J. A. U.

(JUST ABOUT US)

by

Dr. Bertrand K. Wilbur

Volume III of III Volumes

Factory Hand, Superintendent and President

of H.O. Wilbur and Sons

1901 - 1927 (?)

(Pages 570 - 780)

Memories of Lavallette, Family Servants and

Boy Scout Activities

1910 - 1938

Ardmore, Rosemont and Haverford, Pa.

(Pages 781 - 835)

Haverford, Pa. & La Jolla, Ca.
1936 - 1939

Appendix of Corrections
Just About Us Volume III
1901-1938

This appendix lists corrections to the scanned copy of BK Wilbur's autobiography.

Page numbers refer to pages as numbered in BKW's text, not to the page number on the scan.

p. 626: The last word on the page should be "didn't" instead of "did." "Sometimes tho it didn't…"

p. 741: The last line is: " years of repression do not develop men or make them anything but routineists."

p. 830: Following p. 826 are *two* consecutive pages numbered 830. Re-number the second of these pages, which begins with "There were five issues of Liberty Bonds…", to 830A.

Carolyn Wilbur Treadway
Daughter of Ross Taylor Wilbur
January 24, 2017

Introduction to this Digital Edition
Autobiography of Bertrand Kingsbury Wilbur
Just About Me

BKW began JAM in 1933 while still in Haverford, Pa, and wrote the final page in 1938 in San Diego, California as he notes at the top of p. 737 in Vol III:

....It is a long time since I wrote any of this, and I am still anxious to complete it. Having brought old letters and papers to do so with me in anticipation of having lots of time out here, which I have failed to find, I have at last gotten at it. It seems best to describe events as a series of pictures, rather than in anything like history. Its sad enough any way, but it seems to me that you children will want the whole picture.....

As noted at the top of p. 278, Vol II BKW hand-typed five carbon copies of JAM. These three digitized volumes were scanned from a Xerox copy made from Teddy and Nelson's carbon, when I stayed with Teddy at her small frame house in Haverford during the summer of 1981 and helped paint her eaves from a long ladder. I'm forever indebted to Teddy for introducing me to JAM, and for her suggestion that I make this xerox for my family, particularly since all the original onion-skin copies are rapidly deteriorating. And none of them would have held up to the digitization process.

Please note that in many places BKW apparently had later thoughts and memories he wanted to add after writing the main sequentially-numbered text. In such cases he summarized these added memories on pages which he numbered A, B, C...etc. I suggest that you read the main sequential text first. And then read these lettered addenda pages separately; the events they describe do not necessarily fit exactly where inserted in the text.

TABLE OF CONTENTS
Begins with BKW's original 3-page Table of Contents which covers Vol I and Vol II, and later supplemented by son Ross Wilbur's expanded Table covering Vol II and Vol III.

FORWARD
Written by sons Bert and Harry during the 1936 'Wilbur Welcomes Wilbur Reunion' in Lavallette, NJ (pictured on p.62 of 'Happy Days') when JAM was only partially completed

PREFACE
Written nine days later by BKW after a coronary event during the summer. He describes the genesis of JAM: *.....this took form, and as it did, I pounded it out from my grey cells by the two-finger-and-thumb method...* BKW speaks of spending many evenings with Anna Dean ('mother') writing, editing, laughing, and reliving their life together during the preparation of JAM/JAU.

HAPPY DAYS & SPECIAL EVENTS
The 900-page JAM/JAU story ends in 1912 when the family was still quite young and living in the big house with many servants, gardens and optimism for the future. It is unclear why BKW chose to end his story at this point, even tho he lived for many more years and died peacefully in 1945. But World War I was brewing in Europe, tastes and customs were changing, and the business climate was becoming more competitive. Perhaps these were the 'sad' years of which he speaks earlier in the text. And he might have had difficulty recounting those years in JAM.

So 65+ years later, after a wonderful Wilbur Reunion in Virginia in 1980, youngest son Ross Wilbur, then retired and living in Minnesota, was motivated to compile this heartfelt 190-page book of photos and personal memories, that fills-in this later period of the Wilbur Family history to some extent.

To compile this work, Ross interviewed his brothers and sisters who were still alive, excerpted sections from the large trove of personal letters and memorabilia he had accumulated, and added his own unique and loving memories. I flew up from Chicago to visit Ross and his wife Helen during the preparation of this volume, and was honored to help Ross in the its production and distribution to every living Wilbur at the time. So it seems appropriate that Ross' later work be included now in this digital Wilbur archive.

SUGGESTED JAM READINGS:
To help readers 'get into' the story of the Wilbur Family, I would like to suggest a few episodes that I have particularly enjoyed:

JAM page	
1	Early childhood beginning in 1870 in Camden, New Jersey
13	Family trip to Europe by steamship, train and carriage in 1880
170	Arriving in Alaska for the first time
240	Courtship of Miss Anna Dean
249	Hike up Mt Edgecumb in the wilds of Alaska
296	Summer in Gratiot, Michigan
370	Return to Anna Dean and their wedding
486	Cruise of the sailboat Bertha captained by BKW
558P	Meeting John D. Rockefeller in Alaska
562	Leaving Alaska for the final time
592	Beginning work at the chocolate factory, by 'God's direction'
629	Summer at HO's 'salmon preserve' on the St Lawrence River
658	BKW raises money on the Main Line for a YMCA
667	Buying a 1906 2-cyl Maxwell - top speed 35mph
683	BKW joins the first Board of Health; describes early sanitation standards
712	Discovering Lavallette and the New Jersey shore for the first time in 1908
745	Steamship cruise in 1910 from New York to Caribbean & West Indies
755	Early biplane flights from nearby cow pasture
759	Honeymoon in Jamaica by steamship in 1911
781	Early trips to Lavallette in the new 1912 4-cyl Cadillac
787	Harry Backus and the Family's black servants
801	Starting a Scout Troop soon after scouting came to America

Carolyn Treadway and I as BKW's grandchildren, enjoyed discovering, editing and digitizing this massive work. We hope that future Wilburs will also enjoy reading it and passing it on to their children. JAM represents our heritage. For we believe that within each of us dwells the ideals and spirit of the man who was Bertrand Kingsbury Wilbur.

Clark Maxfield
Son of Helena Ruth Wilbur Maxfield
January 24, 2017

Volume III

The Family Grows, Years at the Chocolate Factory, Community Services, Lavallette, Boy Scout Activities.

Forward to Digitalized *Just About Me/Just About Us*

Bertrand Kingsbury Wilbur (BKW) lived a long and fascinating life. Born into wealth and imbued with faith and the idea of service, his autobiography *Just About Me/Just About Us* provides a valuable window into the changing times of his life span, 1870-1945.

In 1898, BKW married Anna Dean (ADW), who lived from 1874 to 1952. He took his new bride to Sitka, Alaska, where he was serving as doctor to a mission school. This autobiography provides a priceless record of rapidly changing Alaska, 1894-1901.

BKW and ADW had ten children: Bertrand (Bert), Harry, Donald (Don), Elizabeth (Buddy), Nelson (Nick) , Esther (Toni) , Ross, Anna (Deanie), Ruth (Helena), and Virginia (Ginno). Toward the end of his life, BK's children urged him to write his memoirs, which he did in Haverford, PA, and La Jolla, CA, from 1933-1939, totaling nearly 900 typed pages. Copies were laboriously typed on onion skin paper and distributed to his children. BK made an abbreviated Table of Contents covering the first 572 pages.

In the late 1970s, my father Ross Wilbur circulated excerpts from *Just About Me*, copied from his xerox of onion skin pages. Early in the 1980s, Ross had his copy of *JAM/JAU* professionally bound. For easier readability, he separated the autobiography into three volumes and prepared a more detailed index for each volume. The index of the first volume overlaps with BK's own index. Volume I covers BK's boyhood and education as a physician; Volume II covers his time in Sitka; Volume III covers his life at the Wilbur Chocolate Factory, Lavalette, family servants, and scouting.

In May 2016, with my husband Roy Treadway, I visited Sitka to donate to the Sheldon Jackson Museum a cabinet door carved by Rudolph Walton, BK's best Tlingit friend. This door was a gift from Rudolph to newlyweds BKW and ADW for their new home, Raven's Nest, which was up the hill directly above the Museum. This door, which had been in my family since my childhood, was thus safely returned to its Tlingit home for perpetuity. While in Sitka, we were honored to meet some of Rudolph's descendants. Talking with them and with Museum curators made me realize how much others wanted to read BKW's autobiography also. Thus began my intense quest to make this valuable historical document available "to the world."

It has been quite a journey, through thick and thin, to complete this digitalized *JAM/JAU*. The end result is three volumes, indexed, with OCR (Optical Character Recognition) added. Standard computer tools such as Adobe Acrobat and Preview can be used for basic searches; more advanced tools can be used for additional searches. This autobiography has been preserved in its original form as much as possible.

I am grateful to my grandfather BKW who deeply shared his life with his children through the written word, and to ADW and their children for encouraging him to keep on writing about his life. I am also very grateful to my father Ross Wilbur who preserved this precious family history so carefully and passed on to me not only the cherished volumes of BKW's life story, but the love of learning family history and preserving it for future generations as well.

Carolyn Wilbur Treadway
Lacey, Washington
January 2017

Almost as soon as I reached home I went to see Dr. VanLennep. and received ~~my~~ a shock and a disappointment. He was friendly but but the old warm welcome was missing. Almost from the first it was evident that "the place that would always be waiting for me at 1421" (his office number on Spruce Street,) was there no longer. Dr. Van had so often said that and written it too that I took it as a matter of course that it would be waiting. But it was'nt. "Too long away." If begin again it must be at the bottom; other men had come along: he had an able assistant; I turned down my chance. Of course, he would do what he could but -----. It seemed to me he had changed, grown harder, lost his love for me and perhaps, even his interest in me and there was a little tendency to grossness, I thought. Mrs. Van Lennep was cordial but there seemed to be a distance I had never felt there before and when Becky came in she was no longer the little girl that had been like a little sister to me but a grown young lady who formerly held out her hand with a'How do you do Dr. Wilbur', and then immediately said to he mother, I'm going out to walk with Dr. ~~Dean~~ Ellis", the new assistant whose presence I strongly resented. She afterward married him.

So I turned away from the place I had always counted as a sort of second home, sad and resentful and realized that conditions and sometimes friends change during an absence of four years.

We lived ~~xx~~ with Father and Mother until we could locate and it had been settled as to what I was going to do. There were conferences with Will and Father determined I should go into the business. ~~Strang~~ strangely enough, I had little desire to enter practice among white people. Dr. Van Lennep's coldness seemed to have killed that almost completely. I felt so very much out of it. But Will pleaded with me not to give up my profession. He offered to make me ~~xx~~ a liberal allowance to tide me along if I would continue in medicine and held out

against Father for sometime. He saw Dr. Van and I guess got little sayisfaction but still urged me to go into practice in the city. It was not any selfish motive that made him try to keep me out of the business but it was his high ideal of the medical profession and his dislike of the sordidness of business in general and of the confectionary business in particular. Will had virtually been carrying on the business for some years and naturally regarded it as almost his own and it would have been quite natural for him to resent anyone entering it who was likely to become a partner eventually. But I am sure that was not his controlling motive in so strongly urging me to continue in my profession. I have wondered very often since that time if he did not see the wiser and better way.

I cannot understand to this day how I could so easily think of junking all the training of nearly fifteen years, utterly dropping it and at the age of thirty two begin to learn a new life work for which any training I had had was worse than useless, except a certain amount of practical knowledge I had acquired in the saw mill and my pioneer life. I say worse than useless for a doctor's approach to his patients is far from the approach of a business man to his customers while a missionaries point of view is the exactreverse of the business man's. The fact is I did feel anxious to junk all that professional experience and quite willing to go into the factory. I told Will that and then left it to Father and Will to come to a decision.

At last it was decided and we three met in Wills office to make the final arranggements. It was understood that I was to begin at the bottom like any other hand with no special priveleges except I was allowed to be about five minutes late in getting in as the

first train in the morning did not reach Broad Street until quarter of seven. Then I was to be allowed to quit work at 5.30 in order to catch the last express in the evening as otherwise I could not get home much before eight. As to wages, Father wanted the firm to pay me enough to live on but Will thought that as Father was bringing me in he ought to bear part of the price, which was fair enough, and it was agreed that I would receive $20 per week. Father supplemented that with an allowance. Steve Oriole was brought in and I was put in his charge to be treated like any other hand with the exception as to hours and as I turned to go Will's eyes filled with tears so great was his disappointment. In spite of that, it was many years before he offered any opposition or was anything but kind and helpful, altho he held me to my bargin and in business hours was strictly my employer.

Mother had been house hunting before we arrived in the East and had located a house on Greenfied Ave., in Ardmore that came within our means. No one seems to have thought of the possibility of our living in the city or if they did Mother would not consider it. She wanted us near her. She also gave up one of her maids to serve us, an Italian girl, I-talia by name. With the money we had from the sale of furnishings in Sitka we bought furniture among which was the flat-top desk that is at Lavallette now. Soon we were settled very comfortably in our little home and on the 20th. of January I took the 6.15 train and reported to Steve and was turned over to Herman Leonard, foremen of the roasting room on the fifth floor of factory at 235-249 North Third Street, Philadelphia. Leonard soon found that I had come to work and that I was not putting on any airs and he was a good teacher and soon I was shoveling coal to the roasters.

That winter of 1902 was a rough one with lots of show and it was no fun to get up in the dark and after a hasty breakfast, hustle out in the early dawn to take the 6.23 train for the city. One day was not so bad, but as a regular thing it seemed rather hard. The walks would not be shoveled by that time and it was a good deal of a task to walk to the station day after day. But I had chosen it and had been warned that I would have to do it and I made no complaint. The days seemed very long at first and very monotonous after my varied life at Sitka for I had in a large measure to be my own teacher and I did not even know what I should learn. Will was strictly the company Manager and did not favor my coming to his office during business hours, except on business tho he was the brother and councilor ~~xxxxxxxx~~ when the day was over. He went home some hour or more before I took that 6.11 train and as he lived at Deven I did not see him very often. I expect he thought I would get sick of it and give it up and, hoping that I would, he did not show any favors. I do not blame him for it was a sore disappointment and one he never got over and, loking back now, I am not sure that he was not right.

Like the rest of the 'help' I had a time card and I took good care that I was seldom late. I noticed that Samuel M.Vauclain, who was general Supt. of Baldwin Locomotive Works, was always on that early train and it was an example and a stimulus to me to see him there. Surely, if a man as high up in such a big companny felt he should be at work as early as that, I, a beginner, had no kick coming. And I did not kick. But there was one tired man when I reached home a little before seven at night, so tired that I

that I must have been a very stupid companion for my dear wife who missed me at lunch and my running in, now and then, during the day. But there was never a word of complaint, but a world of sympathy and love and interest in my work. Saturday was an abominal day as theoretically we worked until five but more often than not Will would close the plant anywhere from one to three of four o'clock and we never knew just what to expect. It all depended on the whim of the Manager, altho he called it judgement. It was one thing I thought was entirely without excuse but it continued for a number of years. Neither I, nor any of the men could plan for any pleasure or outings or anything else Saturday afternoon and there was no good reason for it. Every one was wondering when we would shut down and every one was on edge, and a lot of time was loafed away as often the word as to when we would stop only came a short time before the final whistle blew. So there was little planning for any little pleasurings with my family and when I did get home Saturdays it was generally to lie down and then go to bed early and sleep late as possible Sunday morning, trying to get rested. I was no weakling but long hours and confinement were very wearing. Beside there was the nerve stress of feeling that I was beginning again after having climbed so high in my first work; of being knowing so much less than these ignorant men about me and of being the under man and not the top man anymore. As to my dreams of usefullness in church and Medical college I had no bit of strength left for anything but my work.

Arriving at the Factory I got into working clothes and found the first batch of beans already in the Roasters or just going in. Herman had a little Jew boy, 14 years old, I suppose, who came be-

A FACTORY HAND. J.AW.pg 575,

Note. Jan. 1936. Intentionallly I have not tried to write any of this story for the last few weeks as I have had the Christmas preparations which if not extensive take time and if I do not get suffecient rest I am apt to be laid up entirely. So, in spite of my desire to do more I cannot do much and it is a trial. My hope was to be able to catch up with correspondence, accounts &c. before I resumed this but that seems impossible for reasons above and as I want to finish this, not so much because it is worth finishing but because I dislike to leave things unfinished, I shall try to write some each day. So here resumes the story. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

seven to lay the fires and light them and have the Roasters ready for Hermon when he came in just before the whistle blew. Poor little fellow for the seventeen, so he claimed, he was small and never seemed to have had enough to eat. He had big, pale eyes that always reminded me of a sheep's eyes, that looked at me in a shy sort of way as tho I was a creature from some strange land to be revered and shunned. I never could get next to Jake and I never could do things for him as I wished to lest I play havoc with the factory system and the factory discipline. I was no longer a Missionary. I suppose that with more experience, Icould have found a way to help the boy but I knew no way except the simple direct way I had been using for seven years and much as I longed to do something for this faithful worker, whose wages amounted to five or six dollars a week I suppose, it seemed impossible or, at least, unwise to do so. Leonard was a kind boss, as bosses go, but he expected a full days work for a day's pay and, in case of an apprentice, a bit more-like every other foreman (and the big boss too for that matter,) and they all saw to it that they got it or "get your time". Will was far more interested than the average employer in his men but Business is business, the labor market was well supplied and labor was cheap.

As soon as Hermon got into the Roasting room he went at once to one of a number of spouts looking like a stove pipe and had began to let the beans, from the bins above, flow into the roasters, and the days

work had begun. I had nothing to do at first but from time to time Leonard would bring some cocoa beand to the window sill and tell me their name and what he knew about them. Then we would cut them thru the middle from end to end and inspect the color of the meat. By the color and appearance of the cut surfaces the ripeness and value of the bean for chocolate making was estimated. The taste of the raw bean was also judged but for quite a time they all tasted alike to me, just bitter and disagreeable. My Boss knew his cocoa very well in a practicle way and was an uncomonly good teacher.

It was hard for the factory men to get the idea that I actually wanted to do things myself, to do part of their work. They thought that as my name was Wilbur I was to be put on a sort of a pedestal and not allowed to soil my lily-white hands. Gradually I was able to show them that those hands had done other things than delicately open an eye ball or dissect along a jugular vein. Beside I had some calluses to prove it. So, after a while, I was allowed to shovel coal to the furnaces, or try to, for the furnace doors were very narrow and the novice was likely to hit the edge and the small size coal would fly over most of the roasting room floor. Many a time I showered it there, while Jakey had to get off in a dark corner somewhere until he could get his face straight. IT would never do to laugh at the Big Boss's brother. And poor Jake needed to have a laugh for I'm sure his somber life offered little enough opportunity for it. But I laughed and encouraged the others to join in as I hustled to get a broom and sweep up the mess. Nor was it hard to do so for my contacts with many different kinds of people made me realize "A man's a man for aw that".

The weeks wore on, slowly enough, but one day I was given a charge of a roaster to roast those 400 lbs of beans all by myself. Even cheap beans cost money and that 400 lbs. was worth about ~~$30~~ $ 30 and it was so very easy to utterly ruin them by wrong roasting. It would be so easy to go on and tell how to roast cocoa properly and all the other methods of making chocolate that it is hard not to do that but that is not just about me and it can be found in the books and probably will be found with all the new and better ways in books yet to be written. But I was anxious about that "batch" and nursed it with unceasing care, withdrawing a few beans at frequent intervals and tasting them to note how the flavor was developing. A cocoa roaster was chewing beans almost all day and while he does swallow them it's pretty hard on the teeth and mouxth. Well, that batch, (batch is the universal factory unit, it seems) that batch came out ok. Of course my teacher had to criticise for not only must the beans be well roasted but roasted in two hours or less or the five runs a day could not be gotten out and then the whole factory routine would be upset.

As I grew more experienced Leonard would come to me sometimes and say "Mr. B.K., (Will would not have me called Doctor in the factory) Mr B.K., this arebia is no good. Mr. Wilbur ought to know about it. You take it down and show it to him." So I'd take a sample down to Will's office, in my overall, shirt sleeves and all. Then Steve Oriole would be called in, he was the factory superintendent, and he and Will would cut some beans. But the beans they cut looked nice and brown and had a good flavor. Even I could see that. They were not purrple color with a rank astringent tastclike the ones Leonard and I had cut in the roasting room. I could not understand

it. They said that the cocoa was good and to go back and tell Leonard to go ahead. So feeling very foolish and mentally saying things about Hermon Leonard for sending me on a fool's errand, IX I'd trot back to the roasting room.

But Leonard was far from convinced and it would not be long before he would be pointing out more defective cocoa and urging me to to show it at Mr. Wilbur. Again I take a sample of a different cocoa to the Manager only to be shown that it was good cocoa and I'd go back fully convinced that I was very dumb indeed.

That went on for quite a while before I learned that Will and Steve Criole, both excellent judges of cocoa, were having fun wit h me, tho Leonard was acting in good faith, and here is where the joke came in. Unripe cocoa beand are flat and somewhat shrunken and have a rank and astringent taste while ripe, well flavored beans are plump and have a brown'break' that is show brown when cut, and a nice chocolately tast when one had learned not to mind the bitterness. Anyone who knew cocoa could easily pick the plump of the flat beans by sight and while Hermon tried to be fair he naturally would cut more of the flat ones to make his complaint stronger while Will would pick the plump ones to show that he had not bought poor cocoa. It was quite a while before Leonard and I caught on.

One must not think from this that Will did not want any criticism of quality. Quite to the contrary, he welcomed it for he was quality crazy, if one can be crazy on that subject. But criticism must be of quality, not of W.N.Wilbur, two very different things indeed. It was more than probable that after each trip I made to his office to complain about some cocoa he would write a hot letter to the broker who sold the cocoa and maybe make a claim for poor delivery. But it would be contrary to the code of the

to admit to Leonard, or any factory man, that he was wrong, but, underneath he was mighty glad to have a man as critical as Leonard in the Roasting room. As a matter of fact, the lot probably was better than the average for Will was a stickler on quality, as I have said, and seldom could be fooled on good cocoa. The actual quality of any sample of beans was judged by thking twenty or thirty beans at random and cutting them all. From the average of the good and poor beans the valuex of the entire lot was estimated.

The ~~mix~~ fall rush was on and I was put in charge of the Roasting room for the night shift and my responsibility weighed heavily on my shoulders. Not only must the beans be properly roasted but the right degree of heat must be applied at the right time to do this. The heat was regulated by proper stoking, neither too much or too little coal being used and also by regulating the drafts by proper adjustment of the furnace doors. Altogether, quite a trick.

All was going well when I smelled smoke and the bluish steamy vapor from one of the roasters began to get denser and smoky. Beans were beginning to scorch! Frantically I shut off the draft and looked into the cylinder. There wwas no back and forth motion in the beans which should be flowing easily as the long cylinder revolved. I had never seen that happen and I did not knowm just what to do. In a few minutes the the entire lot would be utterly ruined if I did not cut down the heat and I banked the firex with coal. About that time Steve Oriole, he was always called Steve, came in . One look and he released the catch and allowed the beans to flow out on the floor. "You got your roaster too full" he said, "and they swelled up on you." So that was it. As the beans get hot the natural

moisture in them turns to steam, expands the kernels and separates the skin covering them, always called "shell," from the kernels. That separation of the shell from the usable part of the beans, which are really nuts, you know, is a most important part of the roasting. If that is not properly carried on the shells are not separated but stick tight to the kernel and are very hard to remove from it, resulting in loss and poor chocolate, and at present, are very properly classed as an adulterant. The swollen beans take up more space, of course and I had not allowed enough extra so they jammed tight in the cylinder and the outer layers were scorched and the center mass pretty smokey. " Are they ruined, Steve?" He tasted a few, ~~judicially~~ judicially. "Well they aint exactly ruined, Mr.B.H. but they is pretty near it. But dont worry, we kin use em in cheap coatings, a little in a batch."

Good old Steve! A little rolly, polly Frenchman who knew chocolate making of his day "from the bean up", and expression which always ment the highest knowledge of the trade. Steve had blue eyes and a pale yellow goatee, When he got angry, which was seldom, he fairly smoked with rage. It was a factory tradition that he once took one of the boys who was skylarking across his lap and gave him a sound spanking. That boy afterward became assistant foreman and always said that the spanking did him a lot of good. Steve "hired and fired his help" without question from the higher ups and was czar in his own domain. He had very little to say when Will told him that he was to be my boss but no doubt indulged in plenty of French oaths as he went home thst night. He did'nt want the bosses's son snooping about the factory any more than any other foreman would. But I <u>was</u> the bosses son and a foreigner never could

forget that, and no matter how strictly Will charged him to treat me like any other "hand" I was always MR.B.K. to Steve. When I first came into the factory and Will put me in Steve's charge he kept at a distance, mentally, until he saw that I was in earnest, not afraid of physical work, no snob and, above all, that I came to him for information and advice and then he almost fell on my neck and kissed me on both cheeks. We were sincere and fast friends as long as he lived even when I became the boss and Steve was still the Factory Foreman, years later.

Steve had very little education except in a practical way, and how he figured his requisitions was always a mystery. He himself could never satisfactorily explain his method. For each lot of chocolate, whether coatings, liquors (that is, plain unsweetened chocolate, neither fluid, except when above 95 degrees, nor fermented or distilled but still "liquor" in the factory and the trade.) Or if sweet cake chocolate, buds or cocoa powder was to be made, a formula was issued by the manufacturing office, which at the time was Will. This formula was written on a standard form and called for so much of this kind of cocoa, so much of that, maybe as many as five different kinds; so much sugar, flavor and cocoa-butter, the total being something over a hundred pounds and not a uniform amount for each lot. Later on I suggested that all formul be figured for an even hundred pounds which greatly simplified factory figuring and cost accounting and lessened the chances of error.

The names of the cocoa were not written out but a code lette was used to designate the kind of cocoa. We used twenty or more different kinds and often three grades of the same kind so it, no

easy matter to keep it all straight and not get the wrong kind in the wrong place. This code method was used to prevent the factory men from knowing how we made our different kinds of goods and only one foreman was supposed to know what kind of cocoa a certain letter represented. For example, to know that M was ordinary Arriba or Ariebia as the men called it thinking it came from Arabia altho it actually comes from Equador, or tha R means African , L, Baheia and so on. This code idea was origional with Harry and was a wise one but as it was used year after year many of the men knew how to translate it. It ought to bhave been changed every year or two but the danger of a mix up was so great that it never was changed.

So Will wrote the formulas, we did not use the Latin form of the plural, and after talking it over with Steve he took it and figured out the number of pounds of each of the ingredients that would be needed to make the entire amount, anywhere from a few hundred pounds to ten or more thousand as required on the formula. How Steve arrived at the proper amount we never could tell but he was seldom wrong and he could neither multiply or divide. But he got there somehow and issued his orders to the Fan room for so much M, or R or L or other cocoa as was needed. Hughey McDevitt, the foreman there ordered the requesite pounds plus 2o% for shrinkage,moisture, shell &c. to Leonard who in turn ordered from the man who had charge of the bean stores. Hughey got the formula in code but he ordered by name. When that cocoa came to Hughey to be cleaned of the shells &c. he sent it on in code and so it continued thru the factory until it emerged to the store room as Breakfast cocoa, Buds, Prize Medal Coating, or Climax Liquor. It must be confessed that it was pretty much rule of thumb and if mistakes

were made they were corrected or adjustments made before the finished product was submitted to W.N. for final approval before it went into stock. Yes, I mean exactly that. Every lot of coating, and coating was our largest product, in pounds, every lot of liquor, ~~xxxxxx~~ sweet chocolate or cocoa powder was submitted to him for final approval. Later on I had that job and when we were making forty or fifty thousand pounds a day it was no snap and played hob with our digestion even tho, in later years we did not swallow it. Beside tasting the finished product every lot of beans had to be roasted a randon sample of a hundred or more pounds being taken to represent the whole lot. The liquor from this sample lot had to be graded both by color and taste and the store keeper marked it that grade when ~~x~~ it was piled up in the store rooms. Will also did this for it was very important. If a lot was graded too low when ~~xhx~~ it might have been put in a better grade ~~xx~~ for which it was purchased, then the company lost money while if a lot was graded higher than it really ought to have been then quality was sacrificed. It was so important that generally Steve would be called in and consulted and later on I was also in the council, and still later ~~xxdid~~ it became part of my routine work. It must have been evident, by now the W.N.Wilbur was pretty much the whole show at H.O.Wilbur and Sons and he was. When I first entered the business Father came in the forenoons for a few hours, sometimes in the afternoons also, consulted with Will about policy, finance, salesmen &C,&c, and held veto power which he used as for instance when Will objected to my going into the business. But Father was away on hunting and fishing trips quite often, had a mania for attending auctions to the great annoyance of Mother and Helena, who did not approve of his selection of 'old masters' genuine oriental rugs, the older the

the better and especially 'objects of art;' classiedfied as TRASH by the long suffering recipients of father's ~~XXXXXX~~ efrorts to beautify his home. More and more the burden of the business was shifted to Will's shoulders and, unfortunately for him and for us all, he was unable to share the responsibility with anyone else.

But I have gotten ahead of my story and have only described the details of formulas and code because I think that some day they may seem very crude to some future child ot grandchild who may read this. Indeed, those methods seem very crude now and before I was forced out they had been replaced by much more accurated methods. But those more accurate methods required a lot of figuring and a lot of figurir required a lot of clerks, and a lot of clerks required a lot of printed forms and considerable money to pay for them and the wages of the clerks, and I'm not so sure it yeilded more profit in the end. Certainly it did not make better chocolate altho the closer factory controll would have done that had not Will and I exercised such close personal supervision over manufacturing processes and one could not easily find persons who could and would kept such close watch on raw material and finished product as well as intermediate processes. But we must remember that profits were better in the '90 s, and for some years later and the spread between cost and selling price was much wider, so that the minutia of cost accounting and factory controlk of later years was not so essential.

I was kept a long time in the Roasting room so that I would get " a thorough knowledge of the raw cocoa and also of that most important process, roasting. Altho I was anxious to get ahead and ~~xxxx~~ finish my factory course, I have never been sorry that I was kept there so many weary months for I did learn raw cocoa and I

could and did run the roasting room when a man was sick or Hermon went on a rare but periodic spree, or we were running night shift. And, what's more, I roasted to the satisfaction of W.N.Wilbur and his almost as critical Steve Oriolm and that required very uniform and careful roasting, indeed.

Then there was the bean blender, very effective but never patended. That happened this way. Often different blends of beans were roasted together where their shape and size permitted it to be done successfully. This ~~permitted~~ gave McDevitt fewer kinds to keep separate and saved handling. The beans were dumped into a hopper in the basement of t he factory and carried to the ~~fourth~~ fifth floor over our heads where they were run into bins from which they were caried by screw conveyors to the roasters. Altho they were dumped a few bags of one kind and a few bags of another and so on, Hermon showed me that they generally came into the roasters pretty much in separate kinds and not well mixed. They would go thru the cleaning machines in the Fan-room about the same way, in all probability, and so to the mills and mixing room and that might be the reason why ~~there~~ there was sometimes so much variation in color of coatings and liquors. How could they be thououghly mixed and blended with out too much labor and expense? Walking back and forth before the roasters I studied the problem. There appeared plenty of ways but none that were practical or inexpensive. I saw that what was needed was some simple way to get the beans into the elevator mixed up at the start and not a stream of African followed by a stream of Domingo and then some Baheia or what not. When those beans were discharged into the bins they natually formed a layer of one kind on top of a layer of another kind, and, what was more strange, I found that those separat

layers went down the spout and along the conveyors and into the roasters distinct kinds of beans and not as three or more kinds, well mixed together. How could they be mixed before they started on their journey?

Of course they could be ~~mixed~~ dumped on the floor and mixed with shovels but that would be too slow and expensive. The men in the basement could dump one bag of this and one bag of that and one bag of the other but that would be slow and beside we did not employ the kind of help who could do that work without the the danger of frequent mixups. Nor was it the policy of the company to put on a man of higher intelligence to supervise it because such a man would soon want higher wages and failing to get them would leave and carry 'factory secrets' to some competitor. Carring factory secrets was alway a great bugbear. The beans might be run thru a series of worm conveyors and elevators but that would cut them up too much and interfere with the proper roasting. Belt conveyers were not known to us, at least. I puzzled over the problem for sometime.

Then, one day, I seemed to see a hole in the floor and six or eight men standing about and all dumping their bags simultaneously into a hopper. That was obviously impracticable but that was the proper idea, the different kinds flowing down together. How could it be done practically? Slowly the idea worked out. Put small bins above a large one and open the small ones at the same instant. The contents of all would flow together and mix perfetly. Now to prove it.

The machine and carpenter shop was just the other side of the wall from the roasting room connected by a door and Ix could slip in there and make a model. The carpenters and machinist smiled indulgently as I went to work at the bench but using a wood box

one of our stock boxes for our cocoa powder, to hold the bins, a large and four smaller bins were built in ~~them~~ it and the men concluded that I knew something about tools after all. Meantime some rice was dyed red, some blue and some black. This, with the write, represented four kinds of beans and the degree of mixing could be seen at a glance. A slide opened all the small bins at once. The small bins were filled, each with a different color; the slide was pulled, and, Oh! joy! the colors were almost perfectly blended in the larger bin. But I was not quite satisfied. Another model was made, giving a little longer drop to the beans and the position of the small hoppers was changed, and a drawer put in to receive the blended beans. This worked like a charm. So, one night, I took the model and my colored rice to Will's house at Overbrook, where he was living that winter and gave a demonstration. The proof was positive and Will was enthusiastic and had a blender built at once. Three or more men could dump the beans into the small hoppers at one time almost as easily as they could by the old method and when the slide was pulled they mixed perfectly. So that difficulty was solved.

There was one outcome of my work on that problem that I did not like. Will was so pleased he showed the blender to a chocolate ~~machine~~ machine salesman named Weygandt, a representative of a German company and one of the worst gossips and tale carrier in the business. With all the care about guarding our formulas and methods to give this, my very own idea away to that man seemed to me to be the hbighth of folly. But Will was hypnotized by Weigant and had every confidence in him and thought Weigant could do no wrong, and gave him almost all our business for machines and moulds. But from the first, I thought he was a blow hard and he prooved to be just that. But it was a long time before I could make Will belive it.

It might appear, from what I have written that I sized Weigant up as a skillful salesman with out a inconvenient regard for the ~~truth~~ truth at first sight. Not at all. It took time, for he was agreeable, interesting, smooth as butter and like the good salesman he was, he made special effort to be nice this new Wilbur who might some day become the Boss. New to the business, inexperienced and ignorant of the ways of men, I took him at Will's estimate, at first, as an enclycopedia of knowledge of chocolate making, a directory of trade, supplies and men for almost any position and such a close friend that he would, when urging the purchase of an expensive machine, as a special favor and in greatest confidence, tell some secret of some other factory but very rarely naming the factory. But I did'nt like him from the first, I never liked any German, man or woman since the days of Straube, in the old Central High School, and when, later on I found that the Lehman machines, almost without exception either did not give the output Claimed for them in the catologue or else required much more horse power than stated in those same catalogues, and also so fluently assured by Weigant, I grew suscipious. So I told him about my findings in Will's presence. He had a florid face anyway which got still redder when it seemed likely that he would be caught in some exaggeration, to put it politely. He always had some explanation which Will accepted, almost without question, altho it was generally hard to fool him, but when I pressed Weigant about his machines requiring more horse power and showed repeated tests to prove it, he actually said "Well, the horses is bigger in Germany ! " That is an actual fact. It was not much of a compliment to my intelligence to think that I would swallow that. Anyway, I did'nt.

One of the machines which Weigant sold Will was a roaster that he no doubt promised would roast beans so quickly and give them a flavor that no other roaster in the world could equal. It was a nuisance for it burned coke and not coal and that was a bother, and it got out of order soon after it was first used, so Hermon told me, so that its chief feature, that of being able to shift the fire to one side and so modify the heat, could not be used because the rails and gears were warped by the heat. But we used it and it had one good feature that none of the other machines had, it was arranged to take the temperature of the beans while they were roasting and without opening the drum. SoI took readings of those temperatured every quarter or half hour for a month or two and thus accumulated infromation that did not seem to be one file in anything I could find.

Accustomed to refer to my medical books frocquently when practicing medicine I wanted something that would give me the theory and description of my new trade but the bibliography, so to speak, on chocolate making seemed very scarce. Will had a book Weigant had given him by one Paul Zipperer whom Weigant swore was a noted scientist, an authority whose facts it was a sacrilege to even question, and whose knowledge of Chocolate making embraced every possible bit of possible information "from the bean up". That was exactly what I wanted but abas, it was in German and my knowledge of that language was far too limited to even read the words under the illustrations. But before long an English translation appeared and I settled down to laarn all this wonderful man had to reveal. Alas, alas! It soon became painfully evident that the renowned Zipperer must be a second rate scientist employed by the Lehman Company to tell about cocoa and chocolate, in a pseudo-scientific

manner and merely as a vehicle to carry numerous recommendations of Lehman's machines. In other words, it was a clever advertising stunt. When I accused Zeigant of that being so that worthy and honest gentleman was greatly shocked. Still, I learned a good deal from Zipperer, for I had much to learn.

Dear Anna was much alone, while I spent those long days in the factory and the evenings trying to get rested for the next days work. Of course, as the weeks went on I grew accustomed to the change and made friends among the men and found new interests and life became happier. As I have explined, I never knew what time I would get home Saturdays but if we had an hour or two extra they were golden moments when we could enjoy life together. For quite a time we did not try to go to church every Sunday morning but Anna amused the boys while I slept a while. Almost every Sunday Mother sent her carriage to take us to the Bryn Mawr house for dinner and a visit. I suppose Anna went calling with Mother now and then and occasionally we went to some doings in the evening but the boys kept Dear Anna pretty well tied at home. But she was always happy and sunny and cheerful and the dearest pal. We both missed those beautiful views of Sitka and the Bay and the mountains, and the happy runs I could make from the hospital, and the companionship of Bert while Harry was to young to join us but we had chosen and we were happy.

Dr Miller and I were good friends but there was never quite the same nearness to each other as in the days before I went to Alaska. Perhaps I imagined that my having given up the missionary work had separated our heart life to this extent, perhaps it had in spite of the dear old Dominie's best efforts to prevent it. There was every reason why he should have been disappointed but he never said so or

openly acknowledged it. I expected that he would ask me to speak some Sunday morning at Church and I was longing to do it. I felt I had a real message and I was anxious to help my Khlingit friends by telling of their problems to the wealthy and influential ~~friends~~ men who were members of our congregation; Men like John H.Converse, William L.Austin, Dr.Williams, Samuel Rea and others. But Sunday after Sunday passed and no request came. I talked to Mother about it and she too wondered why he did not ask me to speak. It was so much the usual thing to insist that returned Missionaries tell the people of their experiences and Dr.Miller had so often said in the Messenger that altho the church did not pay my salary I was their very own representative in Alaska. As time passed and it was evident that I was not to be called to ~~that~~ that privelege I could not but feel that had been home on furlough I would have been asked to speak almost immediately but ~~that~~ now, "having put my hand to the plow and looking back" I was not worthy. It did hurt. Not that I wanted the honor. It was not that, but I did want the opportunity to help those Alaska people. But of course, I could not ask for that opportunity and it never came.

But hurt as I was by either the indifference or almost certainly the disapproval or better, the disappointment of my dear friend, my respect and love for him was too great to allow it to saparate us. Altho it had been a long time since I climbed to his study on the third floor of the Manse and other boys had absorbed much of his interest and love, he had adopted Fred Ristine, altho Fred lived ~~home~~ with his own parents, we were still close friends. One Sunday I went in his quiet phaeton and old mare to Overbrook where he was to preach.* Coming back, ~~the subject~~ we got to talking about my

leaving Alaska. With the Barson's old mare we had plenty of time to talk before we reached home and we discussed my return quite fully and frankly and then I said, "Dominie, I feel just as sure that God called me to return here as I did that he called me to go to Sitka." He turned his kind face toward me and, with as true a prophesy as ever Isaiah or Daniel uttered, he said, very earnestly, "Bert, dont ever forget that! Often you will be tempted to doubt it but never forget that today, you know it is true." Those were his exact words and many, many times I have remembered them as, in the strange years since that day, years that now seem so purposeless I have sometimes doubted the reality of that inner voice and wondered if its words were true. Yes, often the doubts would come but I have never lost the conviction that God leads us altho we may not understand how it can be. The instant acceptance by that 'Man of God' of my belief that God was directing me and his vision of the future with its insistant question; Why? Why? Why? made a deep and lasting impression on my spirit-life. The sure faith of my loved friend, so genuine in his spirituality, his absolute assurance of God's love and care comforted me thru all these years and, in no small measure they have helped me to reach the unswerving conclusion, GOD DOES CARE.

