along the beach on the Gulf side without finding much of interest as the beach happened to be unusually clear of shells and sea forms generally. Our most interesting experience was with the land crabs. These were very lively and they looked like huge spiders and they would run so fast that they were not easy to catch especially as they are very pugnacious and well armed.

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We had some sport in catching some of them for specimens and were about ready to go back when one of the girls came running up with some excitement and said that she had lost her pocketbook. It contained four or five dollars she said and was all the money she had with her. We started out to find a small pocketbook in a desert of sand without any great hope of success but by following our tracks and searching with particular care at the places where we remembered to have stopped we were lucky enough to recapture it but not until we had come within a hundred feet of the pier. We got aboard as soon as the party could be collected, cast off and were waiting for the cheerful chug chug of the engine. As some minutes passed without anything I was moved to inquire what was the trouble. I learned that the engine refused to work for some reason not known. We waited half an hour without anything happening when the crew started to get the boat under sail. All were willing to go home the shortest way by this time as everybody was cold and hungry and the delay made it pretty certain that we would pretty surely be hung up on the bar if we stopped at Carrabelle. I have to record a peculiar occurrence which I did not understand then and cannot explain now. The boat had no sooner gathered headway than the engine started up of its own accord apparently. Its freakishness in stopping and starting may have been due solely to the natural depravity which I have understood is inherent in gas engines but on the other hand this apparently inevitable delay may have been a strategic move of the skipper. We were slipping along under sails and engine at the rate of some seven or eight miles an hour when all at once an explosion startled us. As the engine did not stop I attached no particular importance to this but young man standing by me (A son of Dr. Blount of Carrabelle that had come with the boat) "I'll bet a dollar that's an ignition tube"(or was it plug?). I have but a vague notion of the internal anatomy of a gas engine but as the engine did not stop I reflected hopefully that its loss might be comparable to a vermiform appendix not to be mourned over unduly after it was once successfully lost. The boat soon showed sensibly less speed and I saw that my optimism was an untrustworthy guide. But this time the sails were taken in either because the wind was too light or the direction had changed or because they were afraid of running on the bar too hard. At any rate we were soon fast. Evidently the crew were not unprepared for such a happening because they at once produced a long pole and after ten minutes of hard work succeeded in poling over the bar. The rest was plain sailing and we pulled up at the wharf about eight o'clock. We found the manager and the rest of our party here and we were comforted by the information that they had wated supper for us. After supper we played bowls a little but everybody was too tired for much play and by half past ten we were all in bed. There was no playing this night as everyone was glad to sleep. In the morning we had breakfast about nine. I happened to be at the same table with Barber. We had just gotten fairly started when Mrs. Halch appeared with a fruit jar in her hands. She explained that she had gotten hold of a jar of shrimps which we invited to share with her. The jar was half full of little white things that looked like shut up crayfish. I helped myself generously and Barber did likewise. The young ladies at the table unexpectedly declined the delicacy. As I was eating my first "shrimp" Barber said "How are they?" I replied "The warmest thing I have eaten lately." As Barber manfully struggled with something that was

## 6.-Lanark

about as easy to eat as liquid fire he said "Girls better have some". They laughingly declined but said maybe Miss Abernathy would have some. Barber took the hint and passed them to her. We determined to eat the lot if it killed us and each began on a second lump of fire but nature rebelled effectively and we both agreed that no matter what we ate afterward, coffee, corn muffins, fish or water all tasted like Cayenne pepper. After breakfast I put in a little time rowing about the Bay with some girls that had not yet had a turn at the oars. At eleven we were all at the platform for the train. It got off on time and we should have gotten home without any unusual incident but at Helen, a station where there is a new sawmill, the train stopped so long that finally I was moved to find out the reason. I could find no one who could tell me when I happened to run across the newsboy. It was getting late and I was hungry but found he had sold everything he had to the girls except some green bananas. He said the train had stopped to allow a rich man to look at the mill with a view to buying. I had lived long enough in the South to know that this absurdly inadequate answer was doubtless literally true so I possessed my soul in such patience as I could muster. We had to wait only an hour and finally arrived in Tallahassee only that late. This was so nearly on time for this road that I noticed the bulletin board said the train was on time. After I had time to take stock I found myself much benefited by the trip. When I started to make the trip I realized that I was pretty tired of the weeks of drudgery incidental to getting started in a half finished building as well as to carry on laboratory work with altogether insufficient apparatus and supplies. But after the journey the realization was born in upon me that little tasks like washing bottles or sawing wood would be an agreeable diversion.

### A Figure of Pathos and Fortitude!

A figure of pathos and fortitude!  
The gray-fringed, gray-bearded head  
Unstably balanced on wavering trunk;  
On the weary furrowed face no trace of sorrow  
For unfulfilled ambitions or vain hopes;  
In the dauntless body no line of fear.  
An indomitable soul peering eagerly and anxiously  
Into the shadow-peopled depths of the Unknown  
For that dear comrade who's mere presence  
Satisfied all ambitions, settled all doubts,  
And secured his soul's desire.

I shall always see an old, old man, sitting swathed in blankets in his arm chair. Before him stands another chair, its straight back covered with a quilt to serve as a support for the wearied head. Facing this chair was a row of heavy chairs extending halfway to the door. These to prevent the support from slipping from his feeble hold, or from being pushed away by his inadvertent feet. For days he had been under the influence of sedatives so that it was difficult to tell whether he waked or slept. The great generous soul and active mind were then almost beyond our call. It seemed that occasionally the tired body yielded to sleep, and then he lay back peacefully in his chair. Most commonly he was bowed forward upon the chair-back in front of him. This was uncomfortable but he probably breathed more easily than when lying back or sitting erect.

For hours together, and more frequently as the end drew near, he sat upright with his head held high and his deeply furrowed face straight forward. His unconscious tissues though no longer directed by the will were so thoroughly disciplined that they held his body at attention to "meet what happens". Certainly neither the expression of either body or face ever suggested any trace of fear. Unconquerable courage was in every line. There were in the face, it seems to me both eagerness and anxiety. Of course the eagerness was to be rid of the wearysome and now torturing shackles of mortality and, especially, to feel again the tender hand-clasp and comforting support which for so many years had never failed, and on which he had grown so much to depend. His anxiety was to have resolved the faint though persistent doubt that Her hope and His might in the end prove groundless. My interpretations of the unconscious acts of an unusual man in his last hours may be entirely wrong, and its incompleteness is confessed since its purpose is to show a single phase of a many-sided character.

Jerome Fee McNeill  
In regard to his father,  
James McNeill  
January, 1912

## Our Philosophical Wives

### A Toast Given at Banquet of the Philosophical Club

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I am a little in doubt as to the meaning intended to be conveyed by this sentiment. In endeavoring to think up some bright things to say here I recalled the sentiment as worded in my letter of notification as "The Wives of the Philosophical Club." My first thought of this was it was too good to be true unless I hadn't been initiated into all the mysteries of the organization, as I had never heard of them. When at a convenient opportunity I looked up the notice again I found the toast was as given Our Philosophical Wives. I was tempted to say at once "They aint no such animal." But on more careful thought I am compelled to revise this opinion. If being members of a Philosophical Club makes us philosophers then indubitably our wives are philosophers' wives and if the wives of philosophers don't need to be philosophical why there is no truth in that utterance of some now forgotten brother philosopher "What is life, just one darn thing after another". So here's to our philosophical wives, God bless them, May some of their dreams come true.'

