

**“The Billius Kirtland Family”  
and  
“Charlie and Helen Greene Hine and Family”**

**By Ellen L. Hine  
(circa 1946)**

**Compiled By Edward Kirtland Hine, Jr. (“Ted”)  
September, 2003**

**Table of Contents**

<b>Introduction.....</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>The Billius Kirtland Family .....</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Charlie and Helen Greene Hine and Family .....</b>	<b>21</b>

## Introduction

Ellen Louise Hine (1869-1955) was known as “Nell” and was my great aunt (my father’s aunt). She was born and raised in Poland, Ohio, the daughter of Samuel and Emma Kirtland Hine. She had 4 brothers: Samuel Kirtland Hine, Homer Henry Hine (my grandfather), Charles Potter Hine, and Alfred Blakelee Hine.

Nell never married and at the time of her death in 1955 (at age 86) was still living in the same family home at 441 South Main Street in Poland, Ohio in which she had grown up.

I came upon the typed manuscripts contained here in August of 2003 while visiting my aunt, Ruth Hine Darling, in Leavenworth, Washington. It is hand inscribed as given to Ruth’s father, Homer Henry Hine, who was one of Nell’s brothers. The manuscripts are the original typed copy, not carbon or other copies. A hand written note by Nell on the cover page of “The Billius Kirtland Family” indicates that she wrote this in 1946 when she would have been 77 years old. “Charlie and Helen Greene Hine and Family” is dated August 6, 1943. In 1942 all of Nell’s brothers, except for Homer, had passed away.

These manuscripts wont make anyone’s list of great literature but provide interesting, if somewhat rambling, reading about the lives of the Poland, Ohio Kirtlands and Hines.

A side note: On page 5 Nell tells of her brother Kirt (Samuel Kirtland Hine) making a “gun” when he was a child from a piece of pipe and not being able to see for two or three days after attempting to fire it. This is the same story told to me by my father about how my grandfather, Homer Henry Hine (Kirt’s brother) permanently lost most of the sight in one eye. I think it’s likely that either Nell was recalling the story about the wrong brother or that both Homer and Kirt were involved in the same incident with Homer sustaining long term loss of sight in one eye.



The Billius Kirtland Family

*My Beloved Brother Homer  
and his family.*

*Written by Ellen S. Hise  
Jan 8<sup>th</sup> 1946*

THE  
BILLIUS KIRTLAND  
FAMILY



# THE BILLIUS KIRTLAND FAMILY

"Billius, these children must start to school."

"Yes, Ruthanna, just one more commentary."

Emma, Lucy, Alfred and their help too, I imagine sat in the dear old dining room with it's two windows facing Boardman and the other window and door opening on the porch on the Poland side, with its Mulberry tree and another around which a purple Passion vine grew, which seemed the most interestingly constructed flower I had ever seen. I was surprised when I was in Florida to see a yard covered with them.

It was a mile to school and sometimes in winter Mother would begin the tramp by throwing herself down in the snow to see the imprint. One winter she had a room on Main Street opposite where William McKinley lived and the one who was up first put a lighted lamp in the window. Sometimes it was there at 5:30.

Mother, Uncle Alf and Aunt Lucy attended the Poland Female Seminary from which Mother was graduated at 18 in the first class. I still have the much prized cameo pin surrounded with pearls that was given to her at that time; also the hair acorn she wore on a hair bracelet she had made. The beaded net that shows in the Daguerreotype of her class picture has disappeared.

While the Botsford house was being built, Tom Botsford saw his sister Mary and Mother climbing over the rafters of the roof. He called them down in a hurry!

Miss Eliza Blakely was Mother's beloved teacher and later she married our splendid versatile cousin, Henry Morse, so it was my knowledge to know them for many years. Often on Sunday afternoons I would call there with Mother when Cousin Henry would say, "Come, Nell," and I'd go to see some fine piece of woodwork he was making. The most interesting being a beautifully designed bookcase that was built on each side and above the library door; also in the corner of the room.

How crammed with precious memories these old homes are!....What stories their old walls could tell!

A splendid Swedish family, the Olsons, bought Grandfather's home and three generations live there and keep it in faultless condition and nicely carpeted. Mrs. Hilda Johnson, the oldest daughter, has always welcomed my friends and me in her gracious manner....even to the attic which thrilled me as a child.

In the attic there was a life size bust from which to study Phrenology. The cellar was sixty feet long. In one of the rooms, now a modern Bathroom, was where I first remember hearing a rooster crow. The sugar barrel that was in the garret covered with Grandfather's and Grandmother's portrait doesn't exist but Ruth Anderson has the portraits in her parlor. They have been retouched by her brother, Paul Mays, a really fine artist.



Grandmother sent a maid to the attic with its twelve ~~foot~~<sup>inch</sup> risers to get sugar but neglected to tell of the portraits. The maid gave one glance and fell head-long down the stairs.

I have Uncle George Kirtland's portrait by a better artist. It hangs above our 66 year old piano in the green sitting room. Our house was built by, or for, Uncle George Kirtland. My impression is that great grandfather, Turhand Kirtland, had a home built for each child. Uncle George was handsome but when I showed him his portrait, when he was an old man, he looked at it and remarked, "Did I ever look like that!" I remember when the portrait was shown to me, I was so disgusted, I threw it across the room."

Uncle George's appreciation of the Hine children's singing on Sunday afternoons, when Mother played, was more thrilling to him than any other mortal as he said, "We should travel."

His life was an example of how the green monster jealousy can wreck lives. When Uncle George was a young man, he visited in Wallingford, Conn., the home of his ancestors. He had become acquainted with a number of girls and was about to leave for home when the Episcopal Rector of the Church spoke to him about marrying his daughter, Helen. Uncle was not aware he had been more attentive to her than the others, but they were married and came to Poland to live, and visited Grandmother, Ruthanna.

They had two children, the younger, Mary, is buried by her father in the new Cemetery. Aunt Helen went east with her son to visit but her son was drowned, and I imagine, due to jealousy, Uncle George never sent for her, and later she married. She kept in touch with Cousin Lucy Boardman.

Uncle George discovered making fadeless ink. He also had a knitting machine and a swamp where he raised huckleberries.

When visiting Cousin Lucy Boardman at 46 Hillhouse Ave. in New Haven, Conn., I put on your great, great grandmother's wedding gown (Polly Potter.) It was a beautiful blue brocaded satin damask brought, I believe, from India. Julia Bishop, Isabel Kirtland Bishop's daughter, wore it as her wedding gown. Polly's portrait, in which she wore her wedding gown, is in Cousin Nell Hall's home. Cousin Nell's father, Richard Hall, being Cousin Lucy Boardman's and Cousin Mary Wade's brother. Mrs. William Boardman and Mrs. Benjamin Wade, whose mother, Mary Kirtland, was a sister of your great grandfather Billius.

Cousin Nell has an exquisite cameo pin surrounded with pearls of Cousin Lucy's that Mr. Boardman had made in Italy. One time when Mother and I were visiting them, Cousin Mary Wade's rector called upon Cousin Lucy and whereupon she came to our room, saying, "Mary, wouldn't see my Rector, so I am not seeing hers. Their chief amusement came when the postman arrived and put their mail in a basket that they drew up to their window.

Miss Nellie Fenton, a most remarkable person, who managed the servants, read the prayers and certainly added years of comfort to the Cousins.



Cousin Lucy died in her house and later Cousin Mary and Miss Fenton lived in a nice place in New Haven. Miss Fenton was well provided for so that her niece could give her some of the loving care she gave Mrs. Boardman and Wade.