But the time had come when I was to be 'promoted and in due course I was working under Hughey McDevitt in the Fan-room, an another odd name for an important department. It was here that the roasted beans that had been cooled by air being sucked thru them, were broken 'cracked' technically, and the ~~shells and~~ broken kernels called 'nibs' were separated from the shells as they came from long rotary screens, sorted into different sizes. The trick of the process was to so adjust the dampers of the machine

so that the air currents would blow out the smallest amount of nibs practically with the shells and yet allow no shells to go over with the nibs.

Judgement based on experience was the only guide for the regulation of the dampers and the tendency was always to sacrifice good cocoa to keep the shells out of the nibs. The nibs were discharged into trucks and the shell could esaily be seen in them and Hughey was in for a balling out if Steve came along and saw them there. So Hughey played safe and lost the company thousands of dollars worth of cocoa that went out in the shells. Years later, at my suggestion one of the men devised a machine to reclean the shells and we found it saved us many dollars a day in the usable cocoa we recovered.

Hughey was not willful about it tho at times he was careless for he was sort of a lackadaisical chap anyway, but it was a difficult job at best. The nature of the beans, the degree of roasting and the amount of crushing were all variable factors in the process. With every new lot, the dampers were set and the shells caught in a pan and examined to see how many particles of cocoa were coming over and then the dampers readjusted as seemed necessary. After that the machines ran along with little attention, while Hughey ran a truck along beneath the bins where the nibs were stored by conveyours and weighed off the required amounts of the different kinds according to orders he had recieved from Steve. The mixture was then dropped thru the floor to the mills below.

McDevitt was no teacher and never had much to say. The process was simple enough and I had a harder time finding out what I ought to learn than anywhere else in the factory. At that time the shells were blown into a big room back of the fans where they accumulated in great heaps and from time to time men shoveled them

into empty bags that the cocoa beans had come in and they were sold for a fraction of ofcent a pound. Some went to snuff ~~Paste~~ makers, some to spice grinders, for adulterants, and some to the prisons to make a drink for the poor fellows confined there. A more abominal decoctionx I never knew, altho for many years Walter Baker Co. put shells in paper bags of a few lbs each and sold them to grocers to be used in the home.

That shell toom, as it was called, was a most unpleasant place and every one avoided it when possible. The hustlers, our name for our day laborexrs who stored beans and supplies and did lifting and handlingxx always growled about going there to bag beans. The air was full of small shells and fine dust and one had to wade about in the piles of the stuff as thru heavy chaff. The scratchy particles went down one's neck and up his trowserx legs and in one's sleeves. There was hardly a nook or cranny, including nose and ears that they did not search out. However, that was the place we had to go to test the shells and as it was soon clear to me that ~~the~~ there might be very great loss from careless setting of the dampers, I went there often to see for myself just how much usable cocoa we were practically giving away, much to the well-satisfied Hughey's disgust.

It was in the Fan Room where I first made acquaintance with the cypher of code and I had to get Steve to tell Hughey it was all right before he would reveal xxx secrets even to me. So I began to try to remember that E was caracas and Exx was Porto Cabello, that Z was Columbian and ZX was Maracaibo and Px, Domingo while P was #2 Bahsia. It was important that I should remember for Will did not want me to write it down lest I lose it and so give away a

great factory secret. But ~~xxx~~ there was little to learn with Hughey except the importance of adjusting those dampers properly and the great care the foreman must exercise to prevent the wrong nibs going into the wrong bins or getting the wrong beans in any mixture he was preparing for the mills. Hughey was about thirty and remained in that department a long time. As there was no check up on his blends and so forth any mistakes he made were kept strictly to himself and probably were never very serious. By the time I had woked with Leonard a few months I had a real affection for him and was sorry to leave his department. Even little Jakie had unfrozen a bit and lost his fear of me but Hughey McDevitt was neither disagreeable nor friendly; no more interested in me after a ~~months~~ than on the first day, to all appearances, at least. I was glad to leve the gloomy Fan Room where most of the daylight was shut off by the big machines and its self contained Foreman and move down stairs to the second floor and big good natured Gus Weiner and his ever present palate ~~knife~~ and whirring, noisy mills.

The nibs, either straight kinds of mixed, came thru chutes in the floor from Hughey's Department immediately overhead, into the hoppers of the grinding mills. These were burr or porphery stones revolving laterally most of them ~~xx~~ a single ~~xxx~~ pair tho some had two pairs, one set above the other and the liquor from the upper flowing down to the lower to be ground over again. Later on almost all our mills had three pairs of stones and some four. The stones ~~xxxx~~ as a rule were twenty to thirty inches in diameter but we had two or three that were four feet across, tremendous brutes that roared like a stem exhaust, producing lots of liquor but the frictional heat was so great that it blistered the skin if it happened

to strike it. That was so hot that it hurt the flavor of the liquor but we did not realize it then.

Augustus Weiner, or Gus as every one called him was a big fellow with grey eyes, somewhat bald and a good natured face. About thirty years old, as were most of our foremen, he was as good natured as he looked but he knew his business and would not let any man tread on his toes. From the first we liked each other and altho he was not like Hermon an a teacher, few men were, he was always ready to explain things and even to make suggestions as to what I better watch or do. He knew his job, altho like most of the foremen he had very little book learning, and Gus was on the job every minute of the day. All day long he walked back and forth in front of the mills dipping the long spatula that never left his hands, into the stream of syrupy fluid that came from the mills. Rubbing his finger over the blade he would hold it to the light and judge the fineness, that is the smoothness of the ground nibs. Now and again he would taste the liquor to judge its flavor. That spatula never left his hand and if that good old Fellow has passed on I hope they had a spatula for him in the better land.

Visitors to the factory never could quite see what happened in the mills. There were the nibs, very dry looking bits chippy stuff, like little pieces cut from some brown log. One could see them going into the hole in the center of the millstone while from the crack between the two stones oozed heavy brown substance as thick as molasses, which was scraped off by a sort of knife blade and flowed out of the spout into a round tank on wheels. "There do you put the water in to make it come out liquid?" I was often asked. Of course there was no water or any other fluid added. Gus would have roared

and had fourteen Hifferent kinds of coniption fits if any one came near his beloved mills with a teaspoonful of watern, much less put any in them. A half glass would have gummed them up instantly; made them smoke with frictional heat and perhaps broken a shaft, for water and oil will not mix as we all know. And that was the secret of this apparently mysterious transformation, from dry chips to a smooth heavy liquid, oil~~x~~ and heat. Cocoa beand contain 50% of natural oil, on the average, sometimes as much as 54, or rarely 56%, Below the fan room the factory was kept ~~xxxxxx~~ heated to about ninety degrees so the mill stones were not allowed to get cold and as they ran the frictional heat ran the liquor up to avout 140 degrees. As the fat in the cocoa, cocoa butter as it is called, hardens at about ninety lower room temperatures would harden not only it but chocolate in all stages of manufacture and a general 'freeze up' as the men called such a hardening of the goods, was a serious catastrophy and one causing much loss of time and~~x~~ labor and much ill nature and profanity. Not that our men were a foul~~x~~ mouthed cursing lot. They were exceptionally free from oaths, at least when I was around tho I never reprimanded a man for such things, not in those early days at least. But they were men with little back of them and there were times, C,well! - -there were times when if not justified it was mighty hard to avoid. A factory freeze up was one of them.

Gus was an expert mill man and a good mill man must adjust his mills so that they will grind sufficiently fine to meet the standards but at the same time he must produce the largest amount of liquor possible. Finess and putput are governed by the amount of the nibs fed, the kind and degree of roasting and the set of the mills. The set of the mills, that is, the distance between the upper and the lower millstone, is regulated by a hand wheel, and its nice ~~x~~

work to set a mill just right. Gus had to watch his hoppers to see that they did not get empty for once the flow of nibs ceased and the mill continued to run there would be a 'burn' and a lotx of extra work and trouble. With the heavy stone revolving on its fellow with the lubricating layer of liquor and partly ground nibs the frictional heat increased so fast that everything was actually burnt to a crisp and then the millx had to be taken apart and the stones redressed.

We were expecting another baby and I felt fully competent to to see Anna thru that ordeal, knowing well that there was an abundance of help withing easy call. The only trouble was that it might be awkward if the baby started on his journey while I was in the city. But he was very considerate and chose Sunday, November 2nd 1902 for his natal day. At seven thirty am in the morning, in our home on Greenfield Avenue, Ardmore, a bouncing boy arrived, his head well clothed in dark hair and soon to become a rolly-polly, happy little mischief. As with his brothers he was to be no bottle baby but drew his nourishment in ample supply from his own dear Mother. We were getting quite a family but my dear wife continued cheerful and happy and we were still the devoted lovers we always had been. But with three children dear Anna had her hands full. The Italian girl Mother had trained for us got disagreeable and we had to let her go and Anna was very busy. We had a trained nurse for a while but we had to count our money closely and could not keep her very long. Still we were happy and that was due to my dear wife's beautiful character and wonderful self controll, in spite of few outings and my being away all day and the uncertain Saturdays.

When those mills did happen to burn which was very xxxx seldom or when they wore smooth and needed sharpening the mill dresser

John Hannigan by name, a sandy haired man of fifty or more, of few words, softly spoken, but a most uncertain temper that flared into white heat and died out just as suddenly, took charge. With a chain block the stones were lifted and put on trucks and John went at them, with his picks, as the double headed tools like hammers with both ends sharpened, we called.

I had learned the theory of the milling, taken temperatures of the liquor as it came from the mills and, under Gusses careful guidance set some of the mills but I did not monkey with them very much and then I started to do some dressin under Hannigan's WATCH-FUL eye. An outfit must be found for me to begin with, a heavy apron to keep the splinters of steel from going thru my trowsers, a pad for my leg on which to rest an elbow to steady the hammer or pick and a box on which to sit as we leaned over the stone. The picks weighed a pound or two each and had short handles about like a hammer handle and the movement was entirely from the wrists. Grooves and straight lines had to be cut in the face of the stone according to a plan laid out by my boss. I never did get quite that far, and there we sat, old John and I side by side, all day long, tap, tap tap, tap, from morning to night. Interesting, very, but cracky, Oh! Did'nt it make one's arms ache until one got accustomed to the new movement.

But the ache was not the only thing that was uncomfortable. Hannigan's left hand which was the front one on the pick-handle, and nearest the stone, was a grey black all over the back and I had not been at work an hour before I felt little stabs of pain in the back of my left hand and then tiny drops of blood appeared. "What's that John" I asked. "Don't cha know what them is?" he asked

and there was a merry twinkle in his little eyes, for he loved his dry little jokes, "Look at me hands" and he held them toward me Tiny black or dark gray particles were embedded in the skin, so close together ~~in places~~ as to be almost solid in places. "Them's STEEL, fra th picks"he continued with his rich burhl, North Country Irishman, "How'd ye like a pair of hand like them two?" "Yu see? The pik breaks off, the stones that hard, them buhr stones is, and the bits fly inter yer hans."~~Hem hmmm~~ "O, well, That's all right, I dont mind". I said wanting to show him or any other workman that I coubd take it. " Now listen,"replied Old John,his anger beginning to rise, "Yu don't want no hands like that. If I let yu fill your hands up with steel like mine yer Daddy would run me out and I would'nt let yu neither. You bring in some heavy gloves,gin yu cum termorrer and you wear em too." John said it and John meant meant it and I wore gloves but even at that I felt the prick of the tiny bits of steel every once in a while and when I was thru dressing mill stones I was very proud of my marks of service in one of the most difficult jobs in the factory, and I still carry two ~~tiny bits of~~ a mill pick in the ~~right~~ fore finger of my ~~right~~ left hand.

I liked Hannigan very much altho he had the reputation of ~~h~~ being crusty, and we grew to be good friends as he taught me all he could of his craft, Under his direction I flattered myself that I grew to be a pretty fair mill dresser tho I never attempted to dress a stone all by my self. I don't believe any other man in the plant could have persuaded Hannigan to use pneumatic mill tools which were brought in some years later. He finally consented to try them and then to use them altho I think he always hankered for the old hand pick.

Some of the oldest houses in Philadelphia were razed to make room for the new and fine factory that H.O. Wilbur and Sons were building on the corner of New and Broad St. They were small two storied houses built of brick probabably brought over from England. There were mahogony banisters and other evidences of luxury for that was a fashionable section of the tiny city in Colonial days. Chly a short distance away was the famous Black Horse tavern while Christ Church, where Washington and Franklin and other notables of Colonial days worshipped and where some lie buried. Those mahogony bannisters were saved and stored in the factory for some time and I think went into Will's house at Devon when he remodeled it.

Being regarded as a professional man with not knowledge of practical things I was not taken into the councils of the powers that considered the plans for the new building. I don't know that it would have made any difference if I had but there was some money wasted by the architects advice that might easily have been saved. New Street is a narrow one and used by few people or teams. A row of handsome ornamental round windows on the fifth story just below the roof looked fine on the artist sketch elevation but were utterly wasted in that narrow street where there was nobody to look at them anyway and if there were you could not get far enough away to see them and beside all that they shut out much light and air where a lot of light and air was needed. Still it was a good factory building, "slow burning Millconstruction" , that is heavy brick walls and heavy, solid joist and timbers and two inch plank floors. It was considered quite up to the minute for concret construction was not accepted as the best practice at that time.

While the general plan of the factory was fixed, roasting

on the 5th floor, Fanning on the 4th, Mills on the third and so on, the actual plans for the arrangement of the machines on these floors had not been made nor was there anyone making them as the time drew near for actually moving over to the new plant. George Lennig, our Mast er Mechanic was busy with repair work for he was a'working boss' Will had his hands full with management problems and could not lay out machines by scale any way and the architects were builders and not acquainted with chocolate factoryes. Somehow, it is not clear just now just how it happened, but I persuaded Will to let me make provisional scale drawings for the factory layout for his approval

So, a paper partition was put up on the second floor of the new building and on a rough table I went to work, with a drawing board very simple instruments and ~~yellow~~ buff wrapping paper for the plans, at first and later we had white prints made from the architects outline of the floors. That saved drawing thmose floor outlines every time and they had been quite a bore. Then I soon learned that it took a lot of time to draw each machine in scale to see how they would fit and how they would work in the general manufacturing plan only to find a better way in some other position and have to redraw them. So. out of brightly colored thin cardboard I made floor plans drawn to scale of the individual machines I was placing on that floor, roasters, rolls, melanguers or what not. These could be laid on the outline of the floors, easily moved from place to place and when I thought they were in the best location it was easy to run a pencil around them and the rough plan was ready for Will. I suppose draughtsmen had been using such things for years but it was origional as far as I was concerned and what a lot of time it did save. While my plans were not true to the inch, theye was no so much variation

as to make them impracticable. In the planning it was not only necessary to plan for the regular progress of the goods in the course of manufacture on that floor but also on the floor above and the one be-low. All things considered, it is quite remarkable that practically all the machines so planned operated effecientlly for years. Will and Steve and George Lennig, our Master Mechanic, and I went over the plans before final approval and in one case, Will suggested a rearrangement that greatly improved the use of the available light.

The building had been planned to use a vertical shaft drive to all floors, a plan quite in vogue at that time. Somewhere I had heard of the electric drive system which would do away with that heavy shaft five stories long and much heavy belting. Will consented to my getting Prof. Edwin J.Houston, ones of my former High School teachers and a noted Electrical engineer, to look over the plan and advise us. He favored the electricsl plan very strongly and after consideretion it was approved. Later on we learned that the vertical shafts were found to be very unsatisfactory, by those who had tried them and I was always thankful we had escaped them. With the change to the electrical layout,we needed an Electrical engineer. Prof. Houston was hardly available for that detailed work and supervision necessary and Will selected a young engineer, David Halstead, who proved most satisfactory. Halsted was a pleasant fellow who knew his business but was paractical and not carried away by his theories. We worked together for a long time and grew to be good friends.

The actual moving of machines from the old fsctory was to the new one and the selection and purchase of new machines was

made a busy time. With the practical experience I had gained in the actual use of machines in the factory I was generally sent for when purchases were being considered and was able to knock out some of Weigandt's efforts to put all his machinery in the new plant. He would have been glad to have laid out the whole plant, that is have Lehmann's German engineers make the plans and scrap all our older machines to replace them by those he sold and would probably have done it had not that bothersome young Wilbur been about with his tests and weights and actual factory experience. But some of Lehman's machine were good, the workmanship on them was wonderful in its accuracy and finish, and Weigandt got some big orders. The new machines were to replace the worn out ones and to provide for a bigger output.

Lennig was a mighty good man for his place and my plans would have gotten a merry ha ha from many master mechanics, for while they served their purpose, they were not pretty but crude and not finished like those of a professional draughtsman. But Lennig used them and working together, things went along smoothly. I was fortunate to get the cooperation of that strange man for he would have made things very hard for me, otherwise. Openly, he would have appeared to be helping all he could but under cover he was smatt enough to easily make evrything difficult. An inch or two variations in my plans, a small oversight here or a little more room needed there would have been the excuse for much trouble and easily shifted to me as the cause. But, instead of that, his reserve and probably his suspicion had gladually given way to what appeared to be a real friendship and altho I never felt I understood him or penetrated the mystery of his past the friendship was mutual. Of his early life he never spoke but there were rumors about it floating thru the plant, which if true, only proved him to be suffering for another's sins Lennig was quite well educated, perhaps better than we realized, a skilled

MECHANIC, mechanic, perfectly competent to figure the sizes of shafts pulleys and belts necessary to carry a given load, their speed and ratios and other technical details. But he was self contained, ~~xk~~ almost morose, always seemed to be carrying a smouldering fire that was ready to burstinto a raging flame at any moment. Yet, he ~~xxxx~~ controlled his temper and was respected and well liked by his own men if not generally. Perhaps there is no better way to sum up his view of life than than by a little sign he hung in his shop one day. It was not origional but he had found it in some sbore and it read, "So live that youm can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell." The first time I saw it I said "George, I don't think much of you motto". "No, Mr.B.K., I didnt think you would like it, but what's wrong with it? " "Looks to me, George, as tho it had got mixed up." "How's that.?" "Why", I said, "it ought to read, So live that ypu can look any man in the eye without having him tell You to go to Hell." George grunted but made no comment and before long the sign had disappeared.

My progress thru the factory had practically ceased with these new duties but with the plans finished it was expected it would be resumed. There seemed to be a hundred questions to be answered every day as the placing of the new machines began and the old wones were moved and there seemed to be no one to answer or find answers to them. Lennig had a number of outside men,mill wrights, machinists and electricians to supervise, Riggers and teamsters to boss as the big cases of machinery from Germany or other places arrived and had to be rigged and placed. Then talks with Halsted about wiring, tests of the new engine and dynamos and planning with me about this ~~xxx~~ and that. He was invaluable to the Company and Will and Father were frequently told of his fine work

THE NEIGHBOR'S CLUB. J.A.U. Pg. 606

Somewhere about 1888, a group of Main Line residents organized an association and named it 'The Neighbors' Club." There were few rules for it was a social affair whose object was to bring the neighbors together for a pleasant evening once a month but also to make it more worth while to listen to an address by some noted speaker, or to listen to fine music or other form of entertainment. The meetings were held at the homes of the members but one rule, strictly enforced, forbad elaborate refreshments, and I believe limited them to coffee, tea & cocoa and sandwiches, ice cream & cake

It was a delightful group of people including such men and women as John H.Converse, Samuel L.Vauclain, John D.Garrett, William L. Austin, Wilfred Powell, Po-ell' if you please, British Consul at Philadelphia, Clarkson Clothier, David G.Alsop, S.S.Marvin, George F.Craig, and many others who, with their wives and some of the older sons and daughters were the cream of the Main Line society,. Father and mother belonged to it and soon after we returned we were also made members and enjoyed the meetings very much. Mother gave Anna a beautiful figured silk dress in which she looked very handsome indeed and I was very proud of my wife, with her poise and grace of manner and her friendly smile for every one. It was a great pleasure to Mother and Father to have us with them, as well as Helena.

It will be interesting to know some of the topics and the names of some of the speakers at some of those meetings for it will give an idea of the people who enjoyed them so, here they are: William Penn, the St.Paul of the Quakers and the principles he introduced Religious Toleration, Manual Training and Compulsory Education. Martin G.Brumbaugh, later a Governor of Pennsylvania, Porto Rico' from personal experiences; Dr.Emory Hohnson, a member of the Isthmian

Canal Commission, who spoke on the Panama Canal, then called the Isthmian Canal; Prof Angelo Heilprin, The tragedy of Martinque: Psychological Research, Prof. Leuba, of Bryn Mawr College: The Ex Crisis in the East; Experiences as a captive of Rais Uli, a noted Moroccan brigand, by Pericordis; Thoughts and factors in the development of the American Republic: Rev,John Watson, Ian Maclaran, Some types of Humor and readings from the Bonnie Briar Bush, and his other works; Col.Chas.J.Trent, Treasurer of the U.S.; Admiral John W. Melvill, 'The Jeanette Expidition; Hamilton Wright,Mabie; Guglielmo Ferrero; Travels and Explorations in Asiatic Turkey, by Sir William and Lady Ramsey: and many others.

It is very interesting to note that on November 19th, 1909 Augustus Post, an authority on aeronautics from actual experience as well as from theory said " without making rash conjectures, I place no limit on the future of aerial navigation."

Beside these more formal talks the Club held debates and Discussions, on such topics as the Monroe Doctrine, The future of Education and like worthwhile questions of the day. On one occasion, at least they met for the Annual meeting at the Merion Cricket Club at a dinner. Mrs.Elliott was secretary then and the following is from her minutes.

"May 10. 1904. Eighty two members were present. A small orchestra furnished music and six members of the Ophens Club sang beautifully from time to time. Mr. John H.Converse, the Toastmaster after thanking the committtes and officers for their successful season introduced Mr. Isaac C.Clothier to respond to the toast,"Retrospect." . . Mr. Rhoades,first Secretary and Treasirer, gave Reminiscences and Experiences. Dr.Isaac Sharpless talked of "The Neigh- Club, its environment and influence." He said he was like an

ancestor of one of the memebers who built a horse shed with a door at each end because he never liked to back out of anything! Mr.Clarkson Clothier read a poem written many years before and Prof. Brown sang a humurous composition he had written hitting various members of the Club. Dr.Gummery gave the Irish toast to his mother-in-law, "god bles her But I will not insist upon it." Ex-Gov. Pattison told,in a happy way, various experiences and stories. The members then arose and sang 'Auld Lang Syne' and parted with kinkly feeling and many good wishes as it was the last meeting of the season.

I have written these minutes,almost complete, because they show the kindly happy spirit of the Neighbors,how they could play and,especially, the simpler, more natural and I think far better social atmosphere of those days. The Club continued until 1913, when it seemed to have fulfilled its purpose as people turned more and more to city entertainment and interests. Charles Wilson as President and I as Secretary were directed by a small group of the old gaurd, all who attended that last meeting, the 196th, to perform the necessary obsequies and the Neighbors' Club was disbanded. Anna and I felt very sorry to see the end of it for it had meant a lot to us. Like most men who worked hard I was glad to drop into a chair after the evening dinner and just rest but the regular call to attend the club meeting,while often unpleasant in prospect always brought refreshment and pleasure when we got into our glad rags, always evening dress and tail coats for the men, and were at the meeting. Much later, when we had moved to Amberten and the goose hung high. I planned with Anna to revive it in a Modified way, inviting friends to our house to hear a talk by some Proffessor from BrynMawr of Haverford,a noted clergyman or other worthwhile speaker

and not to rotate the meetings at different home but have them all at Anberton where we would be the hosts. Before Anna and I could carry out our plan the collapse of business in the latter half of 1920 made it hard enough to support our big house and we had very little to spend on entertaining our neighbors.

Anna with Bert and Harry and our maid, Italia, were going to Gratiot for the summer of 1902 and I was to join them a little later for my two weeks vacation. I met them in the city and put them on a train at the Reading Terminal one evening. They would travel all night, passing over the Suspension Bridge at Niagra Falls and reach Port Huron about ten the next morning. The Deans still owned their cottage at the beach and Mary and some of the family were there. The train I took when I went to join them passed thru a section of Canada and as it was a few days before the Fourth of July I was taking some large fireworks with me for the proper celebration. There were not many of them but they were good size and made a somewhat bulky package. Forgetting that we were to pass the Canadian customs I was startled to see an inspector coming thru the train and examining the baggage. That's the end of my fireworks, I thought, and they had cost good money and the boys would be so disappointed. Well, there was no help for it. Along came the Inspector, asked a question or two as he looked casually in my bag and then he spotted the big package fireworks. "What's in that?" "Fireworks for the Fourth" I guiltily replied, eyeing him closely. "Where are you going?" Port Huron, I'm taking them to my boys to celebrate." He looked at me a moment or two and then his rather stern face relaxed a bit, "All right." and he passed along. Whew! I could have hugged him and apologized for the siege of Yorktown. In the albums and the Family

History, you will see the shells of some of those fireworks which Bert and Harry collected the morning after and had great fun in pretending to fire off.

It was good to be out in the open again with days to spend with my dear ones. There were picnics here and there and row boating and walks, and bathing. The Deans were cordial and lovely and Aunt Helen in the cottage next to the Deanery delighted in the children as much as ~~th~~ if they had been her very own grandchildren. Of course, Anna and I slipped away to look again at our maidenhair bower, where, five years before, she had said that "yes" that had made so much difference ~~in~~ in our lives. We loved each other then in the joy of a new-found treasure but we loved each other now ~~in~~ a better, richer love because those doubts of the earlier days had vanished in understanding.

Not far away in the Lake there were nets like small pound nets and we went there to fish for perch. It was Bertie's first experience and he watched the proceedings with great interest. Morris and M Marion were in another boat not far away and presently Uncle Bur. caught a fair sized fish. We were~~x~~ using tiny minnows for bait and Bert's eyes were big as he watched the bait disappear beneath the water. We all sat very quietly waiting for a bite and after some time had passed and nothing had happened, Bertie asked in a hushed little voice for he had been cautioned to be quiet so as not to scare the fish, "Mamma, Dont you think he's ~~grown~~ grown big enough yet?" "Grown big enough? What do you mean, Dear?" "Why, grown as big as Uncle Bur's?" Did'nt you put the little fish in the water so he'd grow big enough to catch?" We all had a good laugh at Bert's new way of fishing.

Now that the new factory was operating it seemed best for me to go on with the practical work which had been interrupted by the planning and installing of the machinery. Our first thought was to have ~~an~~ a separated motor for each machine but further study of that problem led us to the 'Group drive' where a number of machines are driven by one motor and we found it most satisfactory. A few of the largest machines were driven by single motors. Alternating Motors were just coming in but we thought they were too much of an experiment to risk them.

The new factory was a joy inx many ways, so full of light and so well ventilated. The long heavy belts of the old system of belt and shaft drive were gone with their constant bother and their continued noise and dustiness. There were belts and shafting, to be sure, but they were mostly short drives and light weight. The old plant, when I first came to work in it, was really a mess. Machines were crowded together and the daylight could not reach most of them. Electric lights were small, simply unshaded bulbs hanging from the ceiling It was hard to find the waste in the heavy shadows between the machines and much of the time it was not found. But the worst of all was allowing the men to chew tobacco during working hours and spit into boxes of sawdust that were distributed here and there. Things like that came to an abrupt end when we moved into the new factory. Will had never permitd it but he did not go about the plant very often and did not realize just what was going on, except in a general way.

So I began to work in the press room, under Steve's brother Marcilline Criol, universally called Mass. His head was not as useful as it might have been for it seemed to have some empty places that he was never able to fill although he was the last man to believe

it. But he was a good man on the presses and managed his men well altho he stuttered when excieted. He had ideas ~~when existed~~ about improved methods, some of them valuable. The trouble was that he was apt to be cross and surly if they were not all accepted and put into operation at once. Because of his peculiarities his ides were ~~generx~~ generally laughed at by Steve and Lennig but after I had worked with him a while I listened to him seriously and thereby won his lasting friendship.

Mass thought that the best way to learn was by doing but a hydrokic press that ran at 300 atmospheres was no childs plaything and one had to know how pretty thoroughly be fore it was wise to attempt to do. The chocolate liquor was put into pots, strong steel cylinders with a snug fitting movable bottom, each holding twenty or thirty pounds and camels hair canvass corred pads carefully adjusted. There were four or five of these pots, and when all were filled and put in position the pump was started and the ram rose slowly increasing the pressure and forcing the oil, cocoa butter, out of the liquor. If those pots were not carefully adjusted the pots ot some other part of the press was ruined or, if those felter pads had not been placed properly or had not been thoroughly cleaned, a stream of hot chocolate liquor would squirt out with tremendous force and if it did not scald or injure anyone nearby it would splatter and cover more walls windows, belts or motors in a second than could be cleaned up in a day or two. You certainly had to watch you Ps and Qs, when running a press. There was a gauge on each press to indicate the pressure and a red line to indicate the danger point but imagine working with and around machines operating at from 3000 to 4500 pounds per square inch!

MY JEWISH BOSS. J.A.U.pg.613.

After some instruction from Mass which ran about like this; "Th-th th-this here, SEE, is how full yu fill it, See. If yu get it tu-tu-tu-too full, it'll bust on yu. SEE. Another ~~thing~~ yu th-th-th-thing yu gottu watch, See, is the th-th- this here, SEE." and so on with that frightful 'see' almost yelled at you for Mass was very fond of being sure his pupil understood perfectly as he went along.

Well, after thmis rather painful course in theory Mass turned me over to one of his men, a young Jew, for practical application of what I had learned. Can't remember his name but I'M almost sure the first name was Abe, but there was no theory in his system of teaching. Boss or no boss, son of Mr.HeO. or not, you go to it and run the presses and I'll tell you if you're wrong. And I did. Abe would'nt lift a finger. He was close to me, every minute watching like a hawk and calling me down proper if I made a mistake but as for helping a bit now and then? Not for Abe. But it was good training if it was rather startling to be told in no uncertain terms just where I got off. But he was a good sort, he was'nt m just riding me for fun nor was he mean or disagreeable. No, he was nice and friendly and altho he had all the other men on the floor laughing up their sleeves at the way he was driving me, still I liked him and we parted good friends. Some years I met him in Gimbels sporting goods department where he was a salesman and doing very well.

The work on the ~~mikkk~~ presses was pretty lively. When the proper time had elapsed and the pressure being right, the pump was stopped and the press allowed to 'go down' that is the ram descended and the pots could be emptied. With a large hand-screw the cakes were forced out and lifted to a truck. As the presses were heated they had to be handled with pads and be very careful ... will surely get a burn, which, if not serious is very

painful. Then with a large cup-like vessel the pots are filled with hot liquor, the pads, which have been carefully cleaned, are replaced the pots pushed into position and locked and another batch was under weigh. While one press was going up the next was ready to empty and so on all day. Abe sat around on the trucks and bossed me and I was a very weary ~~kimm~~ Man when 5.45 pm finally came. The press cakes were pulverized and sifted in the subbasement, and thex powder packed in cans . It was a terribly dusty place down under the first celler, the fine powder worked into the clothing and onto the skin and for some time the men working there had no chance to bathe after the quit~~tmm~~ work. Later on I had shower bathes put in for we had more room.

Will went to Europe almost every summer and on one trip he brought back a new kind of Chocolate, not on sale in the United States. It was called "milk Chocolate" made in Switzerland and the formula was a secret as the method was also. I had so progressed in my practical work that Will told me to try to make some of this new sweet. The factory was running two shifts and I was on hand at night to be a ~~mmm~~ responsible head to keep things going. With one of the men W I tried different combinations in a melanguer. And what a time we had to make water and oil mix! We tried to work in some raw milk but that only made a crumbly mass from which one could squeeze the water with one's hands, We tried condensed milk which proved to be a ~~litt~~ little better but far from satisfactory. Billy Keen who was ann experienced batch mixer and I had all we could do to keep the x chocolte mass in the machine. As soon as we added the heavy ~~mmmmm~~ condensed milk to the liquor, it ~~mmmm~~ became a leathery or, better, a rubbery mass that would gather together in one place and bounce out of the machine. We tried this way and that way but nothing

we could not make a good milk chocolate.

We knew what the the trouble was, too much water in the milk not added water but the normal 84 %. We must get rid of that in some way before we could blend the milk with the chocolate, but how to do it was the problem. Powdered milk, if made at all at that time was not a commercial product as far as I knew. In fact I I knew very little about milk preparations and had to kind of muddle through. We kept at it getting a little nearer to the solution of the riddle each time, until with a more concentrated milk which we ran in a hot melange and in that way evaporated more of its moisture, we made a milk chocolate which Will accapted and put on the market. While it was not nearly as good as the Swiss sample Will brought, that was Peter's, it was palatable and different and the first domestic milk chocolate sold in America and, for a time had a large sale.

Before long a small company the Ideal Chocolate Company at Lititz brought out a milk chocolate much more like the Swiss and superior to oursand our sales began to fall off. Will kept insisting that I make some like the Swiss and it was a tough assignment. Then Hershey got a hold of a formula and method in some way and soon swamped the country by cutting prices and getting hosts of retail dealers to take a box on consignment, no sale no pay and we were pretty well elbowed out of that trade. Will was pevish and complained that he had'nt a man in the factory who knew anything about making chocolate.Of course Steve and every one was trying and and advising and we were improving our quality right along but lost the cream of the business, which rightfully belonged to us and had to take second if not third place. We lost the first place because our quality was

inferior, not intentionally but because we still had too much moisture which hurt the favor, and also, because were were too conservative in our sales campaign and would not meet Hersheys cut price and consignment methods. It is easy to see, now, that someone ought to have put in all his time in studying milk products, the Swiss method and all other information possible. The Ideal and Hershey had found a way and so could we altho it is only fair to say that there is little doubt that both these companies used methods to get information which we would not use, such as putting spies as workmen in other factories, buying up competitors' workmen to get formulas and like methods. In all my 26 years in the Company I never knew such a thing to be done by our House. Another factor hindered us and that was that we had the reputation all over the United States, of making the finest quality chocolate in the country. That made us to well satisfied with ourselves, perhaps and we were apt to think that anything that bore the name of Wilbur was above criticism, that is outside criticism, there was always more than enough of that helpful but unpleasant article coming from the Front, as I had very good reasons to know. But we gradually inproved our quality and made and sold tons of milk chocolate for many years. One time, it was somewhere about 1926, we sold a solid train of milk coating, all the frieght cars decorated with hugh signs 'Wilburs Chocolate.' It went to Chicago.

During this time my Mother was looking for a house for us which would be nearer to her home and in a better neighborhood. Mother never did like the idea of our living behind a gas tank and Bryn Mawr considered Ardmore quite a bit down in the social register. Not that Mother was snobbish or high hat. Not the least bit. But

all mother's tastes and ideals were essentially fine. There was not a trace of anything common or coarse in her . She loved fine, not showy, clothes, fine things in her house, fine music altho she was not a musician, fine paintings, fine people, finem characters. That is equally true of my dear wife and no doubt was a strong element in the love that these two fine women bore each other. My mother not only loved fine things but she stove to instill a love for the highest and the best in her children.

After much searching Mother found a house in Rosemont, not exactly what she might wish, one seldom does, but one that would do very well and one that Anna and I thought was very nice indeed. It was 42 Rosemont Avenue, a nice family sort of street running south from Montgomery Avenues to the Railroad, just east of Rosemont ~~St~~ Station. While the side yard was not large it was quite deep and gave room for a small garden. As I remember the lot was 87 x 125 THe Pearses lived between No.42 and Montgomery Ave. in a large house and two or three acres of land so we had plenty of air space about us. I say us for Father bought the place subject to a mortgage and generously gave ~~for part of it~~ some of Anna's money paying the rest. ~~it to~~ us. I would much have preferred to have stood on my own feet and not have been the recipient of such large a gift but as Father had brought me East and had done a good deal for his other children I accepted it in the spirit in which it was given and was very grateful indeed.

It was a sort of a gingerbread house outside, a type very common in the Eighties, but very comfortable within and with unusually wide porches on the front and part of the south side. It was a fine place for the children to play but it made the parlor dark.

For there was a parlor, no fair sized house in those days was without one altho the living room was beginning to be heard of occasionally. Back of the parlor was the sitting room , connected by sliding doors and with a door into the dining room which was on the side toward that large yard of the Pearces. As a row of large maple trees was planted along one of their driveways, just the otherside of the line fence.our dining room was always rather dark. Of course the pantry and kitchen was back of the dining room.

The second floor had three bed rooms and one bath and the third the same number but no bath. ~~Thexexxxxx~~ Washstands were placed in the bedrooms as the different members of the family were expected to wash there and not expected to go to one bathroom,an abomnible present custom, unless each bedroom has its own bath. The bath can be arranged at other times during the day than the morning, for most members of the family. Of course with small children one bathroom was not so bad. Very few houses had more in the early nineteen hundreds.

A large stable with roomy carriage house, hay loft and one room for the 'man' stood a little way back of the kitchen , the 'carriage drive' running along Pearce's property to a circle turn just back of the kitchen door. The former owner had raised fine poultry and the yard back of and to one side of the stable was full of wire pens and small houses. There was quite a grape arbor, a ~~xx~~ seckle and Bartlett~~x~~ pair tree as well as a fair sized apple tree and a side yard toward the railroad,with a good sized stone and frame house next to us but plenty of light and air space between. Wendover avenue was on the other side of that property ,then another stone house with a large lot and the railroad beyond that. There

x

were pleasant people in the five houses opposite, on the East side of Rosemont Avenue, including the Forstalls, McNallys, I went to school with a brother and sister who lived there, altho we saw little of them, Horace Feeks and family, and later the Hoskins lived at the corner of Rosemnt and Montgomery. And Will Warmer and his family. He was a boyhood friend.

I have described that place, 42 Rosemont Ave in some detail because we lived there sixteen years and it was in that house that all you children were born with the exception of Bert, Harry and Donald ~~were born~~, altho it was very extensively altered in 1905.

I was fond of doing odd jobs and working about the place as I had time to do it. ~~Not~~ I was taking a train about and hour later in the morning at least some of the time. Then we were getting Saturday afternoons more frequently. So it was not long before we had those chicken houses cleared out and a garden started. New borders were planted, especially one along the side toward the railroad where we planted small trees and shrubs to make a screen and give us more privacy. Not that the railroad bothered us for it was fully a block away but we liked to have the effect of ~~the~~ trees about and shrubbery and we liked privacy too.

It was about this time that I took a class of boys to teach in our Sunday School, boys just graduating from/the primary class or more properly the Infant class as it was then called. Bert was in it, Harry then or later, Ed Forstall, William Austin, Dennie Roberts and John Baird, and others, some joining the class later among them being Tom Mutch, oldest son of the new minister, Andrew Mutch. But that was after some years had past. I had those boys for years until they were old enough to go to college and the group broke up. Long years afterward, Tom Mutch, now a minister of the the Gospel wrote an article on "People I am Thankful For" in which

he wrote as follows, after mentioning his parents first among the people for whom he is thankful. " Then there were the teachers in the Sunday School. All, no doubt, made their contribution, but one of them stands out. He took a class of boys, who were at the difficult age of twelve, (When Tom joined the class,) and became to those boys more than a teacher, he became a friend and a counselor. He organized his class into a club which held business and social meetings each month and later became the nucleus of a new Boy Scout troop. Our Sunday School program was life centered. He tried to face with us the problems that were giving us concern, or that would be troubling us in the near future. He gave us valuable information and a point of view that was helpfulk then and still is helpful today."

As Tom wrote that many years after those days in the class I value it and I hope not be thought conceited in recording it here. How little we can estimate the effects of our possible influence on others. Tom Mutch was a sort of harum-scarum boy for whom I often felt I was doing very little that was helpful.