About 1912-13

## The Pilgrimage to Bainbridge.

At four o'clock promptly on Saturday morning Henry appeared ready to start. His knapsack was filled with three loaves of bread and a pound of cheese. Mine contained a loaf of bread, a package of cheese-crackers, a loaf of coffee-cake, a hunk of gingerbread, a glass of jelly, a glass of butter, and a dozen tomatoes. When I lifted it on to my shoulder I doubted whether I ever got to Bainbridge. The morning was warm and still but our early start enabled us to make good time and at eight o'clock we were on the other side of the ferry at the Ocklocknee river, twelve miles away. The pedometer marked thirteen but Henry had set it at the zero mark before he left his house, which is on the other side of town and we had already made two or three side trips for water. The Ocklocknee is a small stream so that the ferry boat reached half way across the stream. I asked the ferryman why he did not lengthen his boat and call it a bridge. He took the wind out of my sails by pointing to some newly hewn timbers lying on the bank and said he was doing that. We ate breakfast in a leisurely manner and Henry made a picture of the River and repaired his camera so that it was 9-16 when we started. The first two or three miles ran through a turpentine forest and in the middle of it we found a clear, coffee-colored stream which looked so inviting that we took off our shoes and stockings and had a fine wade. Getting out of the woods we travelled through a fine country and crossed the Georgia line about noon. We had walked twenty-two miles. We did not care for dinner but found a store at the fork of two roads both leading to Bainbridge where we found a single huge watermelon. We found a good place under a tree and cut it in half. I was so struck with the size of it that I immediately asked Henry what we would do with the rest of it. He announced very positively that there wouldn't be any rest of his half. My admiration was excited by the inroads he made on his portion for a time but after he had disposed of a cubic foot or two his enthusiasm visibly and rapidly diminished and at the last we left enough for another two hungry men. We chose the Concord road. This goes across the country instead of following the G.P. & A. R.R. The road was fine and went through a beautiful country. We would walk up one long slope to the top of the divide between two streams and immediately descend to another stream. This we repeated until dark when we reached a place which we had picked out on the map as a suitable place for camping. It was on a hill-top sparsely covered with pine and oak. It was only a few hundred yards from a large good-looking dwelling. This was across the road however, and a large tobacco barn protected us from view. As our clothes were wet with perspiration and we had no blankets (Henry had a light coat but had not even that) we had determined to build a fire and dry our clothes and we didn't particularly care to have visitors. On the hilltop we found a number of deserted cabins, though one of them was occupied by a number of goats that had gone to roost. This, by the way, is an obviously inappropriate term which was suggested by an incident that I will relate. Retired to rest sounds a little stilted so I fear I shall have to let the first expression stand. A few hundred feet away Henry picked out a small oak with drooping limbs as a suitable place for our slumbers. He said the dew would be heavy and the tree would protect us from the falling dew. I have an impression that the dew does not fall in reality but as I had walked 35 miles that day the obvious

## 2.-Bainbridge

heresy of such a statement did not strike me at the time and I accepted the suggestion as a good one. We had eaten so much watermelon that we decided we wanted no supper so we set about making preparations for the night before it got too dark. I collected wood for the fire near an old pine stump which I was sure was fat and would burn easily while Henry collected wild cherry leaves to make us a couch. He gathered two big armfuls and asked me opinion whether I thought that would do. As the ground was nearly bare under the low-growing limbs of the oak I thought it a little doubtful but as it was pretty dark by this time we decided to make it do. As it was still so early that we did not like to run the risk of attracting attention from the road which was not very far away we rested and smoked until about nine o'clock and then proceeded to build the fire. I stood some branches against a pine that stood a dozen feet away from the fire and festooned my garments about these branches. As I had preempted the only available tree Henry was forced to extemporize another method of drying clothes. He hit upon the idea of piling green branches within three feet of the fire, and disposed his garments. He explained that this was pretty close but said he would watch closely and urged me to do the same. This proved more difficult than was anticipated as we seemed to have chosen the favorite hunting grounds of a colony of ants. We were pretty actively engaged in standing first on one foot and then on the other while we removed the red-hot ants that were evidently thirsting for our blood. While we were giving interested attention to this small matter which seemed for the time to outweigh larger matters, the wire-grass took fire. The ceremony which must have looked from the road like the solemn dance of naked dervishes was immediately succeeded by one of a much more strenuous character as that gets beyond control in the woods is no joke. Henry took time, however, to rescue the remains of his "porosnit" union suit from the fire. He afterwards remarked that it did not make much difference anyhow as the burn would be covered up. As we were not well equipped for fire fighting we hastily clothes ourselves in our shoes and after a few minutes lively work put out the wire for the time being. As the stump got well afire and the heat constantly increased it would catch from time to time and have to be put out again. After one of these alarms I heard an ejaculation which was a perfectly good ejaculation under the circumstances, all things considered, but I am afraid it would not look well on paper, so it is omitted here. The trouble this time was with his shirt. He saved most of it, however, there was still plenty to put on and except that the left half of the collar was destroyed it didn't look so bad, at least in the dark. After another side-stepping bout with the ants and a not very successful effort to adjust our delicate epidermis to the roughness of the wire-grass and the prickles of the pine needles and get a little much needed repose, we concluded that our clothes were dry enough and put them on. We were no sooner dressed than I received a mild shock by having Henry propose to go for a drink of water before retiring. I did not at first thought see how we were going to get by the dogs. Then waking country people and calling them out of their houses is a practice not looked upon with much favor in this part of the country. However, when Henry had explained that he had located a well, across the road from the house an eighth of a mile back the thing began to look more feasible and I consented. The trip was made without any

### 3. Bainbridge

trouble except that incidental to walking about in the woods in the dark as tripping over projecting roots and running into branches of trees in unexpected places.. We finally arrived at the well where we found two negroes ahead of us on the same errand. It appeared that they were on their way, in the night, from Salary to Makepiece. Their presence explained something that had occurred during the campfire scene. We heard some hollowing but we were busy just then and besides we were not in visiting costume and we did not want to see the owner of the woods anyhow that night. In a little while the noise stopped and we were willing to let sleeping dogs lie. It is probable that these men watched our performance though we did not ask them. They probably took us for lunatics and decided that it was not worth while getting acquainted. Besides colored men would naturally be a little careful in breaking into a white man's camp in th's country. We got our drink and returned to the camp easily being aided now by the light from the fire. We took a final look at the fire and sought our leafy couches. This proved to be not to be so poetical as it sounds. My suspicions about the insufficiency of the stuffing of the mattresses was soon justified and besides we found that we were not out of the ant zone. Nor was this the full measure of our troubles. I had no coat and it had grown quite chilly as night fell. I had taken the precaution to leave off my over-shirt, partly with a view of preserving the remains of its pristine beauty as had survived the strenuous eighteen hours of the day past and partly to serve as a coverlet. I arranged the leafy stuffing of my couch and made a pillow of my knapsack, containing the loaf of bread the jelly and the butter and a half dozen eggs which I forgot to mention in my inventory. This was the only use I got out of the eggs as Henry is a vegetarian and I had not hungered for that kind of nourishment. In the morning they were so mashed that I had to clean out the knapsack with a spoon so as they were not a great success as a pillow they may be considered to have been wasted. By artfully disposing my shirt so as to take it cover the largest possible area and by tucking the sleeves under my chin I found myself fairly comfortable. But I soon discovered that I was comfortably tucked in bed and ready to go to sleep than I would feel the stealthy tread of an ant on the southeast corner of my body I usually waited for a few minutes hoping he would lose his way and maybe wander over onto Henry, but I always found this was useless for sooner or later I was forced to seize him with a none too gentle grip and hurl him into the outer dark. Generally he or some of his depraved tribe were back by the time I had got myself carefully tucked in again as this was an operation not to be hastily or carelessly performed. This kept me so busy that I had no opportunity to sleep. This however was not the only cause of sleeplessness. After going to bed (So to Speak), we were both of us shocked and startled not to say scared by the ost soul-harrowing and nerve-racking noise I have ever heard. I had plenty of time to think about for a form of expression that would describe it and I finally concluded that the best description I could give of it (Though this is admittedly inadequate in giving any conception of its horrible uniqueness) was "The noise made by a drowning man, laughing and vomiting in

#### 4. Bainbridge

in a large, echoing, nearly empty cistern. "It was impossible to locate the sound. Sometimes it seemed no farther away than the branches of the nearest large trees, at other times we thought it might be as far away as the large house we had passed on the road. As we had lots of time we discussed this horror thoroughly but without coming to any conclusion as to its cause. For a long time I could think of nothing it could possibly be but an owl of some unknown sort. Later though when we had deserted our beds for the campfire, I remembered something I had read. After thinking this suggestion over for sometime, I finally said "Henry in my youth I once read of a very horrible, entirely mythical monster called the Jabberwock, I suspect that we have run across it." Henry with gratifying promptness at once admitted the entire reasonableness of the suggestion and thereafter we referred to it without hesitation as the Jabberwock. At 1:20 we betook ourselves to the campfire and built it up. At three o'clock we concluded we were not sleepy and as we wanted to get an early start anyhow we might as well get up. Henry immediately announced his intention of hunting up the Jabberwock, which had continued to sing all night at fairly regular intervals. I let him go alone as it was too dark to see a Jabberwock and I hadn't lost one anyway. He came back shortly and said he couldn't see it but it was not an owl as he could see a shadow slipping about in a vacant room in the deserted cabin. In a little time as it was getting light he decided to take another look. He was gone so long that I was debating the advisability of going on a relief expedition, when I was relieved to see him coming from the direction of the old long cabin with a good sized watermelon under each arm. He said at once that he had made out the Jabberwock and he thought it was a goat with the distemper. In the presence of the melons and the announcement of his discovery the Jabberwock lost interest. We lost no time in sampling a real Georgia watermelon on its own ground. I did not ask any unmannerly questions about price or ask any explanation about how he had happened to find anybody astir at that hour from whom he could buy watermelons. Henry is a deacon in the Presbyterian Church and, of course, above suspicion. It is a fair assumption that he had met up with a negro who had collected his watermelons early in order to get off seasonably with his family on a ten or twenty mile ride to church. The unusual excellence of the only one we ate would suggest that it must have been stolen but the hypothetical explanation I have suggested would be in entire accordance with this theory. The one we ate was of the brindled variety. The other one was black and looked like a shipper. We did not eat it but left it on the ground either as a part payment for the lodgings we had had or as a return for stolen goods as the case might be. Not having any water we made a hasty toilet by wiping the back of a shirt sleeve across the mouth and took the road. Henry followed his usual system when walking of going either bare-headed or bare-footed. In the morning before the sun gets hot he wears his shoes but puts his hat in his knapsack. In the middle of the day he wears his hat but takes off his shoes and tying them together by the laces hangs them over his camera