Mother told me when she was a girl, Cousin Lucy Hall called and when she left, asked Mother to get into the carriage with her when she showed her her engagement ring from Mr. Boardman. It was the first time Mother had seen a solitaire diamond.

Mrs. Boardman built a Medical Library in New Haven in memory of Dr. Jared Potter Kirtland, and a Manual Training School in memory of Mr. Boardman. I recall hearing she even gave up having ice cream so she might give away a little more money to worthy causes. She had a scholarship in St. Margaret's School and one or two in Yale. Someone in the family may wish to use them but should apply ahead. They don't cover all expenses.

Cousin Lucy and Mary were stately dames, most entertaining and interested in their guests. They wore the lovely lace caps and were always dressed to receive their friends.

May 5, 1921, Russell H. Chittenden, Director of the Sheffield Scientific School answered a letter I had written him, asking him about the scholarships. Relatives of Mrs. Boardman have the right to name a recipient. If right is not exercised, the officials of Sheffield Scientific School have the right to designate the beneficiaries. There is a further clause that the entire income of the fund shall be used for the benefit of the two individuals if they should at any time present themselves to take a course in the Sheffield Scientific School; viz; John Hoyt and Reuben B. Ridick, there were two scholarships established, being the income of a fund of \$10,000. and each scholarship brings in \$250. for the year. I will have this letter put in my bank box, #157. in the Mahoning National Bank.

Grandfather Billius was sent to New Haven to study but old ocean appealed more to his liking as one day when a Professor remarked, "Young man, your studies don't smell much of midnight oil." He replied, "I didn't come on to study but to bathe in the sea." Home later proved a greater urge so he ran away.

I regret greatly I didn't question my grandfather more about their early life. My brother, Kirt, said he asked him whether he had many rides and he said, "No," however, when he reached home at night he still had energy enough to shoot a musket or gun in the house. When George exclaimed, "Bill's home," there was an old building in sight of the house but the wooden pins still held until one night Bill sawed them in two.

Insomnia couldn't have existed in the home as the falling of the roof wasn't discovered until the next morning when great grandfather Turhand happened to look out and remarked, "Bill, there must have been a hard frost last night."

Grandfather Billius' mind didn't stop working when he left school as he built a laboratory with a glass dome on the farm where he conducted experiments which school children came to see. The glass dome



caused many people passing to drive in to learn what it was. When Billius was a boy, a neighbor came to the kitchen door and was much perplexed when he saw a wooden butter bowl gliding over the floor. Bill exclaimed, "I've discovered perpetual motion." He had brought in a little pig and put it under the bowl.

When Grandfather and Grandmother Ruthanna Frame were married, they lived in a red brick house still standing on the Poland-Boardman Road near the corners on the opposite side of the beautiful house that was built for Grandfather. Some thoughtful members of the family stocked the pantry shelves with cookies, pies, etc.

Unfortunately the time intervening between then and his famous love letters, we will never know. The letter was given to me, but as Ruthanna Clark was her namesake, I felt she should have it, even if it were priceless to me, so I handed it to Ruth Anderson to get a copy and place here.

.....  
.....  
.....

I recall it commenced: "Amiable Ruthanna."

Great Grandfather William Frame had kept a Hotel in Baltimore, Md., where LaFayette stopped, so when they reached Ohio and Grandmother saw they were to live in a log cabin, she exclaimed, "Have we come to this?"

Cousin Katie Hall, Grandmother's niece, in Chicago had a table, perhaps one of the Mahogany Tables from Baltimore that her Mother, Aunt Mary Meachan had on their farm in Iowa. Cousin Katie located the table but it was minus a leaf which she finally found in someone's house where it had been used to chop meat on, but after it was finished, the workmen offered her \$100. for it. I think it may have been taken to Germany when Cousin Katie lived there and Glen Hall was studying music. If there, I imagine it was never recovered as Cousin Katie could hardly conceive of a war with Germany and she just left in time when her family cabled her to come.

Grandfather 'Billius' house was the most intriguing house I have ever seen. It was about 250 feet from the road and was entered through two picket wooden fence gates on each side of the yard and still has the finest Larch I have ever seen. A Larch was planted on each corner of the farm. There was a high hedge on the Boardman side of the house to protect it from high winds. It was the most ideal grandparent's home, both giving limitless hospitality in their inimitable manner. It was a Colonial house. The front door, with its overhead long window, opened into a hall. On the right a winding staircase opposite the parlor with its lovely mantle between two arches with columns.

One of my early delights was taking a prism from the candleabra that were at each end of the mantle and look through it and enjoy



the gay flowered carpet.

Mr. Frary of the Cleveland Art Gallery said the staircase was the finest he had ever seen and that there were not two rooms that had the same mouldings. The mantles always fascinated me; some with their cupboards over the front of the mantle or at one end. The dining room mantle was about seven feet high. The kitchen, like ours, had a "wood" bake oven but unfortunately they thought it took up too much room and had it removed.

Grandfather kept bees and wore a bee bonnet when he removed the honey. The bonnet which was made of wire screening, resembled a high hat box, being about 17" high.

One year Uncle Alf Kirtland brought out fireworks. The thrill I had, perhaps seven years old, racing around, ~~swirling~~ <sup>SWIRLING</sup> Roman Candles above my head and the sparks flying at a lively rate. The only time in my life when I was more venturesome than Kirt but we were very young.

When Kirt was a boy of about twelve years, he invented a gun, as Father feared he was too young to have one. It had a tin barrel with a big wooden plug closing the end by the trigger. Mother was having a Luncheon the day I went with Kirt to the front yard to watch the gun "go off," which it did, at both ends, the wooden plug and everything blown out in such a way that Kirt didn't see for two or three days.

He was getting very serious wondering what he could do if he were blind. Mother was in the Dining Room when he saw his first ray of light and he flip-flopped out of bed. Later he was hunting when his real gun exploded and quantities of powder had to be picked from his face.

Grandfather had a Maple Sugar camp which children always enjoy. One time Norris Bucklin, Paul Schaeffer from Youngstown with a fine girl and I visited the Camp and being hungry from our walk, sent someone up to Grandfather's for eggs which we boiled in the maple sap.

One of my earliest memories was being put on a horse by Henderson, who worked for Grandfather.

Just opposite one kitchen door was a fine well and the water was pumped into long troughs in the little spring house where milk was kept in crocks. Above it and the wood-house with its arched entrance, was the wood-house loft where a Carpenter's bench, and etc. attracted us.

As you walked to the Carriage House by the orchard, you passed a big "swill" barrel where Grandfather was fattening a big turtle which he said had seven or eight kinds of meat. Alas! for his efforts, as the day before the big turtle feast, the turtle disappeared.

There was a barn on the left as you entered and the barn yard gate which opened into the barn yard with its squashy straw covered ground was surrounded on two sides by big barns with haylofts.

A cousin, "Kittie Bay" visited with Grandmother's Sister, Aunt Eliza Ellen and her daughter Lydia, who lived in Iowa. Kittie had never



milked a cow but old Molly had always endured my feeble efforts to milk her, so I said, "Now Kitty, you get opposite me and do as I do," which she did with great alacrity, when Mollie with equal alacrity kicked her hind legs high and scattered us at a lively rate.

The Parlor and Hall papers were lovely but were removed, much to my sorrow and the Hall paper had only been on fifty years. In the closet in my old fashioned room are samples of the paper, also our old Parlor paper with a buff ground and sprays of little gold flowers.