In the factory I become a sort of trouble man on the manufacturing processes and an experimenter for numerous ideas of Will's for improving our own products, trying new methods or making new kinds of chocolate on formulas he origionated or saw in books or magazines. As he read both French and German easily as well as spoke them he was continually finding some new suggestion. In addition to that I supervised tests on the loss in roasting, fanning and so on. In figuring our costs the loss by evaporation, in shells and dust and other possible losses was a most important factor. My brother Harry had made tests and we were using his figures but they needed to be confirmed or corrected and a great many tests must be

made. We are testing the loss in roasting. The raw beans are weighed. Perhaps they have to be roughly cleaned because thmose 'simple natives' too primitive to be dishonest ork to cheat, have somehow allowed some gravel and a lot mote clay to get mixed with the beans when they were "claying"them as a part of the curing on the plantations. It so happens that clay is heavy and much, very much cheaper than cocoa beans and so the presence of extra clay in the bags has a tendency to make us strongly suspicious. So the weight of clay and pebbles must be deducted from the weight of the raw beans and the first item of loss is ascertained. Then the beans must be weighed after they are roasted and Hermom must be careful to make and average roast for he can easily leave a half pound of water in the batch by roasting a trifle low or drive off that much by a higher roast. One roast will not give a fair estimate so a number must be made and the weights averaged. Nor will the average loss of one kind do for another kind of cocoa. No doubt Harry knew that and we soon found it out too. So a numberm of roosts of each kind must be made and the average loss ascertained. It was interesting but it took time. I did not actually do the work as the men in each department were likely to be more uniform in their methods and beside we wanted to know what the usual factory methods and results would show. With Hughey, in the Fanning room there were more chances for error fro there were more factors of possible loss to be considered. There were the nibs, tailings, dust,very fine particles of both nibs and shells, shells and in some cases the 'eyes' as the men called the germs of the beans, to be weighed separately. When we compared our results with Harry's figures it was astonishing and very gratifying to see how nearly alike they were, gratifying, not

only as a proof of Harry's accuracy but also because these tests showed that our cost figuring was ~~mmk~~ correct, at least that there was no serious error in our figures for these losses. It is interesting to note that, altho the results showed a variation of about 3 % between the different kinds of beans we figured the average loss at 20% on all kinds except the few clayed varieties at 25%. Such a free and easy way of figuring loss items would give our ~~mmst~~ modern cost accountants a severe chill and rightly so. A difference of 3% in the in the loss between raw beans and the liquor would amount to near a half cent in the cost of that liquor, either way, a big difference when you are figuring tons of output. But profits were larger in the early days and one could take some liberties.

But my work on the tests did not take me into the mysteries of cost accounting at that. Will was the cost accountant as I have mentioned before, He actually personally figured all the costs for all our products with the help of a clerk to get datta on such things as labels, boxes &c. He did this drudgery because he did not want the office to know the formulas. Harry did thi figuring up to the time of his death and Will would gladly have turned it over to me but until later, arithmetic w as almost as odious to me as German and I had forgotten much of even the simple processes I had learned. But I had to relearn them again later on for I had many provisional costs to figurex on trial lots and samples.

It may seem strange that one as truly devoted to the altruistic as I was and as sure of Divine guidance in life and with as sincere a desire to serve Him in good deeds to others, should seem to have so quickly and so easily have sloughed off ~~mmx~~ most of those ~~things~~ principles. It does seem so from this story but it was not so. The necessities

of my work, long hours and the demands of family life left me little time for anything else. My dreams of beings a helpful influence in the student life of Hahnemann were rapidly vanishing like some other dreams. I attended the meetings of the medical clubs, the A.R.Thomas Club and the quite often and the V.B.VanLennep Club occasionally. In the former I had most of my old medical friends, men like Shallcross Jessup, Lane, a classmate, Northrup, Speakman, the incurable joker, Weaver, and others, good friends all and in the Van Lennp club, younger men like Gus.VanLennep. In fact most of the members were men from his college class. I carred for very few of them and a number I actively disliked. I found, as the months passed, an increasing sense of loss of a common interest between these medical men and myself. It was not the loss of the old friendship but the diverging interests, they in their profession, I in the business and manufacturing problems. More and more I began to feel as an outsider, not because they intentionally left me out of their talk but because they wanted to talk about this case and that case, this new theory and that new remedy of which I knew nothing and while ~~their interest in~~ cocoa beans and the the problem of saving the waste cocoa in the shells hardly had a passing interest, even as a matter of courtesy.

So it was inevitable that I gradually drifted away from those associations, and an increasing sense of separation from all ~~medical~~ things medical grew stronger and stronger. There was no 'Y' or similar association at the College thru which I could touch the lives of the students and I had not time to start such an association and push it. It seemed that the door was shut, and shut very tight. And so my dreams of still helping the Missionary Cause evaporated very slowly, not because I lost interest in the Cause but because there seemed to be no possible way to make them ~~come~~

realities. But other opportunities of service came before long and I was glad to take advantage of them.

It was customary to close the factory during July for two weeks or longer to make repairs, general cleaning and painting. The foremen were given half pay for the layoff but the ordinary help were paid nothing. Such things were quite common and we felt no obligation for the men with out pay but felt rather pleased with ourselves because we paid our foremen. In part this custom was due to the difficulty of making chocolate in hot weather for air conditioning and refrigeration of large areas of working space was not thought practicable and it certainly was expensive. Beside that no extensive painting could be done with chocolate exposed to the odor for it would absorb odors quickly and the flavor be ruined.

In August work would begin full blast tho the heat made us shut down part of the day quite often. There was the heaviest demand for coatings during the early Fall of any time during the year for manufacturing confectioners, by whom the coatings were used, were busying making up their Christmas candies. As a result we frequently ran two shifts in the Fall and I was put in general charge at night, with one of Steve's understudys as Factory Foreman.

It was interesting work and I enjoyed the feeling of being boss. I soon found, however, that being boss had serious drawbacks for I was held responsible for everything that went wrong, especially the shightest variation in the color or flavor of coatings or the flavor of the sweet goods if were making them. I also had to see that we made our quota and that things went right and the machines and stock rooms were left in proper shape forthe day shift. And if all these things were not done exactly as they should be I received a blue pencil memo the next night in which things were written

tersely, vigorously, leaving me in no doubt as to the state of the Manager's mind. Will always used a blue pencil and how I grew to hate the sight of those blue penciled notes! I dislike the sight of a blue pencil mark even to this day. Criticism was all right, and tho it is hard to take I know it is helpful if it constructive but Will had a peculiarly irritating way of writing criticism as I could not explain my side at the time and as I thought it was destructive and not helpful it became hard to bear. As he grew older it became more harsh and was a sore trial. Of course, some of it was justified and when Saturday came I had a chance to talk it over with Will. We worked from seven in the evening to five in the morning with a half hour at midnight for lunch, but I lay down on a very uncomfortable couch in the office, Saturday morning when we shut down and dozed until seven, got some breakfast, went to market and returned to the office to get orders, go over the mistakes of the week, compare coatings that were not the right color and so forth, not a particularly pleasant forenoon after being up most of the night before. But I discovered one thing that was a great help thru all the following years. I found that the colors that I had been sure were all right as viewed in the electric light at night had quite a different cast in daylight. Then I found that the electric light made the coating look redder that the daylight. Anyone well up in the qualities of light would have known that but it was new to me. When we had a light with more of the daylight quality put in, much of that trouble disappeared. Still those Saturday forenoons were often trying and sometimes it was three oclock or later when I got home, not good company for any one. But my dear wife was full of sympathy and tender care and loving solicitude. But, all in all I

NIGHT SHIFT ROUTINE. J.A.U. pg.626.

liked the night work altho I would not want it over too long a time for I hardly saw anything of my family. The 6.15 was the first train out in the morning and sometimes I would stop at a nice hot bakery at Twelth and Arch and buy some rolls that were still warm from the ovens, and take them home for breakfast. Almost always I went to sleep on the train but never was carried past Rosemont tho the brakeman had to wake me up once or twice. By the time I had breakfast I was wide awake but the evening train time would come amazingly soon and if I was to keep on the job that night I must get sleep. So I soon bundled in and generally had no trouble sleeping until four or five in the afternoon and probably could have slept hours longer if I had the chance. Then a bath, supper or breakfast or whatever it was, the important thing was that it was a meal, chase the boys a minute or tumble them about as they shrieked with glee and get a good bye kiss, not just a hurried peck at her cheek, and away to the train and tomorrow was another day. But at the factory there were none of the day-time interruptions, could study, read, make experiments in between my frequent trips thru the factory. The night foreman, generally John Murphy, a mighty nice young Irishman, and the same one whom Steve had spanked in his boyhood apparently to John's last good, would come to the cubby politely called the Manufacturing office, with a sample of melted coating from one of the big chasers in the basement. It was my job to see if it was up to the standard which was always on file in the office. Its color, fineness, thinness all had to be judged and if not right adjustments had to be made. If ok. then the 5000 lbs in the machine could be weighed off in ten pound milk cakes which were wrapped in one or two thicknesses of paper according to grade, and packed, ten cakes to a case. Sometimes tho it did

happen often, some man would fail to come to work and I would substitute for him if the regular factory routine made it wise to do so. I remember one night when the head man of the packing room, where those ten pound cakes were packed in the cases, did not come to work. If all the coating that was wrapped was not packed our output for the night would be short and as there was no one else to take the place I went at it. Murphy could have done it but I thought he better keep at his regular work of looking after the manufacturing detail.

There was no special skill needed in the packing room except skill enough to hit a nail on the head and drive it into the thin rather thin boards of the side of the case without splitting them. But plenty of strength was needed to lift the chocolate from the truck onto the scales, check the weight and then from the scales into the case and nail on the cover. Then lift the case, about one hundred and fourteen pounds, onto another truck. One case was nothing at all to do but when it came to handling 40 to 50 cases a night that was a different matter for it meant lifting 4000 to 5000 lbs three times not counting the cases. Of course I wanted to at least equal the output of the regular foreman and I pushed myself as hard as I could and my work in Alaska had hardened my muscles and the factory work since had kept them in pretty good shape. It has always been my experience that the best way to get the best work from men is to work with them. The other fellows who have packing smiled when he saw the pace I set, for a new man who wants to show others what's what always starts that way and he expected to see me slow down after the first case or two. When I did'nt he looked rather surprized and when we were still going strong about three a.m. he began to look abused. I think we made a record for the packing room that night for I remember the foreman was quite disgusted when he came

back and found we had done better when he was away than when he was present. Of course, it was hardly fair to him as the men worked better for me than they would for him and naturally I worked harder under the circumstances that one could expect of any employee, with very few exceptions, doubtless harder than could be expected, as a regular pace for I was one tired and lame man the next day and thankful enough that that foreman was on hand the following night. I welcomed experiences like that for they help the boss to understand the difficulties of the job as no amount of inspection or watching can ever do and often a few hours of such experience will show a way to make the work easier and faster and to do away with difficulties that may have hindered it for years. I fully believe that if the Boss could only be the workman and the workman the Boss for a few days each would be glad to get back to his own job but with a far better understanding of the troubles of the other fellow, and far more sympathy for each other. We ran the night shift about a month each year but there was one time when I was at it nearly twice as long, so long that it seemed strange to go to work in the daytime.

Our first daughter joined the family in October, 1904 and maybe we were not delighted to have her. Not that we did not love the boys and welcome them when they came and delight in their growth and development but we felt that we needed a girl to make our family complete and add her gentle and refining influence to our home life and the characters of her brothers, and maybe, just maybe, of her father as well!. Well, that girl and her sisters have done that and much more in a wealth of love and helpfulness but our first daughter nearly cost her mother her life. My old preceptor and life long friend, Dr. William C.Powell, was our family physician and I had engaged him to attend Anna. I was getting a little too far away from medical work

to take care of Anna, again. We had not called the nurse when Anna became ill about midnight and a hurry phone call brought Aunt Helena, my sister, but for some reason Dr. Powell had not arrived when the baby was born about two a.m. My experience stood me in good stead but it soon was evident that a severe internal ~~hemmmk hemmxrk~~ hemorrhage was taking place requiring immediate surgical ~~rekkkf~~ attention which I was able to render and before long all was well. But it was a close call and dear Anna's recovery was somewhat delayed. Perhaps that was the reason that she could not nurse the baby girl as long as she nursed the ~~mthmrkmkhikdrmm~~ the boys, and why she became so run down in an effort to provide her ~~kkk~~ little girl with the best baby-food on earth, and why I came home from Canada in a rush.

No, I was not absconding but having a lovely rest with Father and Mother and Helena at Fathers' salmon preserve on the St. Marguerite River, near Tadousac, Canada. Father had joined a Mr. McCloud of Boston in the purchase of the fishing rights on that beautiful little river and controlled a section of it outright, a rare thing to secure even at that time, and there was a very well appointed camp there and Father took me along as we were always good chums in the woods tho we did not have so many interests in common about home. I went with him to the St.Marguerite a number of times and ~~I will~~ ~~kmxx~~ as it is associated with many happy memories and with a very ~~sad~~ sad one it deserves some description.

The whole trip was interesting, up along the Hudson River to the St.Lawrence ~~by~~ ~~kkkkkmk~~ Quebec, crossing by ferry from Point Levis for there was no bridge then, The quaint old town, the ~~Hotm~~ hotel, called Chateau Frontinac, close by the Heights of Abraham with memories of Wolf and Montcalm, ~~close by~~ and far below much of the old French city

with the St.Lawrence and the hills beyound. I enjoyed every minute as well as the trip down the river to Tadousac on a comfortable steamboat that went to little villages first on one side of the river and then on the other, one of them being the very fashionable Murry Bay, tho we could see very little of swelldom from the decks and did not stop long enough to go ashore. Everything was French except the Tourists and it seemed almost as if we were in Europe. After a comfortable night we reached Tadousac the next morning and went to the hotel for a short stop and met the teams to take us to the Camp. Tadousac is at the junction of the St.Lawrence and the Sagenay and there is some of the finest scenery on this smaller river up which our steamer runs, But we are always going fishing and tho often promising ourselves or each other that we would take the "Sagenay Trip" we never did.

Eighteen miles thru hilly country without special interest brought us to our River, but the queer, long, narrow fields of the farm were interesting. Canoes with our guides took us across the narrow rapid stream and a few steps brought us to camp, a long narrow building only one room deep and built like a carpenters square to follow the curve of the river. There was a rapids just above the camp and another just below with a great high bluff on the other side and a likely looking salmon pool just in front. Back of the camp there were some rocky hills and down stream the houses of some of the guides who farmed when the camps were unoccupied. While there were not a great many trees, nothing like a forest and that great bluff shut of the view except up stream it was pretty and I delighted to be in at least the semi-wilds again. Oh! it was good! the cool sweet air, the constant hum of the rapids and when

xkxx the wind was right, the heavier, muffled roar of the falls, a mile up stream. What sleep; what an appetite; what a husky feeling; what joyous exuberance! Could all these things be when Anna was not there? Yes for this trip seemed a duty to Father and Mother and it was too long for our young family, too many changes and waits. So having agreed that it was best for me to go we were happy in the decision and each madethe best of it. Nothing was to be gained by being miserable because we were separated and altho Anna had by far the worst end of it there never was a sad look or even an expressed wish that that she were going too. She may have felt lonely or that married life was not all she had expected it would be but if she did there was never any indication of it in face or voice or act, and her letters were full of happiness and cheer.

Salmon were no new treat to me. I had been with Father onlmon fishing before and it seemed to me a weary drudgery. Day after day, hour after hour, standing in a canoe and casting a long line with a nine foot rod. Even tho the rod was not so heavy it grew felt as tho it weighed a ton before many hours had passed. The guide or one of them would relieve the fisher when ever he wished and if he had a'strike' that is if a fish struck the fly, the guide would hook him if he could and then pass the rod to the sportsman. But that was not considered the best form tho many did it. The sportsman should lure and attract his own fis own fish. If there had been a strike an hour it would not have been so wearysome but often there was not a strike all forenoon or all afternoon, say six hours fishing, and that did not look like fun to me who had seen salmon so thick I could catch them in my hands. Of course, the fish were large and one might strike at any moment and there was the facination of the chase and they certainly did fight when hooked, still I'd rather

fish for trout with the prospect of catching a dozen pr two than catch one salmon a day, that is I thought I would until I had caught my first salmon.

When we first came to the river Father took two guides and went to try the pools as soon as possible. That ought to be the cream of the fishing for the fish are going upstream to spawn and they lie in the deep pools along the river as they go. If these pools have not been disturbed for some time the first man to fish them ought to have a great time. But Father came back disappointed. The pools looked deep and enticing and just the place for salmon but they would not rise if they were there. The second day was not much better and the third day father told me to try my luck if I wanted to as I had carefully refrained from fishing until Father had skimmed ~~the. [illegible] that~~ cream. Poor Dad was rather discouraged. It is no fun to pay $10000 for the privelege of fishing, not to speak of guides, provisions, taxes and all that, and then find that you might have almost as good luck casting your fly from your back door at home. So I took the two boatmen, Louie and Joe and ~~started~~ started up river. There was a big black pool a half mile away perhaps seventy five yards in diameter for it was almost round, and just above it an icy little brook emptied into the river. The men's English was limited and hard to understand but they seemed excited and tried hard to explain something. Finally I made out that they wanted to know if I would jig. What for? Why salmon, certimant. We we, salmon, sure, yes certain." That seemed to please them a lot and to my surprise, they headed for the shore. At the pools we cast from the boat. They landed just below that Cold brook and that was what it was called, as they said, Col-e Brook, and we went close to the edge of the bank which was low and very steep. Evidently others

had been there often for the grass was worn and trampled. There was considerable jabbering which meant nothing to my young life. Then Joe took the fly on my line and, to my horror stripped off the feathers almost to the bare hook. Salmon flies, like everything about that sport, were expensive. Joe let the hook down in the water only a foot or two from the bank, not using the rod at all but handling it like a hand line. Then he handed it to me and motioned I should give it a sharp yank upwards. I did but nothing happened. It was the strangest performance and I had'nt the least idea what they were trying to do. ~~Joe motioned for another yank~~ It looked fishy to me as indeed it was in more senses than one.

Joe motioned for another yank and I hooked into something that I knew was neither a log or a rock for my line ran out with a whir of the reel and the men almost threw me into the canoe and raced after that flying thing at the end of my line, down to the pool below. Altho I had never caught a salmon on a line I knew enough from trout fishing to handle and play him for I realized I had a salmon on the hook and a big one. When he reached the pool he went down and sulked. Then, quick as a flash, he would make a run and the reel would hum, the two hundred fares of silk line, also expensive, running out with startling speed. So it went; reeling in and speeding out, always careful not to let him get any slack. Fifteen minutes; a half hour before he seemed to tire and the men worked the canoe slowly toward a a sloping gravel bank at the shore. Slowly and carefully I got out, watching my rod and reel, and walked back drawing my fish into shallow water, still fighting and making short, little runs. Joe reaches out with a large hook on the end of a short light pole, called a gaff, but just as he is about to make

plunge that hook thru the fishes back and drag him ashore, whee-e-e the reels yells and the salmon is away to deep water again and we after him in the boat.

At last, it may have been after an hour, Joe gaffed him and he came, still fighting a flopping, high up on the shore. Wow! a beauty, twenty pounds or more and I was just tickeled to peices for I had beaten Father at his own game. We headed for camp, running the rapids that the men had poled up so laboriously but now they were singe lilting French song they always sang when they had made a catch and were bringing a salmon home. Father heard it before we had rounded the ~~curve~~ bend and was waiting to greet me, not without a bit of disappointment because a greenhorn had caught a salmon when the Old Timer had failed. But he was a good sport and congratulated me heartily. I was in high spirits and still excited by my success, totally unaware that I ought to hang my head in shame for I had I had violated one of the strongest rules of salmon fishers, broken the laws of fly-fishermen and utterly disgraced myself as a true sportsman; I had committed the heinous sin of "jigging".

I had noticed that the men, instead of standing around with a broad grin on their faces as they usually did after a successful catch had just kind of faded away and when Father began to ask the particulars, which pool, where did I hook him and all that and I proudly told him of my skill the horrid truth came out, I HAD JIGGED A SALMON!!! Of course, I was not to blame but the men were scolded and strict orders given that there was to be no more jigging. ing but the fish was a welcome addition to our larder, one that Father enjoyed as much as anybody, as did Mother and Helena. It seemed that where we hooked the fish in that unusual way there was a shallow hole, six or eight feet deep where the very cold water

from that brook seemed to lie and there the salmon gathered,not many, probably but so close together that it was easy to jab a hook into the m as I had. It was a great temptation to to that but it was considered very bad form indeed for a sportsman to do so. There is little doubt that our own guides did it at night the Father never but that worn place in the grass showed somebody was often at the place could find out that they did, That was one oft the xxx troubles he had for it seemed pretty certain that Francois, the head guide and considered the most reliable and an official Guardian of the river did some poaching on the quiet, himself and ~~they~~ those canucks were all clannish and one would not tell on the other. It was a difficult situation for their farms were poor and they were poor and not to get those big fish right at your doors when your family was hungry was almost beyond human nature, especially when they were only there that some rich man might have some fun a few weeks a year. And that was why my men were so anxious for me to catch a fish so they could have some to eat and no doubt take some to their families.

I went to the St. Marguerite a number of times with Father to keep him company. If he had taken another man, some friend he would have had to share the fishing with him while I did not care a great deal about it anyway and only fished when Father did not want to. One time, probably the year after I jigged that fish, Father had no luck at all and the time was approaching for us to return home. One night, like some guilty conspiritor, he said, "Bert, let's go to Cold Brook tomorrow and catch just two fish." I agreed. I was not so strong for the code, anyway. If it was all right to kick salmon out of the water and onto the bank as I had done in Alaska why not jig them or catch them any old way. So, next morning, we got an extra man and in two canoes went to that little pool by the bank. Father looking rather shamefaced and like a guilty child soon hooked a

fish and was away, down stream, to that pool just below. In a few minutes I had hooked into another ans was after him and there we were, each with a very lively and obstreperous salmon at the ends of our lines. Onetimes often a salmon will go right thru a pool, down the rapids and into some pool below but both our fish seemed to like the scenery in that particularkx pool and altho it was nearly round, as I have written, it was and was large for the pools on the St. Marguerite in our section, about seventy five yards across, it was a mighty small pond for two salmon that wanted to visit each other and find out what was biting them anyhow. I imagine the pool was not as deep all over as nerer one bank for the fish insisted in staying fairly close together, greatly to Father's discomfort. Of course he had the preference and every thing possible must be done not to interfere with his sport and I tried to keep my fish away. But anyone who has had a large salmon on his line knows just how much he can do in making that fish go where the fisherman wants him to. The whole rig is comparatively light, the leader xxxx made of a single strand of silk worm gut i s nine feet long and will only stand so much and when your fish starts to go he generally goes, and if you try to hold him too hard your leader generally snaps or the tip of your rod breaks or you line, if you have failed to dry it carefully or tried to economise and used it too long, snaps and that's the end of that salmon. Beside all that, in jigging a fish is seldom if ever hooked in the mouth but in some part of the body, even x xx in the tail as Father's proved to be or that the base of the dorsal fin as mine was. That made it so much harder to control the fish for a fish hooked in the mouth can be far more easily controlled and is killed more quickly than these fellows who are practically swimming about just for the fun of it.

WEE-E-E-eee! There he goes again! A bee-line for Father's fish! KEEP THAT FISH AWAY!! KEEP THAT FISH AWAY! Father shouts frantically. Yes, I will. But how? Its up to me to keep him away even if I break my tackle to do it for once those fish swim around each other and tangle the lines goodbye to both of them. So I put on the strong arm and as everything holds I check him and get him over to the other side. But the minute I relax a bit Wee-e-e-ee, he's off again to see his friend and Father yelling like mad, KEEP THAT FISH AWAY! Again the heavy pressure and and again we retreat.

Father's fish does not seem as interested in his friend on my line as mine is in the other for he just sulks most of the time, probably because he is hooked in the tail and can't swimm as well, but now and again he too starts visiting and if mine happens to be anxious to meet him half way or better there are some lively times in that pool, the like of which had never been seen before. Now it's my turn to shout, Keep that fish away, for by now the funny side of it began to strike us but all the same Father was keen to land, for as the salmon old timers say, 'kill their salmon.' We had been at it nearly an hour and my fish had very kindly gotten the sulks for I wanted a rest altho Id collapsed before I'd asked a guide to take my rod, then one of the men suggested that we try to get my fish to go down the rapids to the pool below. Slowly and carefully we worked him down to the rapid water and we thought we rounded get him down, but the minute that he felt the water getting shoal he suddenly remembered his long lost friend, and back he went with the speed of a falling star. while once more that anguished appeal smote the quiet air; KEEP THAT FISH AWAY!

After more than an hour of very strenuous work but lots of fun

I got my fish in and Joe Caffed him, but not before that salmon had us out and in the boat a number of times and each time he took another run he started Father shouting. Shortly after we had our fish safe in the canoe Father brought his fish to gaff while we lay off a little the way and watched the fun. They certainly were big fish and hooked as they were and all the fight in one pool, it was a wonder we saved them. Father's weighed forty pounds and mine thirty four not counting ounces. I fear Father did not get all the fun he usually had in landing a salmon for all the time he felt guilty about jigging and cautioned me not to tell anyone especially his friend, Walter Brackett, who was fishing on pools he owned or leased, a little way down the river. Of course the guides told their friends and they told their friends and so on and doubtless Mr.Brackett heard all about it but if he did he was too good a sportsman to mention it. It was that dame Brackett that painted the picture of fish we have on the wall at Lavallette, for he was probably the most noted painter of fish in America and I suppose Father paid ~~five hundred~~ $1000 dollars or more for that picture, painted there on the St.Marguerite. If you don't think it's a fine picture of a brooktrout, (a grilse, that is a young salmon) and a full grown salmon, and I don't, well - - we are not all good judges of real art. I am astonished to find in a letter written to Anna July 21st 1905, the statement that that I caught FIVE salmon that year whose weights were 13, 17, 19½, 23 and 34 pounds, the last being the one I have just written about and they were not all jigged or most of them, only two I'm sure. Except in Alaska, I would have been positive that I never caught that many salmon in my life but here's the record, in black and white, or rather in black and slightly yellow, written almost thirty one

years ago. On one trip we went over the hills back of camp, thru the forest to fish for trout in a small lake that the guides said was so full of trout that they sat on their tails on sunken logs and asked tobe caught so as to get out of the crowd! or words to that effect. I did not understand French very well. We came first to a beautiful lake, clear as crystal, a most likely looking place for trout but the men said there were no fish at all in it and we did not even try a cast, for the rods were not rigged when tramping thru the woods. When we reached the wonderful lake, only a little farther on its shores were a mass of old fallen logs, stumps and brush. The dry weather had made such low water that all this debris, usually hidden under water was now dry and the trout, if any, had no logs to sit on and we could not get a single rise. It was the meanest place to fish I ever saw, anyway. Why the other lake was not in similar condition we could not tell, probably fed by springs.

Another time we went up river above the falls to fish for trout, for Father still enjoyed that for a change. There was a good trail and it was beautiful, all heavy second growth. We did not fish very hard for we enjoyed the hike even more than the fishing, and shore fishing is not so much fun anyway. But we caught all we wanted in the swift water for there seemed to be no pools of any size. It was a delightful trip and I wrote Will such an enthusiastic letter that he said any man who could feel and write like that ought not to be in the chocolate or any other business.

But word came that Anna was sick and I hurried home to find my dear wife looking wan and weak and a most unusual occurance and the doctor not sure just what was wrong. They thought she was run down and that she would improve if she could rest and have a change weaning Elizabeth and get away for a while. The Jerseys cost would be

a good place. If I had used all my vacation I was allowed more, Will was always generous about that, and soon Anna and I were at the Carrolton, near the beach. It burned down some years ago. We preferred it to the more stylish hotel still standing and doing business on the beach, and beside it was much cheaper and that was animportant consideration.

Dear Anna began to improve almost at once, the air, the ocean bathing and relief from nursing our little daughter all seemed to be fine restoratives and perhaps having me to play with her helped a bit also. We both loved sailing and a trolly car ran from Bay Head past the hotel and thru the town, on to Clarks Landing and then or later ran on to Lakewood, so it was easy to get to the Manasquan. Every day we took a box lunch and went to Clarks where we Had a sail boat rented and then here and there as we pleased, stopping at some different place for lunch each day. It was a happy healthy time and seemed to be just what Anna needed and before long she was ready to go home. She never was the kind of a mother to feel exactly happy unless with her children were not far away.

My work in the Factory continued to be making samples, experiments and trouble man. I was often sent for to judge quality of either manufactured chocolate or some raw supplies. Not in frequently my opinion was asked on raw cocoa for my sense of taste was found to be good and I had read everything I could find on raw cocoa and chocolate making. Zipperer had appeared in English and later a larger and to my mind a much more accurate book published in England. I was deeply interested in my work and while I sometimes longed to be back in the Medical work especially if something or someone who was ill, mostly in Will's family, took me to the hospital.

With the exception of my friend, Dr.Rothganger, U.S.N. with whom I had had a number of cases in Sitka, Mrs. Senn, you remember, every medical man I knew congratulated me on being able to get out of medicine and into business. I head nothing from Van Lennep directly but Will saw him occasionally and said that Van always enquired about me and said it was a shame that I had left the profession, altho he had done mighty little to encourage me to stay in it when he had a fine chance to do so. Anna and I had been to his house to dinner, one night, but I felt there was something lacking, the old cordiality was lacking and even Anna felt some ill defined restraint. A widening gulf seemed to be opening between my old friend and myself and there seemed to be no way to stop it.

On one of her visits to Sitka Helena had told us those horseless carriages called auto'-mo-biles, with the accent on the first syllable, and the driver called sho- fer not chaw-fer and the place where they were kept ga- ragh' not garige, with broad a s and the last syllable accented and drawn out. She said they saw them occasionally but more often at the side of the road with some one trying to make them go. The livery man Mr. Moore had a span of horses on the hill on Montgomery Avenue in front of our home to tow the cars up on Sundays and holidays as very few indeed could go up it on their own power, and Moore was making a good thing of it. Of course we had read about them but, like most people we thought they were just a mechanical novelty that would soon be forgotten. Many horses were being frightened and there was talk of laws to keep them off the road. Speeds of sixteen to twenty miles were spoken of with awe but such speed was very dangerous and should not be allowed.

When we reached the East we were much interested in them, all one cylinder cars looking much like a buggy that had had a bad dream.

Already there were competing makes, the Oldsmobile easily the most popular with the Cadillac second and probably others altho I cannot recall a Ford. They were all one cylinder and Olds slogun was,

"You see them where ever you go
And they go where ever you see them."

It was indeed some strong recommendation for a car if it would GO a good part of the time and yet one of our salesmen, W.T.Adams, went to Cincinnati from Philadelphia, in a one cylinder Cadillac and took his wife and son along. As I remember, it took them about five days and withthe exception of having to be towed out of a mudhole now and then they had no serious trouble. Adams went to attend the Confectioners National Convention and he had a lot of free advertising and was quite a hero and, beside he sold the car for about $700 when he reached home which was only a hundred less than he paid for it.

When John Wanamaker announced that the chassis of the new Ford automobile which actually had TWO cylinders would be on display in his store in the BOOK DEPARTMENT near the Thirteenth Street door (of all places,) there was considerable excitement. The two cylinder feature was revolutionary and people flocked to see it. Father and and I among them. He was not much interested but I was. There it was, easily finding abundant room in the aisle of the store with room for people to examine it all around, shiny in aluminum paint. With my love for machinery it was intensely interesting with its two large cylinders along one side, and a large heavy flywheel in front of them, the shaft extending across the car, one end notched and protruding thru the side to receive the starting crank and and a sprocket chain running from the shaft to a small differential on the rear axle. The radiator was a box-like affair below a low curved dash and wonders of wonders the to neau could be removed so that the car

could be converted into a runabout by simply unfastening two small wing nuts, lifting off the tonneau and covering the back of the body with a paneled board about four feet square. That tonneau had two small seats, one in each corner with a door between them in the back and weighed so little that I could lift it on or off with very little trouble. The whole car was painted crimson, highly varnished and very shiney, but, O, a very big PUT, the price was $800! I had'nt $800 or half that and when I suggested to Fatherthat it would be lots of fun to have one he pooh poohed the idea, as he always did at first but it was not long before he bought it, doubtless ugged on by Mother's gentle pressure. It was his car but I could keep it at my house.

Then I must be taught to drive and care for it. The construction was absurdly simple but the most important thing, after oiling was to keep the breaker points on the spark coils,which were in a covered box on the back of the low dash, properly adjusted and filed clean. Only today, March 18, 1936, I saw an ad with the picture of an old tool kit and a finger nail file with the statement that "twenty years ago, every auto kit contained a nail file to keep the breaker points clean!" They were then made of platinum, melting easily,sometimes sticking together and the autoists were eternally smoothing them or adjusting the gap between them,

But before I could drive the thing had to have a license and I had to apply in person at the Bureau of Boiler Inspection !!! In City Hall, Philadelphia. That first license or more exactly, certificate of inspection is in the box of old papers &c. It had a number and I must get a piece of leather, preferably 'patent leather' of a certain size and on it fasten metal numbers like those on the inspection slip. The fee, I believe was fifty cents. That one tag was hung on the car anywhere and I was ready to begin to drive,whether

I knew how or not. But part of the sales bargain had been to teach one person how to drive and so I went out to the ware house just ~~this~~ east side of the Walnut Street bridge and a man drove out to the Park and found a secluded road and put me at it. My sailing experience helped me to steer without trouble ~~the~~ to this latest style in autos had a wheel instead of a steering lever, as most of the first cars had. There was a foot pedal for breaks and another for reverse with a short little handle at the right end of the front seat which engaged planetary gears for slow of full speed. There was no emergency brake, I think. Two or three lessons, and my instructor said I could drive all right and it was arranged that we would take the car home the following Saturday, one of the shop men to go with us.

Accordingly, Father, Willand I appeared at the warehouse and were soon on our first automobile ride, the shop man driving until we were beyond Llanarch. The I took the wheel, and no doubt Father and Will thought the world looked very fair and hated to think of leaving it as they felt sure the were likely to do any minute, I felt confident, the firing was even and regular. There was no difficulty in knowing that for if there was any muffler it was very small and the chug-a-chug, chug-a-chug was plainly, even painfully evident. There was no trouble steering and we boled along easily and it seemed very fast. I was exilerated and put on more gas and we went faster. A hand reached out and shoved me in the back" and Father's excited voice called loudly "Don't go so fast!" He was right, we must have been going ~~twelve~~ TWELVE miles an hour, and that was a highly dangerous speed on an open road in 1904! Beside that, here was a horse that was standing on his hind legs and threatening to turn around and upset the carriage or kick the front end out. So we pulled

over to the side of the road and stopped the engine and the man led the very nervous horse by the machine. The ladies had gotten out of the carr-iage and as they walked by, looking daggers and with evident desire to annihilate us, we heard as we doubtless were intended to hear, " Nasty things! Think they own the road! No right on the roads! ought to be laws; so fast; people havint any rights! &c,&c. One can hardly realize how bitterly the persons who drove horses felt about the autos, and there was reason for it, for often the drivers of cars were careless and indifferent to the rights of others and more than one horse ran away as a result. Even today, I cannot but feel that the other fellows car is an awful nusiance! I remember one time, some years later when I saw that a horse approaching was skittish and I drew over to one side and stopped the engine, the man driving the team, there were ladies with him, stopped as he came abreast us, "Thank you!"very clearly and distinctly, and bowed graciously as he drove on. It really did mean something to stop an engine in those days, for you had to get out, find the starting crank, insert it in the end of the shaft, under the front seat and wind it around. That heavy flywheel was no toy and unless you were very careful to adjust the spark just right the engine would back fire and buck and often the crank would fly around and break your wrist. It was quite a common accident.

We reached home without mishap and Mother and Helena and Madeline rushed out to see the wonderful contraption and wanted to take a ride, but I am not so sure about Mother. Of course everybody must have a driving costume, long coats called dusters, goggles to protect the eyes from dust and sun, for there was no wind shield or top, gloves with big gauntlets for the driver to keep the dust

from blowing up his sleeves, down his back and every where else it possible for dust to go. A long visored cap was the only thing for a man to wear, and often a silk handkerchief tight about his closely buttoned duster to keep the dust out of his neck. The ladies wore preferably sailor hats with wide brims over which a large veil completely covered the hat, the wearers FACE AND HEAD and the ends tied tightly around her neck. Even at that we never thought of coming back from a long ride, say ten or twelve miles, without taking a bath before we appeared in polite society or even anywhere else. Many of the cars had long baskets hung on the sides of the tonneau to hold canes or umbrellas and the horn, a necessary abomination, from that day to this, was a hand bulb affair fastened to the steering column just below the wheel, finished in brass as were all the metal parts except the radiator.

I came home early from business the afternoon of our wedding anniversary that year to take Anna for a ride. We did not take the children, it was too risky and dangerous. It was a beautiful June day and we wandered on, believing our trusty auto could take us anywhere. Not knowing the roads very well I headed for the Schuykill and before we realized it we were going down a hill so steep that today it must be negotiated with care, and we had only a foot brake! Everything held, however, and we found ourselves on the banks of the River. I knew we could never climb that hill so we went on along the river road and it was a fright, full of holes and ruts. But we chug-a-chuged along. About that time we came to a creek and I thought I better see how the water supply was holding out. So we stopped, stopped the engine, not with out fear and trembling lest it would not start again and how could we ever get home if it did'nt? fished

out a canvas bucket after finding the auxiliary water tank holding about a gallon was almost dry. So some creek water was dipped up and put in and after a few mighty pulls on the crank, she started and off we chugged, reaching Home without mishap, quite the heroes of the hour. Then the small boys had a little ride around the drive to their intense excitement and happiness.

I have put that trip to Point Pleasant a little ahead of its proper place for in 1905, the year before, we enlarged our house by filling in two opposite corners and putting a different style roof that gave us much more room on the third floor as well as a good attic. Just what we accomplished in appearance is best shown by the photoes in our history but the increase in comfort inside was even more satisfactory. But, Oh! the trials we suffered, especially my dear wife, while those changes were going on were hard to endure, for we lived in the house through it all. Altho we did not expect it ther e was not a room in the house that was not broken onto and changed to some extent and mortar and plaster were everywhere. Then there were the usual delays, especially for the finishing wood work and stairway. Finally, as Wolf, the carpenter and his best man, Dilworth could get no action Anna and I went over to Norristown to see if we could not get some action by the mill man. I had never seen him or had he seen me but as I neared his mill I saw a man on the side walk and some strange occult influence told me that was the man. I stopped beside him and looked at him as he turned to see what it was. We stared at each other, neither saying a word. Then his flushed face, drink I suppose, became a deeper red and we both began to laugh. "Are you So and So?" "Yes. You Mr. Wilbur"? Yes and when do I get that mill work you promised three weeks ago? "Next Tuesday, honest." It was Saturday we were there, Well, you promised

before , a lot of times." "I'll send it sure." "Got any finished?? "Some." "Well, I'll take what you have", for by that time we had our second auto, a Maxwell, of which more later. So we loaded on all he had, which tho not much enabled the carpenters to go on with the inside finish in the lower hall. Then, after a friendly talk with the mill man whom I was sure was quite unreliable because evidently a heavy drinker, and after explaining to him our discomfort, we went back to Rosemont in triumph. It was a queer experience for I was so mad when I started out I was all set to give that man an awful bawling. To our surprise and delight, the rest of the mill work did come on Tuesday.

We had much pleasure in selecting new paper for the house even tho the money that came to Mother from settling part of the Dean estate was sorely crowded to pay all the bills, and how we did enjoy the extra rooms the added bathroom with a sort of emergency tub in the sewing room, and a nice roomy, two story porch at the rear of the house. At the head of the stairs on the second floor there was small room with an L at one corner, which we called the 'Reverie' after much thought. I may have explained before that we did not want a Den, in fact were much opposed to a den in OUR home, a study was a little to heavy so, why not a Reverie and Reverie it has been ever since. Small as that one was it was large enough for my desk, comfortably, and a chair or two, while in the ell a large door opened into two closets, the oddest ones you ever saw, for the floor was the top of the stairway and so sloped from the door right up to the top, a partition with a smaller door made the second closet back of the first. They really were not of a lot of use but we told Wolf we did not want any room wasted and he did not waste any. He even used waste space back of

the bath tub in the new bath room. That was a fine closet if rather awkward to get at and it held our medical supplies and family remedies, first aid dressings , toilet supplies , &c, &c, By buying drugs and such things thru H.O.W&S we saved a lot of money and later we bought our staple groceries the same way.