### 5. Bainbridge

tripod or about his neck. We concluded to eat breakfast at a creek two miles from Bainbridge as shown by the map. This day we travelled through a country of large plantations and negro huts. When we came to the creek we failed to identify it with the one on the map and passed on but in a little while became aware by the passing mileposts that we had missed our chance to bathe our feet and possibly get a drink of water. The latter would have been unnecessary if I could have persuaded Henry to carry the other watermelon. It was a dark melon and I tried to convince him that it was a shipper and would have borne transportation well. He declared that melons were too cheap in that country. I do not quite see the force of this remark as I paid 35 cts. for the melon I bought the day before and I thought that was all it would have been worth in the North. He probably knew what he was talking about however.. Having missed the creek we found a lake some little distance off the road and made our way to it. It was filled with waterlilies and very dirty so we did not venture to use it even for toilet purposes. I took off my shirt and we proceeded to eat breakfast. Perhaps I should explain that it is not de regle to takeoff your shirt when you eat breakfast in this part of the country. The day before Henry and I had debated for some time as to who drank the most water and who sweated the most. At the end of the day we had reached the amicable conclusion that he drank the most in the morning (fifty three cups was his first achievement. This is the less incredible when it is known that the folding pocket cup he uses did not hold more than a table-spoonful. At first he was inclined to scorn the idea that I could be a serious rival to him in this particular. He did not make proper allowance for the larger size of my cup. After carefully watching the persistence and frequency with which I drank at every possible opportunity he handsomely admitted that he was mistaken). With regard to our relative abilities as sweaters he was a little slower in doing me full justice. He claimed that the water ran off his legs so abundantly that his shoes were wet and I could not exhibit anything in that line to compare to this. Later in the day, however, when he was compelled to observe the appearance of my shirt which had changed in color from light straw too deep brown he admitted his mistake and we reached the conclusion (mutually satisfactory) that while he sweated most about the extremities I sweated most about the body. As it was Sunday and we expected to meet the population going to church I naturally wanted to present as neat and trig appearance as was possible after a forty seven mile walk in June. After all I suspect that my efforts were only relatively successful as Mary characterized my appearance after getting home as dirty. But then she hadn't seen Henry. At least I didn't looklike I had had a narrow escape from a burning house. Well about eight o'clock we entered town. Bainbridge is hidden by its trees but there was a column of smoke straight ahead of us which was doubtless the water-works. This was doubtless on the river and could not have been very far from the landing where we hoped to find a boat that left regularly on her down trip to Appalachicola every Friday and Sunday. We had counted on catching this boat spending five hours or more floating down the river to River Junction and there catching the Seaboard train and getting home at three

## 6. Bainbridge

or four on Monday morning. Unfortunately both of us are color blind when it comes to sense of direction.. If his sense is zero mine is minus quantity. So when at the edge of town he proposed to take a street at right angles to our proper course saying he had been in Bainbridge once and thought he could go to the landing I followed his lead unquestionably. We walked in the new direction "quite a spell" and as we did not seem to be getting nearer to town we turned at right angles and after a while came to a hotel which marked the center of town nearly enough and we found the pedometer marked 47 miles. There was no one on the streets of whom to ask questions. We could have gone into the hotel but we were afraid they would sick the dog on us. We started out to find a drug store. This was easy but we found it closed. We were both of the opinion that a glass of soda or dish of ice-cream was coming to us and we started to find one but here we met with a cruel disappointment. It seems they have a Sunday law in Bainbridge and even a restaurant cannot sell such frivolous things as icecream or soft drinks. The proprietor told us we could not buy a match in Bainbridge on Sunday. We were lucky, in a way, in this place in meeting a man who said that we need not hunt up the boat because he had come up the River a few before and the Captain said that the water was so low he probably would not go down before the middle of the week. This was not final however and we persisted until we found the boat tied up to the wharf with no evidence of anybody's part to disturb her rest. We concluded there was nothing to do but catch the eleven o'clock train on the G.F. & A. to Tallahassee. We found this after a while on the other side of town. Henry looked at the pedometer and said it registered 50 miles. Having plenty of time we concluded to go to a little wood across the track and take some much needed rest. We spread ourselves out on soft grass ( I am not sure there was any grass there but it was soft anyhow). Of course we firmly resolved not to go to sleep. I sleep with difficulty in the daytime and anticipated no sort of trouble but three times I caught myself on the verge of sleep. Henry slipped clear over for when the train came in I had a good deal of trouble to get him awake. When we got our tickets he said he was going to take advantage of the Sunday rate and go on to Lanark and take a swim. Lanark is a summer resort on the Gulf and I could not see myself in the midst of a Sunday crowd so I bought a ticket to Tallahassee..When we arrived Henry was asleep and I left without disturbing him. I didn't walk home this time and I got there just in time to wash and dress and get dinner. We talk about going to Iamonia next Sunday. This will make a round trip of 40 miles. Henry this morning proposed that we walk to Pensacola which is 195 miles. He thinks we can go in eight days if the watermelons hold out.

July 24, 1922

"The Beechmont"

A name suggested for the new hotel in Tallahassee by Jerome McNeill, formerly Professor of Botany in the Florida State College for Women.

1. It is a distinctive name (like Royal Poinciana). It is not used elsewhere, in the South, at least.
2. Easy to say; sounds well, and looks attractive in print.
3. Is appropriate because Tallahassee is a hill city and the permanent natural forest (now in its early stages on these red clay hills) is a forest which contains Beech as a principal tree, as in the eastern United States generally. Thruout its range while the beech maintains its relative abundance, it is accompanied by different species, notably the Hemlock in the northern portion, Sugar Maple in the Central States, and Magnolia south of the Alleghenies.

Old Beeches (sometimes of splendid proportions) and young trees can be found on all the hills north and east of town. The largest I have seen are hidden in a dense woodland at the eastern end of the first cut on the Seaboard R.R. northeast of the city. A few miles farther out, a short distance east of the railroad, is a considerable beech forest. In the first wood east of town there are young beeches of all ages scattered thru the hammock.

These observations are supported by statements made in 1827 by J.L. Williams who published a book, "A View of West Florida", in which he spoke of "abundant groves of Oak, hickory, beech and magnolia crowning the hills and covering their slopes."

Inwood Farm  
Feb. 21, 1926

Dear Jessie:

I take my pen in hand is, I believe, the authorized way of beginning of a letter to tell you about the fire but as it would take more than enough to make a dictionary to write what has happened during the night of the fire and since I will just jot down some scraps as they come to me, beginning at the end since that is the freshest. I owe everybody in the family a letter and as I can't possibly find time to write to each of them maybe you can send this around or make copies for Anna, Howard, Gregg, Warren, etc.

Last night we were quitting work hoping for a little rest today when Laura waiting for me on the back porch of the tenant house (where we are in residence now) saw the red cow jump into the yard near the big tree on the north side and then jump out into the fruit garden. She raced up (her usual pace for the last 13 days) and got the cow out by making her jump back. As it was dark by that time, we quit for the night and this morning as early as possible we visited the scene again armed with material to fix the fence. Laura put out the "old devil" again. (I am of little use where agility is required, especially after two weeks of strenuous exertion as I am still lame). We then worked at the fences till mid afternoon and then called it a day and went home to bathe and eat.