Young William McKinley was so devoted to Aunt Lucy Kirtland that he didn't like the idea of her going to Oberlin to study music, fearing she would meet someone who would be his rival.

One night in getting out of the Parlor window, he tore his trousers so he had to go home. Another night when he was coming up the long driveway, Grandfather heard a sound, and knowing that often one of the very big gates was left open, and thinking a cown had gotten in, shouted, "Get out, Get out!"

McKinley had a great variety of experiences but being taken for a cow was quite unique.

Mr. Robt. Walker, our Poland Banker, was a too loyal supporter of making tin plate, or something connected with tin, and as a result he was left with little money, but Mr. Walker remained loyal.

I remember when Mother and I went to hear McKinley speak in Pittsburgh, Mr. Walker spoke to us as we were leaving, saying to Mother, "I would know your back any place."

Grandmother Ruthanna kept her nicest fruits for us and always welcomed us. Her cooking had a different taste from anyone else's, and try as I would, I could never equal it, but some of her descendants have it to a certain extent....Ruth Anderson and Eloise Ray and likely Ruthanna Clark.

September 23, 1944...Once more I'll begin.

This slowness reminds me of a remark we often made when someone came late and was greeted by, "Here comes the old cow's tail." This remark was confined to family meals. At one of Mother's big family dinners, her guests were discussing books and were uncertain whether the title of a new book was "The Coming Age" or "The Coming Man," when I piped: "I fink its the tomin itte wee baby" which Mother said brought a shout of laughter even in the good old days when such matters were never mentioned. It was very evident Alf was "tomin."

Our interesting neighbor, old Dr. Eli Mygott, whose keen, penetrating black eyes and aquiline nose, almost bald head, white collar and high black satin stock accentuated a remark he made to me one day when my foot was caught in his Fringe Tree near his front window. To my inquiry of "How can I get out," "Well, I think I must cut your leg off."



Alf was his favorite child whom he called the Judge and often took him on long rides with him. On one drive a patient stopped his carriage and handed him the money for his bill when Dr. remarked, "Is it the voice of an angel, I hear?"

One Halloween Alf had a tick-tock on his window and operated it most successfully from behind our locust tree. Dr. threw up the window and bang, bang went his gun.

Mrs. Mygatt was a dear quiet little soul and in some way related to the Kirtlands. She had quite a little money which the Doctor invested badly and he did penance by always sweeping the house once every week, although they had a fine helper.

Sallie Bourroughs kept the cookie jar always filled and only once did they fail to give everyone a cookie. When we had finished looking at their bound volumes of Harpers Magazines, that were always accessible to us in the Dining Room, Alf went out through the kitchen and seeing a table covered with golden cookies, helped himself to one which he didn't taste until he went up our steps, when he exclaimed, "Oh, it's nothing but a yeast cake!" Mother asked, "Was it given to you?" Alf said, "No, I just took it." but I think Alf had to return it and confess. Alf was as much at home there as in his own home so it never occurred to him he was doing wrong.

We had an Auntie<sup>ie</sup> Gardner, a wonderful old colored woman for cooking. One day Alf said, "I wish I was gone." "Gone where, Honey?" "To Heaven." "Why?" "Then I wouldn't have Homer tagging around after me."

We had Calista Byers as nurse and second maid. A kind, slow soul in every way but talking. One Sunday she wanted to put on a clean table cloth but Auntie Gardner being Laundress said, No. Calista proceeded to argue when Auntie Gardner remarked, "If you put that table cloth on, I'll kill you," then she went up stairs and was all dressed for the kill when Mother returned from Church. You couldn't have too much company for Auntie Gardner, but when dinner was over, Auntie Gardner was the sole occupant of the kitchen for an hour or more and with her feet up on the kitchen stove, she smoked her pipe.

When we were children we had a croquet ground, the loveliest one imaginable; also enjoyed by John Gordon, a jolly negro, who by waving his mallet around a wicket put "lectricity so no body could get through.

Father owned three little places on Main Street. The building bought later by Clark Nesbitt was formerly a Harness Shop, and now occupied by Dale Wire, a Plumber, who was a soldier in the World War No. 1.

Feb. 15, 1945 ...

I'll try it again, and one night Kirt and I were riding at the foot of the Boardman Hill (where legend said people used to race their horses) and we heard a horse coming very fast. Kirt, riding Kit, turned to the right of the road and I tried to turn old Dolly to the left but she stood like the rock of Gibraltar, never budging, except a jolt--when Mr. Cleland, the harness maker, driving his sulky, ran into old Dolly, throwing him out....No one hurt and Mr. Cleland was such a good sport he didn't complain.



A few steps from the harness shop, Walt Ford had a Shoe Maker's Shop and he lived next door with Auntie Ford, in the house where Mrs. Clark Nesbitt lives now with her pretty garden and bird bath. The Fords had come from Baltimore, Md., as had the Stuarts next door. Mrs. Stuart had a Millinery Shop and Mr. Stuart later became Postmaster. Auntie Ford was our perpetual joy and mother's life saver, spending perhaps several days each week sewing in our house, keeping us in clothes. I never remember seeing her frown, and next to our Christmas stockings in interest, were Auntie Ford's little round doughnuts, about 1-3/4", covered with pink sugar which she never failed to have for us at Christmas. Auntie Ford was always planning to take me to Baltimore but we never made the trip. Walt Ford was a genial soul but sometimes assisted by "fire-water." I can still see him sitting on his shoe maker's bench, always greeting you with a jolly smile, and perhaps some of his black shoe maker's wax, as gum was a luxury then. On Sundays he was the smartest looking man in town with his long black coat, white shirt, silk hat and cane. He was a reporter for the Youngstown paper. After Auntie Ford died, he moved to Struthers, married and stopped drinking.

Following the Fords were Dr. and Wiggue Arnold, negroes of the old school, both having the finest manners. One day I inquired what kind of a Doctor he was and he replied, "'I'm an Inseclopedia, Calamatris, Hydrastis." To my inquiry of the meaning of Inseclopedia..."Miss Hine, Don't you know it means Indian. He and Wiggue came to pump water for us before the days of water works. Wiggue was so called from wearing a straight black wig. The Doctor was a man of few words and great dignity. Alas, the latter had a fall when he turned the corner by the table, he fell and off flew his wig. "Doc" was also a Phrenologist, so I asked him to explain the bumps on my beloved friend and teacher's head, Miss Ella McKeown. After running his hand over her head and having the apparent wisdom of Solomon, I asked him his findings..."Oh, she'll be married some day," which fortunately for the world, she was as she left a fine son and daughter.

How I wish our wonderful teachers might realize our gratitude to them which alas, often we don't until too late. My first school was the old Union School, a large square frame building where four girls could make it shake by joining hands and jumping. Miss Davidson was my first teacher but not much of a prophetess, as I recall her remark when I took my slate to show my efforts at printing and writing...."You will be a good writer some day," but alas, when my friends say I can't read all your writing, I can sympathize with them as often I can't.

Old Ashford was Principal of the School and never spared the rod. Young Kirt believed in preparedness and sometimes went to school wearing several suits. I can't recall who put the mouse in the clock. My next teacher was Miss Fannie Case whose great merits I realized in later life.

Our blessed little mother was so good at writing excuses that at one time a teacher wrote her, "We would appreciate it if you could spare your children oftener from work." We didn't practice the Ruskin theory, "Work is Worship," but it was preferable to school. I can recall that about as soon as I could read and write, I was a victim of vicarious suffering for my family.