That house, 42 Rosemont Avenue, was our home for many more years than any other we ever lived in and we wre very comfortable there very happy fork the most part. All of our dear children except Bert, Harry and Donald were born there and it was within its walls that some of the family narrowly escaped death, dear Anna among them. We took great pride in it and continued to improve the grounds from year to year. In our parlor, we had some black walnut furniture that was Will's first parlor furniture when he had a house of his own, I think we had it recovered with a plain red mohair,I think that was the material. All that set was sold or given away when we moved to Panmure Road but there is a small piece covering the foot stool in the Reveria here in this room. In the sitting room we placed a brown wicker couch and chairs with brown cushions very comfortable and stylish. They are now in the Living room at Drowsy Dunes. New Brass beds adorned our bed room and they were so comfortable. Nearly all you children first greeted this world from them and it was on one of them that you first saw the most beautiful sight in this world, the love-light in your mother's eyes as she cuddled you to her and welcomed you each in turn with just as much love as she had welcomed each of your brothers and sisters.

We had hardly gotten settled in the remodelled house before another baby boy came to join the family. Names were some-

hard to choose but when I told Will of our new baby he said he would leave him a thousand dollars in his will if we would name him Nelson. So Nelson he was named and Will faithfully carried out his part of the bargain. Nelson was the name of one of my mother's ~~xxx~~ brothers who died in his youth and of whom Mother was very fond because of his fine character. For some reason Will had not named either of his boys Nelson. Donald had been named after the Macdonald branch of Anna's family with the Elliott from my sisters ~~xxxxx~~ married name while Elizabeth was from Anna's mother's name and the Dean from Anna's family. The Carter, in Nelson's name was from Aunt Adélia Carter. Nelson was born July 22, 1906. So here we were with four boys and one girl committed to our care and keeping, I was 36 and Anna just past 32. She was the dearest mother, devoted to her children and just as devoted to her husband. Never was there a word of complaint or even an admission of weariness. We were all blest with good health and we were happy, happy, principally because of the blessed influence of Anna's life among us.

There seems to be very little to write of my factory life at this period for it was so largely routine factory work, varied at times when Will would send me with George Lennig to see some new machine or improved device. ~~At some time~~ These trips and my association with Lennig in factory problems brought us nearer and nearer together and we became close friends. He and his wife came to spend one Saturday afternoon at our Rosemont house for a ride in the Ford and to stay to supper and George was always loyal and helpful and I believe was less moody as out friendship grew. One of the great regrets of my life is that years later some misunderstanding came between us, the details I have entirely forgotten, but it hurt

George and shook his faith in me and what was worse, his none too strong faith in his fellow men, and I,fear,what little faith he had in God. I have always felt that I ought to have saved him from that and I have some haunting fear that I was in some measure to blame,but I cannot recall any of the details of the trouble tho I have been belaboring my subconscious mind this last day or two. It is always a sore disappointment to fail to help someone who greatly needs help and over whom you have considerable influence, especially if such failure is due to some fault or lack of patience. It was this Lennig that invented and built the machine to drop Buds,and I had some small part in suggesting part of the device. Up to that time the Buds had been dropped, i.e. the chocolate had been forced thru an opening in a funnel-like container by the movement of a plunger. It was all hand work and the 'handle'of the Bud was made by the movement of the funnel in one hand while the plunger was operated by the other, the chocolate dropping into shallow tin trays which were stamped with the design appearing on the face of these dainty bits of goodness. Steve Oriole and Will had origionated the formula before I came into the business and none but the very finest raw materials were ever used ~~in~~ for the Buds, from that day until all the Wilburs had passed out of the company and perhaps not after that, nor was the formula ever changed, except to change the proportions of the cocoa blend according to the flavor of the beans. For a long time Steve personally superintended the roasting of the cocoas for Buds, giving a very low roast and then covering the hot beans with bags to allow them to cools very gradually and develope flavor as they cooled. I really could not see that it made much if any difference but I could not persuade Steve that it did not. How could you persuade a man of anything who said of a new

machine we were trying, "Mr.B.K., I know dey is better, but I don't believe it!!!

The chocolate that was made for the Bud-stock, was made with the greatest care and especially well ground, the nibs, after the usual cleaning, were all hand picked to take out any tiny bits of shell that had gotten by the fans. The finished paste was either moulded in blocks and carried in cold storage or in the hot room and then reground and put in the hot room for twenty four hours more. When it was finally ready to mould, or be dropped from those funnels, it was like jelly and had to be put in the refrigerator by hand as any other conveyor would have shaken the form down and made the Buds loose their pleasing and characteristic shape.

There were 20 places for a bud on each tin mould, nickle steel later, and Lennigs machine filled them all at once by making 20 plungers press the chocolate thru 20 holes in the bottom plate of a large hopper. A slight movement of the device that fed the moulds to the machine, made the 'jug handles' perfectly. It saved a lot of labor but we were never able to find any way to convey the filled moulds to the 'ice box'. All refrigerators in the factory, were always "ice boxes" to the men. The formula of buds was never written out, except in the cost book, and only one man beside Steve and Will, of course, was supposed to know the formula. So carefully was the secret guarded but it just to show how impossible it is to keep such things secret one of our men who was disgruntled by being discharged for bad conduct, (that same Billy Keen who worked with me on the milk chocolate,) advertised in a Philadelphia paper, "Will/ sell the formula and method of making Wilbur Buds. Box so & so." but no one ever made anything of the kind of equal quality tho there were plenty

imitations as time went on. The Company had registered the trade name "Buds" when they first adopted it and had exclusive rights to use it for chocolate but the shape could not be patented and anyone one could use it and many did. Rockwood of New York made t he nearest imitation in quality and Hershey had an imitation of the shape called Kisses. There were others, a lot of them with all sorts of names, I remember one called BRONUTS; Gradually all these imitations were called buds by the shop keepers and sold as such many represented to be Wilburs make. We prosecuted and threatened. Our attorneys , Morgam Lewis and Bockius, were consulted and busy; we tried some distinctive colored foil but could get none that was thin enough or that was not too expensive. Gold, that is gilt foil, was tried but it is astonishing how cheap Buds looked in it. We tried to get a distinctive and attractive way to write or print the word Buds but all to no purpose. Then, one of our salesmanagers thought he had solved the problem for all time by calling them 'Wilburbuds' and Wilbur-buds they were for some time and then our attorneys warned us that we would loose the control of the word Buds if we tied it up with Wilbur. We had long put in t a little square of white tissue paper printed with our trade mark, with each Bud but while these helped they did not protect and other machines had been invented to make chocolate shapes that were very much like buds in appearance. Of course the imitations were being sold at lower prices and for we tried to maintain a retail price of a dollar a pound. Cut price jobbers as well as a few retailers sold below and we trid to stop that but somehow those cut rate fellows would get them and make us trouble. A man named Scarlett was one of the worst offenders. He advertised them prominantly in his window and sold many and still

does in his large cut-rate store on Chestnut St.above 15th. Finally we adopted a fixed way to print the work Buds and had it registered which in connection with a certain style package, also registered, gave us the protection we desired, at least all we could secure under existing laws.

By this time, I was virtually, if not in name, the factory Superintendent, tho still working on experiments and special trial lots. A system of prizes was arranged for the department that had the cleanest men, cleanest utensils, and cleanest general conditions. These prizes were awarded on the scores for the month for as I made my inspections each morning or other times during the day, I awarded the points for each department. The effect was gratifying beyond our hopes. While the new factory had never been dirty the actual cash payment each month to the foreman and to each of the workmen in the winning department, was a strong incentive and soon factory inspectors told us we were the cleanest food plant they ever saw. Often it was said."why, you could eat your dinner from these floors. When one considers how much melted chocolate looks like mud that was something to be proud of. Will backed me heartily in all such plans.

Another plan did not work so well. We offered a liberal cash payment to any employee who made a suggestion for any improvement in method, new device or method for any manufacturing process, that was accepted and used. method of handling &c. The value of the suggestion was to be decided by a committee, of Steve Olioln George Lennig and myself, subject to the approval of W.N. The plan was fine and suggestions began to come in but when we did not accept and pay for every proposal that came in the monsoon lost interest. They thought every idea they

suggested was worth a hundred dollars, at least, and if it was not adopted at once they were not getting a square deal. Mass Criel, the Press room foreman was especially troublesome in this way and I could hardly go near him without his calling "Mr.B.K.! D-d-did yu get that idea I sent in? It works this way, SEE! I-i-i-if yu fix it t-t-t-this way SEE! and so on as long as he could keep me near him with that eternal 'See' put in at every possible opportunity. It certainly did rasp. Mass had some good ideas and he was paid for them but he got badly disgruntled if we did not use every one he suggested.

An English firm of makers of confectioners and bakers machines Joseph Baker &Co, of Willesden Junction, near London came to us and awakened some interest in Will who was beginning to have some doubts about Weygandt, I think and I flattered my constant hammering at that gentlemen had something to do with it. The head of the English firm, Joseph Baker, came to see us and proved to be a genial elderly Quaker. He sold us a machine or two which were all he represented them to be and he told me about the English book on chocolate making by one Whymper that proved so much better than the German book, altho it was not without the evident influence of the Baker Company. Among machines MR. Baker brought and huddled was a vacuum pan, pump and outfit for condensing milk for milk chocolate. That was what we wanted altho if we had put a man at it he could have found like outfits made right there in Philadelphia, and we bought one. When it came in and was set up I was given Billy Keen as a helper and told to run it. How we struggled with faulty vacuum, it was supposed to carry nearly 30 inches. Then the degree of condensation, if too thin it would not dry in the subsequent process

while if it was too thick it would stick in the machine and only part of it could be gotten out. The rest was apt to burn and make a lot of trouble before it was finally scraped from the tubes. That outfit was designed to make a condensed milk about like Eagle brand but heavier and thicker and as I had never worked on vacuum machines and had to find out by experience and we had plenty of that. One time thru some error of oversight the entire batch, about 40 quarts, of that sticky, guey stuff spilled over the floor before we could stop it and you can imagine the mess as well as the loss. Finally I learned how to manage the heat and the vacuum and the amount to keep in the cylinder and turned the machine over to Leon to run. But the results were worth all the trouble for the milk powder we produced greatly improved our milk chocolate and we continued to use that process or one much like it for many years. Usually the makers of a machine send a man to teach the buyer or his men how to run a new machine but Baker had no men on this side at that time so we had to work it out for ourselves and that our kindly Quaker friend had assured us was a very simple matter indeed. Well, our good Quaker was oversanguine, to put it mildly. One cannot but wonder now why we did not do the obvious in tackleing that new kind of work, why we did not arrange with some maker of condensed milk to let me work in their factory and see how it was done. I am sure it could have been arranged but no one seems to have thought of it. One of the greatest faults of all the wilburs, except possible Harry, was that of staying too much within their own four walls and not making new contacts. There was some excuse for Will because of his deafness altho he did go to New York nearly every week to see the brokers of cocoa beans and thereby

accumulated a lot of gossip, tales of what competitors were doing and this or that. Those cocoa brokers were the worst tale carriers in the whole business. What they did'nt know they told anyway but they picked up a helpful tip now and then if one could only sift it out. That reminds me of what Lawrence Saw when he was in the office of a coboa broker in Havre France and which is worth the telling. A buyer was shown some cocoa beans and after cutting some and looking them over turned to the broker and said "Why do you show me such poor cocoa? You know I always buy only the best.""That is the best I have and is indeed very fine grade." "Have you no other samples to show me?""Nothing equal to that lot but here they are. " The buyer casually went over them but already was prejudiced against them as the Broker intended he should be. Meanwhile the broker had put the envelope with the rejected lot in the pocket of his long Prince Albert coat. The buyer, after growling about the poor qualities carried by the broker, started to leave. Just as he was opening the door the broker suddenly addressed him."BY-the-way, M/ So & so,"he was the head of his company,"I nearly forgot, Here is a lot of very fine cocoa I slipped in my pocket for some one who really appreciates fine cocoa and knows it when he sees it. Perhaps this would please you." and he takes the bag sample that the buyer had previously rejected and condemned so strongly, from his pocket, with a great flourish and spread the beans out before the buyer, who began to examine them. After a few moments, that expert, in his own opinion at least, said with enthusiasm,"Now that is fine cocoa! Why did you not show me that at first?" and he bought the whole lot. No doubt the same methods fooled many a buyer in N.Y. When I had gotten well established and if we were alone at the time

I used to have some fun with Will by criticising some of the lots he had bought the day before in New York and once in a while he did make mistakes, but not often for he was a fine judge of cocoa and a shrewd buyer. Beside that it was risky business trying to prove he had been fooled. When the king takes the attitude that the king can do no wrong' the king is very apt to resent a demonstration that the king was wrong. Unfortunately, in those years Will and I were never able to give and take in a friendly way. We were miles apart in out tastesx and interests, except the business, and I fear increasingly so in our principles. More and more, as time past Will's criticisms and sarcasms hurt me and far worse than that they began to repress me and smother my initative. It was altogether too bad for underneath Will had a real affection for me and a genuine respect for my character. But he never believed I had a good head, except for medical work.

It must have been soon after we were settled following our return from Alaska that I was asked to attend a meeting of a group of men, mostly from Ardmore, to consider starting a Young Mens Christian Association in that town. There was need enough for there was not even a reading room where young fellows could go for a quiet evening of fellowship or games. There were saloons enough and probably gambling places altho the latter were kept very quiet. Horatio Yocum was the only man I knew at the conference but the others were enthusiastic about the project and were earnest and sincere. So an association was formed and I was elected president. and the upper floor of a building formerly used by The Derigo Club, a social organization that had gone on the rocks, was rented and opened as a reading room, with games. After a time as the movement seemed to be going

well, we secured donations and were able to acquire the property and for Harry Harrison rented the first floor as a men's furnishing store. There were outstanding bonds of the old club which we later bought for small sums or persuaded the owners to donate and in that way we secured the building at for very little cash The rental from Harrison, and he was one of the whitest men, about carried us and the movement prospered.

After some years we felt that there was need for a wider usefulness and we consulted with some of the wealthy men not only in Ardmore but up and down the Main Line about the wisdom of putting up a building with swimming pool, bowling alleys, pool tables and dormitories. Mr. John H.Converse and Mr.Alba Johnson were helpful as advisors and they approved of the plan. One of our Board members Harry Reinhold, was an architect and he drew the plans and secured the estimates, for we had arranged to sell our building to Harrison and had secured the lots where the Y now stands. Rienhold planned a wonderfully complete and usable building considering the space available and at the time it was built it was considered spacious and ample for the needs for many years to come. Then we began the canvass for funds.

As the Directors had elected me president, year after year the responsibility of pushing that canvass rested largely on me. A Y.M.C.A. man named Elvidge was secured to help and manage the the campaign. Elvidge was a fine fellow, kindly and courteous and he was a good solicitor. We had some good men on the Board too, Yocum Woodruff, Reinhold, Boyd and others but as is always the case the real work was done by comparitively few. Elvidge and I had some funny experiences in our efforts to get the names on the dotted

line, a job I hated and one I never felt well fitted to do. I have heard men say that they enjoyed nothing better than to get some tight-wad in a corner and squeeze him for a subscription for some worthy cause. Somehow I never could find the corner and my squeezing ability was very limited. I know one church trustee who was asking men for money for additions to a church and approached a wealthy man for ~~thx~~ a large donation. "Well," said the man, " I will give ten thousand." " Like h... you will," said the trustee, "You'll give twenty five thousand or you wont give a cent!" The trustee told me that himself, so I can vouch for it, and he got the twenty five but I never seemed to be able to cultivate just ~~maxxxx~~ that manner of approach.

But it had to be done and like a cold bath it was not so hard after you actually started. The work had to be done at night for I never thought it was right to see men at their business offices and beside, I could not be away during office hours. Elvidge did see some during the daytime with letters of introduction.

But the funny experiences. We wanted to see ~~Bennett~~ P. B who had built an enormous place near the river. I had been by it but never actually in the grounds and so I drove into what I supposed was the entrance drive. It ended abruptly and did not seem impressive enough for the main entrance anyway. ~~Ss~~ As we could see the house not far away we decided we would get out and walk over to it and started across what we thought was the lawn. It was night and we could not see under the trees and blundered into a low wall but we were almost at the house so we climbed over the wall and discovered we must be in a flower garden. But we crossed it and climbed the wall on the other side and came upon a terrace running all the way across the house. Believing we were near the front door

we started to cross it. Great windows extended from the ceiling to high the floor and thru these we saw an enormous room, brightly lighted and richly furnished. On the floor were the biggest Oriental rugs I ever saw. The furniture was heavy oak, and the high, vaulted ceiling was wan of carved oak, all finished in the "golden Oak", so much admired at that time.

By a huge table in the center of the room sat a man in grey check smoking jacket and slippers. His back was toward us as he read and he looked almost like a dwarf, all alone in that vast apartment. Apparently, he had not heard us and realizing we were on the wrong side of the house, we tiptoed back across the terrace and made our way around the garden and so to our car. Turning down a road on the other side of the estate we found the proper entrance, flanked by stone gate posts, surely 15 feet high. Presenting our cards we were ushered into that same stately room and had an interview with that same man in the smoking jacket, who was courteous if not cordial. I think he made a substantial subscription, for he was public spirited and generous toward projects of which he approved. But hard-headed iron-master that he was, you could not budge him if he did not. When we were shown out by the butler there were at least three Lower Merion policemen at the entrance who eyed us closely. Eldridge and I figured out that some one must have seen us blundering thru the grounds or on the terrace or we may have set off a burglar alarm and summoned the police. Anyway, it was quite an adventure and we had many hearty laughs about it afterward.

Another night we called at the residence of another wealthy man in Villa Nova. We were seldom refused admittance

when we sent in our calling cards. The name of Wilbur was not unknown along the Main Line. As we stood in the hall waiting for the butler's return, we heard a loud, raucous voice say "Who is it? Who is it?" There seemed to be a low voiced answer and again, "Well, Who is it? Who is it." More mubbling and the third time, "Well, who is it, who is it?" The tone seemed angry and irritated and Elvidge and I looked at each other and whispered "I guess we're in for it this time or else we get thrown out!" Just then the butler appeared and we were ushered into a fair sized living room, rather ordinary in appearance. As soon aswe entered, a green parrot in a cage shouted "Well, who is it ?" We nearly exploded with laughter but we had to greet our prospect and we could'nt laugh in his face.

Hardly had we mentioned a subscription before our host launched forth in the most heart rending tale of his poverty, how he had given all he could possibly afford, how heartily he approved of the Y.M.C.A. and how much he would like to contribute. No, quite impossible, could'nt possibly afford it; so sorry, did not want to detain us. Elvidge could'nt move him. We knew he was reputed to be very rich, lived in a big house on about a hundred acres of valuable land but not a cent could we get. A week or so later I saw in the paper that he had gone to his camp at St.Regis or Paul Smiths, in his PRIVATE ~~CAR~~ CAR, on the railroad, not auto, with a retinue of fifteen or twenty servants! Now, a man has an unquestioned right to give or not to give as he thinks best, but I do despise a man who pleads poverty and yet can travel in a private R.R. car with a flock of servants and who can place a flunky in livery behind each guest at a formal dinner. We visited many rich homes and with very few exceptions were received with the utmost courtesy. Only once

either in that campaign or in later ones(for there had to be a canvas each year to raise money for carrying on the work) was I treated disagreeably, practically insulted. That was by a rich man in one of those big places on Roberts road. As soon as a subscription was mentioned that man,who remained standing when we came in and of course we did too, peeled twenty five dollars off a roll of bills he took from his pocket and gave them to me as one would give a dime to a beggar and when we started to thank him he hardly listened and indicated that the sooner we went the better. To be insulted with twenty five dollars may seem strange, yet that was what it looked and felt like, and what it was intended to be, I am sure. All in all it was interesting, meeting nice people, tho you never expected them to recognise you again, thus entering such a variety of sumptious houses, many that fairly made me gasp at their size and furnishings and the almost constant courtesy and often kindliness. I had plenty of experience for not only did I solicit for the Y but later on for the Boy Scouts also, altho not as much. Isaac Sutton and I called on a wealthy grocer for help for the Scouts "THE Boy Scouts, the Boy Scouts, what are the Boy Scouts!" We explained. "Yes, I think I have heard of them!" and that after the Scouts had earned a national reputation.

We contracted for our building and it grew under Reinhold's supervision. Joseph Dyson built it and gave us a good job. But we were short of the required amount to cover the furnishings, gym apparatus and some of the building cost. Some of the men fell down on their soliciting, some never started after volunteering, some grew wearing altho they had'nt done so well either. Always in my experience it has been so, and I was much bothered by the outlook. We had not exhausted our fields , not by a lot but we

could not get men to do anymore soliciting and I was pretty well fed up with it for Elvidge and I had raised the larger part of the money that had been subscribed. Probably we had better prospects on our list. The large amount still needed worried me, and Father and Mother knew it as I was at their house frequently and they were much interested in all I did. Father had given a generous amount early in the campaign and I never thought of asking him for more. The situation seemed to have reached a dead end and I felt very blue. Then out of a clear sky, as Father and I were talking over the situation on the porch, one afternoon, Father said "How much do you need to finish payments and buy your gym stuff and furnishings?" Eight thousand." I replied. " Well, Bert, I'LL give you that as a memorial to your mother and Harry." Well. I felt as if an immense load had been lifted from my shoulders as indeed it had, and I could not thank him enough. So it came about that today you will find a memorial tablet in the Y. at Ardmore in loving memory of Harriet Lawrence Wilbur and Harry Lawrence Wilbur. And also you will see that on that brass plate the word 'equipped' is spelled with only one 'p'. That is not a mistake For at the time the tablet was made there was much agitation for reformed spelling and so the extra p was dropped but I fear that a great many people since that day have thought that someone did not know how to spell.

I continued as the head of the association for many years and it served a useful purpose, well repaying in helpfulness all the time and labor spent on it. It was hard to finance the current expenses each year and the annual canvass forthe difference grew to be a heavy burden. I feared I would become a nuisance to the neighborhood with my frequent calls for money. Once when I called on

Closer Copy

John B.Garrett in his fine home on Montgomery Avenue, plainly but richly furnished as became a prominentmember of the Society of Friends, his daughter met me at the door and took me to her father, saying, "Father, here is Dr.Wilbur." He held out his hand and as I took it I said, "I've come for money, again, Mr.Garrett."" Yes,"he replied, with his kindly smile, "I thought so when I heard the name." After a number of years I thought that if we could get a wealthy man with social standing as president of the Y our troubles with current expenses would be over, not from his gifts so much as from the beter entre we would have with the wealthy people up and down the Main Line for we had called the association the Lower Merion Y.M.C.A. and not the Ardmore organization, using every effort to sell its attractions to Bryn Mawr, Haverford and Narbeth at least.

I thought I knew just the man and talked him into accepting the position. My Board of Directors were not so keen about letting me out but finally agreed and the new man was elected. It was not many months before we began to regret our choice. He fumed and fussed about the trouble of getting current expenses, refused to play angel and put up a lot of cash; scolded the Board for not getting more money and made himself so disagreeable and utterly useless that the Association was likely to blow up. To my very great embarrassment, I was forced to accept the presidency again when the Board positively refused to elect him and I could not blame them in their refusal.

Conditions were rapidly changing along the Mainline, it was building up and people from the City still retained many of their social City interests after they moved out here. As a natural result, more and more people were loosing their local interests and going to the

City for their amusements. Narberth, amid a great flare of entrusiasm, decided to have a Y of its own and raised money and built one, with a heavy mortgage. One of our Directors was approving it and helping for we could not convince him of the unwisdom of two organizations so near together. Bryn Mawr was agitating for another building which, fortunately, did not materialize. It seemed evident to me that the there was need for some central power to control, and direct the policy of the entire district and the Philadelphia Y.M.C.A. was the logical power to do that. But try as I would I could not get them to see it, for a long time. Finally they agreed to take over our assets and liabilities and we became the Lower Merion Branch of the Y.M.C.A. of Philadelphia, and we thought our troubles were all over. But they were not, for our old Board continued as the managing board and were expected to raise our own budget without help from the city association. We kept it going amid many discouragements for we had maintained a paid full time secretary and physical director for many years. I had persuaded one of the men who had been on our Board for years , W.W. Woodruff to accept the presidency for I could not give the time to the work any longer and I knew the Phila. Y would not let it sink. Later on I withdrew from the Board entirely for I could not agree with the policy of the city management. So the association continues to the present time but the activities have been very greatly curtailed. One thing I never have forgiven the City for doing was spoiling our building the way they did. Reinhold, with excellent foresight had made the front of colonial brick with the black headers here and there because the building was colonial in style and that type of brick would never have to be painted. What did those goupes in the City do but send men out here and paint the

entire front an ugly red, and this without consulting us in anyway. Some idiot, I suppose thought those black bricks were signs of decay and needed paint! Not content with that, they painted all the woodwork down stairs that horrible yellow grain finish, once so popular but even then, exceptional in its hideousness. When we finished the woodwork in our building we had it stained a soft brown and very restful and warm looking and attractive. Our city experts, however, said it looked gloomy, when we found fault with them, what we needed was something cheerful, hence that awful yellow graining.

The building still stands and the work goes on in a limited sort of way under the management of the City Y and I am glad to have had some share in its usefulness.

It hardly seems possible that such remarkable changes could have been made in automobiles in two years as took place between 1904 and 1906. Parhaps the difference is not as noticable in out photoes as it actually was for the improvements were very great. In that year we bought a Maxwell car from Carl Kelsey a friend of my friend Dr.Jessup. It is astonishing how many of the new features that were brought out in that car are still the approved methods of auto building today. For example that car had a multiple disk clutch instead of the cumbersome internal expansion clutch in the flywheel with its leather facing; three point engine suspension, engine under hood in front of body, dash board and honeycomb radiator with fan to cool it. The tonneau was of good size with side doors and a seat in the back clear across the body, while in front there were two barrel seats. I believe that car had them, if not then in the next we had from they were thought to be essential to keep the DRIVER FROM BEING THROWN OUT AT HIGH SPEED. And that is not such a crazy idea for while the speeds rarely

got above thirty five miles an hour there were no doors by the driver's seat and with the rough roads of those days one might be thrown out by some rut or 'thank-u-marm'.

Better road lighting was needed that the feeble beams of the oil lights on the first cars and big acetelene lamps were fastened in front, low down by the sides of the radiator. Each one had a self-contained generator, a continued nuisance, that had to be filled with water and calcium carbide after a few hours service. While they gave good light they were nasty things to clean and were always getting out of order and clogging up. One of the new features was the running board along each side of the body and the front end was generally cluttered with a tool box and other junk while ample storage room under both seats held spare tubes and patching outfits jack, tire pump, tire irons, overalls, gloves and a big assortment of screws, nuts, bolts and cotterpins, even a small vice and all sorts of repair stuff.

The two cylinders of the engine were placed across the car and as the sparkplugs had to be inspected frequently hinged caps were provided on the side of the hood so they could be reached easily. That was a wonderful car and gave us good service and was vastly more reliable than the old Ford. It does not seem possible but one of the arms of a crank broke near the Presbyterian Church, one day and I drove it all the way to Rosemont in that condition. Another time a spring on the distributor broke near Bryn Mawr station where I was going to meet some one and a rubber band in its place brought us home without trouble.

Anna and the children had gone to Gratiot the summer of 1907 and I was planning to join them later when word came that for me to go to the St.Marguerite as Mother was not well. She was there with

Father and Helena but I cannot recall Madeline. Helena seldom if ever left her so probably she was there also. For some years Mother had told us of pain above her heart and at times down her left arm, but she was not one to complain of her aches or troubles. She had been examined by medical men but they found nothing organically wrong. Still recurrent attacks of pain persisted and, in confidence, Mother would tell me about them. Specialists were consulted but did not think the condition serious. I took their opinion as final and no one seemed to realize how serious it was. She had had another attack at the Camp, more severe than the others and Father wanted me to come at once.

When I reached the high bluff above the camp I gave a wild call they all knew and I was soon with them. Mother looked quite well and was delighted to see me for we were the dearest friends. She was inclined to make light of the attack and seemed bright but Helena regarded it as more serious. That Night there was another attack and we hastily started to return. On the way to Tadoussac I rode with Mother while the others came in other carriages. As we drove along I watched Mother closely and I never saw Mother look so well, so fine and slpendid. We talked of many things deeply personal and intimate and Mother was concerned about Anna and her large family. It seemed to me we were never nearer together and that I had never admired her so much. It is a blessed memory.

Mother stood the long ride without apparent fatigue and slept well that night and seemed so bright in the morning that I went for a walk about the little town returning a little while before noon as the steamer came about two onlock. We read and talked

a while and then Helena brought Mother's clothing so as to have an early lunch. Almost at once Helena called me and I went to the Bed room adjoining to find dear Mother in severe pain, which increased rapidly. Helena went to find a doctor and , altho there was no house physician a guest who was a physician came almost immediately and recognized the condition as angina pectoris, administering morphia. But the spasm increased, unconsciousness came and my beloved Mother passed to her better life as I held her close in my arms.

Father had business in Quebeck and had gone on the day before as Mother seemed so bright. The boat was due very soon, The town was only a tiny group of houses with none of the necessary facilities and what were we to do. To wait twenty four hours for the next steamer seemed impossible and tho the manager of the hotel was kind and sympathetic most naturally he would be glad to be relieved of any embarrassment. We decided quickly, the manager would hold the steamer for us, the hotel was owned by the same company, a plain board coffin was hastily made and carried on a rude wagon before us as we followed in a carriage, all that was mortal of our Mother was reverently conveyed to the steamer, about a mile away. Of course, the reason for the delay had reached the passengers on the boat and a gaping crowd lined the rail as we went aboard. But those French Canadians were kindness and sympathy personified. Nothing was said but heads were bared as the coffin was borne on board and carefully placed on stools in the Center of the lower deck, while the Mate with his own hands, covered it with the English flag. And there it remained until we reached Quebec. It seemed useless to telegraph Father as it would only add to his suffering and accomplish nothing but we did send word that Mother

had had another attack which had been severe. Thru some one on the boat we learned that one of the best undertakers in Quebec was on board and we told him to make the necessary arrangements.

Helena and I kept pretty closely to our rooms but in the evening we went on the after deck in the long twilight. Other groups were all about us and nearby a young fellow of the society type was telling his girl companion all about the details of the sudden death of a guest at Tadoussac and treating the sudden departure as a rather gruesome joke. Of course he did not know we were near or even on deck but his companion did and we could see her whisper to him and heis face flame with embarrassment. He, at least had the decency for that but it just shows how careful a person must be when travelling about things that to some are sacred. I could have murdered him and rejoiced in doing it! Nerves were pretty tense anyway.

There was a rather showy looking hearse on the dock as we drew near Quebec and Father waiting there, half guessing the truth. He came to our room and there was a very sad time. after reaching the hotel and talking together it was decided that it would be better for Father and Helena to go on that day there being only one or two thru trains a day and I would follow with Mother's body the next day as necessary preparations could not be made until then. It was a very sad and lonely man that tried to kill time those twenty four hours. I thought best to go to see what progress was being made and that all would be ready for the train and I wish I had not for things were pretty dreadful there, disorderly and even the wife and some children in the room where the body lay. No doubt we were very badly advised as to the man, but he was kind and sympathetic, as were the other French people. Our man in charge

of the New York office met me at the station all necessary arrangements having been made in advance and soon I was home, very tired and nervously worn. My dear wife had come from Gratiot Beach bringing baby Nelson whom she was still nursing, with her. What a blessing she was then and always has been.

Dr. Miller was away, probably in the woods in Maine and another friend, a Mr. Quimby who had been the Minister at the Methodist Church in Bryn Mawr and whom Mother had liked very much conducted the services. Soon after he began the solemn words of the service my nerve reserve gave way, if I still had any ~~and~~ and I broke down and had to be taken into another room, for a few minutes. I was greatly ashamed of myself and as greatly surprized, but there had been a long drain on my emotions. And so Mother's mortal body was laid away to rest.

In the sadness of the separation and the loss of companionship that followed I realized as I never had before, what an a vital blessing the Christian faith is at such times. Through the days when the physical remains of the one so dear and its necessary care, there had always been a clear realization and gladness that my dear mother was not there but happy in an infinitely better ~~xxxxxx~~ life. There was never any doubt about that, not the slightest, and what a blessing that was and what peace it brought. The assurance of the certainty of that belief seemed to bring Gozd and Heaven very near, to make them very real and that too was a vital spiritual experience, bringing strength and new peace.

Mother and I had been very near to each other for many years and I think she was never happier than she was in those few years after Anna and I came back from Alaska. As I have indicated before she was a woman of the finest instincts, entirely free from coarseness

While Mother's parents were from the humblw walks of life they were self respecting self-supporting folk as their forebears had been before them, of sturdy Christian character and posessed a natural refinement that was as fine as it was genuine.

In early years she had helped Father save and economise, I ~~bx~~ believe they only had $500 or a little more a year when they were ~~£xxxx~~ married in 1858 and was always a true helper to her husband. Very energetic and active, even when not well, the habits of close economy of early years still persisted when close economy was not necessary and dear Mother never really learned to enjoy the money that later years brought them. Neither could she yeild many of the household services to the ser-vants who were amply able to do them and hired for that very purpose. Try as we might we coubd not persuade her to turn over her household management to Helena who was so anxious to ~~thx~~ take ~~xhxx~~ it. To the very last of her life she continued to do a host of things about the house that ~~xxxx~~ her maids were paid to do for her, and as a natural result, she was often too tired at night to be her best self.

In spite of this she found time for many activities in church and civic life. For years she taught a class of young men some of whom almost worshiped her and some who called her mother. When they ~~gxxxxx~~ had families of their own and went elsewhere she had a class of maids or servant girls as they were called and continued that service until her death. I have already told of how she and her close friend, Mrs. Joseph Richards ~~fxxxxxd~~ started a branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and secured funds for a reading room and building in Bryn Mawr and what a civic center it became. She was active in a society that was the forerunner of the Civic Association and

was one of the founders of a Wayfarers Lodge in Kilkenny where tramps could be taken care of temporarily for they were a pest to the neighborhood. Kilkenny was that section of Lancaster Avenue from the Buck Inn to Buck Lane. Mother also organized a branch of the National Indian Association and was its president for many years, and with all these activities she was most regular in her attendance at Church services, Sunday morning and evening and Sunday School and PrayerMeeting Wednesday night,

I loved my mother devotedly and we were more truly pals than most mothers and their sons. As I grew older we found a deep soul sympathy in our common religious faith and interests and, altho my decision to enter medical missionary work made her heart ache atthe thought of the separation that must follow, still, like "the Handmaid of the Lord" of old she rejoiced that she had been found worthy to give a son to His service. If she felt any regret when I returned from the mission field she never said so but believed, as I did, that it was best, and she was happy in the renewed companionship. While Helena was always devoted and close to Mother there was not, I believe that soul companionship that Mother craved so strongly and which she seemed to find in me.

Mother was indeed a fine woman, deeply religious, strong in her Christian faith, very affectionate,; a devoted mother and a loyal and helpful wife. As I knewandremember her, she was never very well, never very happy for many disappointments came as the years passed by. Yet in spite of all, she was cheerful, often sunny thru the exercise of her strong will and the help of her unfailing Faith. I am thankful for such a mother and revere her memory.

NIAGRA FALLS,1907. J.A.U. pg. 675.

Very soon after the funeral Anna and I returned to Gratiot stopping a day at Niagra Falls thru which we passed in going to and fro. We had often intended to see the falls again but had generally too much of a family with us or were in too much of a hurry, and this seemed to be the opportunity to do it. I was still on vacation and we could delay our return to the rest of the family. As I had been there a year or two previously with Father looking at property for a factory, for we were thinking of moving from Philadelphia, I knew of a quiet little hotel where we could go with our baby. All went well until dinner the next day when Nelson in a high ~~a high~~ chair showed too much interest in a tall bottle of wine which an old German had on the table. All the guests sat at one long table. Of course Nelson could not reach the bottle but he was and we did all we could to prevent his being a bother but he was a baby in arms and had never seen such a queeer object. Finally, the old man put the bottle on the floor under the table and then soon forgot it and kicked it over with his foot. We tried very hard not to laugh and he kept his temper pretty well under control but we felt we were most unwelcome guests. Among other points of interest we took the trolley ride along the bluffs above the one side of river and by the whirlpool, crossing the river and returning along the other side almost at the water level. It was most interesting but about half way poor baby got tired or hungry and how he did howl all the way back. I felt very conspicuous and remembered how I felt in earlier days when someone's child cried and cried, and how I thought people ought to have sense enough to leave their children home. Well, we had to bring him or not go on that trip and I had more sympathy for harrassed parents after that experience.

Will went to Europe almost every summer and Father and I generally did things when he was away. I suppose we talked the plans over before Will sailed but as I remember now, we never always scolded when he returned so it would seem that we did not do things his way. It seemed to me that no matter which way I did things it was never the way Will wanted them done for, in spite of his ability and many good qualities Will was long on criticism and short on praise, rather a Wilbur trait, I fear.

It was during one of those absences that we tore out the floors of the old factory and replaced them with new and stronger ones. When I first worked there a cousin of Father's, Will Rogers, was the superintendent altho he had nothing to do with the manufacturing. His chief duty seemed to be to wander around and see if the floors were overloaded by machinery, beans or supplies, especially sugar, and if they were in danger of collapsing to 'shore them up". It seems, as I remember it that Rogers was continually "shoring them up." That meant putting wood beams underneath the weak place and so proping up one floor with the help of the floor below. Sometimes the props had to be continued until they reached solid earth in the sub-cellar, a cellar below the regular cellar, whose floor was probably twenty feet below the street level. At times some of our floors looked like a small forest of sawn posts and there was a continual wrangle between Rogers, Steve and the foremen as to where he could put his shores and not interfere too much with the work of that department, and those arguments often were in danger of melting the iron work or setting fire to the timbers, they got so hot. Neither man wanted to appeal to W.W. for if they did they both ran the risk of a scorching scolding for not settling such trivial things themselves and not bringing them to him.

Of course, such conditions were not satisfactory so we took out all of the old beams and replaced them and when we did we marveled that they had held so much and so long and we realized that Rogers had done a very good job indeed.

We needed more room and after much planning and figuring decided to buy a small factory about five blocks north on Third street and move all our sweet package manufacturing up there. I'M sure Father and I did not make that decision but the moving and fitting up was left to me with Father's approval. We decided to build a wrapping room under the drive way as there seemed to be no other place for it. Of course, it had to be absolutely water tight and it proved to be expensive and did'nt we get plenty to think about when Will got home? That factory was quite modern, in construction, well lighted, and airy but it had some queer places. There was a cellar under only part of the older building across the drive way and it had nothing but a dirt floor. But connecting the little cellar in the rear a narrow tunnel sloped down to a much deeper small cellar underthe front of the building which on that side was only an old dwelling house, There were no windows or doors in either cellar and I often wondered why they were connected by that tunnel and whatthey were used for in the early Colonial days. I was too busy to take time to study it up. That was at 839 No. Third Street, I think.

We made Steve, who was growing old, the head of that factory and Kate Tripple,was in charge of the twenty or more girls who wrapped Buds and other packages. Kate was one of the girls employed by Croft Wilbur and Sons and when I was just a little boy she looked after me when I visited the factory. No one ever knew how old Kate was but whatever her age she never looked it! In spite of having the

small boy grow up and become her boss I never had a better friend than Kate Tripple. Not Old Kate, mind you, for on occasion she could say things and say them hard. She was interested in her girls did her best to keep them straight and never hired a bad girl intentionally, but she insisted on faithful and effecient service. Katy grew quite rotund as she grew older, much to her disgust and in spite of almost starvation diet for long periods. Once when she had some operation or other, she had the surgeon remove pounds of adipose from the place where adipose is apt to accumulate. When she came back to work she looked quite thin but she was one unhappy and angry woman when the vacancy filled up within a few months. Kate continued with us until her health failed often coming to work racked with pain, I know, altho she was no whiner, Later we would only let her come for a part of the day so she could rest more and finally pensioned her until her death. I thought a lot of Kate. She never growled when I asked for overtime work for her Department nor frowned when I wanted more output, and not a soul in the plant was more loyal to the Wilburs, We continued to operate the plant up Third street fora number of years, until we built a large addition to at the main factory and could bring the sweet goods department back to theat new building. There are probably some advantages in separate buildings but for a business like ours there are many morein one compact plant. It became a great bore to me to travel up to the other factory every day altho the street cars that passed the front door of one plant passed the front door of the other and it really did not take very long. It was more the thought of getting out of overalls and dressing and out and back and in overalls again. But that was part of my job, and that was all there was to it.