Perhaps I had as well add a word about the fire tho this is only to be a reagre outline. I may never get time to write more. Monday a week ago, the 8th, of Feb., I believe, we were all sitting by the fire thinking about retiring. As I had occasion to go out on the back porch, I took the flashlight and opened the back door in the hall. I was at once attracted by a faint glow in the back yard like lamplight from a window or very faint moonlight or, I didn't finish, but at once hurried over the porch and out into the yard and glanced up at the kitchen chimney. There were faint blue and yellow flames for about four ft. along the two uppermost rows of shingles at the west end of the roof. I went into the house and informed the folks (without excitement) that the roof was afire. Without words we went to the garage and got a light ladder while Laura started the pump. I climbed onto the porch roof and Laura handed me a pail of water. Making my way with difficulty over the steeper roof of the kitchen I got near enuf the fire to do some execution with the water, but unfortunately most of it flowed down over the roof and made it so slippery that I could not get back to my position near the fire. Laura tried to help me by climbing over the porch roof with her shoes off (She found one of them after the fire, but the remainder of the evening she tramped in stocking feet over sandspurs, and has suffered a small martyrdom with her feet since). As it was evident we could not get near the fire by the direct route, I tried the scheme of climbing up the gutter where the kitchen joins the

main house and straddled the roof comb and tried to get to the fire at the other end of the roof. I found very quickly that the shingles near the ridge were too hot for comfort and since the ridge was too hot to sit on without asbestos roofing for the seat of my breeches. By this time it was evident that the fire had been burning under the roof for two hours, or since supper. There was a slit window in the east or front end of the building and the draft was carrying the fire toward this very slowly no doubt, until the fire about the chimney burned a hole in the roof. It didn't take as long to think this as to write. I was about to suggest the uselessness of our trying longer to stop the conflagration, when Laura suggested that we give it up and save some of the things in the house. I think we made record time down the ladder and then into the house but Laura beat me both because she is spryer and because my place on the ridge was more awkward. I found her trying to get a desk or something out the front door and into the yard. By this time, incredible as it may seem, the roof was blazing from end to end. He persisted as long as it was possible but by this time it was evident that things in the front yard would burn as the fire was making a gale to the east tho there was almost no air stirring at the start. We had little success in getting things out of the narrow gate and all of these burned eventually (except a little bundle of clothes, including a new suit of mine which Laura grabbed at the last, and the iron cot which Father and Mother both died on. I succeeded in time to get it into the yard where we found it after the fire but also without bedclothes. This is about all we rescued finally from the fire. (Tho the grass in the yard was too short to carry fire very fortunately for us or we might have had the groves burned, and the farm, in fact including the other buildings and the car) except a chair of Mother Gano's and one of her treasured pictures and the before mentioned fence. Our two nearest neighbors got to us while the fire was at its climax but it was of course too late to do much. In fact two fire engines with plenty of water could not have put out the fire if they had been on the ground when I first saw it. As you know the house was double-walled and all fat pine. It must have burned under the whole roof before it broke out and then it isn't much exaggeration to say it went like a flash. One thing I will add and then I must stop for the time. The continuation of the episode may get written sooner or later. The thing I wanted to close with was this. I fortunately had on the slippers Marjorie gave me. I took them off and left them at the foot of the ladder when I got on the roof and took time to put them on, lucky for me, when we gave up fighting. These and the pair Mother Gano had on were all that were saved out of 15 pairs in the house and these I have on as I write and they are as good as ever. I think I'll keep them for heirlooms. I must add that we came out whole except that Laura got an extensive burn on her bare fore arm (a couple of inches wide and 5 or 6 in. long. It seemed the others to be mentioned were surface burns from the frightful heat of the flames. This has been slow healing but is much better now. Mother Gano had a similar burn but less severe and I think this is about well. Strange to relate I blistered the top of my head - I suppose I will have to acknowledge now, the hair is a little thin. I must run to feed the chickens.

With love to all of you.

Father.

Laura's note added to this letter:

Dear Jessie:

Your father owed your Uncle Howard a letter as we heard from him recently with intimation that your Aunt Ella might come to visit us if we invited her (I will enclose his letter so you see how it is with them) and I was anxious for your father to make a prompt reply and ask her to come. But as things now are we can hardly accommodate ourselves and certainly no visitors and I fear your father will not get another letter written very soon. So if you can read this letter and can make some copies so others can read it, we shall thank you - if you will send one around to Leslie and Warren and also a copy to Gregg and to Howard - or one to Howard and tell him to forward to Gregg. This will acquaint the circle with our present circumstances - and I have so little time to write I fear they will not otherwise soon learn the particulars.

Mother has not been feeling very well - the reaction from the nervous tension - and has suffered from neuralgia for several days but is better this evening. I think she has endured the whole disaster and rude camping experience very wonderfully and I am proud of her pluck. Her attachment to her possessions made it a fearful shock besides the actual loss of all her things.

With love to you both,

Laura

Mother says "tell Jessie, she and Marjorie were the last ones to see the picture of my beautiful Lebanon home where Father and I were married". She keeps thinking, you see, of the many things so suddenly destroyed.

Tallahassee, Jan. 15th, 1912.

My dear Anna,

In spite of the fact that you already owe me two letters if my bookkeeping is straight, must write to you to congratulate you on the very interesting news contained in a letter to Jessie a few days ago. I have never been a grandfather yet so can't really tell whether I shall like it or not. My chief anxiety is that I don't look the part. However I shall be getting older every day and probably by the time he gets ready to go to college people will not mistake me for his elder brother. But if they do it won't do any real harm will it? That is a very consoling thought and I am glad I thought it. Go on and do your worst. It is probably easier to be a grandfather than a mother after all. Which is all very silly but I have mislaid my guide to Letter Writing and as I have never congratulated a daughter on the prospect of child I don't know what to say. It can't be out of the way tho to keep well and strong and happy as possible so the baby comes into a bright and cheerful world under the best auspices of a well and happy mother. Of course you are following the advice of a good doctor but after all there isn't anything to do except to keep as well and happy as possible. I don't really know whether a doctor would think it well for you to make a journey of some length at this time or not. We would like to have you here for a couple of months if you could come. We don't get reconciled to the notion of having our children at the other end of the Continent. Jessie has been a wonderful help and comfort this winter. Marjorie is busy with her last year in college and Jessie is good enough to take all the work off Marjorie's hands. Of course she is great help and company for her mother. She is indispensable as she likes to walk and we go at least once a week for an all day walk. Today we walked sixteen miles measured by the pedometer (ask Leslie) and she was no more tired than if she had been to the grocery. A couple of weeks ago I went for quite a tramp with the Mr. Henry of whom I think you have heard before. I am going to enclose this account with this letter. While you are doing much but have a baby you might write the grandfather to be once in a while.

With love to 2 1/2,

Father and 1/2 Grandfather.

### A Vacation Trip.

For some time Henry and I have been planning to go on a camping trip for a few days during the Holidays but the weather was so unfavorable that we did not get off until Saturday morning, the next to the last day of the year. We had planned to go to and around Lake Iamonia, around Lake Missocukee to Monticello, and back to Lloyds where we expected to take the Seaboard for Tallahassee at midnight, Jan. 1st. --The result was different as the account will duly set forth. I had for baggage a knapsack and a botany case filled to the hatches with two loaves of bread, rye and graham, one pound each of head cheese, sliced bacon, and English walnuts, two boxes of fried potatoes, a suit of underclothes, two pairs of socks, and some handkerchiefs, besides some first aids to campers which it is not necessary to specify. Henry had his camera, bread, cheese and pecans, and a patent, duplex, reversible frying pan that could be folded up to such a compass that it would almost fit in a large man's watch pocket. As it was dark when we started we walked along soberly for several miles without paying much attention to the trees which were the ostensible object of the trip. In the course of the day, however, we examined hurriedly several very interesting woods, but I shall not attempt any description of these as they are much less interesting to hear about than to see. The Meridian road, which we followed all day, runs to and around Iamonia traversing the divide which separates that lake from Lake Jackson which is in sight for several miles. This lake is twelve miles and Iamonia 20 miles long. It was eighteen miles to our camp tho the pedometers registered twenty-eight. This was occasioned by the numerous detours we made for the purpose of examining interesting forests. We passed in the courses of the day only three houses of white men. The first belongs to Mr. Wilson, one of the principal dry goods dealers of Tallahassee.. This is a fine one story building on the top of a high hill. It has a beautiful view of Lake Jackson and the surrounding country. It is twelve miles from town and we thought of stopping but as it was a half mile from the road we concluded that time was too pressing.. Incidentally I learned why the road was called Meridian. There is a small building on the road about fifteen miles from Tallahassee which was formerly a store and post office of the same name. This probably gave the name to the road though it may have been the other way. I leave the point for historians to settle. The important thing is that we had expected to get some butter and eggs there and the disappointment caused us to determine to stop at the next white man's house which belongs to a Mr. Wells..As we reached the gate a negro mammy approached from the opposite direction. We waited for her and asked for information as to the probability of our getting the supplies that we needed. She was in doubt. She explained that they had formerly kept a store but she thought it was closed. Acting on her suggestion we accompanied her to the house..This was a nice, verandaed, one-story frame about an eighth of a mile from the road. It was surrounded by good farm buildings, including a good store building, and had a good yard adorned with trees and shrubs. On reaching the house she suggested that we wait in the yard while she notified the proprietor that we were prospective customers. We stood about