The boys mowed the yard and I recall knocking off potato bugs into a tin can that had some kind of liquid in it, and then I relaxed by getting into a sweet apple tree and eating numberless apples. Brother Cecil said I ate them from the time they were in blossom.

Kirt naturally rejoiced when Alf was old enough to help carry in 8 or 9 buckets of coal. Young Kirt exclaimed one day, "I wish I was dead! Had my education, my children was ready to die and had died." At four and one-half years old, Mother kept Kirt from running away by tying him to a tree. Later, when perhaps at 10 or twelve, he would be driving with Mother and speak to a man, and to Mother's inquiry, "Oh, someone I went with to Youngstown, 6 miles away, or Hubbard, 9 miles away." He would be gone all day and perhaps return with a headache, but he had a great time. Mother never knew when or where he would go again.

Charlie, when perhaps from 7 to 8 years old, learned Father had a farm near Hubbard, rented by a German farmer. As he thought he would like to learn German, Mother let him go but the urge for home and the good times always to be had there where Mother never limited the number of boy friends and joined in any of their plans for a good time, was ever present.

Auntie Gardner was the only helper who ever kept the kitchen to herself for an hour. I don't blame her for doing it after the fine meal she prepared with an hour's notice. Ann (Deanie) Lee (Gault) and I made it a rule to make candy or have a "stir off." The latter was made by boiling maple syrup but not making it as brittle as for taffy. It was delicious beaten to a cream and then adding hickory nuts before it was hard. Then we made cream candy, the kind we enjoyed at County Fairs; also Orleans molasses taffy and chocolate caramels.

Holmes Davidson, my teacher's father, had a little soda fountain, minus ice cream. It was perhaps 2 x 3 feet but never in the many places that I've visited have I seen anything quite as tempting. Our 5¢ a glass weren't always to be had, so we made our own soda water with water, vanilla or lemon extract, sugar and vinegar, - next in badness to Coca Cola, but it fizzed.

Department Stores today don't vie in interest to Mr. Davidson's many clocks and about everything you can think of, with no apparent order, but Mr. Davidson was a fine fisherman and seemed to know just where to cast his line. His store was on Main Street opposite the Mill and next to Judge Kennedy's.

June 25, 1945 .....

It seems more like 25 years than going on 61, since after being absent, I went to Miss Case and asked her where my lessons were. Unfortunately for both, she replied, "I don't know whether I should tell you," so I sweetly replied, "Well, you needn't," with the result she kept me in after school to apologize, but I feeling her's was a plain case of duty, sat looking at her until she finally decided I was hopeless and dismissed me. I recall my amazement when we children gave her a surprise party and she didn't seem overjoyed. Later she taught in Youngstown and when retired, returned home and kept house for her brother, making fine bread and rolls. She would press a button that blew the 6:00 O'clock whistle.



Mother joined us in our games once too often when Paul Detchon was visiting us, his brother having diphtheria. We learned too late that Paul had a sore throat, as Mother had diphtheria. She was sick in the Blue Room where I took care of her for a week then one of the McFarland girls, a nurse, the second week.

Mr. Werner, the Miller, gave us wheat to chew, -being a substitute for gum. We often went to get weighed as Mr. Werner told us we couldn't have a beau until we weighed 100 lbs. Next to it in interest was the Corner Store, corner of Main Street and Poland Center Road, where I spent the 3¢ I made a day for making the beds. 3¢ bought a good portion of dates cut from the 13" x 19" block.

The games of YOWLER and COON HUNTS were the boys' only night sports with perhaps the exception of stealing chickens or watermelons at night. YOWLER was played by part of the band given a start ahead when the unearthly cry of Y-O-W-L-E-R would wail and wail. I imagine many of the "older" joined the game in wails of not getting their sleep.

"ANDY ANDY OVER" was a favorite game. Boys stood on both sides of the woodshed, -then came the call of ANDY ANDY OVER and the first one catching the ball rushed around the woodshed and if he hit his man with the ball, he brought him on his side.

About every year a tiny so-called Furnace was built in the orchard, made by making an opening about 15" x 18" and perhaps 1ft. or more deep. At the back a small stove pipe was put back of a metal covering and soon a fire would be going and potatoes well roasted in the wood coals.

Our beloved Uncle Alf Kirtland, of merry, blessed memories, came to visit us with his children, Ruth, John and his sister-in-law, Miss Mame Shields, for a stay of indefinite weeks. Mother was visiting her brother, Alfred P. Kirtland, (Supt. of West Penn Railroad) and lived first in Blairsville, Pa. and then in Cheswick, Pa., and later in Pittsburgh, Craig Street.

When in Blairsville, she remarked, "Little John doesn't walk right." It was only a short time when he couldn't walk at all and then began Uncle's walk with him. First making little blocks a few inches high which increased in height until he could walk on crutches. Uncle Alf built him a shack in our orchard where he and John spent some thrilling hours, doing exactly as they pleased. A great triumph was one summer when he found he could ride a horse, even if it were on my side saddle.

"Auntie Mame" was a great person for quality.

Celia Rogers, our helper and life saver for 13 years, fortunately for us, took in John's background as to his remark about her not having any new dresses, she answered cheerily, "I have a new silk waist." John piped, "I bet it isn't a good quality."

Uncle Alf built a house in Cheswick, Pa. where his sister Lucy and her husband, Rev. Dallas Mays lived, he being the Presbyterian Minister



there and at Aspinwall, Pa. Ruth, Kathryn, Eloise, Freddie and Paul were their children. Alas, Eloise and Freddie's lives were seemingly too short. Eloise looked like an angel with heavenly blue eyes, light hair and an exquisitely modeled face. No wonder when she spoke to my Father, "Uncle Samuel" that he wanted to adopt her. She played the violin as well as the heart strings of ones she knew. In her last illness (scarlet fever) she was overheard praying, "Lord, help me to gain the victory as every victory helps me to gain the next victory." Heaven was the richer when she entered it at ten years old.

Freddie was a beautiful child with his soft brown eyes and golden curls. I can still see him sitting by our piano when his mother played and sang, showing the pride of a parent as he looked proudly around. He died of Diphtheria. His artistic sense, as well as his appetitie, showed one day when we were driving through some unusually beautiful country, and I was exclaiming over it when Freddie remarked, "Yes, and if the goodest things to eat could only come down on golden plates."

Little Paul, the youngest, with his golden curls and flashing brown eyes, whom I sometimes dressed in fancy costume, Chinaman, and etc., with his Mother, our beloved Aunt Lucy, made us long visits, sleeping in the Blue Room. One evening he came to his mother and said, "Come, let's go up to our little home." He has become a fine artist, living in a dream home, high up on the hills above Carmel by the Sea, Calif. but I've referred to it and his tireless hospitality.

When there in the Spring of 1944, I found "Orrie" a granddaughter of Cousin Carrie, <sup>HASELTINE</sup> lived there. Her brother had lived in Boston with another sister but a trip to Carmel made him decide to go there when he retired. He built where he had a wonderful mountain view but the bay didn't show ... Alas, he died before he had enjoyed his home long.

I spent several nights with Orrie, who invited Paul to dinner and he arrived by the way of the Geese Pens, of which he made a jolly pencil sketch. Orrie and a friend called one morning before Paul was dressed to receive callers, so when they entered, Paul fled into a room, I supposed for the duration of the call, but he soon appeared and would have "done a Valet proud," then they visited his studio.

February 15, 1945, I heard from Paul and he wrote: "I managed to get a painting into a great gallery where the notables, Diplomats from all the wide world assemble for a Peace-War conference at San Francisco in April 1945. My painting with ten others was chosen out of 300 to hang in the gallery high above the City and looking down on the vast blue bay."