While it was to be expected that with many interests and cares thexx ~~xxxx~~ close relations of Father and young son would not continue then the son grew up still Dr. Miller and I continued close frinds. In 1905, in October I was installed an Elder in the Church I had joined in 1881. As I had been ordained an ~~Xxxx~~ Elder by Mr. A.E.Austin in the Thlingit Presbyterian Church in Sitka about ~~xxxx~~ 1896, when I was 26 years old, further ordination was unnecessary At the same time Thompson McClintock was made anx Elder and it is a curious fact that altho we have lost/thru death many members of the Session since thattime Mr.McClintock and I are still members altho neither ~~are~~ 16 active because of ill health.

Being an Elder brought me into a new and official relation with my dear friend and pastor, Dr.Miller and I think that it compensated in some measure for his disappointment in my giving up mission work. A Member of Session at that time was John H.Converse, President of Baldwin Lococmotive Works and one of the richest men of the early days of the Main Line. Mr. Converse was one of the finest of Christian gentlemen. Affable, approachable without one trace of snobbishness, he was truly zealous in good works, active in church, and in the city and a leader in the General Assembly. He was founder or instrumental in founding the Church Missionary Society that supported two Foreign missionaries, a plan afterward to be adopted nationally and known as the Bryn Mawr Plan. Mr,Converse planned and put into operation the City Evangelistic work carried on during the summer months and which also became widely followed and he was active in many/other lines of Christian and altruistic work but he was never a church politician seeking position or glory for himself. With all this work and leadership he taught a class of adults in our little Sunday School and even in winter when

he lived in the city, seldom failed to come out to Bryn Mawr to teach his class. He was a splendid type of man so unassuming and natural in life that we often forgot how great he really was. In Session meetings while his opinion always received the utmost consideration he never purposely dominated the meeting or insisted on having his way. In a slow, thoughtful manner and a quiet tone he expressed his opinion but always listened carefully to the opinion of others. Thus again he showed how truly he endeavored to follow his Master and gave further evidence of his real greatness of character.

I should have mentioned that Mr.Converse was a most liberal giver to the Mirage Hospital in India where our missionary Physician Dr. Wanless, later SIR.William Wanless, was founder and Chief. At one time Mr.Converse gave an entire wing to the establishment.

Dr.Miller had been failing for some time altho he kept at his work and while we knew he was not well we did not think his condition was critical. One Sunday morning, it was March the 10th., and must have been about nine oclock, there was a telephone call asking if I could come to the Manse at once as Dr.Miller was ill and they had not been able to get a doctor. I did not have an emergency bag as I was not practicing but gathering a hypo and a few remedies I hurried up in our car. There was a light snow falling for the marks of the car in the skim of snow for some reason lingers in my memory. Reaching the Manse A niece Jessie and a nephew met me to tell me that Uncle Willie had just past away, and they had gotten a doctor who was with him before he died. I could not believe them and when I reasoned that of course they would only state the facts I could not believe those facts. Dr. Miller dead? Why it was not possible. But it was and there was no time

to arrange for a special service and a short service was held by A Dr.Munroe who was preaching during Dr. Millers illness.

When I returned from the Woodlawns Cemetery where the Miller lot was located, I felt I must do something to express my afftection for my frbend and sat down and wrote what I styled a Tribute with no particular thought about what I would do with it except to send it to his family. I guess my pen was dipped in my heart forthe Trustees of the Church printed it in a little memorial Volumn they prepared forthe Congregation, a copy of which I still have here by me while a picture of my dear friend, truly a spiritual father, is but a few feet away. That little volumn iS filled with expressions of regard and appreciatin from trustees , Elders, College class mates, noted ministers and officers of church ongaizations. As Mr.Converse said "Dr.Miller was morethan the pastor of a church. To a large extent, he was the pastor of the community." As I cannot express my deep love and admiration for that man ~~x~~ in any better way than then when I wrote that paper, years ago I venture to quote some of it.

"On Wednesday afternoon March the ~~xxxxx~~ thirteenth the sad rites of the Christian farewell were performed over the bier of one, who, for a generation, went quietly about Bryn Mawr and its vacinity, in the footsteps of Jesus Christ, doing good. Wherever this man went a sense of the reality of God stole in; when he had gone some sweetness of Heaven seemed to linger. Faces lighted with a more hopeful smile when he came; hearts gripped anew the betterthings of life with more faith in God and in man when he tarried. Such was William Hamilton Miller, for thirty three years Pastor of the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, but

a man whose wide sympathies and unstinted love made his parish one limited by neither creed nor place.

To have known Dr.Miller for a decade of adult life was to have had the instruction of his deep learning and the inspiration of true Godliness. To have been his friend through two decades of one's early life was to have drunk in some some part of strong faith and daily steadfastness; but to have been one of Dr.Miller's "boys" through nearly thirty years of fellowship was indeed to have entered the inner circle of his life and to have seen the Spirit, unbestrained in all its purity and beauty.

Dr.Miller's sympathy was so broad it touched suffering and need in countless places. No real need ever had its appeal unheaded and no cry for help ever went unaided, but it was to boys, not only of his church but of the community, yes truly, of the whole world that his love went in special tenderness. He wrote to boys in Syria and Brazil, in Alaska and Venice and all of these instinctively learned to call him "Father" and it was the boys who crept nearest to his heart. . . . . .

There was but one thing better than those northern sojourn-ings : (referring to the camping trips in Maine) it was the sanctum of his study. There, in the quiet of the evening, the dear Pastor would take us and there alone with him we would pour out our hearts; often to his surprize, sometimes to his grief, but ever to our help and comfort. If there is a place on earth nearer Heaven than that gabled room up near the roof of the Manse those boys do not know where it is.

The years slip by, but still his "boys" sought that upper room for rest and help and comfort. Grey hairs are with the

brown, now; care lines have come to the faces; but still the boys come with the problems and perplexities of his maturer life; with discouragement and doubts and, alas, with the scars of sin and still, as of old, is the love poured out for them and the certainties of Heaven's eternal things brought near. . . . .

It is folly to say it is ended; it is wrong to say it is past. Memories which are ever a power for better living can never die. Hearts may yearn for the old sweet fellowship; eyes may long for this loved face in vain. Many, many times will his "boys" wish they might climb those study stairs and find again that sweet fellowship and many times will the loneliness return. The touch of the artist's hand remains on the clay and passes on to the finished bronze. The influence of a saintly life endures, not for a generation, but for Eternity. And so he lives in the lives of his "boys" and so he will live until we too have gone Beyond and joined him There."

I have never ceased to miss him nor to be grateful for his friendship and his blessed influence in my life.

One day in 1908 George F.Craig, who with his family had been close friends of Father and Mother for many years, asked me to meet Algernon B.Roberts, president of the Township Commissioners with him at luncheon. We went to the restaurant on the top floor of the Bourse and into one of the small rooms that I had never seen before Here we were rather secluded altho there were a few others in the room. I wondered what I was in for, as Mr. Craig was also a Commissioner. However Mr.Craig was one of the Trustees of our church and Mr.Roberts a high class man so I knew it could not be anything very dreadful. It developed that a new law had been passed requiring townships of the first class to organize Boards of Health

and they wanted me to be a member and hinted that I would be chosen president. There would be very little to do, they said in that light-hearted easy way such things are told to the unwary, public service, and opportunity help the community. They outlined their plan to have some of the employes of the township help and the township secretary act as the secretary of the Board and Commissioners would back us up and if I would accept it would be a personal favor. Any protests of inexperience, lack of time and so on they swept aside and thanked me for accepting, which I had not done. However, if they thought I was the man I could hardly say no to two such influential citizens and so I reluctantly said 'yes'. That was the beginning of twenty seven years of service on that Board during the first twenty ~~six~~ five of which I was president.

For when I went to the first meeting called by the secretary of the township George C.Anderson who is still secretary of the Board, I was promptly nominated for president and as promptly elected. We hardly knew what we were to do as all of the five members were new to the work but we realized we must have rules and that we must have regulations for protecting the public health. Fortunately Dr.David Wilbur Horn, Phd. was elected to do our analytical work and was able to advise us as to necessary regulations. For some months we met every week working on those health rules, often working until after midnight, but when they were finally approved by the Commissioners, copies were sought by other township boards even as far west as the ~~Mississippi~~ Mississippi. This is not the place for a history of that Board of Health especially as there are copies of all the annual reports since the beginning but it did become an organization of real value to the community and is increasing so, one head of the State Health department writing us

"Your Board of health is a model for the entire State." One of the most valued tributes to our work was an editorial in the "Public Ledger" Philadelphia's best paper, entitled "One Law for Rich and Poor" in which our Board was highly commended for bringing a rich woman to court and having a very heavy fine imposed for violation of the quarantine regulations. I was very proud of that action and that the Ledger noted it.

A wealthy elderly woman living on a great estate in Bryn Mawr sent a grandchild away who was suffering with measles while her house was under quarantine. We learned of it and promptly issued a summons to appear before a magistrate. She was influential, had lived in the community for years and had very influential connections. A son-in-law was a leader in the Scout work and a personal friend and the head of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company but he never even asked me to let her off. In fact in all the years I have been in the health work I have never been approached in that way. While we did not insist that MRS. ..... appear in court, personally, her lawyer represented her and she was fined two hundred dollars the upper possible limit, and paid it, too.

One of our early difficulties was in teaching the doctors that we were in earnest and we expected them to report certain diseases, in fact that they had to. The medical profession were antagonistic at first, scoffed at laymen being able to know or do anything about health matters. There was another doctor on the Board but an old man and not very active I guess. As for me, was I a doctor? They wanted to know, and even sent a query to the president of the Commission asking my qualifications. I gladly submitted them ending the list of qualifications with "Surgeon General

of Alaska, from-to. That floored them. They never peeped. Of course, that did'nt mean a thing and I knew it but it sounded most impressive.

Dr.Horn who has always been an invaluable help and a warm personal friend,was continually finding the condition of the Springfield water which was used by the whole community, to be unsatisfactory and at times he considered it dangerous. We issued notices ~~xx~~ in the local papers to BOIL THE WATER, and stirred up a hornets nest. The real estate men said we drove prospects away, some citizens complained we were hurting the value of property,the Commissioner of Health of the State asked the Township Commissioners to call us down and the water company printed protests and yelled murder. Many influential citizens were stockholders in that water company and they put their pressure on behind the scenes, Dr. Horn was attacked from all angles and had it not been forthe unyeilding backing of the Board would have had to resign. Be it said to lasting honor of the Township Commissioners,they did not interfere with us altho some of them were very bitter about Dr.Horn.

We could get no help from the State Dept. of Health. Rather we were treated as naughty boys who ought to be spanked. For years the Springfield water was regarded as almost sacred, it was preposterous foy this little upstart Board to dare to question. Had not the the all-wise Dr..... head of the State dept,who had held that office year after year, thru administration after administration Really a very able man of National reputation in public health work, but a czar whose word or opinion must never be questioned, Had this man not said "the water is ok." The Lower Merion Board of Health indeed! But we had the support of many of the best people and we believed in Dr. Horn and his ability, and we were determin-

not to be squelched and not to give up the fight until we were sure we were wrong. Dr.Horn had made a trip on foot along a part of Crum Creek which was one source of the water for this district, and had found visible evidence of fecal polution. Then our Health Officer had made an auto trip along Pickering Creek, the other source of our water supply, and had taken photographs of chicken coops, pig pens and even privies on banks and low bluffs immediately above the Creek. Then ~~xx~~ some of the Board with the Health Officer went over the the same trip that he had made in a sort of a general survey and later I took Dr.Horn and our wives in a more leasurly survey of the conditions.

We stopped at the pumping station near Phoenixville to look at their ~~hunting~~ methods for testing the purity of the water and while Horn was talking to their chemist who was little more than a boy, a cork blew out of a large jug of liver broth showing that the supposed sterile media was already fermenting rapidly. It did not look as tho the reports from that laboratory could be very reliable. Farther on, at Chester Springs we found a large building housing two hundred or more orphans. DR.Horn's trained eyes spotted a terracotta pipe discharging into the little stream we knew was one of the feeders of Pickering Creek and we stopped so that he could get a sample of the ~~xxx~~ discharge. There was black stringy stuff hanging from the pipe which evidently was the effluent of a sewage disposal plant. As we stood looking things over, a man came out of a little building not far away and asked what we wanted. We said we thought this was a sewage disposal plant and we were interested in them. "Oh, yes," he said it is

but it is overloaded, Ain't big enough for all they got in the home now." "But I'm doing the best I kin, with it." "Where does the creek go?" we asked, "Oh, that? That runs into Pickering Creek. Yu know they pump the water from Pickering Creek and send it down to them rich fellers along the Main Line," and he added with a chuckle, "They seem to like the flavor!" (He had no idea we came from that Main Line). Of course, we found the samples we took loaded with bacteria.

All the evidence we had accumulated, with the photos and a report of the trip we made was put before the State Dept. and we received a fiery letter from the Commissioner, now called Secretary of Health, telling us that we did not know what we were talking about. The water was all right and always had been. We did not think so in spite of the assurance of this high authority. We kept ordering the citizens to boil the water and sending additional letters to the State Dept and finally the doctors decided to have a show down and put this Board in its place, once for all. So they asked if we would meet with them and representatives of the State and thrash the thing out. Gladly. we said. The conference resulted in nothing very helpful but developed a lot of ill feeling and much heat. One of two of the doctors attacked us and said some very disagreeable things about us and as the head of our Board the brunt of the criticism and the defense fell on me, and I rather enjoyed it. One happy result of the discussion, however, was that many of the doctors and most of the older and more influential men swung over to support us, and finally we had the astonishing statement from the State Commissioner, in writing, "That he knew the water sheds were all right but he would have them cleaned up." I am sure that letter

~~Letter~~ is still on file in our Health Office. It was not long before the Chester Springs home was closed and the safety of the water began to improve and the improvement continued until we secured a reasonably safe water supply.

It should not be inferred that there was any graft in the position assumed by the Commissioner of Health. His character precluded any such possibility, but he had held that office so long and with such notable success that he simply could not bear to have his opinion questioned by a little Board of health that had hardly been weaned from entire ignorance. Then, too, he must have been misled by reports coming from such men as the one whose broth was fermenting and yet believed to be sterile and, still another reason, no doubt the water company falsified reports for at that time I do not believe they would stop at anything short of willful polution. It was a good stiff fight, extending over some years and winning it added greatly to our authority and prestige.

Altho we had won some of the doctors to our support many of them were failing to report cases of contagious disease and we knew we must do something about it. The requirement to so report was a State law and not one of our regulations so we decided to call the next offender before us and give him a chance to tell why he should not be prosecuted and fined. We thought that if we did that to a few of them ~~they~~ we would ~~not have to~~ not have to actually bring them into court. It fell to me as chairman of the Board to question and if they had no real excuse to reprimand and warn the man before the Board, no easy task I assure and when my old preceptor was brought before us for frequent violations of the law it was hard to tell whether he or it was most embarrassed and uncomfortable. I must confes tha

and uncomfortable and, I must confess, I dealt very leniently with ~~him~~ him. These hearings did bring in more reports but we had to bring a few men before a Magistrate and fine them before the profession were convinced that we meant business and had the power when we chose to use it. Naturally, that didx not make them especially friendly but it won their respect and finally their loyal cooperation. To day they have a standing committee to confer with the Board of Health on any problem and the medical men have helped us in a great many ways. There is no doubt that the public interest they awakened ~~xxxxxxxx~~ after the typhoid outbreak of 1921 especially the work of Dr.Percy Nicholson and his vicious attacks on the Board of Health, made possible the splendid work in controlling the quality of the milk supply that ~~xxxx~~ began in that year.

From the very first the Board realized the necessity of supervising the milk supply and Dr.Horn inspected the dairies in the township and made analyses of the milk. The worst offenders were put out of business and many ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ unsanitary conditions were corrected. Then, in 1921 there was a outbreak of typhoid fever traced to the milk supply and the medical society held a public meeting and criticised the Health Board for inefficiency. We of course defended ourselves by stating what had been done ~~xxx~~ and explaining that we had given all reasonable protection and all possible with the money appropriated for health work, The result was that Lower Merion, Haverford and Narberth Boards of Health united in a plan I suggested for joint control of the milk supply in their districts, They formed Milk Control District No.1 the first of its kind in the State and operated under a committee of representatives from each Board the expenses being divided

on the basis of the population of each municipality, Lower Merion acting as treasurer and supplying office space. That did not cost us anything as the Commissioners had always supplied the Board with offices in connection with their own, a decided saving to the taxpayers.

Dr. Horn was paid for his analyses and was not a full time employee and altho he had spent his own time and energy freely in our work he ~~xxxxx~~ without pay, he had his own family to support with his laboratory work as well as regular teaching in the city schools and colleges. Under the new plan and with larger appropriations now demanded by the public we sought and after consideration of a ~~numberx~~ of men, secured Dr.George W.Grim as executive of the district milk work. The term milk inspector was somewhat thread bare and on my suggestion we decided to call him "Milk Control Officer," a term which has later been adopted ~~xxx~~ by the State Our choice has proven to be most wise as a better man whould be hard to find.

One of the plans in the cooperative scheme was uniform rules regulating the production and sale of milk through the District ~~and xxxxxxx~~ when these had been formulated, but before adoption, we held two conferences, one with the milk producers, mostly farmers and the second with the milk dealers, including representatives of pastuerizing plants. Both conferences were well attended and it was my job to preside. As was to be expected, practically all the argument was for making our regulations less stringent and there was some sharp criticism of the rules and of the Board. At times it was difficult to smooth down some belligerant farmer whose father and grandfather had raised cows and sold milk and never had any trouble and he was doing the same way and he did'nt see the need of all

this fuss. Good milk was good milk and what was good enough for him and his family was good enough for anybody and he did'nt need any political grafter coming round his farm to tell him how to raise milk. As a matter of fact, it was not many years ago that a farmer near Gladwyn chased Dr. Grim off his farm with a shotgun and said he would shoot him if he ever came back. of course Grim went back but with a police officer and the farmer submitted to having his cattle tested for tuberculosis rather than go to jail.

We did not have as many objections from the ~~producers~~ dealers altho some of the large pasteurizers tried to convince us we were too strict but without success. Of course, they went to the State department on the quiet and tried to have the State modify our rules but, by that time new men were at the head of the Department and we were in high favor and their efforts failed. But the opposition of the big milk companies did not end there. As the M.C.District No.1 grew stronger thru other boroughs and Townships joining with us their opposition also grew stronger, one company threatening in open court to break up the organization within a year. It is still going on a effeciently as ever. In all this work there was ample opportunity for graft. There was never a cent taken by any of our employes, I am sure. I more than half suspected I might be approached and when two high officials of one of the largest companies in the city invited me to lunch at the Union League I thought the time had come. As our Board met just prior to the date of t he luncheon I took the precaution to report the appointment to them. I still think those men intended to buy me there and then. I rather hoped they would for a friend of mine, Howard Pew, president of the Sun Oil company was dining near by

and it was my intention to ask him to stroll by our table just as money might be offered. But the right opening for actually passing ~~exchange~~ money did not seem to occur and nothing impottant developed in the talk. Afterward a friend told me that one of my hosts said to him "that Dr.Wilbur was a nice little fellow but he did'nt say much." I thought that was a great compliment as a wise public official is the one who hears much and says little. His enemies ~~never~~ never seem to find a place to attack him, and I had enemies who wanted to make the Board of Health a mere rubber stamp. The President of the Commissioners told me, one time the I was "the most hated man on the Main Line." I guess he pulled the long bow for while we were unyielding in what we believed to be the right I always tried to see the otherfellow's point of view and surely was never arrogant or misused my power.

It was my hope to get other municipalities to join the milk control area until we had a circled Philadelphia with uniform regulations. Philadelphia was not antagonistic to us but they were almost a law unto themselves and even the State Dept. could not or feared to try to bring them into line. As One of the City ~~x~~ inspectors said at a meeting of the Penna.Public Health Asso. after I had described our milk control plan in detail, "We(the City Health Dept.) cannot exercise such close control because we have neither the money nor the men and cannot get Council to provide them." For ~~xxxxx~~ two years or more ~~xx~~ it looked as tho my plan was to be realized for we had Abington,Cheltenham, Jenkingtown, Springfield, Lower Merion, Haverford, Lansdown, Yeadon and ~~xx~~ Alden all in the Milk Control Area No.1 which was about two thirds of the entire circle. Altho Abington and the units to the notheast had investigated the plan very carefully and Grim and I

had gone over to a joint meeting of those Boards to talk it over with them and altho the health boards were heartily in favor of the plan, and joined the cooperative movemnt they could not get their Commissioners to approve all the milk regulations nor were they able to get convictions under the rules they did get approved. There were residents in those districts who were officers or large stockholders in some of the large milk companies and they were able to block the full operation of the plan. After struggling with them and trying to help them to reasonable enforcement without success it became necessary to ask them to with draw from membership. I believed then as I believe now that we made a mistake in asking them to withdraw as further effort on our part may have won in the end and their withdrawal weakened the usefulness and influence of the entire District. But I had arranged to have one of our members relieve me as Chairman of the Milk Control Committee and the action was taken before I knew anything about it and I was too unwell to make a fight about it. However, the plan has resulted in a steady improvement in the safety of the milk, aan improvement that is truly astonishing. Lower Merion has a milk supply today that is acknowledged to be second to none in the State and probably in the whole country. Our plan of cooperative control has become a standard for the other states and it is almost pathetic to see how anxious the big companies are to obey orders.

There have been many interesting and some amusing incidents in the long years of this health service. Very early in our work our Health Officer, at that time Robley Warner, found that there were gross violations going on constantly at the Merion Cemetery

Cemetery Abuses

There were many shallow graves, especially where the Chinese from the city were buried. One day Anna and I drove down there so that I might see conditions first hand and met Warner there. While we were looking around a Chinese funeral party came in and Warner found the grave prepared was not as deep as the law required. While it was being deepened the mourners? Chinese men and evil looking white girls sat on the coffin and smoked and laughed. Food including whole cooked chicks was placed on the coffin before the earth was thrown in. For a time it was the custom to place the food on top of the mound of earth but the departed seemed to have such enormouse appetites and the food disappeared so quickly that the friends became suspicious of the cemetery attendants and decided that the spirits must have had guests with more than etheral bodies at their feasts.

we found that it was customary to sell a grave and when the family and friends had gone the body was taken out of it and placed in a hugh hole with others, a little earth thrown over and the grave sold to another party. Twenty or more bodies were found in some of these huge holes. If the friends and relatives came back to place flowers on the grave they were told some story as to why it had to be moved to another location and shown some unmarked mound. Some legal question arose in one family and they wanted to disenter the body of a small son. Warner was present when the grave was opened and had a camera with him. Not only was the grave found to be shallow but the coffin of the son was found to have been jammed down into the coffin of the father with some of the bones of the parent scatterd about in the earth outside both coffins. The fines we imposed and the cost of deepening graves nearly put the cemetery company out of business, and caused a general

reorganization of the company and with a reliable man in charge It does seem to be about as dastardly thing to do as can be imagined to take advantage of the ignorance of poor colored folks at the time of their sorrow and loss. Well, that is stopped.

I tried to have the members of the Board visit their districts every six months, at least, for to each of us a district was assigned for which we were responsible between the meetings of the Board. Most of them did so and as president I had to set a good emaple. By virtue of the office I felt I could go anywhere in the township but generally asked if the members had any objection before I went. That was only courteous and it did not look as tho I was checking up on them on the sly. In that way I went over pretty much the whole Township, one time or another. Sometimes I went with Dr.Grim and sometimes with Mr. Reynolds, who succeeded Varner as Health Officer. As the milk plants began to operate early in the morning we often started about daybreak. On one such morning while it was still quite dark, Grim saw a milk delivery wagon standing along the Pike. "Mind stopping a minute?" he asked. "I want to see if that fellow has his milk iced." It was warm weather and we required that the boxes of milk be well iced before leaving the plant. We slowed up and stopped opposite the wagon and Grim jumped out his side of the auto at the same moment I jumped out of the other. He started across the street while I stood by the car and by the light of the street lamp I could see the wagon driver standing stock still at the back of his wagon. In a few moments Grim came back laughing. "That fellow was scared stiff! When we both jumped out at the same time he thought we were going to hold him up. You never saw a fellow so relieved when he saw who it was."

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It dawned on us afterward that we might had had a narrow escape from injury or death. There had been a number of hold ups of milk or bread drivers and had our man been a fighter and had a revolver he doubtless would have shot first and asked questions afterward.'

Those early morning trips were not all ~~unnecessary~~ work for often there were beautiful drives thru the country to some distant farm or creamery, when the peculiar charm of the early morning with its lovely light and unusual shadows; its soft air and the enchanting country-side filled all the day with enchanting memories.

There is a great ~~deal~~ deal more I might write about the health work but there are the reports on file and some copies of articles written about the work. Thru all the years there ~~was~~ never was fights between the members of the Board or ~~any~~ or any differences of opinion that ~~ever~~ in any way hampered the work. After our twentyfifth annual report was sent to the Township Commissioners, and (the writing of those annual reports was one of the duties of the president of the Board,) I received the following official letter from them, dated Feb. 17, 1933.

Dear Dr. Wilbur,

The Commissioners at their last meeting, took cognizance of the fact that the Board of Health of Lower Merion Township will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary during the coming month, and that you have served continuously as its Chairman during that time. Therefore, I was directed to convey to you the Board's appreciation for the valuable services rendered the community through your untiring efforts and able leadership.

It is their sincere wish that you may be blessed with good health and will continue to serve for many years to come.

Very truly yours,
signed Evan L. James, Township Secretary.

It is a matter of great regret that I could not comply with their request and continue to serve as president of the Board but failing health and increasing deafness made it seem advisable for me to resign that office, ~~which~~ After talking it over with

with Dr Horn, whose advice I always sought before making any important decision in the health work, I felt certain it was best for me and for the work to have a younger man for our leader, but Horn was very urgent for me to continue as a member of the Board. After explaining the situation to the president of the Board of Commissioners I went to William P Landis who was vice-president of our Board and persuaded him to accept the presidency if he was elected. He had served with me from the beginning of our work and was a loyal personal friend. On February fifth,1934 I offered the following resignation;

"After careful consideration during the past months I have decided that the best interests of our Township and of our Board will be secure by placing at our head one who is not handicapped by the disabilities of your president.

Lower Merion deserves and should have the best protection of its health it is possible to secure. Our work is far too important and to be handicapped in any way. That it is so handicapped grows increasing evident to all whi know it.

I,therefore, offer my resignation as president of this Board to take effect at once and I ask that action be taken at once and my successor be elected without delay. Nothing will be gained by delay but rather the contrary and the evident advantage of a change should be made available as promptly as possible.

For nearly twentysix years the Board has elected me its president. I deeply appreciate that evidebes of confidence and am grateful for it. Through all these years the Board has worked as a single unit, undivided by cross purposes or dissentions and through all these years its members have given their president unfailing support and hearty cooperation.

For the employed officers of the Board I have the highest praise for their loyalty and effective faithfulness,especially for those who have served us for so many years. To Dr.Horn is due much of the credit for much of our progress, especially in the early years of our work. I am grateful for his advice and constant helpfulness. His service to the community is fully appreciated only by those of us who have served with him through many years. My gratitude goes to Mr. Anderson in large measure for his constant watchfulnessand accuracy and his unfailing courtesy and help; and to Mr Reynolds who continues to perform his varied duties with such courtesy and tact that, not only has high effeciency been secured but unnecessary friction has been avoided. Those officers who have

joined us in later years have been no less loyal and effecient.

That my successor will have the same loyal and effecient cooperation is assured; it is not even necessary to ask for it.

Of course, I regret the necessity for this action but that such action is wise and best is evident. Above all else we must maintain the high standards we have attained and go on to greater effeciency."

When I wrote that and presented it I thought it was really fine but I find there is nothing so devastating to the good opinion we have of previous writings that to copy them on a machine some time later. Well,- - - that is on record and following its read- there was complete silence. The evident feeling was high for I could not keep my own feelings entirely out of my voice as I read. After a few moments, Dr Shumway, the last man to be appointed to the Board asked. "Well, do you want us to accept that tonight?" "Yes,"I said, " There is nothing to be gained by delay." "Well, if its you wish", Shumway said, "I move that the resignation of the president of the Board be accepted". Whether he said'with regret or not I don't know' I suppose he did as it was customary. The mothion was seconded.I put the question and I was no longer president of the Lower Merion Board of Health. However, the Township building did not rock on its foundations and the reporter for the local paper who was present did not show any evidence of hopelessness nor dispair.

I immediately nominated Mr. Landis for president and put the motion yeilding the Chair to him and he nominated me for vice-president and I was duly elected. Mr.Landis expressed his regret that I could not continue as the head of the Board and said that he expected me to continue in that position as long as I lived. After the meeting many nice things were said

and many expressions of regret while tears were dangerously near the eyes of the older employed officers.

No doubt it is a commom fallacy to magnify our ~~own~~ importance and to value far too highly what we do in public service. I expected considerable space in the local papers, some notice in the city press and a number of letters of regret and appreciation from residents. Well it did'nt happen. All the local papers referred to my resignation in their ~~xxxxx~~ accounts of the meeting but there were no boquets, True the Home News did have a brief editorial of appreciation but not even Dr. Mutch wrote me about it. Not a single letter came and I must say I was hurt and humbled and if the truth must be known,not a ~~l~~ittle indignant, and I was reminded of the often repeated statement that no man is indispensible; the world goes on. But it did seem to me that twenty-five years of effective service,helping to bring the health work of the Township from zero to a high degree of efficiency was out of the ordinary. And then I reminded myself of ~~mf~~ my belief that, in the long run, a man is valued for about what he is worth,and am still trying to digest that bitter dose.

Subsequent events proved the wisdom of my giving up the leadership for ~~only a few months~~ later I had a severe attack of heart trouble ~~at Cardinal~~ and could not even attend the meetings for a number of months. Mr.Landis and I continue on the best of terms and he is always ready to accept suggestions and is carrying on the work wisely and effeciently.

Never the less,resignations, because of physical limitations are never happy events nor ~~in~~ the regrets they engender very ~~quick~~ quickly forgotten.

All these activities were outside of business and carried on at night and with my Sunday School class, the Board of Health and the Y.M.C.A and business I was pretty busy but not so busy that I felt I was neglecting business. It is strange that Will, with his appreciation of theoretical knowledge did not advise and make it easy for me to go to some night business school and study that side of business. It would have been of great help later on but I suppose Will could never reconcile himself to my being a business man and certainly did not think I was capable of managing the business and what was much more serious, never made any preparation for my doing so. I did think of taking some night courses but not until I was pretty busy with those other activities and I thought I would have more time later. But the 'convenient season' never came. Beside that, I did rather dread going to school with men much younger than I and who would know a great deal more about business processes and practices than I did. I had already eaten a large dish of crow and did not care for any more. But I would have gone if I had had the chance.

Will's oldest son, Lawrence, had been to school with Dr. Van Lenneps brother in Great Barrington Massachusetts, and some other places but did not like to study and finally his father took him out of school and placed him in the factory. It was a great disappointment to Will for he was ready to give Lawrence the very best education and no doubt train him for filling his place in the business. Who can blame any father for such ambition? But Lawrence's tastes and abilities were all mechanical. It is queer that mechanical ability is evident in so many of the Wilbur males considerable, altho neither my father nor my brother Will had any.

Will had put me ~~xxxxx~~ in charge of Steve ~~xx~~ Oriol when I entered the business and so when Lawrence came in, about two years later, he was put absolutely under my control and direction. At least, that is what Will said with much emphasis before L.H.as he was soon called, arrived. Anyone who knew W.H.Wilbur would know how absolute was my control over his son. While putting that son under my direction was a compliment to me, no doubt, my method of control was almost the direct opposite of the method W.H. had followed and I was always doing t he wrong thing,either too severe or too lenient and both at the wrong time. If I had not felt sorry for Lawrence and been anxious to do all I could for him I would ~~xxxxxx~~ have declined to have anything more to do with ~~it~~ his training. But some there were fine traits in the boy and I felt his father was very unjust to him and very unreasonable most of the time. So we worried along,Will scolding and criticising and I hurt and resenting the unfairness of it but generally having my way largely because Will was too busy with business matters to follow up what he said or thought.

Lawrence began,as I had, in the roasting Dept but no longer with an assortment of roasters of different size and style. ~~In~~ Instead, there were thirteen ~~xx~~ machines in ~~xx~~ a long line all alike and each holding five hundred pounds of cocoa beans at a ~~xx~~ roast. I was proud of that lay out for I had devised a system of of overhead cars ~~xx~~ hanging from a single rail, each carring the beans ~~xxx~~ to charge one roaster. This did away with conveyors which cut up the beans so badly and as the cars were just high enough to discharge into the roaster a half dozen men, if necessary could be filling the roasters at the same time and so all were charged very quickly and would progress about the same. Underthe old system

it would have taken an hour or more to charge so many and that would have cut down the output considerably. An old German by the name of Hultman worked out the details and drew the plans for the for the cars, rails, wheels, brackets and all the details and suggested points here and there that were helpful. My antipithy for Germans did not prevent my liking Hultman. He was an expert in his line, accurate, thorough and skillful, more of an engineer than a draughtsman for he knew a lot about mechanical matters and how strong things must be to stand certain strains and loads. Why he was standed I don't remember, he had his story but I know it never impressed me for I was pretty certain that drink was at the bottom of his trouble. He was with us a number of years and we grew to be good friends, and was sorry to see him go but orders from the 'Top' said cut down and there was no appeal. That cruel system, and it still is followed in most factories.

Sometime after He was discharged I saw the poor man in the city, looking pretty seedy with his grey hair and mustache dyed a dark brown, hoping in that way to overcome the prejudice against old men. I ought to have done something for him but I did nothing more than stop and talk with him and tell him to come to see me if I could help him, rather an indefinite and stereotyped phrase and I never saw him again.

Lawrence and I grew to be really good pals for a good many years. Of course I could not criticise his father to his face as I often wanted to but he knew I understood him and sympathized with his troubles. He had good mechanical ideas as he grew older and we enjoyed talking things over. He worked in various parts of the factory and after some time started to build a machine to

wrapping buds which were all being wrapped by hand and as there were 108 buds to the pound and we were making over one thousand pounds a day it took a lot of girls to do the work. A machine would save a lot of labor but it was no easy problem to solve.

Up to that time there there was nothing on the market that would do that kind of work so it was start from the beginning and work it out. As L.H. was not an expert machinist an elderly Scotch mechanic was found whose name was Dan MacPetters, out of a job probably because of age and that ever present curse of drink, but a skilled artisan and well up on mechanical motions. While I do not wish to claim any credit for the creation of that machine it came to me that the first thing to accomplish was to push the bud down on a piece of tin foil thru a hole so that the foil would be cupped about it but how that could be done mechanically I did not have the slightest idea. That idea appealed to L.H. and he and Dan worked it out, not so easily and not all at once. Then followed months of progress and days of discouragement. Poor L.H. would get so discouraged at delays and failures of this or that he often vowed he'd give the whole thing up and sometimes he could not keep the tears from his eyes. What I did do was to comfort and encourage him and beg him to go on and I verily believe he would have given it up more than once without that bit help. He did go on after more than a year as I remember it, and at last, with old Dan, the machine was finished and worked like a charm, and Will who often threghtened to stop the whole thing because of the continued expense, was the proudest man you ever saw. For a while Lawrence basked in the sunshine of parental approval. We had it patented and for some years believed we had control of machines of that type and there could be no others to

to do this work or wrap similar shaped peices for Buds were being widely imitated. And so it was for some years and then we were rudely awakened from our pleasant dreams of having put our competitors in a hole, by a call from a firm of machine builders in the northest part of the city, a firm of Quakers and therefor honorable men, asking us if we would come and see a bud wrapping machine they were just finishing for HERSHEY, of all people, and tell them if we thought it infringed in any way on our patent. Well, we knew it would before we saw it and went to their factory to block Mr. Hershey instanter! But alas! The thing worked on a different principle from ours, so different that it did not even seem worthwhile to file a protest and beside that it had the impudence to wrap five Kisses, as Hershey called his imitation of Buds, at a time while ours wrapped but one. It also had an automatic feed, The kisses were just dumped into a large hopper and came out wrapped BUT the pieces were badly scratched in the process and were not as neatly finished as in L.H.'s machine. So while theis big brute did a lot more work it did not do it as well and with that meager comfort we returned and built another of Lawrences wrappers. Hershey never was a quality House anyway! Long years afterward when I had gotten to know Murrie, president of the Hearshey company, he said, half whimsically, half mournfully, "There is only man who ever made money on those things called Buds, Kisses, Blossoms, Sprouts and all the rest and that is my bewhiskered friend over here", pointing to me. It was some comfort to hear it for Hershey had sold tons of his imitation. That firm was a pirate in business anyway, clever but unscrupulous. They stole the idea of milk chocolate and buds from us and of almond bar from the Ideal company.

Of course they had a right to imitate any piece on the market and if they had practiced fair business methods in selling their goods there could have been no criticism but they cut prices, gave rebates and did many things which while within the law were not so far within that they could not be viewed with considerable suspicion.

While later on I learned toknow the heads of the other chocolate houses quite well I only remember meeting Mr.Hershey once and then only for a few moments. I suppose he did not feel especially cordial toward any Wilbur for we had refused to sell him coating at one time when he was in the carmel business in Lancaster. I believe he failed later and then,after some time,went into the chocolate business. When I met him Hershey was hardly as tall as the averages about 45, dark hair mixed with grey, blue eyes I think, quick nervous, not easy in his bearing and I thought a poor mixer. He was then attending a meeting of the National Confectioners Asso. and had no part on the program nor was he in evidence about the meetings. Even when his business had grown so large he was not a leading figure in the associations but a Mr.Murrie represented him of whom more later. Murrie became president of the Hershey company but Hershey retained veto power I am sure and probably still retains it. For many years after Mrs.Hershey's death some years ago the widower spent practically all his time in Havana, Cuba and may do so still. I use so much space on this man about whom I know very little that is worthy and a some that is not because he made such a tremendous success of his business, became known internationally and all this under the very noses of H.O.Wilbur and Sons and Hershey started after a failure of one business, long after Wilbur began to make and sell chocolate.

It is difficult of define just what my position was at the factory at this time. Under W.H who was head of everything,not nominally only but actually, I was head of the factory. For a while I was supposed to be buyer and had a tiny office on the first floor that barely held a desk and two chairs. When a selling agent or drummer came in he blocked the way to the door so that I had almost to throw him out if I wanted to get rid of him. As he would be between me and the only door I found if I stood up and started for him looking a bit ugly he generally made a hasty retreat. But Buying was not my line. Will did all the important buying anyway, beand, boxes cases,labels sugar, cocoa butter and vanilla, and I soon went back to the factory work. I cannot remember howI got into that buying job anyway.

When I started that cleanliness campaign I put the men into white uniforms. We tried furnishing them to the men but soon had to give that up as the men went away with them when they left or were discharged and it cost us too much but we did furnish aprons. White uniforms for a chocolate factory was claimed to be about as idiotic as giving white overalls to street laborers. Its interesting that street cleaners in uniforms, theoretically white are now the common in every city,but I reasoned as others had done before me that if you give a man a chance to be clean he pays more attention to cleanliness and a uniform makes a man more self re respecting and careful. The uniforms were stock overalls and shirt or jumper but in the roasting and fan rooms we required brown denim. When a new em was hired he was given a week to get his uniform and I think we made arrangement so that he could get them at a special price. Aprons were issued twice a week.

Men were not allowed to wear the uniforms out side the factory and were required to have them washed and redyd~~y~~ to put on clean Monday mornings.

Such things may seem unimpottant and commen place now when they are routine practice but it was revolutionary then, especially with a mud colored product like ours. I shudder when I think of the old, dirty clothes the men wore when I began at the plant. Dirty to begin with and soon caked with chocolate and and worse, worn week after week until they could hold together no longer. The uniforms accomplished more than exterior cleanliness. They improved the morale of all the workers and inspired a growing pride in their work and their output.