for some minutes, wondering a little at the coolness of our reception. Finally the owner, a pleasant looking and soft spoken gentleman, appeared and we made known our business. He regretted that the chickens were not laying and he had sent the butter to market the day before but he willingly agreed to furnish us a drink of water. We accompanied him around the house to the well. He drew a bucket of water and called to a little girl to bring us a glass. We were about to thank him and leave when he asked us to come to the house and get a glass of cream. Now I am not used to talking of cream in that reckless way. If he meant milk I had no use for it, and if he meant cream I wouldn't know what to do with it. The idea of drinking a whole glass of cream struck me as being almost sacriligious and I was obliged to decline. In going around the house my attention was attracted to a couple of well-grown orange trees and I politely inquired whether they had borne this season. He informed us that he had gotten two barrels and a half from the two trees asking us to wait went into the house and brought us out a half dozen to try. Our attention was then attracted to a fine lot of hogs and expressing interest in them he took us to see his 500 lb. boar. This, I have no doubt, a perfectly good boar, but he acknowledged Mr. Wells introduction of us with a surly grunt which did no credit to his southern breeding. Altogether he had a confident and self-satisfied, not to say arrogant air about him which did not encourage familiarity. I doubted the aptness of the term domestic when applied to him. He may have been sufficiently domestic in the bosom of his family if other food was abundant and of sufficient variety but his manner was such as to inspire respect rather than affection in the rest of the world. We learned from Mr. Wells that he raised forty hogs weighing 250 lbs. at twelve months and we thought this pretty good for a Leon Co. farmer. He then took us to see a herd of good-looking cattle which were feeding in a field of fine ruta bagas. They seemed to my unskilled judgement to be fine cows. If I have correctly assimilated the information imparted by him, they were mostly Duroc-Jersey grades or something like that. When we were at the point of leaving, he said "I am sorry I can't ask you gentlemen to stay with me tonight but you see we have a new baby in the house and I am afraid it would not be very comfortable for you." We assured him of the pleasure we should have in accepting his invitation under different circumstances and explained that we were on a rambling expedition partly undertaken for the pleasure of camping out. With mutual, and I think sincere expressions of pleasure at our meeting we finally took our leave. The South has certainly developed kindly people. To meet them is often a pleasure and an education.

Proceeding on our way we decided not to try Mr. Anders, who lives a mile farther on the road, for eggs and butter as we were afraid we would not be allowed to camp. In this respect our fears were groundless as we learned from a remark of his next day. One of the sisters expressed surprise that we had not come to the house. Mr. Anders said that he very well understood how men sometimes preferred the woods to a house but regretted that he had not known we were in his neighborhood as he could have sent us fresh pork and things.. We did not know whose land we were on and we were a little afraid the owners wou'd come around and order

us off the grass. Our camp was admirably located in all ways. We were in a little pine wood in the middle of a large old field covered with broom-sedge and entirely surrounded by woods. We estimated that the nearest house was not nearer than half a mile and it was on the other side of the woods.. There was a running stream a few hundred feet from the spot where we determined to build the fire. This spot was determined for us by finding two logs close together. These were 18 in. in diameter and we rolled them together to make a V and built the fire between. As there was enough down wood to keep a fire for two weeks we did not economize on wood at all.. Cooking in the new frying pan proved so interesting that it occupied all our time (after the fire was built) from 4 o'clock to bedtime nine o'clock. We came pretty near cooking all the provisions that had been intended to last three days. Don't fancy that our cooking was of the common bacon-frying camp kind. To be sure we fried six or eight skilletts of bacon just to get the hang of the new frying pan. On discovering that we had too much grease after warming up the potatoes we tried the experiment of frying bread, this was very successful but we improved on this soon by putting cheese on top of the bacon. When we attempted to fry the headcheese we met with our first check as it merely grew soft and fell to pieces. Our ingenuity overcame this difficulty and in a little we had invented a dish which is believed to be new to science. It may hereafter be called Camp Fricasee Henry and McNeill. The exact formulae will be withheld from publication but the foundation ingredients were head-cheese, cheese and bread. The seasoning may be added to taste. They consist of a camp-fire, good companions, pale stars, a fair moon, and the air of the open road.. Supper over we washed dishes by wiping out the frying pan with Spanish moss and got ready to retire. This was a simple process. I made a pillow out of my knapsack partly filled with clothes. Henry not having the spare clothing, substituted a couple of loaves of bread. We were ready to complete our preparations for bed by untying our shoes when we heard at the distance of a few hundred yards a man calling his dog and collecting hogs. This made us think that we were yet to have a visitor. Henry declared at once that no nigger would be calling hogs at that time of night unless he thought they were in danger of being killed or stolen. Our privacy not being further disturbed we stretched ourselves by the fire and Henry lost no time in going to sleep.. I lay awake for a long time. The night scene was too interesting to leave. We were near the border of the wood and looking one way there was a great chamber roofed by the sky which seemed to rest upon the black tops of the trees, all brightly lighted by the fire. A continual stream of sparks were carried swiftly to the lower branches of the trees where they were seized by invisible hands and carried by devious ways until they found a resting place far afield. On the other side was the brown field fenced by the mysterious forest and drenched with moonlight. There were no sounds but the distant barking of dogs, the solemn murmuring of the pines and the crackling fire. Getting up once to put more fuel on the fire I was startled by hearing Henry call out "Hey". Receiving no answer but a repetition of the challenge I concluded he must be dreaming so I waked him or I thought I did though the next morning he could not remember that he had gotten up and helped me rebuild the fire. He told me the next day that he dreamed he was driving off a negro who was prowling around the fire. This

ought to remove any doubt but our Welch rabbit was a success. Twice again during the night he repeated the performance. The second time he thought he was driving away a dog that had come up and licked his face. About one o'clock as I was still wakeful and my feet were uncomfortable I took off my shoes and put on all my stockings. This worked well and I slept till morning waking once in a while to fix the fire. As usual morning came too soon. Contrary to our custom we decided to breakfast before starting. We spent so much time over this meal that it was 7:30 before we broke camp. We had scarcely left the woods bordering the road when we were overtaken by a young man on horseback accompanied by two dogs. We talked pleasantly and in the course of the conversation we told him what we were doing and where we had spent the night. On hearing this he laughed heartily and said "That explains the story my man Jim has just finished telling me. He said he saw a fire last night over in the old field and when he got over there he found four convicts had built a fire and were getting ready to kill a pig so he called in the pigs and shut them up. When he went over to the fire to drive the men off they saw him coming and ran off and hid. In answer to the question as to how he knew the men were convicts he replied that the one fixing the fire (Henry) was as big as old man Beardsley and he had on the stripes. "Now consider the result of this not too auspicious beginning of acquaintance. When we arrived at the gate he invited us to come in and have breakfast. When we explained that we had just breakfasted he urged us to come in and have a cup of coffee, anyhow. We pleaded the urgency of our work and the shortness of the time. He said we ought to see his Magnolia hammock over by the lake. To be sure it was on the other side of the farm and two miles away but he offered to hitch up and take us over. We were unwilling to put him to the trouble but said we would visit the hammock if he would start us on the road. This didn't seem to be a very good arrangement and he wanted us to let him furnish us horses to ride. We finally got away after promising to come up to the house when we got back and get a drink of water anyway and as it was clouded over and looking very like rain we partly promised to stay for lunch. The hammock was magnificent, 300 acres and in a part of it 95% of the trees were Magnolia. There were also many beech, hickory, post oak, and basket oak. We spent an hour or so in the woods and were engaged in the interesting sport of trying to wade out to an island in the lake when it began to rain so hard that we were afraid we would get wet so we started for the house. On our arrival we were introduced to the two sisters (the remaining members of the family). There were young, straight, comely, nicely dressed young women who looked very Scotch. They made us as warmly welcome as if we had been old friends and introduced us to a room with a fire in the fireplace. Brother and sisters were disturbed at our wet clothes. They were fearful of our taking cold or having pneumonia. They urged us to dress in Mr. Anders clothes while ours were dried. We smilingly refused to change our clothes but surrendered our coats and headgear and these were taken to another room where a fire was built and they were dried. They thought we ought to at least change our socks and when we thought this unnecessary they tried to persuade us to take off our shoes and dry our feet by the fire.