Paul's second marriage was to Margaret Cooper, a great granddaughter of a Swedenborgian Bishop. They were married in a Chapel of the Cathedral in Bryn Athyn, Pa. Ruth Anderson said it was a beautiful ceremony, and as they knelt on a Prie Dieu, beside Madonna Lilies, a shaft of light came through the window and rested on them. They went to Spain and various places before they returned to California, where they had first met.

Their adored first and only child, Jared Potter Kirtland Mays, was born in Bryn Athyn, where Paul had taken Margaret for the great event,



as her mother and sister lived there. She and Jared are now above Carmel in their dream like home overlooking "Point Lobos."

Paul wrote March 11, 1945 ... "It's a thing to make people forget anxiety when you see the boy, Jared, dressed in his blue velvet corduroy suit, running hippity-hop across the garden grass, then he picks up a bright flower and says he must take it to Daddy." Daddy must stop his work and snuff the flowers sniff-sniff. Margaret, his mother, says she loves him better than her own soul.

Paul described the beauty of the morning: "I tended to my housework and then I took this pen to carry a message to you, for your name was on my lips. How could I forget because every morning the boy eats out of the silver porringer like the other little children of your niece's, - like the times when Charlies', Alfred's and Homer's children came to the big white house of the Hine's at Poland. I remember as children we stood before the engraving of "Mazeppa" in the hallway. The man tied on the back of a horse---I remember the wild eyes of the horse and the dark woods, and wolves ready to devour. Then by the door, Alfred Kirtland's fine drawing of a locomotive.

Now about you, do you find nourishing food after the passed bitter, cold winter? A winter like the days of 1864 when Major William McKinley returned from the Union Army. How he loved those little children, - now they are grown men scattered far and wide. I did not know what a great task it was to provide food constantly, care and attention, and lifting and changing clothes and provision of food. In those days there were chickens and ground up beef plenty. I have told you this because in the midst of great hardships the reflected light on the porridge dish, a reminder of the comforts of your home and the gentle hands that provided such sustaining food and good warm beds for those who fell ill. Sunday morning everyone put on fresh clean garments ... The bell rang out, ring on bells, bells, bells of memory never to be forgotten ... Poland church green and the tender green garments of the elms, maples and the horse buggies drove up to the long hitching place by the old cemetery. Does the green myrtle still cling to the head stones, lichen and mass? Down near Cousin Henry, across the creek there was a flat of green grass, the grey granite stones, - Lucy, Emma, Alfred and S.K.

My nieces and nephews in this part of the country have all known Ruth K. Mays who married Dr. J. Hartley Anderson, who became a famous Surgeon. Alas, he didn't take the same care of his health that he took of his patients and died in the West Penn Hospital where a wing was built in his memory. He told me one time he did not fear death. Dr. Anderson was one of earth's noblemen; one of the most magnetic persons with his sparkling brown eyes, merry laugh, keen sense of humor and his interest in everyone he met.

Ruth Anderson told me that sometime ago, an old couple stood in front of their house when the man removed his hat and they bowed their heads and then walked away. Ruth has carried on valiantly for her children, Hartley, Ruthanna, Eloise and little Catherine. Hartley was a brilliant scholar in Harvard and one of earth's noblemen, but he died as a young man, - and dear little Catherine when she was about five years old.



Old Esther, an angelic little crippled colored woman was Ruth's helper at the time of Catherine's death. I said to her it's the worst thing that could happen but she replied, "No, it would have been worse if the Mother had died and the children been left."

Later Esther's house was on fire but it was put out. I ran down Henry Street to see her and calling to Esther who was upstairs, - she called down, "Well, it might have been worse." She had the sweetest little face with merry dimples. She admired Ruth and would give her all sorts of compliments. Ruth said Esther broke all rules for cooking but her results were fine.

Kathryn Mays married James Harsch of Toledo and their children were Betty, a beautiful character as well as face. She married Linn Fork, a fine man. When they were visiting us with their young son, I said, "My house is so old it may fall on me," and the boy replied, "Well, if it does, Cousin Nell, you must come and live with us."

Ruth became a successful Interior Decorator in Toledo and married R. W. Rhodes, an interesting man. They dined with me this Spring (1945) when I was in Washington, D.C., at the Dodge Hotel.

Kirtland Harsch, the youngest, is a truly fine man and lives with his father in Toledo. Ruthanna, Ruth's oldest daughter, too good to be true, but with a keen sense of humor, met Rev. Arthur Clark in Stockbridge, Mass, where Ruth had taken a house for the Summer, and they were married in it. They lived in Evanston where he was Co-Pastor. They are now in Rock Island, Illinois and are doing splendid work in their church. They have three fine children, Joanne, Hartley and Merle.

Eloise, wonderfully beautiful in character as well as face, married Jo Ray, formerly from Texas. They are both successful Landscape Architects and live in Westport, Conn. Their oldest child, Patricia, or PATSY is a genius at drawing, modeling and she sets at the piano and improvises in a most musical way. Christopher, the older son, and Johnnie, the younger, are very energetic interesting boys.

Eloise makes plans of estates in the most unique and fascinating manner and at the same time keeps house for her family of five, doing her own fine cooking to which she adds some of Grandmother, Ruthanna's seasoning.

I can't say enough in praise of Kathryn Mays Harsch. She was the prettiest, happiest young girl but so afraid of making trouble, that I, being some years older, said I'd pay her everytime she remembered not to say, "If it isn't too much trouble." She had a remarkably fine voice and we loved her singing. She was an ideal Mother and James joined her in welcoming her relatives to their home in Toledo, Ohio. Kathryn had the inherited love of gardening and had a lovely flower garden.

Living in a Village, my circle of girl and boy friends was small, but they made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. Anna Lee, a teacher in the Poland Union Seminary with Dr. Robert Gault, whom she later married. Grace Lee, Ann's older sister, became a wonderful friend. Bert, her older brother, married lovely Maud McKeown and Clyde



married a fine singer and a delightful hostess. Both brothers were lawyers.

I recall one evening when Clyde was reading law, he brought Harry Robinson to spend the evening. He was the Henry Robinson who after the first World War, with Mr. Dawes, and Mr. Young, were delegates to the Peace Conference.

Mr. Robinson married the beautiful Laurabelle Arms of Youngstown, Ohio. They built a most artistic home in Pasadena, California. Mrs. Robinson was tireless in her hospitality to Mother and me when we were staying at a Hotel in Pasadena. I recall Mrs. Robinson remarked to us, "If you ever come to call and I'm not here, just tell the maids what you would like to eat," but we never did. She took us to the station when we left, giving us a long box with three great bunches of violets.

When I went to the Union School in Poland, there were Lizzie Moore, daughter of our fine Dr. Moore; the Marshall girls; Anna Marshall married Free Cover, and she and their three sons have meant much to Poland and to me. Ben and Hugh were in the First World War, as were many other Poland boys, and whose greetings are heart warming. Among them, "Bob" Howell, who didn't wait for the U. S. to join the World War but went to Canada and joined the Canadian forces ... so when I had a Doughboy's Dinner, he came in his uniform of a Highlander. Fifty soldiers were invited. Five tables were set in the downstairs bedroom but only thirty guests came, so all were seated in the Dining Room. Paul Mays made the most unique and appropriate place cards. He dressed as a Shiek, even to coloring his own skin brown; so with his white robe and turban, he made a picture as he bowed low to each soldier as he greeted them at the front door.