Will approved of my idea of getting the foremen together once a month for a meal and a conference and I was to act as host. I thought it would be fine to give the men a good feed of corn beaf and cabbage and Friday night seemed to be the best night in the week to have the meeting. Of course every men was there and there was even some dissatisfaction because I did not classify some understudies as foremen. I could meet the men easily and naturally as I had worked with them all but they were not quite so much at their ease. However jokes and conversation loosened things up to some extent but to my wonder all the men did not seem to eat very freely I could not understand that as we had come from the factory as soon as the days work was over. Then it dawned on me that it was Friday and most of my guests were Catholics and would not eat meat on that day. Being in a restuarant I was able to get other things, fish and we had a laugh at my forgetfulness.

After the meal I asked the men for suggestions for improving

their departments but that seemed a little too much like an after dinner speech nad no one had the nerve to start so I called on some of the older men after I made a little talk about what I hoped to do in these suppers that would be held every month. But, while there were plenty of things they wanted to say somehow about all we could get was "Well, I could use more trucks." Trucks were the small cars of various styles used in the different departments to move the material from place to place. There never seemed to be enough of them to satisfy the foremen. However there were suggestions gleaned from it all and we continued to hold the supper meetings for one winter. Then I tried having the meetings at noon hour at 12.30 and the men could sit and smoke and, strange to say, these seemed to be more effective.

From time to time some man from Europe would come in with a new method of making some particular chocolate or cocoa and one or two of them we employed to deminstrate what he could do at an agreed price. One of these was a Belgian named Rodemaker who said he ~~ha~~ could make a fondant chocolate. Will knew of ~~their~~ fondant chocolate from his trips to Europe where he went nearly every yeat, and I worked with this man while he demonstrated what he could do. His method was to make a cream fondant, dry it out in a vacuum oven and then grind that with liquor. We made many different kinds but could not find that it was different from our own make and the claim that it "melted in the mouth" was never proven tho Rodemaker continued to claim it was vastly superior. There were others, one by the name of DeGraff from Holland, a well educated man but quite tempermental who would show us how to make those fine Dutch cocoas. He was with us quite a while but never made any better cocoa than we did.

~~One of my jobs was to match samples of coating sent in by~~

I was feeling run down and mean in September of 1908 altho, I think I had had two weeks vacation. for some time ihad had attacks of entero-colitis and a good deal of digestive trouble. What everthe reason Will noticed I was not well and told me to go away for a couple of weeks. He was certainly kind and brotherly in such things. If only he could have been that way always or eevn the most of the time things would have been so different. But always there was that disappointment about my ~~xxxxx~~ leaving medecine and a foregone conclusion that I was not fitted for business and never could be. In that I am inclined to think he was about right, but we had little in common outside of business. His friends were not the kind of people I liked, quite the opposite and of course he did not think my friends were hardly worthy of notice. I tried to be chummy, went to a ball game with him as he was very fond of professionable ball but I did not know the players and it was not very chummy, in fact I was ill at ease. Ihad so many interests out side of business it did not seem possible to study up the players especially as Will did not seem over anxious for my company anyway. We just were miles apart in our interests and recreations and grew farther and farther apart as time went on.

Gratiot Beach was a long and expensive trip and a good deal of trouble with so many children and as ANna and I enjoyed the seashore I went to Point Pleasant to see if I could find a cottage. After showing me a few, none of which were at all attractive, it was too early for the people to have gone ~~for the xxxxx~~ after their summer, I ~~xxxx~~ told the real estate man I would look at some other towns. He said "all right but what ever you do don't take your family to Lavallette. It's a tough town, ~~xxxx~~ lots of drunks and men living with other men's wives and all that kind of thing." I

thanked him and took the train for Lavallette. Now don't say Ha-ha and Ho -ho because that was'nt the reason at all. I had always thought the Iwould rather live at Mantoloking than anywhere else along the shore but it was most exclusive, only a few very large cottages at/tha/time owned by wealthy people and there was no chance for us there. Lavallette as viewed from the train, for I had been back and forth from Point Pleasant a number of times, looked to be about my price and all that section with Barnegat on one side and the ocean on the other was most attractive to me with my love for sailing and the water.

So off I got expecting to meet mobs of drunks and I don't know what all. As I walked up Reese Ave. I saw no mobs. Every thing seemed quiet. There were no shouts of drunken revelry or painted women on the streets. There was not even a saloon in evidence. In fact the only people I saw were two men coming toward me, dressed comfortably in old cloths but not shabby, evidently sober and with a good natured grin on their sunburned ~~burned~~ faces, as I asked them if they knew of any cottages to rent. They told me of one just a few steps beyond which they thought I might get"but,"they added,with assumed seriousness, "If you come here, don't wear a starched collar, especially in the afternoon, for if you do the boys will throw you in the ocean. " I laughed as I replyed, "Good! Suits me to a T." One of those men was Mr.Ennis and I have always felt kindly

At the cottage which was a large double house with tin roof, mighty rare at the seashore, I found an elderly Italian woman , Mrs.Garibaldi, mother of Charles. Yes she would rent, How much? Ten Dollars a week. I almost fell on her neck and kissed her. Had I had a piece of chalk so I could have marked how far around I was I would have embraced her, --- in sections.

The west half of the double house was the one she offered as she lived in the other side. It all was neat and clean as she was herself. After I had agreed to rent it I asked for some wat to drink and then as she seemed kindly disposed I asked if I might wash my hands and face for it was hot and the rail road dusty. With that wash our friendship seemed to be sealed for ever aft ward she seemed to take a kindly motherly interest in my health.

With great rejoicing I returned to tell Anna and the children the good news, especially that it would cost so little we could afford it for we had been fearful that we could not get a cottage for less than a hundred dollars as very few would rent by the week We decided that conditions, morally, could not be so very bad for I had time to walk up to the beach and stroll along the board-walk and saw only a few people all very orderly but care free, it seemed, and happy. As I sat on one benches a motherly woman with a li tle girl came along and sat down and we talked a bit and she said it was such a nice place for children, the Bay was so safe and they could go anywhere with no fear of harm. That did not sound like such a tough town nor did I seen anything that looked that way. The people I saw looked like those of moderate means and as respectable as any.

So we entered Lavallette for two joyous weeks, I somehow made a contact with Cap'n Dan'l Clayton of Silverton across the Bay and that quiet old pirate consented to rent me his flatbottomed twenty foot skiff for the moderate sum pf fifty dollars, You could have built the boat for almost that, but we got our money's worth in fun. We all went to bed almost with the sun and got up with it also. Almost

every morning with the older children we went to see the boat come in from the pounds. There were no gas engines then in those boats and the Captain was a big lanky fellow who steered the boat with a log oar and guided it thru the surf, an impressive and commanding figure, and it was always interesting and sometimes exciting. The early morning light, the rolling waves, the approaching boat and the team of horses waiting to pull the boat up on the sands as flocks of gulls wheeled and called overhead had a charm for us all and we never seemed to tire of it. When the boat was hauled up on the sand we and a few others who had gathered there, rushed to it and grabbed the fish we wanted and often there was quite a scramble for the single blue or king fish they may have caught. The Captain was paid then and there, There was no weighing, ten, fifteen or possibly twenty cents a fish and off we went with our dinner in our hands. It was great fun.

Every day we were out on the Bay and while our boat was a poor sailer and would barely point into the wind and then made almost as much leeway as headway, we always got home just about when we wanted to, for I could pole it along without much effort and it would travel over the flats and that was almost everywhere in the cove, on little more than a "heavy dew ". Best of all, for us, the boat was absolutely tight, did not leak a drop, so the children could play around on the bottom and have a great time. Often we would let them play in the shallow water in their birthday suits when we were well away from the land and what a romp the older ones had thrilled with the joy of the freedom and the pleasant water, half afraid they would step on a crab and filled with terror if the boat seemed to be getting too far away. And sometimes their father would join them while shrieks of mingled fear and delight

filled the quiet air as they were threghtened with a duckinh or pursued by a mud smeared monster from whose head dangled clouts of eel-grass while streaks of mud ran down his horried face contorted in some blood curdling grimace, and handfuls of mud and weeds hurtled thru the air. There were few boats about and we were quite alone.

Every clear day there was the ocean bath altho it was quite a chore to go tothe beach for the town's only cement walk was on Reese Ave. and there was very little of that left. Walking thru the dry soft sand was not so much fun for the oldersters at least. The children mostly took to water like young ducks and it must be confessed that we took many chances with old Ocean that we would not take when we had had more experience and knew his whims better, greatly to the distress of Mrs. Strawbridges who had been brought up on that shore thru her girlhood.

And then to sleep, so sleepy after supper we could hardly keep our eyes open nor did we try very long. Such deep sweet dreamless sleep to pop wide awake with the sun rise next morning and begin another glorious day.

There were but two stores, the Johnsons' and Garibaldi's and as the latter was son of our landlady we went there and soon got to know them. Charlie, that's the older as we know them now, told me of a place to catch crabs which was much nearer than the places people generally went so we tried it. It was a wonder for we could catch a basket of crabs there anytime in an hour and very few people seemed to know about it. Located just off West Point, fifty yards from shore it was a small hole in the flat not more than six or seven feet deep and the crabs were all good size. Year after year we went there until the storms one winter filled it up and we had to hunt a new place.

Our first trip to Lavallette was so pleasant that we returned the next summer and took the same cottage, only this time the whole house and for a month. Winnie Woolard, a nice, gentle Geogia girl, was still our mother's helper and we had a maid. John and Mary Macdonald stayed a while before they went to Europe and left Helen Mac with us while they were away. Mother Osborn who lived with her family above the store across the street very kindly took care of baby Esther when we went to the beach to bath and we have since shuddered at the possibilities our little girl escaped as we learned more about the Osborn family.

DR. Theodore J.Gram who had graduated from Hahnemann only a few years before I did and a summer resident was conducting the only church service held in town except a morning service held by the Lettish people almost every Sunday. There were many children in the village and our children were accustomed to going to Sunday School but there was no sech service there. After talking it over with Mrs. McQueen who lived just back of us and he daughter Mrs. Strawbridge and her husband who was a Y.M.C.A secretary, Anna and I decided to start a Sunday school. Announcement was made, Mrs. Strawbridge Miss Park, Mother and I were ready to teach and the school was under way. It grew rapidly, we had a picnic at Ortley where the team from the fish pounds took the little tots, in fact all of us and we had a fine time. I wrote a sort of a history of that school (which still goes on) for the minutes of the Church there and it was later published in the Tom's River Courrier (Ocean County Courrier) For years I was reselected Superintendent and it was one of the most delightful spiritual experiences of my life.

The school grew until in later years we often had one hundred and forty present. At one time we were so crowded we had a tent put up in the

yard and one of the larger classes met there. It relieved the congestion but the mosquitoes were not condusive either to mental effort or reverence and the plan had to be given up. Still suffering from lack of room for there was only the orgional church building, about twelve by twenty feet, we secured permission from the Yacht club to meet in the large assembly room on the second floor of the club house, which was then located on the beach at about Whits Ave. As there was no bell to notify the children it was time to go to service We hoisted the Church flag on our tall flagpole which could be seen pretty much all over town. If that was not the only Sunday School that met in a Yacht Club it certainly was one of a very few., but nearly all of the officers of the Club were member of the Church and there were no activities at the club house on Sunday and only an occasional sailing party at the locker house on the Bay.

We were indebted to the Yacht Club for other favors also or to its members. There were no town meetings or 'get together' affairs except an occasional church sociable. At the first of these I attended after the 'opening exercises' the chairman said, "now, we have no fixed program but BE SOCIABLE, BE SOCIABLE!" and he repaeted his admonition at frequent intervals. The result was not all that could be desirted. Under such conditions it is not strange that when the scholars were ~~xxx~~ told they could invite their friends and parents to the Sunday School picnic there was quite a turn out of adults, and as a trip across the Bay brought us to the most attractive places the yachtsmen were called on to take the crowd over and bring them back and they responded with a with a right good will. Even the group of fellows who were pretty fond of drink and had the reputation of being pretty gay turned out in force ~~xxx~~ and sober

and they had most of the boats, all of them sailboats at first and later the motorboats supplanted them. There were many to go often a hundred and twenty five or more and it was an anxious day for the Superintendent and his ever helpful wife. They had to see that a teacher or some adult was in every boat and that they were not overloaded. It was no small job to take so many across the bay and bring them all home safe and sound and its a fine tribute to those Lavallette Yachtsmen that did it for many years without a single accident of any kind. Nearly every man in town who had a boat turned up promptly at the dock and cheerfully did his share, one of them making and extra trip to bring the icecream over later in the day. Anna went over among the first and to keep an eye on things at the picnic grounds and I came last with our boat and the late ones and the stragglers.

It was our purpose from the first to plan for some activities every moment of the day and for a couple of weeks before the day we Wilburs were doing the planning. There were sports in the afternoon, races and all sorts of queer stunts. There were graded by size so that all the children would have a share and we had to provide prizes which had to be marked for the event according to the program. We even had running races for the older women in which Mother was a consistent winner and there were wood sawing and nail driving contests for women. There were games for the tiny tots with mother and the Primary teacher, Miss Margeret Parke, whose faithful service with the little people for many years cannot be too highly praised. So the happy day sped by with icecream cones after the sports, even to fourths for some of the boys who managed to sneak into the lines a number of times. Then home in the late afternoon

tired by happy into the boats again and across the Bay, the weary Superintendent trying to be sure that no one was left behind. It had required a lot of work and the expenditure of much nervous energy but it was worth it for the children had been so responsive and had entered into it all with such enthusiasm, and had so thoroughly enjoyed it. We never had any trouble with the children, not even with the older boys and the planned day was the explanation, but without Mother and later the help of our older children it would not have been possible. In later years Harry and then Ross ran the event entirely to my great relief and the satisfaction of all the picnicers.

That summer at Lavallette was eventful in a number of ways. We had such a funny time in the Clayton skiff which I had rented again, this time, as a special favor, for $85 and a boat builder in town said he would build me one for that, Mary Macdonald, Anna and I think Bess Dean and I had gone sailing and as I did not know the water well I found we had run over the flats be low Ortley and the falling tide left us neary on dry land. As we were all in bathing suits, see our albums for styles, we all got out and pulled and pushed until we got enough water to sail then more flats and more push and pull. As we got further toward the channel the boat sailed more and the girls had a hrad time tp keep up for OF COURSE, I had to sail, and there were frantic yells for me to come back. Mary's bathing suit was almost a dress, with the skirt fully to the knees and long stockings but what with running and splashing thru the water and the wind she felt she was terribly immodest. Who would have guessed that we ever would be so insulted by womens' lack of clothing as we are today on the beaches today.

I think we must have had the Garibaldi cottage the whole summer that year but at all events we grew quite friendly with our landlady's son, Charles senior and his wife, even tho they did keep a saloon and we were not generally chummy with saloon keepers. It was not really a saloon as we know the word but rather a wholesale liguor store for t here were no tables &c. and no carousing there. Carlie, Sn. told me of two beach lots where a cottage had been burnt down during the winter, said he thought they could be bought bheap and they were already graded. Incidentally, that big captain of the fish boat lad lived there. Mother and I had grown to like the town and felt happy there. It was as quiet and orderly as one could expcet snd far more so than many places not far away. True, there was a social club called"The Road to RUIN", and while there was a good deal of drinking there and doubtless some gambling there was no carousing as far as we knew and those very fellows were the most ready to help with transporting the children across the bay on picnic days, as I have already written, and when the church was incorporated a few years later two of them members were elected by the church people as Trustees. While the Road to Ruin Club can hardly be considered a moral agency most of the ruin was in the name. At one time they just about ran the town and ran it pretty well,too. The President of the club was also Mayor of the Borough and while the better people did not have much respect for him still he was elected to that office and certainly used his influence to keep most harmful influences away.

So we consulted a lawyer who was also Commodore of the Yacht Club, Charles Eareckson who had the titles searched and we bought the two lots where the cottage now stands, for $500, apiece. Titles were not good and could not be insured but if a search did not show

any serious cloud on the title it was considered ok. While the lots were nominally 100 feet deep and extended clear out to almost the present boardwalk there were building restrictions so the the actual depth was only about 60 feet. That was too little for us to build the kind of a house we wished so we began to negotiate for the next lot back on MaGee Ave. (That name MaGee was the name of one of the early settlers and nothing can be done about it.) Earickson found the lot was owned by a woman in Trenton who did not want to sell and he wrote and fussed and made no progress and he had to be jogged now and then himself. Finally he suggested that I see the lot owner personally so mother and I went to Trenton and in a half hour had cleared up everything and agreed to buy for $200 a high price then. That was not the end of our troubles with that lot, however. We had to have another lawyer to look into it, a Mr Apgar who proved to be most helpful, for it was found that ~~xxxxxx~~ minor children had an interest in that lot, the father being dead, and there had to be a lot of agreements to be drawn and signed before we got posession. Meanwhile we had been making rough plans and had decided on size and main details. Everyone said have Joseph Stilwell build it and he came down from Mantoloking one afternoon to see about it. Taking a small business card from his pocket he put down size over all, a few details, did a little figuring and said "It will cost $3200." "That's a rough estimate, subject to revision after you get plans and specifications?" I said. "No, ~~xx~~ I'll build it for that, just about the way you outlined it here." "All right. go ahead." I knew he was known to be strictly honest and he surely proved to be so in my experience. I never entered into any bargain with less talk or less detail and I never had a more satisfactory result in almost every

respect. If I had known a little more about seashore houses I would have requir-ed such things as galvanized nails throughout copper flashings and gutters &c. but we certainly got full value for our money and a most comfortable and well planned summer home. And we did all the planning except the stairway which an architect friend worked in very cleverly behind the chimney. Anna suggested we have a "Lazy Susan" on our dining room table and we wanted a big round table as our dining room was to be square. So we planned how much space there would be needed around the table and filled the rest with the 'festive board' which proved to be eight feet in diameter. Such a table was to be found in the large furniture places if you hunted hard enough but it would cost a small fortune. What to do? One of the carpenters at the factory was a former cabinet maker and said he could make one and he and Lennig entered heartily into the plan, with the Lazy Susan, a veritable giant of five and a half feet diameter, revolving smoothly in the center. Altho Lennig had Jake, the carpenter reinforce the underside of the revolving part with small U irons we found that the Susan would warp so I rigged the truss above the center brass post being turned in our machine shop.

I suppose most of you have seen the slide opening in the dining rooms of older country hotels and also some private houses where dishes from the table are slid thru to the maid in the kitchen and food dishes pushed thru the other way. It always seemed to me such a sensible idea that we planned something of the kind. So, instead of a sideboard and serving table we had that cupboard built at the shop by old Jake Castle on a design and measurements Anna and I worked out and it and the table sent to Lavallette by freight and built in to the wall.

What a help and labor saver it has been even tho we have not had maids to do the double pass for many years. The table especially made of heavy pieces of solid ~~black walnut~~ oak, is a fine evidence of Jakes skill for it is so well made and joined that it is hard to see the joints, and I find ~~xxxxxxxx~~ a peculiar pleasure in it because of the interest and ~~and~~ pleasure Jake took in the job, and Lennig too. So often workmen feel that a personal job for the boss is an imposition and get grouchy abut it but those men could hardly have been more interested or worked harder to do the best possible had they been working on things for their own homes. I remember well one Saturday afternoon when I stained the table in the carpentershop after the men had gone home. There was none of that terrible yellow "filler" to ruin the effect altho I had been told you could not stain oak without it. Well the results show for themselves and the Chicago Varnish company preparatiin, whatever it was, did the trick without any filler.

We were endebted to Jake Castle for another item of furnishing whoch was satisfactory and useful, our folding beds. ~~Xxxx~~ That Idea came from the Mission at Sitka where some of the teachers had beds of that kind which had proven practicable and inexpensive. We purposely planned for small rooms in the cottage as we intended them only to sleep in but an ordinary bed would just about fill all the floor space. Jake made the folding beds we used in every room except one we brought down from Rosemont and the "bunk" where the boys slept. Of course those beds cost but little, for I paid Jake or rather the company, the regular rate for Jakes time and for the material.

I had to go down to the shore a time or two to see how the work was going on and was greatly pleased with the way they were doing it, especially the big fire place. It seemed it would be both interesting and attractive if we built that of old Philadelphia cobble stones. As I have written, many streets were still paved with them in my boyhood and we bought ~~them~~ some of them in a junk yard. Joe Stilwell did a good job in placing them and we have a very attractive fireplace, unlike any other in town. I often wish those stones could tell where they came from and what notables of Colonial days have bumped over them. Perhaps even General Washington, himself in his coach and four, as with dignified bows he greet the enthusiastic populace. Who knows? It might be.

On one trip I found that the builders had omitted the transoms over the doors and when I spoke about their being in the brief specifications I had written they smilingly acknowledged I was right and altho the doors were already framed in the tough, they put them in without a kick. Nice fellows, those shore workmen, self respecting and friendly, working ten hours a day and really working. Every man did not have to have a helper to sit or stand around and ~~dx~~ and talk to his boss and draw pay from the owner for doing it, and to this day those shore carpenters will do a half more work if not twice as much as the average city workman.

The trip to Lavallette in winter was not a pleasant excursion. the train took something over three hours and stopped at every cross road or oftener. It ran over to Island Heights and backed out to the main road. I actually saw the conductor standing on the platform at one station, tho he probably did the same thing at many of them, and talking so a man. We waited quite a time and

finally the great man said to his crew, "Well, come on boys. Let8s go." And he slowly climbed to the platform of the car and pulled the bell cord. It always made me think of that story told me about a rail road in the South."A traveller asked a station agent when the train, long over due,would he arrive. The agent replyed. "Kain't jest say, but I seen the conductor's dog he alles tak'e with him coming down the track so I reckon it won't be long." But why hurry on the West Jersey and Seashore R.R. There was only one passenger train each way a day and maybe a freight train once a week.

I cannot recall just when Will brought J.A.Rulon into the business but it was sometime prior to the building at Lavallette for it was Rulon that suggested having the open balcony which we call the "deck" on the second floor porch. Will had known Rulon for years. He had been in the importing business, principally merchandise from India. He had sold us different lots of Ceylon cocoa and I had often met him even as a youth and I had never liked him. But here he was, brought in as a buyer, I believe, but as it proved long afterward, Will's purpose was to make him his successor as manager of the business. Perhaps that was not his intention at first but Rulon had not made his business a success after his father's death and no doubt Will thought he would do Rulon a kindness and at the same time ~~xxxxxxxx~~ get relief from some of his duties by bringing his friend in to the business. Well I was not happy about it and Father was not pleased for he did not like Rulon very well either.,but Will rode over Father's objections and,~~xxxxxxxx~~ I was not consulted so here he was and I decided the best thing to do was to make the best of it. I was nothing but an employee anyway. How thoroughly I made the best of it may be judged by the fact that for many years

I was more closely associated with J.Archer Hulon in business than any other person and counted him my friend but at that, as later events proved, I did not make the best of ~~a bad job~~ of his entering the employ of Mc O.Wilbur and Sons.

Father announced his intention of marrying again greatly to our disappointment and sorrow. We argued and pleaded but to no avail. He said he wanted someone who could go with him on his hunting and fishing trips. Helena could not go as she had to be with Madeline, so Father said and this woman for she was no young thing, just loved such things and delighted in the open and there were many other reasons. Yes, an old friend whom he had known a long time. It was no use. We could not budge him. So, at Father's request, I went to see the lady whom neither Helena nor I had ever met. Father was there when I reached the house and I was anything but favorably impressed with the lady and went to our old home on Montgomery Ave. to try to talk ~~him~~ Pa out of it. We had a very earnest talk and a very personal one but without heat or anger. The nervous tension was so high, however, that I became nauseated and then very sick for a few minutes but Father would not yield. Will was very angry, would not see the lady, Mrs. Hutchinson, a widow somewhat younger than Father, who was 55 at the time and was provoked with me because I would not take the same stand.

Father's determination to marry that precipitated a situation that seemed only possible to be met by incorporating the business as he said he wanted to arrange a prenuptial agreement by which Helena and I could have a fixed interest and all of the business would pass to his children when his new wife died. Will was opposed to the whole plan, marriage and all, saw no reason why Helena and I

should share in the business in which he had put most of his life and which was so larhely the resultx of his work. But Father's mm- capital had started it and his credit had saved it in times of stress and his had been the guiding hand for many years. While Father was inclined to be mild and yielding in most things there were times when he said No and would not change and this was one of them. Elihu G.Loomis, of Boston who had married Bessie Wilbur's oldest sister and was practically Will's lawyer came on and there was much conferring and argument in Will's office for the division of the stock to be issued was under consideration, conferences to which I was not admitted. I had no financial interest in the business so why should I. Father was not represented by a lawyer. After days of talk and considerable hard feeling, for the division of Father's and Will's interest in what had been a partnership was not easily agreed on, it was decided that Father and Will should each have x half the stock, Father, of course, could do what he chose with his but what ever was given to Helena and me was to come out of Father's share as well as an agreed amount to be put in trust for the future Mrs. H.O.W.

Many conferences with the law firm of Morgan, Lewis &Bockius followed,Mr.Morris R.Bockius being our contact man, and at last the charter was granted to H.O.Wilbur & Sons, Inc. was granted by the State,dummy directors elected, ByLaws adopted and the stock issued all under the watchful eye of of Mr. Bockius, so that all would be legal to the last, comma, semi-colon and period.

Then, one day in Father's office, he signed the stock certificates and Loomis picked them up and said it gave him great pleasure to hand me a certificate for 1000 shares representing

$100 000. I fear I did not accept it with very good grace for I did not think a whole lot of Loomis and I could not see that he had anything to do with it. But I was deeply greatful to Father for it was a handsome thing to do even under the circumstances. Helena received the same amount and later I was made Trustee for a thousand shares to be held for Father's future wife, the income to go to her and the principle to be split equally between Helena, Will and me at her death. So here I was a stockholer with a substantial interest in the business, for my share represented one tenth of the total capitalization and later the actual value of the stock was a good deal more than its par value of $100. I was also a director and Secretary, Father being president, Will Vice-president and Manager, and Loomis and Rulon being the other members of the Board, but under the By-laws the Manager had power to do almost anything. It was quite to be expected that the Directors had little to say about the business under the new arrangement, when Father was away often Will did not even hold a meeting and things went on about as before. Will hated the meetings, hated to be reminded that there were some things he could not do, hated to see a Board of Directors who actually had power to do things if they had the nerve so he avoided meetings whenever possible.

It was October, I think, when Father was married. At his suggestion I had gone to see one of the Elders of the church where Mrs. Hutchinson had taught in Sunday School who said he had known her for years and while he did not say anything against her he seemed to be guarded in what he said and not exactly free in his conversation. At another time I went to see her former Pastor a Dr. Colfelt whom I saw in his study at his church, and learned nothing but I always have had a deep contempt for that man for he permitted Mrs. Hutchinson and I fear Father too to sit in an

adjoining room and hear all that we said. Of course, I knew nothing a about it at the time but it leaked out afterward. The minister, like the Elder, seemed very careful what he said.

So Father was married at the North Broad Street Presbyterian Church, I think. Helena and Anna and I were there and some of Mrs. Wilbur's relatives and friends, ~~xx~~ but not many in all. W.E.Hotchkins played the wedding march on the organ for altho Will was expert on the organ he refused to ~~attend~~ play and I doubt if he was present. It was a sad and trying ceremony for me and for dear Helen but we could only endure it and be as decent as possible to the relatives.

I hardly know what to say about that strange man W.E.Hoskins who had been brought into the business by Father or Will or both and who was to be an associate of mine in business for many years. Whence he came or why he was brought in to our business I do not know to this day but he seemed to have some hold on Father and perhaps Will which I never could get explained. Well educated, cultivated, suave, tactful, he had travelled extensively, talked entertainingly and was well informed especially on financial matters. He sat opposite Will in the main office, at Will's large double desk, was office manager and later Treasurer and exercised a good deal of influence in directing the policies of the company for a long time. And yet, it gradually developed that he was always in debt,and unreliable,lived under an assumed name and had to be watched. Still he continued as an employee and try as I would both before and after Will's and Father's deaths I could not dislodge him. He had his value to the business ~~xx~~ beyond question in spite of these handicaps and later events will explain why I did not dismiss him after Father had passed away. Hotchkins seemed loyal to

~~loyal to~~ our family and I believe he had a real affection for me in the later days of our association. There was something very attractive about his personality in spite of all I knew against him so that it was hard to deal with him as he often deserved. I am confident that he never injured us altho we were not infrequently asked who he was and where he came from and while we had to be as frank as possible in our replies the true answer to those questions perished with him when he didd not many months ago.

At our church in Bryn Mawr, we had been having different men preach for us. One of the members and a Trustee, Harold Pierce, had a most unusual acquaintance with people here and abroad and knew many ministers in Scotland and England and often entertained them at his large and luxurious home near Black Rock, Cladwyd. He first brought Dr. Grenfell of Labaradore to Bryn Mawr and invited us and a number of other friends to see his lantern slides, and hear about his work and meet him personally. That was a long time before the good Doctor became the world famous Sir Wilfred for at that time his work was just developing and Dr. Grenfell was carrying on almost alone, making long sled journeys in the winter and going from harbor to harbor in his little hospital steamer, the ~~Strathcona~~. "Strathcona."

Mr. Pierce brought a number of English or Scotch ministers to our pulpit and one evening, at Preparatory Service , he asked the Session to have an Englishman named G.A.Johnson Ross conduct the service. The people were greatly impressed and inspired by what he said and after the usual formalities Dr. Ross was installed as our minister, the second one to serve our church, since its organization.

Dr. George A.Johnston Ross was the most facinating preacher I ever heard and he soon filled the church on Sunday mornings to overflowing. Even the service that he held Sunday afternoon was well attended. At that time I belonged to a little club/called the Harris Club located on New street near the factory/. Business men in the district lunched there and they were mostly men with little or no interest in any church. One day I overheard two of them talking neither of them knowing I was connected with the Bryn Mawr Church. "Playing any tennis now?"asked one."Not so much lately." "Thought you and Joe always played Sunday morning." "Well - we did but we been going to church lately." "Goin to church ? You two?" "Yes". Say did you ever hear that man preach/at the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church? Say, He's a wonder! We've kinda let tennis slide so as to hear him."" Well, I'll be d----d!" He must be a wonder."

Now when a minister gets two young worldly fellows to drop their outdoor sport in order to hear him preach and do it of their own volition he surely is a wonder and Dr. Ross was that. Looking strikingly like Rudyard Kipling, even to the heavy iron bound spectacles, he was a genial man but not a mixer. He told us,of the Session, soon after he came that we must not expect him to go into civic work or devote much time to social functions for"a minister must keep himself from being rushed and crowded if he is to mediate the gospel to those in need." He had a charming wife,a typically English woman altho both she and her husband were remarkable free from English accent or mannerisms. Mrs Ross to a large extent supplied the social side of their lives and was a true helpmeet and balance wheel to her somewhat temperamental husband. There were three girls and two sons in the family.

Mr.Ross, we seldom called him Doctor Ross, and I grewx to be very close friends. Almost every Wednesday night ~~ex~~ after prayer-meeting I went home with him and we talked together for an hour or more and had a "cup of tea". The family were thoroughly British in that respect and we grew to know each other very well altho there was never any approach to the close relationship that existed ~~that~~ between Dr. Miller and me. Altho Mr. Ross was a profound scholar he seemed very fond of me and his friendship was a great blessing.

In spite of the large attendance Sunday morning people would not come to hear him Wednesday evenings except a few more than the "ever faithful" and after a time it was decided by the Session to discontinue these services tho this action was taken only after the most careful consideration and with great hesitancy and re-gret. Naturally there were many calls for our Minister to preach in other churches and especially at men's colleges. He said he thought a minister owed it to his church and to himself to preach in other pulpits one Sunday each month and rather insisted on doing so. This was a good deal of an innovation at that time and while the Session assented the Trustees, who had to pay someone else to preach for us, resented these frequent absences. Further more, Dr Ross was inclined to be insistant in having his way and not always tactful in dealing with opposition, and dissatisfaction began to appear among certain influential members of the Church, notably Mr. Alba Johnson. After about two years Mr. Johnson wrote Mr .Ross a letter criticising certain things and pointing out what he considered deficiencies which offended Mr Ross and on the impulse of the moment and I think without consulting Mrs. Ross, he wrote and mailed his resignation. There was a joint meeting of the Session and Trustees to consider it and ~~x~~ filled with

indignation, I rose before that group of big-business men and criticises Mr.Johnson's letter that had led to the resignation of our minister cand my warm friend. I did not mention Mr. Johnson8s name but everyone knew who had written the letter which I callled ill considered and unwise and I opposed accepting the resignation. Later on it seemed as tho I had said what Mr. Rea wanted to say but his being the president of the Trustees prevented his criticism of a fellow member, at least openly, for he asked me to ride home with him in his limousine,

I think now action was taken at that time and before another meeting was held Mr. Ross had accepted a call to a chair in MCGill University in Toronto, Canada. There was considerable talk of starting another church at Rosemont and asking Dr.Ross to serve it, Harold Peirce being the leader in that and Mr. Rea inclined to favor it but Mr.Ross's decision to go to McGill ended that. Much as I admired and liked Mr.Ross I could not favor a split in my old church. Altho feeling was strong at the time there was no bad feeling and no serious results followed. Pages 733-A+B here

In May 1910 Ross was born at Rosemont on the 31st of the month, nine oclock in the evening, Dr.William C.Powell in attendance. We were deeply grieved because his palate had not closed and the upper lip showed a gap. At an afternoon service in the church, now known as the 'Old Church," He was baptised By Dr. Ross for whom he was named and according to English custom Mrs. Ross was his God-mother. It was a very beautiful service and the baby helped by being very good, When Ross was old enough we had his trouble corrected by a surgical operation at the Woman's Hospital which for some reason, the surgeon, my old friend,Herbert Northrop, selected

Dr. Ross wrote me some few letters while he was in Bryn Mawr and many more after he had gone to Toronto, and they show how close our friendship was and how freely we talked over church and personal affairs, as the following extracts show.

In the early part of 1910 I had a paralysis of one side of my face which I am sorry to say was the result of a violent fit of rage at Will. At least facial papralysis will happen after great emotional strain and that was great enough to have paralyzed me com pletely. As I began to get around after the attack Mr. Ross came to see me and seemed to think it was a huge joke, much to my disgust. I wanted sympathy not a joke but it was part of his philosophy of life, perhaps his religion to make light of sickness and trouble and that was true of his whole family. He had a heart attack soon after he saw me and wrote in part as follows; May 2, 1910. Dear Janus! (He called me Janus while my face was twisted after the two- faced god of mythology, highly appropriate, no doubt but I never liked the name. Of course he did not mean to be unkind but only to help me laugh it off.) "Many thanks for the cheering flowers. I am sorry to be such a broken reed. I dont know what I've been doing but Saturday I gave in and I'M still flat, the 'pump' not working right somehow. I was glad to hear that you were in church Sunday though Mrs. Ross says the face is not quite right yet. I hope your health generally is better, though: if that is the case the face will get better in a "wee while." . . . Thank again and again for your openhearted goodwill to the strange bird from Europe. Yours ever."

March 16, 1911, when the clouds of misunderstanding that led to his resignation were gathering, he wrote from 'Iona' the name he gave to the rented house where he lived, I suppose the new Manse

was building, thanking me for the advice I had given and for telling him how many of the officers felt about his preaching at other places during the brief time he was to remain in the church and immedediately agreeing to my suggestions. I only mention this to show how near we were together.

A rather unusual letter follows; March 23, 1911, BrynMawr. "I have been getting rid of some outlying correspondance today; and I am moved by I don't know what spirit or mischief to send you the enclosed to read and to return. (it was an invitation to go to England to preach one sermon, expenses paid, I have referred to this before) First of all the request to go to England for one sermon illustrates the new idea that is upon us in international exchange; next, Mr.Collier,(the writer of the letter) has the largest single Mission in the world, with 1700 meetings in the week, is a Methodist and the letter indicates the advance in Christian cooperation on the other side; and finally, the letter shows that the idea which one of the officers (xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx) of the little church here(the Bryn Mawr Church) expressed the other night that I would have difficulty in getting admission to the Church of England -- needs modification. Now try to think of me as not too vain for endurance- honestly I am sending you the letter just because of your own kind interest in me and your goodness to me in the little difficulty of last week. (I do not know to what he refers) I thought you might like to see just for once how the land actually lies. Yours very cordially."

Dr. Ross was deeply hurt by the criticism that came from a very few but influential people of the church and sent me the above to show what others thought of him. One can just see how he hesitates to show the letter to even as near a friend as he counted me to be.

the Woman's Hospital instead of Hahnemann.

It came to me to be chosen to represent the congregation at the meeting of Presbytery to take action on the resignation of Dr. Ross and I find my address ~~as~~ at that time:

"Mr. Moderator and Members of the Presbytery of Chester; In coburring with the request of the Pastor of the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church for the dissolution of his pastorate it is fitting that the Church records its genuine ~~sorrow~~ regret in its great loss and expresses its deep sorrow that such action seems best.

Coming from another land whose ecclesiastical procedure differs so widely from our own and with a point of view so ~~differs~~ much at variance with ours, Mr. G.A.Johnston Ross found unlooked for obstacles and petty hindrances in the work he has so earnestly striven to accomplish. Such obstacles and hindrences, single insignificant, when multiplied, formed burdens of care and limitation as grievous to be borne as they were unnecessary. No man who fears God, speaks the truth and regards not the face of man can escape criticism. Our Master found it bitter and unjust enough in his day nor is any conscientious follower of Him likely to fail to suffer from its sting. While this is true, it is but a minor incident of a pastorate whose blessings have been unspeakably precious to his people, a pastorate whose revelation of God and uplift toward Him cannot be reduced to a list of accessions of Church membership.

Form a long time Mr. Ross has felt called to the ministry of teaching those who are to be ministers of the Gospel and it is this calb that takes him from our Church. There is this consolation for us in his entering this new field, he will, we believe,

impart to his students much of his own wide knowledge of the Scriptures and to impress them with the Divine life as mediated in his teachings, and so, in some measure, to reproduce himself in those who sit at his feet.

Mr.Ross is a man with a message,a message essentially to men. The message is the old, old story, yet wonderfully new and quivering with Divine power. It is vital and sweet with spirituality; but it grips deep by its reasonableness. Can we wonder,then, that England, keenly slive to her loss, sends an urgent invitation to this man to travel across the sea to preach at least one sermon, if it cannot be more, and is glad to bear t he expense of the journey? So great is the value placed by those who know him longest and best, on his interpretation of God's word and his mediation of the Divine. It is impossible to recon what hhe loss of such a man will be to the Bryn Mawr Church,to this Presbytery and to our country.

Any attempt to state the many fine quahities or to express truthfully the praise that is justly due Mr. Ross would so distasteful and painful to him that it would be a real unkindness. But I cannot leave you ignorant, Brethren, of the wonderful sweetness and simplicity of the man, himself. He is always a man but always a Christian man; always a learned man but always a simple man; always forceful but always a gentleman, even under peculiarly trying circumstances. Christian kindliness and self control have always been evidenced to the full. No man preached more clearly how men ought to live nor lived more consistently the truths he preached.

You will not wonder then that The Bryn Mawr Church,as a body, is sorrowing deeply at the coming separation, sorrowing as only

mature men and women can. In the years to come we may read his books and so be taught ~~mx~~ by him. We may hear his voice, sometimes, and catch anew the inspiration of his message; we may even have him near us now and then and be glad in his happy, helpful friendship but we shall loose him as our pastor and the strengthing influence of his presence will be gone.

When a man takes you by the hand, thrilling you with his genuineness, and leads you upward until, at last, you come face to face with God, you cannot lightly say to such a man, ... farewell."

So Dr. Ross went to ~~Toronto~~ Montreal and I lost another dear friend, altho he came to preach for us at rare intervals and when, later he went to Union Theological Seminary in New York I visited him there and also called ~~mx~~ on him at Manasquan Park near Point Pleasant and then at West Long Branch where he preached during the summer and where we went to hear him preach. Once the whole Ross family came to spend the day with us at Lavallette. Follows with pg. 736-A & B

The death of Mrs. Ross was a great loss to him and it appeared more evident than ever that Mr. Johnson was right about Mrs. Ross being the balance wheel. After some time Mr. Ross became engaged to a younger woman in Bryn Mawr and wrote and asked me to see her and talk over some problems in religion that were troubling her, and of course I did so. I think that possibly she did not altogether wish to talk with me but we seemed to manage to make things clearer but after his marriage Mr. Ross for some reason I never could find out seemed to feel that I did not approve of it and his manner changed and we gradually drifted apart. He came to Bryn Mawr College almost every year to preach and altho we always invited him to stay with us ot take a meal~~x~~ with us he seemed distant and unlike his old self. He is still alive, living in Hawaii, and Bert never married his daughter

After the Ross family had gone to Canada I heard from my friend quite often for a long time and here are some portions of his letter that show how close was our friendship.