Refusing had got to be a habit by this time so we declined to do this. The house I might say was a very good rambling, frame, one-story structure with verandas on several sides. It was old-fashioned with a large open hall running through the middle. It stood several hundred yards back from the road in a large, level, park-like yard of several acres. Scattered around at a distance of a few hundred feet were farm buildings, a dairy barn, a cane mill and a tobacco barn being the most notable. Everything was in excellent repair and the ground about the out-buildings was grass-covered and as well kept as about the house. There was an entire absence of the litter that so commonly cumber a barnyard. This in spite of the fact that there were pigs, horses, and cows in the enclosure. Among these was a three-legged pig which seemed to be able to get around cleverly. It were vain to attempt to recount all the things they thought to do for our comfort.. We were not left alone for a minute. Before dinner if it was necessary for the brother to leave the room one of the sisters took his place while he was gone. After dinner they were all with us all the time until we left.. They brought us oranges raised on the farm and read magazine articles to us that they had found especially interesting. From time to time, or as fast as I could smoke them, the brother made me cigars out of home-grown tobacco which he said was four years old. When I seemed to be having poor success in cleaning my pipe with a wire brought along for the purpose they got me a particularly long, good broom-straw. They in turn asked our advice about every conceivable subject connected with farming and listened interestedly to amateurs instructing professionals. They repeatedly urged us to stay all night and enforced their argument by declaring that the nearest station on the railroad (Havana on the G.F. and A.) was twelve miles and the roads were probably impassable. They thought we probably could not get across the slough this side of the river without swimming. When we urged the importance of our work would make it necessary for us to get home since the continued rain was going to make our trip impracticable, Mr. Anders said if we would stay all night he would take us to town in the morning, saying he had to go in a few days anyhow and he had as well go then. We were unwilling to put him to the trouble as it would very likely be raining in the morning. Then they all declared that we should allow Mr. Anders the privilege of driving 24 miles through the rain and mud to get us safely to the station. Now what would you do with people like that. We insisted that it was a lark for us and we rather liked the rain and mud for a change. When we had at last prevailed and were ready to say goodbye (The goodbye of warm personal friends, mind you), I was about to light a final cigar which Mr. Anders had made for me, Mr. Anders observed that my box of matches looked damp. He immediately insisted on getting me a fresh box and then at the suggestion of one of the ladies hunted up a metal box in which William's shaving stick comes thinking it would keep out the water better. When we had broken away and got a hundred yards from the house we heard them calling from the veranda and turning we saw Mr. Anders running towards us with a plate of oranges. We put these in pockets and knapsacks and were very thankful. We had unkindly refused their offer to put up lunch for us and we really hadn't any great supply of food.

But I have entirely forgotten to say anything about the very nice dinner we had. I couldn't well recall all the good things we had but it was very nice and well served but without the aid of servants. If we had been offered nothing but hoe-cake and hominy it would have been a feast so fine and utterly genuine was the spirit of hospitality which enriched it. One circumstance should strike you as amusing considering that you have to exist in the snow-bound North. One sister or the other was continually engaged through the whole meal in shooing flies from the table with a newspaper. I was honored, to my surprise and confusion, by being given the head of the table. I don't understand yet why the master of the house did not occupy his usual place. The brother sat at the side of the table on my left. The sister dressed in white sat on my right, next to her was the lilac girl, and across the table sat Henry. As soon as I perceived this arrangement I was seized with a painful suspicion. I have never been able to explain the fact to my entire satisfaction, but it is true, nevertheless, that I am often suspected by strangers of being a man, shall I say, addicted to, or at least able to pray. The stage setting made me fear that I was it again. Immediately disconnected phrases like "return thanks", "bounteous feast", "material comforts", and the like began to circulate in my consciousness when Mr. Anders took up his napkin and began to unfold it. Be sure I lost no time in following this admirable example but it was all of no use. The lilac girl said "Professor will you ask grace?" and the fat was in the fire. No I didn't either. If you think I said "Heavenly Father we return thanks mbl m-m-m-m-m-m" you are mistaken. No, after all the matter was very simple. I said, with the impressive manner usual to me, when I don't forget, "Let us unite for a minute in silent prayer". Outwardly I suppose this was about all of the performance except that after giving the silent signal that my prayer was finished and that they might as well cut theirs short if they were not done, I murmured "My people are suckers, you know, and this is our custom". Internally, however, the course of events was different. Of course I can only testify for my end of the table. I had reached about seventy-five, when I thought "Goodness, you are hurrying the count. Better make it 125." Before I reached the goal, however, I thought again "These people are Scotch and they wont have any respect for a little squib of a prayer like this", so I proceeded at seemly pace to 200. I judged by the pleased countenance of my friends about the table that it was an acceptable performance, I do not wish to flatter myself but I think it was the most successful prayer I ever made..

Well, as I have said, we finally escaped from the kindness of the people I should be pleased and proud to call my friends. The trip to Havana was no great feat though it was sufficiently wet and ruddy to make it noteworthy. We got around the slough, only getting wet to our knees and stopped for a while to wonder at the brimming river. After dark it wasn't very dark because enough light filtered through the clouds to make the white road fairly visible. We made lucky guesses

at least three times and took the right turns. At Concord, tho it was only 6:30 we met no one in the streets and there were but few lights in the windows. We sat on a store porch for half an hour and ate oranges and studied the map with the aid of matches, the remaining five miles we made in good time and without especial difficulty except at Shaw's Creek and here we had no real difficulty though a considerable creek crosses the road three times in a hundred yards and there is no bridge. We walked through the creek and the walking was not bad. It is astonishing how easy difficult situations often become when squarely faced. We arrived at Havana at 8:10. As the train fortunately happened to be only an hour and a quarter late we had only a couple of hours to wait. We passed the time pleasantly enough. The ticket office we learned is not open at night but the station is open and lighted. The latter circumstance was lucky for us as we were thus saved the trouble of breaking in. As the Agent had not considered it cold enough to build a fire we were obliged to remedy this omission as we were chilled and wanted to dry our clothes.. So after eating a part of our nuts and the remainder of our fried bread and fixings we took off a reasonable number of our outer garments and proceeded to get dry from the inside Outward. This necessary procedure was interrupted to some extent by the fact that the station seems to be a sort of club-room for the young men and boys of the town. It is possible that the meeting that evening was fuller than usual through word having got about some way that two famous travelers and explorers were in town. However that may be it was only a short time until every seat was filled and standing room was at a premium. If we could have charged a small admission we should have made quite a good thing out of the show. However we did not fail to profit by their presence. Some of them were utilized in holding our clothes while they dried and we chartered some of the small boys to show us a place where we could get a drink of water. We were conducted for a couple of blocks and around to one side of a two-story brick building. Here we were shown a faucet with a tincup wired to it. We followed instructions and got a drink. I haven't an idea how the thing worked. Havana is a hamlet and it certainly hasn't waterworks.

Well we finally found ourselves aboard the train and as conditions were favorable we made the seventeen miles to Tallahassee in an hour or two, and we were at home before midnight. For once Henry got home with both hat and shoes tho this was due to my persuasion entirely, I think. Three or four times along the road from the Anders he declared he was going to throw his hat away. He said it was wet and dripped water down his neck and besides it was full of holes and wholly unrespectable. I finally succeeded in getting him to keep it by merely laughing when he took it off and threatened to throw it away, and very carefully refraining from urging him not to do it. "Silence hath her victories as well as Loquacity" as someone has doubtless said. I could fill out this meager skeleton of the happenings of our journeying with some of the things we did that might be considered useful but I fear these would be less interesting in reading than in doing so here is the last.

Le Grand Combin  
Bourge - St. - Pierre  
Aug. 6, 1931

Dear Jessie:

The "Poste" today brot me quite a mail, yours of July 23 enclosing the letters from Anna, your Aunt Ella and the Ts. among the others - and pleased I was - for news from U.S.A. is so very scarce here, - also I like to know all is well with you, since you seem far away.

I can appreciate your Aunt Ella's feeling of being alone, without the care for her father. As long as one feels useful it is much easier to exist. I shall write her this evening also.

It is good of you to take time and trouble to make copies of my letters, and I appreciate it for I do not really find opportunity to write to all those of whom I think, and also it is not worth the time to repeat my experiences. I am glad if my letters are really of interest - they are usually written rather hurriedly.