Other Union School older friends; Jennie Martin, Kit Kennedy, Phoebe Hughes, May Young, Lydia and Axie Carbaugh, Clara Liddle, May Thompson, Gertie Swisher, Etta McNab, Emma, Jennie, Jane and Carrie Nesbitt, Mary, Anna and Edith Truesdale, Aubrey Truesdale, Myrtle McKay Duncan, Jim Cavett, Minnie McClurg, Emma Brown, Will and "Dolly" Truesdale, Will Augden, Nora and Lon Cover, and Mary Mathiot. When Mr. and Mrs. Truesdale came to Poland with their fine family, they were a valuable addition. Aubrey married Molly and for years they were grand neighbors, living in Grandfather's house next door.

Lon Cover married Miss Margaret Kennedy and not only her children all call her blessed but a multitude of others whom she taught in the Infant Class which she has had for 23 years. When Childrens' Day comes, I go to the room where Mrs. Cover has her always delightful exercises. Capt. Charles Cover, her son, served overseas in World War II. He and his wife have great charm and we are fortunate to have them in Poland.

To return to ancient family history; I recall hearing that when Father asked Mother to marry him, he quoted: "Thy people shall my people be and thy God my God," which he fulfilled, as all her relatives had a warm welcome.

Cousin Dudley Allen of Cleveland was one of earth's noblemen. He studied abroad as well as in Oberlin and Harvard. He became a famous surgeon, and married Elizabeth Severance, who with her father, Mr.



Louis Severance, brother John and Anna Belle lived with Mr. Solon Severance and Cousin Emily, Julia, Allen and Mary at 605 Woodland Avenue. Cousin Dudley and mother had always been the closest friends. On his visits to Poland, he always brought us children the finest DeKlyn candies. Calling them medicine was too much for one of Aunt Lucy's children, who refused them until we demonstrated their goodness.

I can't recall how Aunt Lucy stored us all away when some of us went with the Severances to visit her at Maple Manse in North Benton, Ohio, where Uncle Dallas Mays was the Presbyterian Minister. I recall vividly Cousin Dudley asking Ruth to dance with him and she responded by sitting down on the parlor floor, her legs stretched out in front of her -- whereupon Cousin Dudley took the same position opposite her.

On an earlier visit there when mother, Uncle Alf and Charlie were there; Charlie, a little fellow, had colic due to eating too much watermelon and which caused Uncle Alf to remark: "It was a meloncholic occasion.

Once when Mother and Father were driving home from North Benton, there was a terrific thunderstorm so bad that one person walked, so if the lightning struck, one would be left to care for the children.

My three years at St. Margaret's School in Waterbury Connecticut gave me some close friends. My first roommate, Mary Wells of Southport, Connecticut, was one of the finest persons I have ever known. She married Dr. Hetzel and they had four sons. I called them the "Big 4" all being 6 foot or over.

Edith O'Driscoll and her oldest sister married the Hunter Brothers, Belle Mr. Battey. I was interested when Edith "Cis" who was one of my roommates, told me about her great Aunt Rebecca Grats, of Philadelphia, whom Washington Irving admired greatly. He told Sir Walter Scott of her fine character with the result that when "Tvanhoe" was written, he sent a copy to Mr. Irving, asking whether he recognized his "Rebecca."

Miss Alma Mariner came to Poland to do secretarial work but was tireless in doing for anyone she could assist. She made her home with me for a number of years.

When Cousin Ada Hine finished her teaching in Cleveland, she returned to her old home, and later after her mother, our beloved Aunt Nancy, and her fine brother Oliver, had died, she built a house on College Street and it was a great addition to Poland.

One time Alf called after Aunt Nancy had broken her hip. He inquired, "Aunt Nancy, were you practicing for a football game?" "No, Alf, I was dancing and stooped over to look at my ankle watch." Alice Wilson, her granddaughter, was tireless in helping to care for Aunt Nancy and Oliver. She married fine George Zellers and have made a wonderful life, adopting a little girl who is married and has a family.

I was so fortunate as to go to France in 1918-1919 with the Y.M.C.A. I had expected to bear my own expenses but my board was provided. I



hesitated about volunteering to go, feeling our soldiers should have younger women, but our soldiers were fine to me. One about 18 years old walked home with me at about 10:00 P.M. when the "Y" was closed. Chaumont, Ceraus-Foulletourte and LeMans were my assignments.

Chaumont, general headquarters of our army, was very colorful and interesting. I was billeted, Thanks be! in Mme. Boageret's home in the Court of the Three Lions, the oldest part of the City. Mme. B., a delightful person, kept a wine shop but her patrons all seemed to know how to carry their drinks. One room was over the archway to the Court but mine was reached by climbing up steep stairs to my attic chamber, a single door opening on to an iron balcony from which you saw buildings more like a stage setting than real life.

My next assignment was Ceraus<sup>ACS</sup>-Foulletourte where I was billeted in Monsieur Leon Lorient's house. Monsieur and Madame Lorient and their son Leon were wonderful to Elizabeth Dana and me, as were M. and Mes. Battey, the charming Dronard family, etc.

My third assignment was LeMans, the big Classification Camp where I did Library work.

Now Alf's daughter, Marguerite Hine is overseas with the Red Cross. She first went to a hospital in England but now is with the Red Cross in Germany. She has signed up to stay until the spring of 1946 as the Red Cross wished its workers to stay longer but some returned home when the war ended.

Alfred Hine Jr. was flown to Iran in April 1942 to work on the Army Magazine, the YANK. He is in New York now and will be until about Christmas when they cease publishing the YANK.

Kirt, Homer's son, has been with the Curtiss Aeroplane Co. so was not sent overseas.

Upon my return from France in July 1919, I saw my family and then went to wholly delightful Carmel, California, where Ruth Anderson had taken a charming house, "Seven Windows to the Sea," and kept us well fed and we had a grand time hiking, bathing and camping.

It was my great privilege to make a number of trips west to see Homer and later to visit in his home with Rose, a capable hostess and devoted mother to her baby Ruth Emma. In 1943 I visited Rose and Homer for a week and then Rose and I went to Leavenworth, Washington, where Ruth Emma, now Mrs. Tom Darling, lived with her fine husband and fascinating twins, Ann and Ellen. Then I went to Los Angeles where my wonderful W.O.S.L. friend, Faith Hunter Dodge, lived and whom I had met at a Women Overseas Service League convention in the East. Faith was Press Correspondent accredited to the American delegation to the Peace Conference, 1918-1919, and later worked for devastated France. She introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Woods, 601 S. VanNess, Los Angeles, California, where I enjoyed charming hospitality. Faith took me to all sorts of interesting places; one being, "Meet Joe Public," where the Master of Ceremonies wanted to know what places people were from. I told him I was from Poland and when the phone was brought to me to tell of Poland, Europe, there was a surprise when I answered, Poland, Ohio.



When Mother and I went West on one trip, Kirt and Alma joined us, and Home and Rose took us to Mt. Ranier and up to Paradise Valley where the flowers were lovely and snow clad Mt. Ranier most majestic. One memorable trip was when I visited Rose & Homer when they lived in Mt. Vernon, Washington, and I motored with them to Jia Wana, Mexico, and then to Los Angeles where we took our steamer north.

I have never missed owning a car much as my family and friends have been so fine in taking me on motor trips.

Greatly prized new friends are Mr. and Mrs. John Peden who came to Poland in 1942 and now I term them my life savers. If they had been my own children they couldn't have done more for me in their limitless hospitality in their home and at the club and motoring around home and Pittsburgh. I remarked to them if there were an island our country wanted populated, all they had to do was to get the Pedens to live on it.