414 Maxtmank Clarke Ave. Westmount, Montreal. Sept. 29, 1911.

My very dear Friend, It is good to see your handwriting again. Forgive my trying the typewriter; it is just because I am desperately busy and I am trying to see if I can get through my writing any quicker withythis thing. But I fain would have you beside me so that without the difficulty of written communication we might freely "exchange souls". . . . . .

As to myself, old man,I can hardly trust myself to speak. Don't letthe misunderstanding spread that my going was the fault of the officers and is due to the fact that they did not fight hard enough to keep me. My going as you rightly say was entirely my doing. And indeed I do not see how the decision could have been different. . .

Byt, quite frankly the parting in the end was infinitely harder than last fall I could have dreamed of; and my family's attachment to the place,the people and the nation, stronger than I thought possible. Every soul in this house would go back tomorrow to Bryn Mawr with a cheer if the way were open in that direction. And further, since I have stood off from the whole story of my coming and put along with it the experiences I have had at Northfiel and Winona and with the students I cannot escape the conclusion that my life is again and finally to be at the service of the American people. But all that is dreaming. Meanwhile I am here. I was welcomed last night by a banquet of University men, the first public dinner I ever had given to me, and the experience was fitting to humble me. I am to be installed and to give a public inaugeral lecture next Tuesday. I can see a big field opening out and evidently it is not to be entirely in Canada for in the month of November I am to be in Pennsylvania twice and in Kentucky once. And all the time my heart is to an almost absurd extent in Bryn Mawr which I shall love when folks have forgotten my name. And it is all due to your genius as a people for distributing unmerited kindness and not merely gifts but love and love that lasts. I verily "thank my God on every remembrance of you." Dont then speak to the Session about my preaching just now. Unhappily there is no opportunity for that but that will come later. If you have not got a minister by spring I am going to threaten to apply for the place as 'locum tenens' for the season,as soon as I can get away from the College here in March!! Would 'nt it be fun ?

Remember me meanwhile to Mrs. Wilbur and all the jolly little buds. I hope Hilda(one of his daughters) is punctual in her letters to her little sweetheart. (Bert) She and her brothers are in public school now so you have won one convert to the system.

Yours ever and for a long while after that. G.A.Jhonston Ross.

Early in January, 1912 Dr.Ross wrote and explained his position in regard to any"contract"with the University. It seems that a meeting had been held at Mr. Conversés house to consider getting Mr. Ross to return and Mr. Pierce stated thatx Ross was under contract. "The facts about my present position are these: In Canada the theological Seminaries are directly controlled by the General Assembly of the Church. The instructors in these seminaries are fully ordained and installed mininsters of the Can.Presby.Church.

I was solemly installed on October 3 and I venture to enclose a copy of the addresses delivered on that occasion. Dont bother to read them! But you will see that a solemn setting apart of this kind makes a man feel that unless "conditions prove to be impossible" he ought to put in some good work and not lightly hop away from the service. I have felt the pressure of this idea. I feel under a moral obligation to put in, if possible, and at the lowest, two college sessions before I could entertain the idea of a change. That "moral obligation is all written on my mind and it is the only 'contract' I have heard of in connection with my work here. The Church (of Canada) would be much amused at the idea of any other kind of contract. . . . . I hope that you and your dear household are going to have in 1912 every sign of the love and care of our Father in Heaven. I was thinking the other night in bed of the astounding idea that there is a God who cares for us. I dont know who worked out that idea first of all, Who thought it first. Try it when going into town in the train to start the idea fresh in your mind. The marvel of it will dawn on you. Take John 3:16, "God so loved the world &c" Say it over and see if you take it in. I tried and tried and I cant grasp the idea. The whole sentance is a miracle. What else do we need? Its a religion in itself. For if " God loves the world" love is something we hardly begin to grasp. His love must have tremendous iron in it, the iron of a high purpose which He is determined to carry out though thousands get hurt by the way. "Increase ou faith" is a big prayer. May the faith of Jesus in your heart and home every day. God bless all the little "Chocolate Soldiers" I'm coming down for my buds sometime, Yours for ever & ever."

Presbyterian College, Montreal, 414 Clarke Ave. Westmont. Jan.31, 1912. My patient friend, You would need not only a large supply of the milk of human kindness but of the chocolate of forbearance in dealing with an elusive person like you British cousin, the undersigned. Here are the facts;--- (Shall I put my congratulation first? Yes but not in brackets.) My wife and I both rejoice with you with all our hearts in the new gift to you of this beautiful little daughter (Anna Dean). It is evedent that all is well with mother and child and for that we give God thanks with you. And we rejoice too that your children have come to you not at great intervals, because one day you will have round you a perfect phalanx of protectors and friends, when your boys and girls grow up almost simultaneously. God spare father and mother to the little army and keep harm far from that cosey home of yours, now snugly upholstered with chubby little living cushions, all round."

My friend then takes time to tell of his every move on a hurried trip to Philadelphia and Bryn Mawr, of a proposition to have him accept a professorship in B.M.College and preach to the neighborhood, which he refused as he feared it would hurt the Church and why he could not even call me on phone. and concludes: This is not a letter but ant explanation, a letter will follow. Life goes fast here and I have passed through some disturbing experiences. Let me write these short sentances; 1 I wishe Mr.Mutch and the congregation a happy and fruitful association and I shall help him all I can. Let us all try do do that. 2. I do thank you, dear friend, for all I have heard for all your loyal kindness to me and to the honor of my poor name. 3. I shall let you know as soon as I see what my movements are to be. Light is breaking. Love to every single member of your vast household and a specially tender messsage from us both to the happy mother. "

Note. San Diego. It is a long time since Iwrote any of this and I am still anxious to complete it. Having brought old letters and papers to do so with me and anticipation of having lots of time out here, which I have failed to find, I have at last gotten at it. It seems best to describe event as a series of pictures rather than in anything like history. Its sad enough any way but it seems to me that you children will want the whole picture. March 16, 1938.

It was somewhat before the resignation of Dr. Ross, just referred to, that Will became convinced of the wisdom of the committee system of manage-ment, at least in theory and announced it. Probably Hotchkins talked him into it and June 12. 1908, the following announcement was passed out.

To theemployees of H.O.Wilbur and Sons,

The present year will mark the close of a quarter century since this firm was established. Some of you have been identified with the business for the greater part of this period and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the firm's obligations to these faithful helpers.

But with the rapid growth of the business with which you are connected, the sense of personal ownership and responsibility has become dulled and there has been made manifest in the last few years a spirit of independence and seem indifference which may almost be called disloyalty; whether because of the multiplied activities of each individual or the mistaken feeling that the firm fails in appreciation, is perhaps not easy to determine. But that unworthy spirit is fostered by antagonism between heads of departments and a pronounced disregard of the authority of the manager. He realizes often that he failed to enlist your sympathies and that, although you will not admit it, some of you serve only for the wages you receive, entirely oblivious of the pecuniary and moral rewards which are sure to follow unselfish and loyal service.

Your manager does not mean to rebuke: his present object is to point out the symptoms and suggest a cure.

The position we now occupy in the manufacturing world is well recognized and our reputation as one of the leaders is generally acknowledged. It should be a matter of pride that H.O.Wilbur & Sons are called the high-class makers of chocolate - - the pioneers in giving the American public the best chocolate and cocoa ever produced by American workmen. And yet, herein lies our chief danger: we are prone to rest on our laurels, and when business reaches that state it has ceased to grow.

Let us, then, mark the end of our quarter century by resolving to throw more enthusiasm into our work, with more loyalty to the founders and to the one placed in single responsibility for all the measures incident to its conduct. If you don't like him personally try to think of him as a better friend of yours than you ever suspected.

give him your unswerving support. Be prompt in obeying his orders. Help the man or woman at the desk nextto yours to do better work than he or she could do with out your assistance. And if you choose to putthe matter on a purely selfish plane, remember the saying,"He that does only that for which he is paid, is never paid for anything more than he does."

None of us is essential to the welfare or the prosperity of this firm, but united effort and cheerful cooperation are absolutely essential tothe success of any large undertaking. Don't be a knocker and don't criticise'the boss'. Remember, if you can the anxious days and nights that have been his, while you draw your salary regularly and never fear the next market day. Cover his faults with the mantle of charity and don't forgetthat he is human like yourself, makes mistakes just like you do, but by his judgement you must succeed if he succeeds and that his failures cost him more than they can possibly cost you.

And in conclusion, your manager finds that the quarter century has brought him to the point where further division of responsibility is necessary. His physical condition calls for some relief from the strain of these long years of care. He cannot, even if he would leave you to carry on alone the continued upbuilding of this great business. And now that the financial skies look clearer and business conditions appear to be improving, if slowly, it is a fitting occas- to prepare the valedictory. To this end the following appointments are announced, as dating from Julylst and you are all urged for your own sakes to support to your utmost ability the department heads who now undertake to relieve yourmanager of the details,leaving him to act as"counsellor and friend."

Assistant Manager,with general supervision of all purchases, J.Archer Rulon.

Sales Managers, J.A.O'Bonnel Confectionary, Samuel A.Riebel, Grocery.

General Supt.in charge of the factory, B. K. Wilbur Main

Asst. Supt. L.H.Wilbur, in charge of No.5 Factory.

Sect. and Office Manager, W.E.Hotchkins.

Credit Man and Confidential Bookkeeper, John W.Scott.

Chief Mechanic, in charge of building and equipment. George Lennig.

Asst. Buyer, W.B.Pollock.

Messrs O'Donnell, Reible,Rulon, Hotchkins and Scott will meet regularly once weekly for discussions of matters of general interest to their departments. Their reports will be presented in writing to the General manager.

Messrs. B.K.Wilbur, L.H.Wilbur, Lennig and the foremen of the two factories will also meet once a week at which time the subjects of betterment and output will be discussed.

The Asst. Manar. Genl. Supt and Secretary will meet monthly at which time they will discuss with the General Manager the general conduct of the business.

with due appreciation of the support that has been given me and with the hope that the future may be bright for each one of you,
For the Firm, W.N.Wilbur.

Just how this announcement was made, whether it was duplicated and distributed or read to the office and some of the factory force I do not know but it was a most unusual announcement for W.N.Wilbur to make. While it seems clear to me now that it is a very pathetic in its revelation of a certain lonliness and disappointment in what he had achievedand a longing for a closer and kindlier attitude on the part of his associates, at the same time it is most remarkable in its humility and admission of the possibility of errors and mistakes. That it does not come out with whole hearted praise of what has been accomplished, of those who have been loyal and its admission of any physical disability is quite astonishing. The friction between department heads and disloyalty to the Manager must have been in the office for I am sure there was none in the factory to amount to anything and the factory men had great respect for W.N. and thought he was a fine man'always interested in the Boys.'

Of course I was not consulted before the announcement, W.N. did not often talk with me about anything and it was simply a case of take it or leave it and I fear, worded as it was, it did not arouse much enthusiasm of loyalty. Obviously, there were one or two impossible conditions. All foremen of both factories were to meet once a week. No.5 was six blocks away from the main factory and it was practically impossible for the foremen there to come to the main factory or the others to go there during working hours and other times were hardly fair to the men. But the plan offered many advantages on the whole and was the first step towards building up that organization that

could function smoothly in the Manager's absence. It also offered a method for training understudies in important positions, something badly needed. It was only natural that some men felt that they had not been treated fairly by the appointing men who had come into the business only a few years before over those who had served faithfully for years. Hotchkins was placed over Scott, As Superintendent I was placed over Steve who had been ~~sup~~Superintendent in practice if not in name for years and Rulon as Asst. Manager was nominally over me and everyone else except W.N. altho it is only fair to write that he never attempted to exercise that power over me, at least. Still the plan offered much for a better organization, giving each a chance to exercise his initiative and for the development of the younger men. The phrase, in the announcement " leaving him(W.N.) free to act as Counsellor and friend" was particularly attractive. That was just what so many of us wanted him to be and we entered into the plan with high hopes.

But, Alas! How often practice fails to follow theory! With a sense of importance and in all seriousness the committees came together as per plan. If discussions were somewhat ragged and rambling at first still reports were prepared, some containing suggestions or recommendations and sent to the Manager. It was not long, however, before those reports came back to the various chairmen blue-penciled, paragraphs cancelled by blue-pencil marks or with caustic destructive criticisms on them. W.N. did not take the time to dictate explanations or his objections much less call the committee together and talk it over and so develops all that was good in a suggestion. The natural result was that after a few of such results of their suggestions and the harsh criticism, antagonism was aroused and the men kept still rather than to be jumped on without cause.

The meetings of Bulon, Hotchkins and myself scheduled monthly to discuss the general conduct of the business soon resolved themselves into critisms by the Manager of everybody and everything, sarcastic comments on the silly reports and recommendations of the committees and ~~and~~ the oft repeated assertion that he could'nt get anybody that had any ideas or that was worth anything. That sort of thing was not condusive to constructive improvement and soon developed ill feeling and a general attitude of "what's the use?" As I remember, the ~~a~~ committee soon ceased to function even in theory and the others did'nt amount to anything. The whole system broke down while W.N. complained that we had our chance and we could not do anything, had no ideas worth anything and yet we criticised the management.

It ~~x~~ was not that Will did not sincerely desire to do just what he outlined in his announcement or that he did not long for help and a sincere devotion but he could not yield any part of the authority he had held so long and was not able to work with his juniors on any such basis. Beside that I fear there were drains on his nervous system that we did not realize. It was truly pathetic because he had the most astonishing power to enthuse his men almost to the point of fanaticism as will be shown later and yet by his irregular moods and frequent periods of really ugly and mean comments and scoldings all such enthusiasm was quickly lost and came to worse than nothing. Then, too men lost hope in the possibility of any change when the elaborate plan for committees ~~x~~ proved such a failure. Only the appointments made in that plan remained. Perhaps the committees met from time to time but nothing was gained by it and before long we were just about where we were before the plan was announced. And yet, he might have been a Counsellor and friend. it seemed impossible for him to work that way and, naturally, years of repression do not

develop men or make them anything but routineists. [final line on p. 741 cut off by scan]

I have written thus fully about my brother Will, not so much in the spirit of criticism as in an effort to show what conditions really were. Will wanted to be what that announcement stated he wished to be, but it seemed utterly impossible for him to actually make his theory a fact.

In 1909 Father was 'doing the Fiords' and he and Mrs. W had reached North Cape and wrote us about it.

"Have had a very pleasant and successful time, realizing what the 'land of the midnight sun' means. For we saw it and realize what it means when people say 'it does not get dark for several months.' The night before we reached Diggermullen, when on the sound or ocean, near latitude 69 was our last chance to see the sun near midnight. At ten thirty it was bright and dazzling as seen over the far distant mountains, low down. Wife and I went to our stateroom and found the sun shining directly into it, and so bright that I proposed we try the camera. We took each other's photo there and then, or rather snapped the shutter as we could see each other plainly in the finder, as plainly as tho we were out doors in day time. Then we watched the glorious orb decline behind the mountain tops in various phases, too beautiful to be described.

On Sunday there was no service, nor has there been altho there is a young Presbyterian Clergyman aboard. He has tried to have some sort of Sunday observance but tells me it is against the Company's rules. Nor is there a Bible or hymn book. Better send a Missionary to Hamburg I think. (The ship was the Bleucher, Hamburg American Line). We are now sailing thru different fiords to Gudvangen, a little village at the end of a long fiord that extends far into the interior. It is all wonderfully beautiful. Expect to be at Bergen tomorrow where it rains 367 days a year, they say."

Then follows some business [original text continued on p. 743]

In another letter written about the same time, July 1909, he wrote thisabout his wife; " My wife enjoys everything and does everything for my comfort and relief. Is becoming a good traveller and even in these foreign lands relieves me many times of unpleasant burdens such as tips, bargaining &c. So we are working and living happily together asking the dear Lord to lead us and bring us all closer together. We are not in the least homesick or tired of travel but would like to clasp all the dear ones in our arms and then start out anew." Fatherwrote interesting letters in a wonderfully clear, steady hand, without a waver in it. He was then 75 years old.

A young engineer, David Halsted had been engaged to lay out and install our electric drive thru the factory and we become very friendly as he was a pleasant fellow entirely free from big-head. One day as we were walking thru the roller room, he took a pinch of coating from the scraper of one of the machines. It was Prize Medal, one of our crack specialties but of a decided and at that stage rather rank flavor. " Halstead, how does that compare with Buds" I asked."Well - I don't see much difference." I was astonished for here was an unusally intelligent man and a student. If he could not see much difference why strain so hard after particular flavors and fine differentiations? There was to us in the business, all the difference in the world, as much difference as between strong coffee and mild tea.
Haldstead persuaded me to join a lunch club The Business and Profession Club who had a tiny club house on Camac St. that unique little alley where some ofthe oldest houses ofthe city still stand, all used for these little clubs for the houses were tiny themselves. The dues were small and it was an opportunity to meet some of the younger business men and Halstead urged what it would be a good thing for me to do so and he was right. AS the Club was near twelth

and Walnut I knew I could not go there for lunch very often. My noon did not permit me to be away so long but now and then I could go and as no meals were served at night as a rule it made a pleasant place to loaf until time for some meeting or until time to meet Anna when we went to some lecture or play together, occasionally. So I joined.

Once a month the Club held a business meeting and had dinner served and then a talk by some member or guest on their industry &c. After a time I was asked to tell about cocoa and chocolate. Very careful preparation was made, charts and diagrams and a creditable lecture was prepared, if I do say so myself. I read all I could get my hands on about the subject but the literature available was not very extensive., I found an article Will had prepared years before and he was interested and gave me points. My lecture had one bad fault and, by-the-way the MSS of that talk is on file at Lavallette, It was far too long and my audience lost interest and one man was mean enough to heckle but was promptly jumped on by the others. You always find some curs in every groups except Church people and once in a while even there, has been my experience. That talk was the first of a number quite a lot in fact, of lectures and talks I was called on to make and as time went on I gradually accumulated a fine lot of lantern slides to go with them. Some of the slides were from views I took in the West Indies on a trip I made there in 1910 and a few I even colored myself altho I never became expert in that art. A few were made form fine photoes I bought in Thinidad Is.,Pt. of Spain and were colored by professionals under my direction and were exceedingly fine. Much later on I prepared a series of slide and a lecture for Williams Brown & Earle, a fairly large Scientific Instrument supply house who had a large rental lantern-slide library. This was before the days of the movie and persisted for some time after

Will was planning to send Bulon to the West Indies on a so-called business trip, to see what the possibilities were for selling products there and in South America, the northern part of that continent. I was sore because Bulón had been chosen for I was most anxious to visit the tropics and to see cacao actually growing. The trip was planned on an English Line that was just entering that that class of tours altho running north from The Argentine for years. Anna and I talked it over, weighed the expense, considered my being away, far away, for there was no radio then and she could not go and leave the children. Of course, she was as sweetly unselfish as she always was and is and thought only of my pleasure and profit and made it easy for me to leave her alone. I hesitated to ask Will for leave of absence for so long a time but finally went at it and after some hesitation and the stipulation that I pay my own expenses, Bulón's Bulon's were paid by the Company, he agreed to it and we secured single rooms on the S.S"Avon" costing $360 each and a very reasonable price at that as it included meals and transportation for a month, and very nice accommodations.

So, on January 14, 1910, I find I wrote"Thefirst of the long letters I sent to Anna, in part as follows: The lastthings! Why do we not do the first. The absurdity of buying shoes and carrying a developing box in one's hands! (a developing box was a tight dark box arranged for transferring a film from a Kodak to a developing reel, as I remember. Nearly everyone developed their own films in one of these tanks or later on in a hollow metal cylinder.) And How the time flies, these last few days! Board minutes to be copied and signed, give power of atty; last letters; an important customer(I often had to entertain them at lunch or dinner) desk papers hustled [illegible] and I thought I was all finished yesterday! Snow all day long,

but the train brought us to New York in good time. From the hotel we walked a mile and a half in the snow to the dock. Looking for the Royal Mail Line we went astray not recognizing the Cunard as the dock they were using. And so we plowed around in the snow into the funniest little set of old wharves one could possibly imagine in New York or Rotterdam either, for that matter. (Neither Rulon who knew N.Y. pretty well nor I who did'nt know much about the docks knew what that quaint collectionx of old fashioned warehouse and docks could be.) 'Ring around a rosie' and nearly back again to our start-point, nearly until we found the "Avon" and a delight she is. Every officer seemed most anxious to please, even at that hour, 9.30 p.m. Rooms very comfortable, Trunks and bundles o.k. seats at table viewed and ship given the once over. She is splendid, big and broad and steady looking. True, the steamer, covered with snow which had drifted deep on her decks looked pretty cold but we view it all in the light of 40 degrees north latitude and congratulate ourselves on out good luck." "Jan.15. The morning found us almost snowed in. (Street cars were almost completely blocked) It seemed a little a doubtful if we could get a cab but found one at the door. On the quiet, it's a little doubtful if that cab was intended for us but the Porter did not seem to know so we took it. Rulon was very anxious lest we miss our ship tho we had lots of time and his face was drawn with anxiety when I came out of a drug store where ~~I~~ I stopped for a few more of those last minute purchases. But we need not to have hurried. Even the occasional stops caused by the unusual snow might have held us longer and still we would have had lots of time. We saw one horse-car with four horses attached and making little headway. The steamer was held for two or more hours waiting for passengers delayed by the

stormy and then had to leave about twenty behind whose trains were detained by snow somewhere to the west, altho the ship waited several hours beyond her scheduled sailing time. Just as we were moving out the Lusitania was nosed into the adjoining slip, a tremendous ship, but with upper works some bent and twisted by the storm she had just thru making her three days late. We expected fearful weather after passing Sandy Hook and it was roughm enough, but not as bad as I expected. I can't say I was entirely comfortable all the afternoon but a nap braoedme up and I was not really sick." "We retired early last night, the motion having visibly increased. During the night it grew much rougher and before long the the loose things began to go about and hunt soft spots in which to rest. There was considerable banging about and we rolled in our berths. The night did not proove particularly restful tho not uncomfortable on the whole. But, Hurrah! This morning a rough sea, a rolling ship, pitching and twisting but I am still able to sit up and in almost perfect comfort and enjoy my meals at regular intervals. It's simply great! and I fully expected to be so sick."

The trip was delightful, from beginning to end. We went to the Bermuda Islands, Porto Rico, Kingstown, Jamaica, a wonderful day there driving clear across the Island and back, see fg 747A to Colon and across the Isthmus, going down to the bottom of the Culebra Cut which was nearly completed and over to Panama City, by train of course, to Cartagena, of which I wrote in part, "Cartagena, the wonderful! The Facinating city, eons from modern life and horizons away from the cities of the States! New York ? Is there such a place? Are there trolly cars anywhere?

Our day has been facinating for this old Spanish city has been untouched by earthquake or fir or tidal wave . Three hundred years have passed over it and, seemingly passed it by. Three times it was

Note.It seems to me that this drive across Jamica is of such interest that it ought to be recorded.

"Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I. Jan.23, 1910. Another long day; long only in the hours of enjoyment. A day so full of new sights and new words that it seems, as I look back on it, as tho ages would scarcely be enough to tell about it.

At 6.30, just beforesunrise, we were entering the channel and both Bulon and I liked to be on deck when we were entering a harbor. There is even a greater charm in the early morning in the tropics than when farther north, Low lying islands toward the Carribean,the palisadoes, separating the Bay proper from the outer channel; two wrecks of large steamers on the beach give evidence of the hazards of the narrow coral-girt passage. A beautiful dawn gladdened our entrance into the inner harbor as we passed Port Royal Point. (An old white woolly haired darkey policeman at Kingston, pronounced it "Portrile" all in one mouthful.) Port Royal, now a very complete and peaceful quarantine station, but once,the home of Morgan and the buccaneers and pirates no end, the richest and the wickedest city of the world! What memories of wild revels haunt that narrow strip of land! Much of the old city including His Majesty's biggist cannon havesunk below the waters of the Bay, where some of the buildings may still be seen. But earth quakes.tidal waves and fire have blotted out nearly all of the old city and one can hardly believe that so large a town with all its 'pieces of eight' its costly stuffs and wild men and wilder pleasures were once really there.

A winding channel brings us to Kingston, some five miles after passing Port Royal. It was a city of low houses, ruins and trees as viewed from our decks. Indeed, little of the city can be seen from the

steamer because the buildings are so largely bowered in trees.

After breakfast, at seven, we hire a carriage, with a bright faced mulatto driver, two small lean horses and a two seated phaeton open all around. We had planned to present a letter of introduction to some business man but decided it was too early and so we go on to the botanic gardens at Castleton, 19 miles away and about the center of the Island. There were no cocoa estates near but were told that there was an acre under cultivation there. As we drove thru the city there were evidences of the severe earthquake of 1907, Jan.16th. New buildings amid the ruins of old ones, cracked houses with their front walls fallen, the rooms plainly seen. Many weird scenes in the native quarter and the villas or 'pens' as they call them, some most beautiful with trees, flowering shrubs and cacti, all new and strange. The mango is everywhere and cocoanut palms seem to grow wild, and are loaded with fruit. Our driver is most polite,his language is English but with a dialect and odd expressions is a little hard to understand tho his frequent, 'Beg padon, Suh, Yes, Suh, the breadfruit tree, Suh' give a pleasant sense of freiendliness. Trees with many thin dry pods hanging down in clusters and their constant rustle and clatter attracts our attention. "O, that tree Suh. That's called 'woman's tongue'. Its never still, Suh." We have a good laugh/

On past Constant Springs Hotel, an attractive place, 6 miles from the city on a fine hard road with a trolley line at one side. Soon we are in the open country and pass native Jamaicans, negros many with burdens on their heads, which are often tied up in gay colored kerchiefs. Milkmaids with bucket on their heads and measure in their hands; baskets of fruit,yams,bread and all sorts of stuff,

yet not so many for it is Sunday and, like a good English city, Kingston is closed tight.

Farther on and up, for we are gradually ascending, we see bamboos, most graceful and festhery and growing in clumps,mangoes, breadfruit, woman's tongue, a royal palm or two, akees, with bright red plumb-like fruit, and black-eyed Susans and ferns just like those at home , and hosts of other flowers, less noticable, line the roadside. Already we are 600 feet above the sea and now really begin to climb. There are sharp turns in the road and our driver sounds a two-tone bell as a warning, sweet toned and very musical. It was well he did as the roads, while smooth were rather narrow and the teams coming down hill were going at a good clip, but their bells also giving warning. There were not many of them. The mountain we were ascending did not look tropical a little bit. That is not our ideas ofthe tropics. Instead of angled foliage there were large areas quite bare of trees but always covered with grasses and low shrubs and everywhere, the palms. Were it not forthese we would forget we were in the tropics and easily believe were travelling thru NEW ENGLAND. Here and there a hillside would be so absolutely like the North that I muct turn my head to catch a glimpse of a banana or a palm before I could realize we ~~were~~ in the tropics. This, I think, is the greatest surprise I have had; these north hillsides of Jamaica, almost on the shores of the Carribean! Nowhere have I seen this mentioned in the books and yet it is the oddest thing I have seen here. To us, Porto Rico appears far more tropical than Jamaica, at least, the southern side of the island ~~a~~ does. A boulder strewn stream and gravel banks is just like a hundred little rivers I have seen in Canada and Maine, in Massachusetts and in Alaska, too!

Up, up we go, passing, now, a Mission Church with well kept buildings and tropical plants and a bright green lawn. Native huts made of wattle and covered with clay, often white washed and with thatched roof are here and there, often high up on the hill sides, in little clearings. A few bahanas areclose by and,of course, the cocoa palms and little patches of truck. They stand in strong contrast to the fearful,mud surrounded hovels of Porto Rico. These Jamaicans are surely very poor but I hardly saw a dirty man, woman or child all day and there were no naked children. We saw a score of them in P.R. These people, generally,responded to our good morning with a smile and a "Mornin, Suh" or "Mornin, Marster! The children always looked strong and healthy and many had exceedingly bright faces, the girls, in spotless white, on their way to Sunday School, no doubt. The air is cool and balmy as the middle of May and actually spicy and,- - Oh! but it's good to be alive!

I had read a lot about the cacao and was most keen to see it growing but there were no plantations on the south side, our driver said but there was a 'cocoa-chocolate tree' near the road a little way on and I could hardly wait until we reached it. "Here it am, Suh." "Where?" "Up dere,Suh", pointing up a low bank. I hastily scrambled up and looked over. A few feet away stook a measley little trees only about three feet high and looking like a sickly little peach tree On it was a half withered pod that I recognized resembled a half grown cocoa pod. Was that really cacao? If it was no wonder we got such poor cocoa from Jamaica, at times. I was awfully disappointed, especially as the driver seemed to think this was a fair specimen.

Almost before we knew it we were at the Castleton Gardens.It

11 a.m. and we were quite ready to eat, the main point of interest in the lunch was was cut bananas, oranges and grated fresh cocoanut that was simply delicious. The gardens were beautiful and interesting but the cacao trees very poor, and we felt our trip as far as cacao was concerned had been largely in vain. But our driver said there was an estate of a thousand acres ten miles beyond, and lots of 'cocoa chocolate trees' and as it was only a little after noon we made a bargin with him and off we went. I shall always be thankful to that pleasant colored man for, withoutt hat added ten miles my ideas of Jamaica would have been so very, very different.

There was a light rain but it did not interfere much with our comfort and being down hill we clipped along, merily. The scenery soom became much wilder as we followed a river gorge and the foliage more dense and profuse. High up on the hillsides we could see little patches of 'produce' as they call garden stuff here, when an opening in the trees gave us a more distant view. As we stop to enquire the way the language the driver talks to some colored man is entirely unintelligable to us tho the call it English. The voices, however, are soft and the intonation, courteous while 'Suh' occurs frequently. These country people evidently regarding the city man with respect.

Before long we begin to pass cacao trees that look healthy and well fruited. A group of rather imposing buildings across a small river appear as we learn it is part of the Pringle estate to which we are going. The River, about thirty yards wide looks muddy and swollen but the driver put his horses in without any question. It looks risky to us but we think he knows more a bout the country than we do a misplaced confidence as we are soon to learn. Deeper and deeper grows the water as we slowly advance. Soon it reaches their shoulders and then covers the floor of the carriage but the driver never

says a word as he puts his feet on the dash board but presses on. Indeed, it's a question if he could do anything else for it is quite impossible to turn around. Now the water rises almost to the seats and we scramble to the top of the backs of them as the muddy current literally rushes and swirls thru the carriage itself and every moment it seems we must turn over. The floor mats float away and we cling to the top as I hold my camera high above the water. Every Moment it seems we must see the horses swept away and the carriage sink. Just as the crisis seems inevitable the water shallows and dripping we reach the shore and again begin to breathe.

A beautiful avenue of coco palms leads to t he buildings and we pass some East India coolies in turbans and bare legs, most picturesque. Like many houses here, the trim bungalow we are approaching is built of stone below and frame above. The family lives on the upper floors and the servants below, the donkey and pigs and chickens too, in the poorer ones. One of the always delightful memories of that day will be the view from the piazza of that house. The sea blue and green lay far beyond with the river windind betwe between abrupt hills while native houses bowered in cocca trees, banana and palms made a foreground of interest and beauty.

We roused the suptrintendent and foreman from their afternoon siestas and after a rather frigid reception they grew quite cordial but is was impossible to see the process of handling the cacao as it was Sunday and after a half hour they sent a boy to show us a shallow ford and we crossed without difficulty. Giving our guide a shilling we drive on thru the cocoa trees. They seemed smaller than I expected but were full of pods, growing from the larger branches and many from the trunk itself, brilliant in their many

colors. Some were red, others olive green or dark green, green banded with red, brown and orange yellow. Confession being good for the soul, I must confess that soon after our guide left us I slipped into the grove and took two or three of the pods, which might have been forgiven but in doing so I stripped off some of the bark leaving a wound that could be easily infected and the trees being subject to disease, that could never be forgiven!

Time was pressing for we had a thirty mile drive before us and the ponies were tired as they had good reason to be. We had to let them walk up the long hill back to Castleton, butit is all very interesting. Being thirsty, we pause at a native hut to get and old wooly headed darky to climb a palm for a water-coconut. His wife stood in her doorway and steadily and fiercely berated us our driver, we could not understand her, in one steady stream violent language while the old man never said a word at anytime. As far as we could gather from our driver, who seemed to be too ashamed to talk about it she was mad bedausewe ask so old a man to climb the tree, tho of course we paid him and he went up like a monkey and with not apparent effort. As long as we could hear the 'lady was still raving. There was about a quart of sweetish but cool and refreshing fluid in each nut. Our driver seemed to empty his in one long gulp while we had to labor considerably to drink all of ours. Five coconuts cost a shilling, right from the tree. On a littlefurther we buy a 'jack-fruit' by the roadside. It grows on trees, right from the trunk and is large as a good sized watermelon and peculiarly and pleasantly scented, and has a rough knobby skin. Later we found that the Steward would not put it in the ice-chest because of the smell so I kept it in my room until every body on that side of the ship kicked about the odor. Age did not improve its fragrance altho it greatly increased its strength! We found the pulp to be very tough and stringy and sweet but not very pleasant and most of it went out of the port hole amid the rejoicing of my fellow passengers.

The moon rose before we reached Constant Springs Hotel where we stopped for dinner which was very good ending with half a large paw-paw, ice cold and covered with a sprinkling of the small bag-like seeds which are tender little sacks and give an aromatic tang to the rather flat pulp. The hotel thoroughly English, seemed rather spoiled by the wealthy, American tourists, no doubt. The horses seem to know they are not far from home and trot along with little urging. Sixty miles in one day is no mean trip, especially for so small animals. And so we reach the steamer, tired but so happy. We had hoped to get back in time for church but would not push our faithful horses. The day is ended but it shall live for years to come as a rich, full day, happy and crowded with interest, satisfaction and joy. (And that prophecy is true for now, 28 years after, it is all vivid in my memory.)

sacked by Rawleigh and twice by Morgan, Its forts, massive but ruined and its walls still apparently perfect give witness of the stormy days long past. The city, itself, though teeming with life has been desicated by the tropic sun and stands today, a wonderland of a facinating age. How shall I describe it? ~~[illegible]~~ Its narrow streets are bordered with plastered houses of many colors; balconies everywhere; windows barred with wood or iron and without any glass; arched courts opening into fowered and palmed central areas; huge cathedrals holding, hereand there the skeletons of patron saints, in glass coffins, the fading vestments overlying the mouldering bones and strange, often unfriendly faces by scores, peering ~~fr~~ thru the lattices oft' he houses. This is Cartagena yet electrically lighted.

Rulon could not sleep because of the heat and we were up early. He went on dack about four and I joined him about an hour later, just as the dawn began to break. We headed in toward a narrow opening guarded by and old Spanish fort on either side. Passing very near the shore we saw how ruined theforts were and ~~and~~ soon passed a large village of plasered houses, some white washed and all with thatched roofs while coconut palms waved above them. A monastery, high in air on a mountain peak was touched by the sun and the ~~the~~ city came into view, its tiles, domes, towers, ruins, forts and city walls, and with the increasing light, its many colored plaster. It just made one ache to see it all and it was a mile away.

after breakfast a little train with a littler engine took us along the long breakwater with its wharf at the end, to the city where we hired a carriage whose driver answered a hearty "yes" when we ask- if he spoke English. He spoke it about as well as I speak Spanish!

Off we go thru crooked streets, already blazing with heat and it is only 8.45 in the morning. Thru the great walls, past plazas and the endless rows of balconies to the sea walls where we see the cells for political prisoners now used for dwellings for poor families, a cell to a family but naked babies no end. Then to the bull-ring, a miserable flimsy affair of wood; out along the Bay to a white mausoleum of a former President whose sculptured form in marble, rests on top of a white sargophagus.

And so back to the city and around that square again. On the third trip I seize the guide-card(Sapenish-English sentences) and shout Spanish to the driver, who, wonder of wonders, gets a new idea and we are off in a new direction. Out over a bridge, past villas, haciendas I should say, where senioritas smile behind barred windows. Note. That was quite a contrast to our experience when we past them in 1938 and received only scowls or were hautily ignored. Too many of the wrong kind of tourists, I suppose) On to the cemetery whose awful tombs and neglected crypts made one feel the horror of death. From an open crypt a rotting coffin is pulled by a darky boy, the lid lifted revealing the skeleton within, gone, forgotten abandoned.

On past the old fort or ancient citadel whose caverns, we are told connect with the cathedral by long tunnels running thru the quicksands and under an arm of the sea itself. (Mother went into those dungeons, now electrically lighted, on our 1938 trip but not the tunnel, if it ever existed) We climb the belfrey of one of the largest cathedrals, high in the air. Bells so old hang about us they look as tho they might have been rung on the first Christmas day. No city is seen from here, no streets, just a mass of old tiles but the white

surf on the distant shores, the long reefs againstthe blue sky make a picture well worth the climb tont thebelfrey.

weenterthe Palace ofthe Inquisition, a private dwelling now whose owner kindly takes us thru a part of it. He keeps a general merchandise storeand speaks English brokenly. We see the old court room, now his parlor, the old trial chamber where a scorpion makes a dash at my foot, shearing off, however, just as I prepare to split the roof with a yell. The instruments of torture were all thrown away except a spiked bed-stead which was heated red hot and the victim kindly allowed to reposethereon. This is now used as a grating in one ofthe cathedral windows but we did not see it. (Neither was it pointed out when we visited this same place in k&A 1937,tho we saw some of/he cells at that time. They do not seem to feature the torture of/he Protestants to tourists, at least. The altars are most elaborate in all the churches but horrid in their evident idolatry. Most of the churches are poor, dirty but much better than the great cathedral in Panama.

An so we journey to "The American Hotel" for lunch but always ~~khrx~~ thru those facinating streets with their untold possibilities. At hotel we found our hostess was a New York woman, very courteous,who asked us if we wanted BREAKFAST? As it was then noon we were looking for lunch but thought breakfast would do and so we tried it on. Soup, fish, tomato omelet, a salad of herbs, some lettuce and much/ onion and a meat course which we did not eat having just come past the meat stalls in the market! For dessert, paw-paw and oranges. We did not try all of these foods but what we had seemed wholesom and not very different from home cooking. The table was neat and clean but dining room bein on the second floor,overlooked the center court which wasdisordely and none to clean and the potted plants about

the bedrooms opening on an outside gallery that ran all the way around the court. They seemed bare but clean.

As we returned toward the steamer I bought a very fine Panama hat for $1100, Columbian. It is quite the envy of the people on board who have seen it and certainly will be worth very much more than that in the States. Then as we walked down the streets, shopping here and there I purchased a serape for ~~XXX~~ $100 and an odd gold chain for $1000 some postage stamps and a present fro Harry for $200! I now realized that I had spent the enormous sum of $2300 and began to feel very poor indeed. Beside this Rulon had paid $375 for carriage hire and $100 a piece for breakfast! We therefore felt we must return to the steamer at once before we were entirely ruined. Beside that, the sun was excessively hot. I don't knowwhere the mercury stood but it must have been over a hundred.

We found the ship surrounded by vendors of all kinds. On the wharf on one side and with bum-boats on the other there were corals sponges, melons, cocoanuts, pawpaws, parrots, little birds like Java sparrows. larger birds of bright plumage and a monkey sitting on the shoulders of a tall man that looked like an Indian. I do not know how many parrots were bought but quite a lot and the monkey came abourd just before we sailed. I refrained from all livestock.

A launch took us for a spin about the harbor after our return and we sailed about 4, leaving Cartagena with regret. An hour later we passed it again altho at some distance.

Years ago the Spaniards blocked up the main entrance to the bay to keep the pirates out and it was thru this gap in the heavy forest shore that we could see the city. This blocking of the main channel by sinking old hulks in it necessitates a long sail down the narrow

bay to a much more easily defended entrance, not much more than a s ship's length wide. And so it was just at sunset we saw the old city a mile or two away. A rainbow spanned the Bay with its beautiful arch and as shaft after shaft of sunlight broke thru the clouds of the west, towers and domes, roofs and walls were, one after the other, caught up and placed in shining relief againstthe dark clouds. Last of all the white monastery on the mountain top shown clear and bright in the now distant view.

Farewell, dream city. "e pass our hand across our eyes then gaze astonished at this great modern ship and then, back at the misty horizon. Three hundred years roll away and as one hardly awake we face the bow and - - - Thinidad."