It is good to know that hot weather is over with, and I hope the rest of the summer will be cre endurable. I am expecting to feel the change when I go down to the lower altitudes. Am still wearing one or two sweaters every day, altho I find I am getting more accustomed to this cool air. The temp. varies greatly some days. When the south wind blows, the "Foehn" they call it, it is quite warm, but this always presages "Mauvais temps". This week nearly every day has been doubtful. We are noticing the weather especially, as one of the day trips over the mts. and into the next valley is scheduled for the first good day. Anna is right in thinking of your father in connection with my experiences here. If he were as once, it would be just what he would most enjoy. Insects are rather rare here, but I have seen several strange orthoptera and know they would have been of much interest to him.

Several more students have arrived in the last two weeks. One, a specialist in lichens from Zurich, and two nice young ladies (Misses Pride) from Wales, also another young man from Geneva. So now it is quite a little company. Only one of the Welsh girls is interested in Botany, but both like to walk.

I am just now working on the Alpine mosses. There are many, and species new to me. When I have finished with these, I shall have rather covered the field in a general way - a birds eye view of these Alpine associations. The lectures are extremely interesting, and excellent practice for understanding French. The formal work will close on the 15th. I think I shall leave about the 18th or 20th and go over to the Italian Lakes for a few days, before going up to the Black Forest in Germany to spend about a week, and then to Nuremberg, up the Rhine to Cologne and to Paris for a few days before sailing. As I am not quite certain of dates or stopovers, perhaps you better send my mail via Thos. Cook and Son, London, after date of leaving here, and also to Steamer "George Washington" sailing Sept. 10 Cherbourg, France (United States Line) not later than Sept. 1.

I am disgusted with our Legislature. Your news concerning the Reas is of interest. Also very unfortunate about the Williams' automobile accident, but hope they will both soon recover, tho the shock is usually the lasting effect, as I know by experience.

Anna's letter is also of interest. Keith is certainly a nice young fellow. I hope he can get his college course arranged to suit him, as he will be one to profit by it, I believe.

So far as I can learn, times do not seem to be any worse nor any better in our country. Over here, the failure of the German Bank and the recent "run" on the Bank of England have rather alarmed people. A bank in Geneva failed the other week, something unheard of there before.

I have recently written to the Thorquests, and am glad to know Jenks has cut the grass in the grove. So far as little Margot's body is concerned I am satisfied with the way Dr. Porter disposed of it. I suppose Mr. T. will try to do enuf work to earn the balance of money paid him and some more, but I am pleased to know he has put the new roofing on the cabin. There was so much fruit (peaches, pears, and grapes) in prospect, I told Mrs. T. I would furnish jars and sugar if she would can some of it for me.

Fruit is rather scarce up here in the mountains, tho the garden vegetables are just in their prime, especially the lettuce (so nice and crisp) which we have for dinner every day.

Much love to you and Marjorie,

Laura

P.S. I am unable to find your Aunt Ella's address this evening, and so shall enclose the letter to her, asking you to please finish the address. We are to start on a long day's trip tomorrow at 7 o'clock so I must to bed.

Sunday, Aug. 9, 1934

This letter did not get mailed on the 7th as intended, so now I add a P.S. as reply to yours of July 29th wh. was most welcome yesterday. Also I was glad to have the laws of the Legislature's final accomplishments tho my opinion concerning this session is unchanged. It has been an miserable waste of money wh. might have been saved for the state's use. I only hope it can now be managed so the state can be run on the appropriations and within the income, tho the curtailing of the college is very unfair. I hope it will not be necessary to make the salary cuts, - it will be so much harder to raise them again. I am glad tho that you are realizing some return in way of lower insurance, on your investment in the new roof, besides the feeling that you are now safer from fire - something I have rather feared for you.

The extra cent on gas and 35% on license fee just adds a little more to the automobile owner's burden. It seems the easy way out for finding additional revenue. Also it is a good thing to cut the state officers salaries, since the rest of us must go on short rations.

Your news concerning the Sarasota Jr. College bulletin is comforting, as it indicates pursuance of their plans. I am depending on that work as a "life saver" in more ways than one now. It would seem nearly unbearable to continue an aimless living at Inwood after this. For the Tampa project I imagine they will use the high school faculty as at St. Petersburg.

On the 7th we took the trip over one of the mt. ranges into an adjacent valley. It was the most interesting, and also most strenuous trip yet, clouds and mist and rain were intermittent and interfered with complete view of the landscape. It was similar to development of a photographic film, as the clouds, dissolving, brought out the scene for a time, sunlight in the green valleys very beautiful. The botanizing was excellent, and the climb up, also descent on opposite side, nearly precipitous, quite an adventure. The valley is a very wild and lonely one. We sat on rocks in the rain, to eat our lunches. Except for this stop we were "on the move" for 10 hours. About 20 minutes before leaving here, there was a dreadful accident on the Cd. St. B. road near here, a car, rounding one of the many sharp curves, to avoid a goat, skidded and went over a 120 ft. precipice. One man was killed and the other so injured he is probably dead. They say it is the first accident of the sort, tho this seems strange as the road is very narrow and on brink of declivities most of the way. I am still often wishing for you as I know you would enjoy this manner of life for a change.

Again love to you both.

L.

Bourg-St-Pierre, Valais, Suisse  
10 July, 1931

Dear Jessie:

I have rather looked for a letter from you this week - some mail forwarded here contained a letter from the Thernquests giving their version of Marget's death.

I left Geneva last Thursday, a rainy morning, and was therefore glad that Dr. F. Chodat came on the same train as it is necessary to change from train to postal auto-car at Martigny, and it was very helpful under the circumstances to be with some one who understood the ways, as in Switzerland station porters seem to be few and far between (in Italy they swarmed), and as they do not usually announce the stations, and signs are not often in plain view, and trains start but momentarily it would see, one must make a grand rush to get belongings and self out - usually you shove your baggage out of the window to a porter, - but as there were no porters at Martigny, and the rain pouring, it was, as I say, a wonderful aid to have some one to help me and my things from train to bus.

The ~~same~~ trip up to Bourg-St. Pierre from Martigny is a thrilling and scenic one, the views down over the valley of the Rhone and the closing in of the mountains all very fine even the seen thru the rain which became hail and snow by time we reached here, about a mile above sea level. Also it was as cold as winter time it seemed. I wore a lined jacket and lined coat and none too warm. The rain continued all of that day, but it cleared off the next morning and more glorious weather since would be hard to find anywhere - cool even to shivering, but tonic and pure air, and sunshine just warm enuf to be comfortable. These people keep doors and windows open all of the time. The cards enclosed will show you my present surroundings but cannot give the beauty of the scenery with all the greens of meadows, trees, and the rushing mountain streams, waterfalls, etc. The Alps in this corner of Switzerland reach their highest and most rugged development. Bourg-St. Pierre is very old, - over 1000 years or more, as it was a principal town on this route over the pass of the Grand St. Bernard, which has been used since Roman times as the chief road from Italy and the East to Northern Europe. Also over this road Napoleon brought his army, and Bourg-St. Pierre was one of his stopping places. But today it is a village of ancient buildings, inbred families, and old customs. And yet they have electric lights! - made possible by the waterfalls.

This hotel is primitive in structure and furnishings, but entirely comfortable and the meals good enuf. Since none of the people about the hotel speak English, I am constrained to make use of all the French I can muster. The Chodats have a chalet built on site of an old castle or chateau, which they use as a summer home.

The alpine garden on slopes of the hill on which the laboratory is located, is a real rock garden and extremely beautiful and interesting as here are collected about 1000 species of Alpine plants -

...2.  
Many now in bloom, a quite wonderful show. But I am most absorbed in the flora of the meadows immediately about here, and have been busy every day collecting, identifying, and making specimens of certain ones. The variety is amazing. Altho I have already made what seems like a large acquaintance, new ones constantly come into view. All very fascinating. Also we have had daily trips to study meadow associations, and today far up a mountain for the Alpine meadow plants. - also lectures on the geology, most interesting. Next week we shall take a trip to the pass of the Grand St. Bernard, about 8000 above sea level, and here see the flora of the melting snow. I feel I am having a wonderful opportunity to thus get some real knowledge and first hand acquaintance with this country, such as tourists never realize. Bus loads and cars full of them pass here daily.

It will be a summer without a summer (such as we know) for me, and I wish you could have some of this coolness - it is what you would like. However I hope it is not such a hot summer as usual, the the Thornquests letter said it had been dry.