Well, I might make this a labyrinth of many and varied experiences and trips but I fear I have done so; however, I must mention our splendid soldiers of World War 1 and World War 2 who have been all kindness,--from "Sharpie" (Frank Sharpe of Charlestown, Mass.) who was my chocolate soldier and right hand man in Cera~~ns~~-Foulletourte in France to David Slage, Hugh Cover, Oscar Olson, Paul Schaeffer, Bob ZHowell, Capt. Charles Cover, and many others who have brought much joy into my life....

Truly: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Vastly more than I merit but I do thank God for all!  
September 29, 1945.



**Charlie and Helen Greene Hine and Family**

CHARLIE and HELEN GREENE HINE  
a  
n  
d  
FAMILY



August 6, 1943

Now Carol, you are accountable for this garbled account of my (short) long life of three score years and ten and "then some." It seems almost incredible to me that I'm really 74, so swiftly have the years passed, - yet at 21 I felt shocked at my antiquity and equally shocked later when someone spoke of my mother being old at 70. I think perhaps, due to going to St. Margaret's School in Waterbury, Connecticut, 1885 to 1886 and then a year at home...When I returned in 1887 and 1888 then was my privileged life at home where mother kept "open house" for anyone who wished to come.

I have always found old people interesting, but it never occurred to me how difficult it was to grow old gracefully and not disgracefully as I have, - with the heart of an 18 year old. I could hardly believe it when my first wrinkle appeared by my ear; however, my crepe face and thinning hair don't worry me, but I do hope I can keep "a pushin' and a shovin' until I drop in my tracks."

I think I'd better begin these family tales with your great, great grandfather Turhand Kirtland of Wallingford, Connecticut, who came West in 1798, being a member and an agent of the Connecticut Land Co. Your father had copies made of his diary so you can read it. He was about as versatile as a man could be.

Your little mother dreaded meeting my little mother, but all dread vanished for all time as soon as they met when Charlie brought her to Poland for her first visit. It was the meeting of two flawless souls which lasted without a flaw in this world and we know continues in the Heavenly home. They possessed a rare combination of Faith, Hope and Charity combined with a great capacity for loving, hospitality and a keen sense of humor, appreciation of art and music, making and holding friends, and above all, were devout Christians.

I recall your Daddy's happiness in taking Helen Greene to Mother's garden before breakfast, picking the loveliest flowers for her which was more to his taste than weeding the tennis court. When a young boy his mother asked him if he cared to do it for a dollar. He accepted immediately but later when mother looked out of the Sitting Room window, she found the weeding was progressing finely but Charlie had sublet the contract.

I recall my surprise when Charlie was very young, perhaps 4 or 5, father taught him the ABC's and bought a first reader which he read in a week. Soon we handed him Genesis and he sailed through the begats. Shortly afterward, with the poise of Gladstone, and wearing a blue velvet suit with a white lace collar, he stood on the stage of the old Seminary Chapel and read descriptions of temperance pictures as they were thrown on the screen by a Sterioptician. He made quite a picture with his golden curls and blue eyes.

When a little tot, he gave Mother and me one of the most tortured moments of our lives. We were on the side porch caring for him, I had become interested in something when I heard an awful thud and to my horror I saw Charlie lying motionless on the outside cellar door. Instead of going to him, I rushed to the front hall and called upstairs



to my poor mother, "I've killed Charlie!" It evidently made a dent in my memory as I do not recall anything more about it. That wasn't her first awful fright about him as when a baby he had convulsions. Mother put him in a child's tin bath tub of water in the downstairs bedroom. I can still see his eyes staring. Our neighbor, Dr. Eli Mygatt, was out so Mother called for Dr. Moore. Both arrived at the same time and stood motionless when mother called in an agonized voice, "Do something! Are you going to let my child die?"

No wonder Charlie wasn't keen to work as reading offered such attractions that when he was about 6 years old, I walked through the boy's bedroom where Charlie stood reading spellbound with just one leg in his knickers.

One day when he was nine years old, I can recall him vividly when on my return from St. Margaret's school in Waterbury, Connecticut, (1886) after 9 months absence he stood at the front corner of our house, calling, "Come here so I can eat you up."

In the blessed Christmas times, Grandfather Billius and Grandmother Ruthanna always had their Christmas with us so there were nine stockings hung on chairs forming a semi-circle around the sitting room fireplace. One Xmas I was going through my stocking and had come to the toe when mother was surprised as I didn't find a little jewelry box with my first gold breast pin. I glanced at father and a twinkle in his eye told the tale so I leaped towards him and pursued him upstairs when I found my gift in the coat tail of his dressing gown. The gold pin filled a child's idea of beauty.

Father's dressing gown was a light tan with red plush collar and cuffs.

Charlie's first gift to mother amused us as when mother expressed her pleasure in having a thimble, Charlie, exclaimed, "Yes, and it only cost three cents!" Another time he made a sailor's thimble, - a piece of leather with a string on each side that was tied around the hand.

I suppose Charlie was about 10 years old when he took the Mississippi river trip with father, mother and me. We went to New Orleans, remaining on the Steamer there. When Charlie saw the long white dining room, he exclaimed, "Well, this is the realization on my anticipation."

If it is ever possible for you to make the trip, don't fail to do so as it was the most restful trip imaginable. We took it in flood time, the river being forty miles wide in places. One day we surrounded a little house surrounded with water, where a poor man stood with arms outstretched in our direction, "Aren't you going to stop!" the officer calmly replied, "Oh, a smaller boat will take him off."

One Sunday our boat became grounded so we went ashore and stopped at a "Colored Church," and very colorful it was, as not a woman had a skirt that matched her waist. The Minister was apparently baptizing a baby. After the service he replied to our inquiry, "No, it wasn't a baptism, just something we do to satisfy the Catholics."



The Minister, seeing a bouquet of wild flowers we had, said, "You seem to admire our flowers, - if I have time, I will send you a bouquet." Presently a lovely one arrived.

We were eager to explore more but alas the steamer's whistle blew and away we flew but didn't get off until evening when something like a Tally Ho was driven along the road, filled with young people, and did I want to join them!

The darkies, in loading a boat, would pick up a big bag of something, throwing it down the chute to the tune of "Good bye Sarah ba-ah-ag."

The nearest I ever came to taking a life was one morning when I went down to the Laundry to curl my hair and was met by a maid, saying, "I've found a leather-winged bat." It was nothing but a tiny head from a seal skin scarf. The maid added, "Aunt Jemima thinks its an evil spirit. "Give it to me and I'll show her what it really is!" but the big bandanned laundress sprang into the open window, sat down, threw her hands into the air shouting, "Oh Lordy! Lordy!, if you come a step nearer, I'll jump into the river." I beat a hurried retreat. Later when I told the Captain, he assured me she would have jumped.

We returned on the boat to St. Louis then went to visit Sister Mary Cameron on her farm near Lewis Station, Missouri. Sister Mary was a wonderful woman, proving herself a plucky pioneer. Leaving a home where two maids were kept, she made her genial husband, Allen Cameron a real farmer's wife. Mr. Cameron had served in the Civil War.

I remember receiving a pair of the finest French kid high shoes which she sent, saying, "I haven't any use for shoes like these." When we visited there Brother Cameron had died, leaving three children, Cecil, Edith and Arthur. One day Cecil took us out driving, passing a lonely place where we saw a tiny old windowless shack but the door knob proved too good a mark to resist using it as a target. We had some fine shooting which later cost Cecil \$10.00.