With much love to you and Marjorie,

Laura

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The following were on backs of postcards:

"The landlady said she gave me the warmest room they have - as the chimney from kitchen (two stories below) runs up the walls. Even so I find the feather bed comfort, which has been too warm ever since I first encountered it in Germany, is here not only endurable but most comfortable. The house is built with walls about 2 ft. thick, and steps are of stone, also as usual it is on several levels, so I come up a stairs and then down to get to my room. The view from my window is of near mountains, with a snow peak to the left, and a rushing, roaring little stream below the window.

"This shows the village of Bourg-St-Pierre. It is situated around the bend of the road seen in background of card no.1. The church is very old, and the streets very narrow. The bus could barely get thru some of them, especially to turn the corners. The houses are all with "Chalet roofs" - roofs made of flat stones laid on in such a way as to be rain and wind proof. However there is a *saizymal*"

Bourg-St.-Pierre, Valais, Suisse  
16 July, 1931

My dear Jessie:

Glad to have your letter of June 30th. I think it better to continue sending letters via the Cook & Co., London address, as when I leave here, it will be simpler to notify them, and thus far they have been quite prompt in forwarding my mail I think.

Am sorry you have had to endure such extremely hot weather, but hope it is over with by this time. My brother also writes of same sort and sends clipping concerning fatalities due to it in the north. Well, I should like to send you some of this climate for summer, or better still, have you here, for I know it would suit you. Yesterday, we lived "in the clouds" most of the time as they were low on the mountains, like a thick fog, and so chilly I wore two woollen (knit) sweaters and a trench coat and was none too warm. In the salon of this little hotel there is a funny metal stove, (all their stoves here seem to be odd, square affairs, some of tiles) in which they put some paper and kindlings and call it a fire. But I spend little time there. In fact I am trying to get myself "hardened" to the colder temperature, so every morning I take a cold sponge bath with window wide open. Sometimes it makes me gasp but I think the reaction good, as my troublesome cold is now but a remnant, tho I am quite sure I had some sort of a pneumonia, - for several days a high fever, - so am glad to be rid of it.

Day before yesterday we took a trip up above the tree limit, to study the upper meadow. The trail thru the woods, (spruce and some larch) was beautiful, along a steep rock gorge much of the way, and the plants very interesting of course. The high meadows are where they now keep their cattle, while they make hay from the lower meadows for the winter feed. A young man from Geneva who is interested in the horticulture side of botany, and I, are the only "steadies" at the Laboratory this summer. He and I are also the only regular boarders at this hotel. It is a station for members of the Alpine Club, so we frequently have transients, usually walkers. Since the young man cannot speak a word of English, nor can the people who operate the hotel, I am constrained to use all the French I can muster, and it is quite fun.

The old professor Chodat (père) is a very interesting man. He has been in the U.S. from N.Y. to California, about 4 years ago, and his observations and opinions concerning us are extremely interesting. Also he uses very delightful English, so I enjoy hearing him. He has given me much information concerning Switzerland's history, government, etc. He is no longer able to take the field trips but his knowledge of the flora is inexhaustible. The son is an excellent botanist, and is an interesting young man. They all live in their chalet here during the summer, the father, two daughters with two children each, and the son with his wife and two children, - quite a family. They are very devoted Genevese. - It seems the people of each canton in Switzerland are quite distinct units, much more so than our states.

Sunday, 19th July -

Since writing the above I have had some rather unusual experiences. The weather being fine on Friday, Dr. Chodat (fils), the young Swiss botanist, and I started at 10 o'clock for the Grand St. Bernard, taking knapsacks, plant press, vasculum, etc.

It is about 3 1/2 kilometers in distance (not so far in miles), but it is uphill (and some of it quite steep) all of the way, since the ascent is to over 8000 ft. Also we did not keep to the road, but slumbered over the rocks of the glacial moraines, and along the gorge sides, etc. wherever necessary to find the plants we were looking for. We ate our lunch on a sunny knoll, sheltered from the keen wind (and the lunch given us by our hotel landlady contained some oranges from Spain, decrepit affairs, but still oranges and I find myself rather wishing for a good one quite often) and surrounded by interesting Alpine plants. Continuing, we passed up beyond the tree and scrub zone, and into the narrow pass among the "rugged rock piles vast and grim", then across an expanse of snow and so reached the Hospice about 4:30 p.m., having collected many new (to me) species. The Hospice is over a thousand years old and is a monastery. Until recently the monks have furnished free food and lodging to travelers, but since the route has become an automobile road, the crowds of tourists made it necessary to turn one of the buildings into a hotel. However since the Chodats are on friendly terms with the monks, and have been going to the hospice with their students for years, an exception was made and we were welcomed into the Hospice. It was a most interesting experience - the building itself inside of such old time construction, walls about 5 ft. thick. On entering you pull a bell cord once. A priest responds. In this case the receiving priest happened to be well known to Dr. Chodat, and so we were seen first up with "chambers". I enclose a picture which will illustrate what they (the guest rooms) are like, except that now there are no mosquito nets over the beds, as there seem to be no mosquitoes. Each room has 3 beds and three washstands, etc., so I almost felt as though I had an apartment. Everything was scrupulously clean, and plenty of warm bedclothes, and these last were needed, as after sunset, it seemed almost freezing cold. We were served a very plain but good warm supper in the "salle de manger" (all guest quarters are separated by iron grilles in the halls from the priests' quarters), and after we had finished, the young priest who had received us came into the dining room and got out a bottle of Chartreuse wine and served us each some. Then the man servant brot in after dinner coffee which the priest also had with us. Then he got maps and described the trip to Tibet from which he had just returned, having left here last November for a place in Tibet where Catholics have a mission. Altho all his explanations were in French, I found it most interesting, and so the evening passed quickly. Altho all so old and apparently primitive, the Hospice is now equipped with running water, electric light, steam heat. As the bed, which I chose to sleep in, was most comfortable, I soon went to sleep and was awakened by a bell ringing at 5:30. After that, bells rang most of the time, for breakfast, their morning services, etc. I suppose. They have a quite elaborate church, also a Library and Museum all under one roof. Our little party met at 8 o'clock for dejeuner (bread and sweet butter, coffee or chocolate, and some sort of jam), and then we were soon afield, going over into Italy for the morning, and finding a quite different flora. I wish you could see the array of flowers - blue, yellow, pink, purple, violets, columbines, daisies, buttercups, gentians, harebells, etc. etc. I am pressing specimens of many and hope some of them will retain their colors.

After lunch and some tea, we began our return trip, which of course, we made in a few hours, as it was downhill all the way, and not much collecting to be done. The whole trip was the best one I have taken in years. I thought of how your father would once have enjoyed it. I was glad to find myself still equal to the walking. It was a pretty good test, but I did not feel the least fagged, tho it has been many a day since I have had a trip equal to it, but the weather and air were perfect for walking.

The mountain shoes weigh about two or three pounds each and the smallest I could get were so much to big I have to wear two pairs of stockings (one woollen), and also have a pair of insoles to keep them on. They are studded with nails and are certainly efficient for walking over rocks, and climbing boulders, and mountain sides.

They still raise the St. Bernard dogs and get quite an income from selling dogs for which of course they get fine prices. There were a dozen or so of the big fellows (most of them young ones) about. It seems the real St. Bs. are very shorthaired. On the outside of the Hospice a mark shows the deepest snow they have had - about 50 ft. It must be a terrible place in winter. During summer, every good day, there are scores of cars and buses carrying tourists - hundreds are fed at the hotel. We met several parties of women walking. Most of them were English women, one group was from Scotland. As they were interested in the flowers, I got into communication with them.

Emaf, you will say, for chee! Love to you both.

Laura.

The following were on the back of postcards Laura enclosed:

"We came up to the Hospice from the opposite side shown in this picture and the snow there was still about a foot deep. By going around the little lake, one enters Italy. The Italian custom officials are very strict under Mussolini's regime and as I had not taken my passport we had some little redtape as they rather suspected our botanical paraphernalia."

On picture of Hospice:

"Altho they make no definite charge for food and lodging, of course ~~xx~~ one puts into a little box at the entrance what he thinks he should pay."

On picture of flowers:

"The colors of the flowers in this picture are quite natural. There are many very bright colors - Forgetmehots and Gentians are the blue ones; Campanula the purplish ones; Cyclamens are pink; Primroses yellow; Edelweiss white, and the orange colored composite looks like Hieracium Amantiacum, while the yellow one resembles Arnica, the brown headed one is an orchid, Nigretella Nigra - all a part of the Alpine meadow flora - and many, many more."