From Sister Mary's we went to El Dorado Springs, Mo. That was so fine that Cousin Lucy Boardman would like to have spent half of every year there. No so with Cousin Mary who thrived on life in New Haven until in her gay nineties. She lived with her wonderful sister Mrs. William Boardman at 46 Hillhouse Avenue, a stately old mansion with great columns at one side and a lovely garden that extended to the street back of the house. The house was filled with all sorts of treasures. The Madonna and child I have was one I admired and was marked for me. The Hall cousins in Warren, Ohio, were very generous in sending most of the furniture to be distributed among families who were her relatives.

I think Charlie's association with Cousin Lucy Boardman and her methodical ways helped him to form his life and made possible his life as a lawyer. To change from an early writer of poems to a gifted lawyer meant much readjustment in his life.

When Mary Elizabeth (~~the~~ Ibis) was born, Helen and Charlie lived in an apartment. One day to Helen's dismay a little safety pin was missing but about a month later, Ibis coughes and out flew a cocoon which contained the pin.



Little Carol was present one day when Nancy was being nursed and she remarked, "Mother, the lunch is on you." One evening when you were living on Mistletoe Drive, I was expected to come and was late in coming. Your mother said, "Carol, go out and play, it isn't worthwhile to stay in," but you replied with great dignity, "I think it's quite worthwhile."

Before Xmas, Helen went to the attic and turning around found little Nancy had followed which meant an explanation of a secret to Nancy, it being near Xmas and Carol's Xmas bicycle was in sight, but it did not take as next morning your mother hear you and Nancy going downstairs and Nancy was saying, "Carol, you are to have an icicle for Xmas."

Bess Cates called and I told her <sup>of</sup> at the time Mary Carol and Marnie were here and her father called. He took hold of the hands of one girl and gave her a grand slide between his (natural bridge) legs while each eagerly awaited her turn. Then I recall Mary at the dinner table, - some remark was made and we never thought of Mary being old enough to register until she remarked, "Oh, don't they get on?"

I imagine all but Nancy can recall the grand Xmas dinner at the Belden Seymore's delightful country home where the table groaned with all sorts of good things ... cold turkey, hot turkey and a little roasted pig with cranberry eyes and an ear of corn in his mouth which made Nancy's eyes water, rather than her mouth. Aunt "Coo" started the running trips to the porch so our appetites wouldn't give out.

Another memorable dinner, one of the many given by Mr. and Mrs. Ed Greene, was served on the sun porch of Mr. Wade's beautiful country home. As you entered the grounds you passed a high bank so white with trilliums they made you think of stars. The poultry and etc. were also white. Last but not least were dear Pauline Osborne's delicious dinners and with your Mother and Father presiding there wasn't a dull moment. Your Aunt Lucy Greene's and Aunt Mary Patch's dinners always brought joy as well as nummy food.

When Mother, Alf, your Aunt Marguerite, Homer and I went to your parent's wedding and were waiting in the station, Marguerite called Alf aside when Homer danced a jig and said, "Gee whiz I'm glad I'm free, no wedding bells for me."

Oh, what a lovely wedding it was. I recall the exquisite little bride going over to her dear Aunt Fan and sitting on her lap.

Your Grandfather Greene always added much to a family party and all his children inherited that as well as many other blessings. Your memory of your father is still so vivid that you know his gift as a host or guest, but best of all his adoring love for you and his grandchildren, doing all in his power to give what is adored Helen would have given, all returned in your devotion to him.

When I was staying with you, I had double pneumonia, your father called a Doctor and Nurse, the latter insisted upon taking entire charge of me as she could sleep. This was my second case of double pneumonia.



The penumonia didn't bother me but the Intestinal Flu, thanks to it, I can leave all medicines at home, eat everything and sleep like the ground hog I am.

In my youth, on February 2, on going down town I'd be greeted with smiles and etc. To my surprise, this year, I had quite a few Birthday cards, which were I'm quite sure, due to Alma Manner telling her friends. Two years ago when a family, Mr. and Mrs. Upole, lived over my garage, Mr. Upole rolled a stone in front of the opening in the foundation, so my ground hog that lived there "staked a claim" under the laundry floor where she had protection and four of the cutest little ground hogs. They were about 6 inches tall and would sit up on their hind legs and eat as daintily as the best mannered grown-ups. Later Mr. Upole fixed a fine place for them in the garden but alas one morning I found one was dead and the others didn't leave word where they went. I had been told the mother would take them to different places otherwise they might kill each other.

What a thrill you gave me Carol when you were going to a Polo game and insisted I go with you.

Another time I was a child again when your Cousin Mrs. Andrew Squire invited me to the party for the little girls ... the table decorated as only your Cousin Nellie could decorate. We soon discovered her tiny pet dog was jealous and she was sent into the next room. When Mrs. Squire called to her, she answered with a pitiful little wail. I wondered what Judge Andrew Squire could think of such a performance but I had my answer when I happened to be near as he was about to drive away, and he held the tiny dog as close to his face as if it were his own child.. How fortunate I was to be able to see my "three graces" married, each wedding being perfect so I can't describe them.

Nancy, your Daddy told me of the time you, Tom and Kathleen were living with him. His ear was tuned to hear little Kathleen when she cried in the night and he said, "When I hear her cry I go to her and rub her back and she goes to sleep."

Your new victory in the culinary art was a surprise to me when I visited you.

When Uncle Homer called in Cleveland, Kathleen was serving "pretend tea" for him on the floor on the living room and Homer was taking his cup up with great gusto when Kathleen said, "Oh, you must let it cook first."

I am sure Charlie would have enjoyed Teddy's remark on the day of his Grandfather's funeral. When he returned home and found some boys there he remarked, "Grandfather is writing poetry for the angels."

One Summer, Alf and Charlie with their families, were spending some weeks in the old home in Poland when Mother and I were away. Word had come that they were to have unexpected company from Cleveland, so they flew around and had things ship-shape and were awaiting the guest in the parlor when Charlie sprang up and quickly pulled all the window shades down. In reply to their questions he said, "Oh, I'm so afraid I'll see something more to do."



The memories of your home wouldn't be complete without telling of our wonderful Pauline Osborn, who took entire charge of the house and cooked some of the best meals any home ever enjoyed. Her rich cookies, meringues with home made ice cream were beyond anyone's culinary art to excel. Cousin Nell Hall asked for the cookie recipe but as usual they couldn't be recognized as 42nd cousins of Pauline's so Nell exclaimed, "I'm having rich cookies," so wrote her addition of one more cup of butter. She just smiled when I asked her about her cookies.

I had a dear visit at Carol's and enjoyed seeing her and her interesting son and lively daughter.

There is much more that might be written but life isn't getting longer and I have a mountain of things I wish to accomplish. The love and consideration of my "three graces" and all my nieces mean more to me than I can express.

LATER ... There was one childhood experience of Charles I neglected to tell. You may recall an old hat rack we had in the hall. Below the wooden pins was an iron basin for umbrellas. One day when Charlie was a little tot, Mother went through the front hall and saw him sitting on the iron basin. She said, "What are you doing Charlie?" He said, "Homer laid an egg and I'm trying to lay one." With Homer being able to hand out an egg, one can understand Charlie's efforts.

I have a dim recollection of Charlie's early efforts to make money. He shaved scouring brick until it was powder then he evidently tried it on a piece of silver with good results, so he commenced selling it as silver polish. As soon as Mother learned of it, all purchasers of it were informed.