It is a temptation to write more of that trip but the journal letters are all together, the ink unfaded and clear and ready for any to read them if they care to. The trip still lingers in my mind as a delightful and enriching memory.

It was March when I got home from that trip and as the ship passed north along the Jersey coast I could make out a large yellow patch on the Beach at Lavallette which I knew must be our cottage tho we were too far off shore to make out details. Imagine if you possibly can my joy in being home again and having my own dear wife in my arms again and the dear children about me.

Things had progressed well atthe cottage and as Anna expected a baby in June I had to select the furniture for the cottage. I bought it all atthe large furniture and supply house in Camden near the railroad station there and so saved freight and handling. So dear Anna never saw it until we moved in and when she was pleased with my selection I was most happy.

including curtain and the small rugs

The books I had about chocolate and cocoa , principally, Zipperer, which had now appeared in an Ehglish translation, and Whymper, and English work, which I suspected had been fostered and promoted by Joseph Baker, and English firm of machine makers and rivals of the German firm, all stressed the use of the microscope in examining both chocolate and cocoa as well as the beans. So I brought my old scope to the office and started to investigate. Harry Walton, a middle aged man had been brought in as an office man in the manufacturing office and we soon became good friends. He was capable, well educated, had had business experience and was faithful and loyal, altho I was considerably his junior. We worked together for many years and I liked him and to an extent confided in him as we grew to know each other better.

Will was on one of his annual trips to Europe so I felt free to use the time necessary for this work which I felt was necessary but Father could not see the sense in it and thought is was a waste of time. However, Father's criticism was very different from Will's and was more in the line of making fun of it. Of course, if he had objected seriously I would have stopped at once. When Will was away Father paid a good deal more attention to what was going on.

So Walton and I spent an hour or two each day preparing and slicing cocoa beans and shells and making mounts, examing various cocoa powders and other preparations, competitors as well as our own learn- a lot about it. Walton took to the work like an old hand and I thoxr - oughly enjoyed it. Before long we spotted positive evidence of the of shells being used as an adulterant in a competitors liquor and a competitor of whom nothing of that kind seemed possible. Yet there it was. I had micro- photographs made of some of the slides which were very fine indeed and hung in my office for a long time. Later they

taken to lavallette where they are at present.

The scope showed very clearly the difference in the fineness of the sugar in the different kinds of coating and after Will returned I suggested that we get out a booklet showing the superiority of our coatings in this respect. As usual he scoffed at the idea a t first but later thought it would be a good thing and a little booklet was prepared with pictures of the micro- photoes which showed t his difference and sent to the trade and given to the salesmen. Then Will sent me to one of our big customers in Springfield, Mass. with my scope and slides to show them how fine our coating was ground and especially the coating they were buying from us. I had worked out a simple method by which a slide could be quickly made while t he customer looked on so that his own coating could be used and not some special coating we had made for the purpose. Those Springfield people were mighty fine people and very courteous but I must confess did not seem greatly impressed by the demonstration. However, One of our best salesmen, George Butler, thought it was a fine idea and wanted a scope so he could show them up, For some years he carried a compact outfit with him and used it.

We had bought the old Eagle Hotel that was next to our factory and in 1910 built one of the first reinforced concrete factories in the city. on that property. There was nothing particularly distinctive about the old hotel which dated back almost to colonial times but had long out lived its usefulness altho still run as a cheap hotel. Sheet cork was laid in the concrete floors to insulate part of them so that they could be kept cool, rather an innovation, and the entire second floor was covered with imported German tile, More of Weygandt's influence. It cost over $2500 but was the only floor that would stand

hard trucking and the effects of the oil in chocolate. Not that our floors were dirty or smeared with chocolate. To the contrary, a State factory inspector, not looking for a hand out either, said one could eat his dinner from our floors and we were often complimented on the cleanliness of the plant. It wassort of an obsession with me, perhaps the result of my surgical days. But when the product looks like mud and acts much like it it's hard to keep bits from falling from trucks and trays when tons of it are handled each day. Cement went to peices in no time and even American tiles did not last very long.

Father had been to Long Beach, California, in the Spring of that year and had received an unsatidfactory report of the business from Hotchkins. To this he replied" April 23, 1910, The falling off in sales of coatings, cocoa and liquors reflects on someone and should be remedied. I shall free my mind when I get home again. . . . This is a beautiful day with delicious breezes from old ocean. How I wish you were here to enjoy them. We came here to get away from hot weather 99 in Los Angeles in the shade yesterday and yet it is only 21 miles away. . . . There will be or has been sent for each of my three children a box of delicious oranges, selected and packed in his own grove by Sam Richard's cousin. . . . We long to see our dear ones again. May God bless and keep you and yours and may it be ours to meet soon in peace, health and happiness. My little wife joins me in love to all."

Air planes had begun to fly a bit, tho that was some years later, and Grover Bergdol, son af a wealthy brewer had one of the earlier ones which he kept in a hanger in a flat pasture at Eagle, five or six miles from home. Flying over Bryn Mawr College was a favorite stunt, especially on Saturdays afternoons and often the boys would call us

and we would all pile into the car and hurry over to Eagle to see him come down. Anxiously we watched the skies as we drove along lest we should be too late or to try to judge whether the wonderful bird-man would fly away somewhere else and not return until it suited him. Always the paper, next day would tell about his flight, where he went and how long he was in the air, tho never were the flights very long Ogontz or about that distance being about the limitx. One Saturday afternoon, I would not have been there any other day except some holiday, the air-man was taking people up for just short flights, apparently for the fun of it and certainly not for pay as the family were immensely wealthy. I wanted to ask him to take me but looked at our boys and my beloved wife and forebore. As I remember Bergdoll never had an accident, certainly nothing serious.

Grover Bergdoll, was a heavy, young man about 21, I'd guess, dark hair and a small moustache, as I remember him. He seemed good natured and easygoing, talking freely to the people in the small crowd that xxxx gathered in the cow pasture he used as a flying feild. His biplane had no fusilage but a skeleton frame projecting to the rear supporting the rudder and nothing in front of the wings. I think these wings were about 25 ft. from tip to tip and the aviator sat on a little chair on the lower wing with his feet in a sort of open rest below xxx the wing and nothing but air between them and the earth. Another chair was beside him for one passenger whose feet also hung over the front edge of the wing while a small motor, possibly two, rested on the top wing facing aft. The whole machine rested on metal skids and seemed to come to earth at furious speed and bounced horribly before it finally came to rest altho it did not have a very long runway. It was all very wonderful and perhaps the most wonderful thing xxx of all was to be able to sit there and look down between one's knees and see nothing

but air between you and the ground, so far away. Nothing but your feet and every minute you want to pull them up and tuck them away in comparitive safety on the wing. I never experienced it but surely one must feel like that on the first ride. It was that same Grover Bergdoll that dodged the draft early in the Great War. That is, he was drafted and failed to report for duty. He disappeared and fled from place to place followed by Government agents here and there until he finally got on a steamer and fled to his relatives in Germany. Many efforts were made by his relatives here to have him pardoned but without avail and I guess he's in Germany still.

Gasoline was cheap enough in those days, about 7 to 8¢ a gallon and no¢ tax but by buying in barrels we could save 2¢ or more a gal. A considerable business in making and selling gasoline tanks to small consumers had sprung up and I put one in at Rosemont. Actual barrels were delivered and it was no small bother to syphon the stuff into the tank. More than one swallow of the nasty stuff I took down before I could stop the flow and it kept erupting for hours afterward to my great disgust.

I had emptied two barrels on afternoon and gone into the house to rest when Anna called that something was wrong with Harry who was staggering about the back yard. I ran back to the back porch just in time to see him stooping over a barrel inhaling the fumes from the bung-hole. Dashing out and gathering him into my arms and gave him a good strapping and put him to bed. Fortunately, no bad effects followed but I do not recommend that treatment for future cases.

The auto was standing by the front door. We did not call them 'cars' and no one was about altho Ann was playing in the yard. There was a shout and as I looked out the window I saw the car across the

in front of Forstall's house, its front wheels in the gutter and the radiator against a tree. No one was in sight tho some of the boys were calling. Hurrying out I found no damage was done except to the radiator but the hand brake was off, applied by a lever outside the car, and it was soon back in the yard. I knew I had left that lever on and as deep latch held it it could hardly have come out by itself. It developed, that Ann thought it would be fun to play starting it and running it, tho she had no idea of actually doing so., Pulling this lever and that button she had unlatched the brake and the drive sloping toward the street had off she had gone, across the road and plunk into the tree. Later on a small girl, not much bigger than the auto tire she was rolling around and around the drive way, could be seen, terribly tired and hot but determined not to beg or whimper if it killed her. After Anna had asked how long I was going to keep Ann at it, a time or two I relemted. I don't think any of the children ever touched a lever in the car after that without permission.

One time Mother, my mother, took us all to Pepperell for most of the summer renting a house there. We drove about the country, had picnics and attended a Chapman Reunion. Anna and I took views of the places connected with Mother's early life and later made an album of them for her Christmas present. and One Sunday evening I told about our life In Sitka at the Church service, held in the large Sunday School room down stairs which was called the 'Vestry'.

In later years I made two sad journeys to Pepperell to attend the funerals of Aunt Adelia and Aunt Kate settle up what little they left. Aunt Kate, the invalid, outlived all her family except Uncle Will Lawrence who lived In San Diego, Calif.

Jamaica had so fatinated me on that West India trip that I longed to have dear Anna see it too. I not only longed, but schemed and planned to take her there. The plan seemed quite impossible for we did not just leave our children with servants and hike here and there. Nor did we have money to spend so freely. But somehow it was arranged. I got leave of absence from the business, tho Father grumbled a bit in his half jokeing way, that I seemed to leave my work more easily than anyone he ever knew and Will said in that half sarcastic, half jokeing way of his, " We'll try to struggle along while you are away". As a matter of fact, it was a big favor I was asking, a momth's absence, with pay but the business was a purely a family affair and no one objected if Will did not. Dear Aunt Elizabeth Dean agreed to come and look after the children and the house. We did not quite like to leave them with our mother's helper, Mrs. Parkhurst, competant as she was. The devotion of these women, andespecially Aunt E. who had the authority, can be realized when hardly had our ship passed the Delaware Capes before one of the seven small fry came down with the measles and probably six more cases before them. Altho they could have cabled us when we landed and had instructions to do so and we could have taken the same boat back and would have done so, they sent some evasive message and we had our months fun in sweet assurance that all was well at home. I think that comes pretty near to being a heroic service of love. Had they given us any inkling of the true conditions at Rosemont we would have returned by first boat and been greatly worried all the way. But we knew nothing about it until we returned as planned and by that time the children were all well.

We have a journal of our trip exceptthe last few days, when we seem to have been too busy to write it, and I have one ofthose uncomfortable feelings as I remember how I resolved to finish it just as soon as we got home, and never have. But those other days are clear in my memory and I'll tell something about them in this story, but it would be boresome to copy the entire journal which was written by both Mother and me. A day or two, here and there will be interesting.

Feb.16, 1911. S.S.Admiral Dewey, United Fruit CO. sailing from Philadelphia. This is a little craft, about 2500 tons, I believe but was one ofthe crack ships ofthe company, sailing from New York some years ago but now succeeded by boats twice its size. We could have taken one of them but the fare was higher besidethe extra expense of getting to and from N.Y. anf the trip was a little shorter this way andwe felt we would be free from the conventions of a larger ship. We were.

" No matter how much one tries to be ready or how long in advance of departure one tries to do the 'lastthings', thefinal rush seems to be inevitableexceptto a few placid souls like my dear companion on this journey. She seemed to be ready without strain or trouble in ample time even tho a slight illness the last day or two was an added burden. To me therewas the last rush. It was difficult to anticipate the factory demands for a month ahead and the constant readjustment of ideas when one must plan for very, very hot weather while surrounded by snow and icicles is an unusual and rather difficult mental exercise. But after three or four long evenings and a Saturday afternoon we are ready. All telephone calls atthe last moment prove harmless and not causes to stay home and we are away, Helena going with us to the pier. With little fus or ceremony our little ship backs out into the ice strewn river, Helena, almost alone in the big deckof the ware-

looking very small and lonely. A cold grey day does not entirely dampen our enthusiasm but the river does not move very attractive except in its freedom from sea sickness! "

Three long tables with those rotating chairs firmly fixed to the floor almost fill a roomy dining hall, one deck down. There are ony four other passengers, all men and with the Captain Chief Engineer and Chief Officer and ourselves gathered at the head of one of the tabes the big room seems hardly festive. As there are so few of us each one must be agreeable and we begin to get acquainted. Anna, being the only woman aboard is placed at the Captain's right, theseat of honor. Capt. O'Niel is hardly what you could call a polished gentlemen, nor a ready conversationalist tho agreeable enough. Mr.Carlson, the Mate, seemed to be a much better type, but so sad looking and seemingly so trodden on by O'Niel that we always felt sorry for him. The passengers were agreeable, a young doctor,of whom we learned little; Mr.Eddie, a not unpleasant and type salesman of insurance, an elderly, kindly man by the name of Pierson. The Chief Engineer seems to have been just that for I cannot recall him nor does the journal more than mention him.

Our state room, the best on board, opened from one end of the dining hall and was comfortable tho only fairly clean, and we did not much wonder when we saw our steward. If he was not one of the coal-heavers he was certainly a deck hand and the look of almost horrified bewilderment on his face when we asked him to tell the bath steward to have out bath ready at so and so, still makes me chuckle. He was the "bath steward", if any, and when we took out first bath the tub had surely been used as a storage bin for potatoes if not for the galley coal! However, wedid manage to get our salt water bath every morning tho probably no other passenger bothered to do so. But we were happy

No one bothered us tho all were agreeable;we had the run of the steamer and even could go on the bridge at times. There was ample deck space and steamer chairs; the sea was calm; the food fair but tasted clean and w we rested deliciously, Mother records in our journal that we slept twelve hours the first night we were on board. "We walk, read, shuffle board, doze and then do it over again and settle down for a real nap."

One day the Captain called us to see the Hatteras light ship and the Gulf Stream. Yes that is right to see it for the dividing line between it and the rest of the ocean was clearly visible. Not only was there a distinct difference in the color but moisture rising from the warmer water of the Stream was condensed by the colder air from the sea which was blowing across it and ocean seemed to be steaming gently as far as we could see. Before long we had entered it and the wisps of x vapor rose alll about the ship almost to the lower deck. It was steamy enough to show quite well in a photo.

Sunday, the 19th. we passed San Salvadore, the first land sighted by Columbus and caught a glimpse of the monument there tho it is seldom visited we were told. The sun set clear and so big on the horizon. Just as it touched the water with its lower rim a large full rigged ship sailed between us and thesun so that the whole ship appeared silhouetted on the sun, a most unusual and beautiful sight.

Mother wrotethe journal for the fifth day which I quote as follows: " The dawn in the tropics is so enticing that Bert rose at 4.30 to see the Southern Cross and watch the sun rise. Haiti, the misgoverned slips by on the horizon and the Mate and Bert decide to annex the island after heading an insurrection as commanders of the Army and Navy! Bert had just slipped on a bath robe and slippers when he first went on deck so we dress and go on deck about six to see Cuba which proves to be bare and unintersting at that end, what ever it may be elsewhere.

We stood on the Bridge several hours as we neared Jamaica chatting with the officers who seemed to enjoy our different outlook on things, but we were nearly in the outer harbor before we could see the shore which had been hidden by tropical showers. Point Folly, the outer point, brought to us a fairyland! Ridge after ridge of hills in tropic foliage, distinct in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun. The little light house is set in a charming garden of palms with picturesque out buildings with thatched roofs, frihged with blue sea and edged with white surf. At A fortified cape a little farther on, there were children playing on the lawns with nursemaids near, and beyond that was the new hotel, the famed "Titchfield", on the hills above the inner harbor.

The wharf scenes with great piles of green bananas, darkey women selling fruit and food, was entirely foreign and most picturesque. Our drive to the hotel thru rag town was almost terrifying, the people and homes and shops were so ramshackle, altho clean. As we climbed the hill to the hotel we had a nearer view of the many attractive cottages on the still higher levels of the hill as well as those lower down near the water. We resolved to come t there to live when we had retired! The hotel was ffine and the dinner delicious, served in an outdoor dining room, overlooking the Bay. Our room on the third floor was well furnished and had beautifull views of the bay from the windows, and altho the hotel was considered to be very expensive Bert said that the total cost including tips was 2L,7 shillings six, about $11.50 in our money for lodging and two meals." I had a funny experience there about the time table of the Government Railway, the only one on the island. Getting a time table from the clerk I saw it was dated 1908 about three years before. Taking it back to the desk I said, "I guess

"you have given me an old time card. This one is 1908." "No, that is the last one," said the serious faced Englishman at the desk. "But this is three years old" I persisted. "Quite, The time is not changed very often." And so it was.

Mother continues: "Oh, it was wonderful; that first nearness to the cocoanut palms, as the train wound round the bay giving us ever changeing glimpses of the Carribean thru the trees. Queer native villages, many negros in clean gay rags: East Indians; donkey carts on two wheels passing and repassing. At Annato Bay we took a carriage to Dr. Pringles plantation, a drive of wonder thru strange scenes where I became acquainted with the banana, acke, a red fruit on beautiful shiny green-leafed tree: Mango, pimento, logwood, bamboo and many others. After fording a river, (the same one that nearly gave Rulon and me a bath the year before) we came to the Pringle cocoa and the wonderful pods of many colors, so long anticipated. They were beautiful but too hidden by bananas to assert their beauty. As we ascended the hill and reached the charming out-door home of the owner, called Capr Clear, many lovely vistas of well kept plantation with the bay and Carribean beyond were spread before us. Everything was perfect, the house high on the hill to catch all the breezes, tennis courts, golf links, paths, tea houses, shrubbery, stables, kitchens etc. all detached. The entire house seems porches and balconies. Bert had been exchangeing some letters with Dr. Pringle about cocoa and the Doctor had invited him to breakfast when he visited the Island. That letter was our open sesame for tho the Doctor was in Kingston on the other side of the Island, being a "high-man" and member of council, his son Charles who had just returned from the States received us, just a bit formally, Bert thought but continued the invitation to "breakfast" about noon, and introduced us.

to his sister, Minnie and to Capt.and Mrs. Teal, late of His Majestyßs army in India, who greeted us cordially.

Breakfast was a wonder. Piles of plates and silver on the sideboard and table both of mahogany and very massive. There were, Salmon with onion sauce,eggs scrambled on shells, salt cod and acke,a popular local dish we later found out, fricassee chicken, toast, rolls, bread, oat cake, cheese, blackberry jelly, guava, fresh butter,tea, coffee,beer, whiskey and soda, grape fruit etc. etc. We were given a fresh plate each time we were served to some of t these things and two or three colored men, one as black as jet, who passed yams, potatoes, rice,pumpkin and other vegetables. It was "Have another plate and try some of this. I had five plates and did not try everything even then! After sitting outside in the shade a while and talking we drove thru the plantation and saw some of the stages of curing the cocoa andso on to a small town, Port Maria, where our driver terrified us by drawing up to the only hotel,far from prepossessing from the street with a shabby bar room down stairs. It was the Manning House. The barmaid came to escort us and we went in a side alley where a door was marked in chalk "~~Barbers Shop~~" "here is the Barber" up a winding enclosed stair to a dirty, gaudy room where an untidy mulatto in a red calico Mother Hubbard was introduced as the "Proprietress" and the maid was directed to give us "Numba Seven". It was a prize! Two single unmade beds, far from clean, one mattress broken in the middle completely in two, no springs, no chairs, no anything but a wash bowl and pitcher on a dressing table with a dirty lace curtain for a scarf. There seemed to be no bugs and as it was toward dark and no other hotel for 13 miles we were obliged to stay.

I was really afraid for Mother's safety and we sat on the balcony and watched the crowd pass by on the street below. They were nearly all darkeys though and we had learned that the native constabulary were most efficient, they were all colored men too but very trim and businesslike and there was scarcely any crime in Jamaica, still I did not like darkness to come with us in that bad looking place. So spying a helmeted white man coming, whom I thought must be a better class Englishman, I hurried down and asked him if it was safe for a my wife and me to stay there. He looked considerably astonished, and when I saw under his helmet I was anything but assured for he looked well infiltrated with alcohol and none too trustworthy at all. However, he said "yes" and hurried on.

As dark came on other guests came in, nice appearing young Englishmen, and an educated colored man of some local importance and I felt at least safe.

Mother continues:" Now the proprietor appears, a great bulky mulatto with green eyes (and as evil a face as I ever saw)B.K.W.) With linen suit, straw hat, most impressive. May I never see the like ~~of~~ of our host, Pappy Jones again! After a long wait, dinner was served, a miserable meal and we went early to bed, but not before Bert had a talk with one of the young men who assured him it was all right, but B.found out where the other mans room was. Our beds had not been made but after some effort they were ready, a sheet on each and a piece of counterpane. (It was a miserable night,continual racket in the saloon below, and Mother whoM I guess did not sleep at all, heard a big fight and concluded from what she heard that they were driving our driver away. He was a quiet, friendly man and Mother thought wanted to take us on the next day, but Pappy Jones had

had other plans and made sure that the poor fellow would not be about in the morning. We thought he got a good beating or a bad one, and apparently no constable interferred. We did not see that driver again but we did see our waitress washing dishes amid the trash that cluttered the back yard. She had some fire under a big iron pot and rusty tin cans to rinse in, if she did rinse them before putting them on the ground while cats and pigs and chickens wandered near. Garbage disposed of while you wait and at low cost!

Dear? Pappy Jones wanted three prices to take us to St.Anns Bay, 27 miles but I succeeded in making him split the difference and we agreed on 21, 10. Then the old rascal hustled off, or more properly, strolled away and after a time came back with a pair of old boen-wards When I complained about them and said I would look somewhere else Pappy looked hurt and said blandly "Why those are not the ones for you." After a long waitm, and just as Anna and I began to wonder if this was just a scheme to keep us there indefinitely, a really good span of bays were brought around with a great flourish from Pappy's own tumble down stable and the scraggy ones disappeared. With thankful hearts and may sighs of relief we turned the corner of the bluff and saw Port Maria no more.

" The drive to St.Anns was along the sea much of the way and our curved around rocky headlands and past sea-worn caves with always beautiful views thru the banana and cocoanut palms. Tho the people were living in wattled huts under banana or cocoanut trees they seemed happy and always courteous. So we bought some star apples a custard apple and water cocoanuts from a woman with a large assortment on her head and a small son by her side. The boy chipped the nuts for us so that we coulddrink the cool juice within, slightly sweet but very refreshing.

The Ocho Rios and many other little streams found their way into the sea from the Blue mountains to the south, often forming beautiful little lagoons near the road, surrounded with luxuriant tropical foliage. At Roaring River, whose turbulent water was almost milk white from the lime dissolved in it, we turned into a long shady lane beneathe the overhanging trees and came to a wonderful ~~tumbling~~ beautifully beautiful waterfall, the white water tumbling here and there among projecting black rocks. A little rustic hut stood near the falls where the best view could be seen and here we planned to take lunch. As I put some package on the ground my hand struck one of the tallish ferns that nearly covered the ground and as I withdrew it there was a brown lump on the back of it. Surprized, that little mound, a half inch in diameter began to disintegrate before my astonished eyes and little oddly shaped creatures began to travel from it in all directions. I held it toward our driver, a pleasant youth, who laughed and picking some other plant he wiped the creatures from my my hand. "Ticks" he said and ticks they certainly and many a tickle we had before we got rid of them. We kept strictly to the path, after that and avoided the lovely ferns as little deamons. Somehow they had lost their charm for us and we ~~xxx~~ no longer wished to gather a big boquet.

Lunch close to the Falls was delightful, even tho we only had native bread, very white and much like beaten biscuits, sweet cake, custard and star apples and some cookies that Helena had given us and that we still treasured. It was an unusual and delightful experience, especially as we were quite alone. About four we reached a perfect jewel of a pension at St. Anns Bay, a clean attractive town, and we lost no time going after those ticks. Nothing else being available we sponged of with a solution of bichloride of mercury, my favorite antiseptic

at that time, and we soaked our undercloths in it too. There plenty of of the little beasts on both them and us, altho none had 'dug in' yet. Of course we followed with a bath of clear water. The treatment was effective if a trifle dangerous.

It was indeed most delightful contrast to the horrors of Pappy Jones section ~~to~~ of Hades and I find a letter I wrote to Will that evening, dated "The Osborne Hotel(Kept by a mulatto woman but far different to 'Madam Junes'for Miss Hart, was a cultivated lady.) Feb.22, 1911: "On the vine covered balcony of this delightful Inn I am writing and wondering, as I write, why anyone who wants to rest and enjoy life should go anywhere on earth but to charming place on St.Ann's Bay. Just now, six oclock,the sun has set and the twilight falls swiftly as you know it does in the tropics. Before me is a scene of wonderous peace and beauty. Plams near and beyond and out toward the sea, not not massed and heavy and oppressive but light and separate and airy and charming. Akeems, mangoes, breadfruit are all about with hedges of crotons and flares of poincettias while masses of bougainvilla festoon the pillars. Pretty well-kept villas nestle among them the scarlet flowered hibiscus in every yard and the softest air caressing one to peace. Truly, a man must breath praise to his Maker for a scene like this and most devoutly I do.It really hurts me to think that you would go anywhere but here: It makes me ache! ..... This is the most exquisetly clean little Inn you can imagine. It is absolutely like wax and yet with an air of comfort and simplicity that is delightful.. .... Tomorrow we reach Montego Bay, after the longest drive on our trip, 55 miles but we look foreward to it with keen pleasure. Anna is quite as happy and I think a little more enthusiastic than I am. We are ready to take charge of that cocoa plantation at any time! (Will had

been

been thinking of starting a plantation in the tropics somewhere, cacao of course.) We had a delicious dinner and soon were resting, nay, soundly sleeping in cool clean beds , such a blessed relief after the horrors of the previous night, It should seem faurly evident t hat we liked St.Ann's Bay,

And so we did but with 55 miles to go before the next night "we were astir early the following morning. (We were not exactly rushing but with the help of maps and guides I had planned the entire month we had for our vacation, day by day, before we left Rosemont. and as we both wanted to see as much as possible in the time we had we followed that schedule pretty closely, and enjoyed it, never feeling pushed or tied to it too closely. It saved a lot of lost motion.) " But it is never hard to arise at dawn in this land. Dawn is not very early anyway, about six a.m. and the air is the sweetest, the light the softest, and the earth more beautiful than at any other time of t he day. The livery- asked a fair price for the trip so there wasx no haggling." Mistah Sinclair, sar,' was our driver and while he said 'yes' to everything, in true Jamaican darkey style he was cheerful if not hilarious." ~~xfxxx~~ After buying a small "cutlass" really a big one blade jack knife, at a colored womans store for 9d. we were away at 7.45. Not far from St Ann's we passed Sevilla de Oro, little more than a heap of stones, fice a rich Spanish town but ravaged and burned by pirates many years ago. We passed many Spanish ruins that day "and tho they were built a century and a half ago and more and have probably been burnt a number of times they still stand, at least the first story does, apparently unchanged by time or the elements. A peculiar cement used by the Spaniards and said to contain molasses is believed to account for their wonderful preservation. Certainly little has been done in this island

to preserve them and if it did not take so much work to tear them down no doubt they would have been carried away long ago, to get the building material in them. All the Spanish ruins we have seen, whether in Porto Rico, Cuba, Panama or Cartagena look alike, built in much the same style and of similar material.

At Dry Harbor, a small fishing village with the ruins of some more Spanish buildings we passed the first landing place of Columbus in 1494. Of course, nothing remains of his day as whatever he built was of wood and has long since disappeared."

Our entire day was most interesting. AT times we could easily believe we were in places we had seen pictured as being in Africa, wild park like country with tall grass and huts made mostly of it. Then we would pass thru a fairly large town evidently very old and seemingly very Spanish altho ~~withthis~~ it had the very English name of Falmouth. Again we come to a village of really wild looking blacks, tho they were fully clad, where we changed teams while a crowd of them looked on, not with the smiling friendly faces we saw almost every where but scowling and mean. We were glad when we got away from Duncans (pronounced, Dun-CANS!) But our new team a nd driver were waiting for us by the side of the road and so we did not have to ~~tx~~ tarry long.

The Spring Hill Hotel at Montego Bay was clean and comfortable and altho we arrived in the afternoon we were off for a walk right away. The 55 mile drive made us want a little <u>exercise</u>! A little off the road we discovered large ruins of a Spanish monastery with a beautiful well curb and a flat arch to rival the ~~xxx~~ famous one in Panama. Meals were somewhat irregular atthe hotel but as bunches of bananas were always hanging from the porch ceiling ready for those

who cared for them we never need be hungry. At breakfast, one orange was merely a starter. There was always a large bowl on the table with many oranges with all the peel cut off down to the pulp and each mounted on a fork ready to eat. Four, oneafter another was a moderate beginning. That seemed to be the usual customz in Jamaica.

Montego Bay was an interesting place with many nice Villas high up on the hills overlooking the Bay. No one except a few new coming Americans built near the water. The old timers knew that the higher up the cooler the air and the more the breeze so ocean or bayfront cottages were not the best by any means as with us in the ~~Kax~~ North. Then there were sugar refineries on theedge of town and we went thru one, a small boy attaching himself to as our guide and really proving most helpful, although at first I had tried to drive him away. Not only were they making sugar at that refinery but rum as well, tho they did not give us a sample bottle to remember them by. Later we hired two colored boys to row us out to the "BOGUE Islands", mere atols of coral crowned with a dense growth of mangrove. There were a lot of them with channels running between them and onex could easily be lost in them as the mangrove bushes completely hid the shore and the islands must have covered acres. They were irregular in shape, not always round with a lagoon in their centers tho we could not see them until we were high on the hills the next day, so thick were the mangroves. It was our first ~~a~~ close view of these terrible tangles of branches and roots growing down in the salt water and~~k~~ the stories of ship wrecked sailors trying to force their way thru them for miles came to mind as we realized how hopeless that was and how dreadful was their fate so near to land and so utterly unable to reach it. There was one thing to redeem these bushes, however. Their roots were covered with [illegible], not very large, to be sure, but large enough to eat as we

soon found out as our boys gathered some for us. They were good flavored but really warm and not very pleasant. ~~xxxxxx~~ but we had eaten oysters growing on trees and that was something to remember and talk about!

One afternoon we walked about a mile to a bathing beach called "The Doctor's Cave". The shores of that side of the Island are rocky sandy and the beaches not so frequent so the surf bathing is somewhat concentrated. Our suits cost 12d for the two and a like amount for admission. This was in 1911, you know and while Anna's suit would be considered extremely modest today our Journal says "Anna may describe her bathing suit but I can only remember the expressions on the bathers faces as she decended the iron stairway to the Cave and appeared on the beach. And this among conservative English people! But the bathing was fine and the surroundings as novel as one could imagine. A coral cave and a little curved white sand beach at the foot of coral bluffs. Delightful clear water of a lovely blue and so buoyant that one floated without any effort whatever." I guess Ann onjoyed her freedom from long skirts and stockings . Anyway we had no end of pleasure and such a satisfying stroll ~~xxxx~~ back to the hotel in glow of the setting sun."

That Jamaica Honeymoon come back so clearly as I write that ~~xxxxxx~~ it is a great temptation to follow our log closely but you can read it all if you care to altho we seem to have gotten the tropic procrastinating habit and the last week of our trip was not recorded, it would too long to more than tell of of one or two unusual happenings.

We had a long train ride back toward Kingston, diagonally across to the other side of the Island, stopping on our way to the much

praised ~~Bloomfield~~ Mandeville in the interior, the books describing it as a garden spot of wonderful beauty. We found it to be a run-down health resort and as we did not like the first hotel at which we stopped we picked another with a very attractive outlook only to find that a consumptive with a terrible cough had the room just below us and the partitions were thin. But we could not leave without a long drive for no trains were run on Sunday and we had arrived Saturday night. But 4.30 am on Monday saw us on our way to catch the first train to leave even risking all sorts of terrors on the 11 mile drive in the blackest night and an even blacker driver!

But we had one unusual experience there, seeing a mixed white and colored congregation in a Church of England service. Fully half of those present were Jamaicans, some in quite fine cloths and all in white as clean as snow, even when ragged. But the most remarkable part was to see a colored church warden taking up the collection on one side while a white man took the other and then they both marched to the front, side by side. The truth was that the colored man had rather the best of it for a finer looking colored man I never saw, tho the Major Moulton of Tuskegee was a close second. Booker T.Washington was not in the race. The choir boys were all colored people and the sexton or usher or whatever wore a cassock belter with a girdle and the gown was not blacker than the face of the wearer.

As the train started from Williamsfield and had gone a hundred yards or so it bumpted to a sudden stop. Looking back for the cause way down the tracks was an old belated darkey with a carpet bag in his hand hobbling along the tracks to catch the train! Very obligingly the engineer backed up and got him aboard and we bumpted on our way rejoicing. What's a few minutes, more or less with a schedule

three years old!

Another interior town, Moneague and the drive there was very charming, especially around MT. Diabalo and the coming down into plain of St.Thomas-ye-Vale. The hotel was very comfortable, room having a private balcony overlooking the gardens which were quite extensive, with many birds shaped and of the size of our blackbirds but of the most vivid and glossy blue, quite light in color and quite tame tho they were wild birds. Continually they uttered metallic bell like note so like 'Knilg,kling' that our genial host called them by that very name. AS we always like to be on our own we hired a horse and phaeton to drive to the famed Fern Gully not far away. It would have been ravine or canyon or gorge or possibly glen in the U.S. but in English Jamaica it was 'Gully'. I thought I could drive until I tried Jamacia ponys but neither giddaps nor rattling and slapping lines or even a well applied whip could make those little beasts move faster than a walk. So, after many vain attempts we returned tothe livery man and got a driver. At once off they went at a good trot. The secret seemed to be to continually jerk the rains and cluck to them but I think they know I was a tourist. Hundreds of great tree ferns lined the narrow road thru the gorge, a deep cleft thru the mountains, with many,many others beneath them while little rocky caverns were draped with maidenhair. When we passed them there was always a squeezing of hands as we both remembered Gratiot Beach andthe woods nearby.

Father and hiswife were taking a trip on the"Avon" and were due in Kingston at that time and we planned to meet them and it all had been arranged before we left home. Instead of going to the fashionable Myrtlebank Hotel with its scores of tourists I had chosen a small one kept by a colored man and receiving colored as well as white

It was on the outer edge of the city, not far from the military camp and was called South Camp Road Hotel on that account. Comfortable and clean with good food well served, the colored guests of whom there were some, were quiet and well behaved and preferable to many of the tourists from the"States". OF COURSE,tho tourists, we are the exception! About two thirds of the space at the end of our room was covered with slats instead of glass and the nights were always cool. At sunrise, six o'clock, some bird with a beautifulk bell-like note would sound his call and generally we rose in answer to it for the early mornings were so lovely.

We had a day before the Avon should arrive. I had radioed Father that we would meet them and had engaged an auto to take us to the other side of the Island, ~~kk~~ to St.Ann's in fact as they had a day for sightseeing. So Anna and I were away early with a large black Jehu who tried so hard to make an impression on the guests of the hotel by his team and speed and skillful driving that he struck the gate post and smashed his singletree and harness. We counted ourselves lucky to get away an hour later, for this is Jamaica, and soon began to ascend the mountain toward Newcastle, where the British troops are taken in the summer to escape the heat of the plains.

For some miles the road was very dusty, ~~with~~ the dust lying heavy on the roadside bushes but as we began to get higher the dust was left behind and "most charming ridges and valleys of fertile tropical feilds appeared. Back and forth the road wound,ever higher with new views of the plain, Kingston,Port Royal, the great harbor and the ocean beyond spread out at our feet. The air became fresher and cooler and the grades of the splendid road were so gradual that our horses troted along easily nearly all the way. Along one spur we can see five turns or stretches of the road above us and Newcastle appears, only a mile

away tho we must travel five miles to reach it.

We leave the team on a tidy level spot of this barracks city, for there is nothing else here now as the soldiers do no come until summer, and taking our lunch we climb 500 ft. higher and on the steps of an officer's house, we find a sheltered place, in the sunshine out of the wind for that mountain wind is keen. The feature of the lunch is a big sugar-loaf pineapple, dripping juice and utterly luscious. They call them pines and cost tupence apeice. A picture of perfect beauty is all about us for the roofs of the barracks are all below us, decending like some giants flight of steps placed across the ridge on which they are built. With the peaks of the Blue Mountains on either side the many colored valleys, the hazy purple headlands, the blue, limitless ocean are unrolled at of feet like some lovely picture of a dream.

After a stroll in the queer place we have tea and buscuits (crackers) at the army canteen and take the road home, visiting a now unused coffee plantation whose large cement drying platform, called a barbacue, is evidence of a onnce flourishing industry. At the base of the mountain down which we came often too fast for comfort for the road often skirts precipes and the turns are sharp and our horses seem inclined to stumble, we visit the Hope Botanical Gardens. They are very lovely, even in this the dry season and a sand-box tree snaps one of its curious seed pods as we stand beneath it and the dry cases come rattling down among the great branches and fall about us. Great century plants send their flower stalks ten feet in the air, topped by brilliant yellow blossoms that make us think of giant goldenrod. Orchids, vanilla, bouganvillia, the bois Immortelle a tree with bright red blossoms and best of all, to us, a fine small grove of cacao. We walked among them to our hearts content, for we had not

been able to get very near the trees at the Pringle Plantation. A young colored man cut a pod open and Anna saw the scanty white pulp and the seeds, cocoa beans, packed so neatly within and to see also the varicolored pods and the tiny insignificent blossoms on these remarkable trees. To us it was a real treat.

Father and his wife came the next day and after some persuasion a very black, woolly headed, uniformed policeman allowed us on the wharf just as my familiar "Avon" came to the dock. It was well that I had engaged an auto for the ship was crowded and every car in the city had been engaged ahead. Our trip across the island to St.Ann's was not what we had hoped it would be. The car, an English 'Star' was not very comfortable, Father and his wife had travelled so much they found little of interest, especially Mrs. W. and worst of all, the Osborn House, where we expected so much, was crowded and the meals were very poor. Anna and I did manage to slip away while the others were resting after their sixty five mile drive, to a wonderful, secluded little bathing beach where all alone we had a delightful bath in a little cove with palms and ferns lining the bluffs all about. Returning, on a narrow road, a considerable herd of long horned cattle blocked the way and were so frightened by the auto, even tho we had stopped, that it was nip and tuck for a while whether we would be pushed oven the steep bank into the sea or whether the creatures would leap into the car. Finally the herders managed to get them by with no damage done. We were really glad when we reached the steamer and said goodbye. Father seemed to have enjoyed it in his quiet way but I'm sure the state room looked awfully good to MRs.W. Anna and I took the ferry to "Port Rile" as the policeman called it and the Avan passed quite close to our boat on her way out.

It was the middle of the afternoon or later when we got back from St. Ann's but or time was growing short and so we went to Port Royal before we returned to the hotel. The old fussy but effecient policeman directed us to the "Ardnance Warf" which we understood was the ~~Ordinam~~ Ordinance Wharf and the trip across the bay to that famous point just at the mouth of the entrance, a mile or two was delightful/ But there was little left in that fortified place to remind one of those wild roaring days when the Buccaneers and pirates gathered here until it was the wildest and richest city of the Spanish Main. Most of the old city in fact has sunk beneath the sea for a gradual subsidence has been going on for years and one c an see the old buildings and some newer ones partly and fully submerged on the gradually shelving point.

We had been to one market and were anxious to visit the larger one, the Victoria Market. Mother went to a native store, 80% of the people in Jamaica are colored, and from the amazing variety of baskets bought a number, one very large one which still is at the cottage in Lavallette, and then we wandered thru the aisles of the ~~large~~ large square, roofed over but with sides open all around. Such a strange assortment of wares and people, from the rope tobacco to the guey native sugar, half molasses and strange fruits, huge yams 18 in. long, breads and rolls and native handiwork offered by every possible shade of brown and black and yellow. Here two women in adjoining spaces for practically all squat on the flag stones with their wares spread out about them, are screaming a wordy war. Judging by the tones and faces death is likely to occur at any minute. We could not understand a word they said and doubtless we were fortunate in that for I am much inclined to believe it would not be "fit to print! "

We were having a great time and thoroughly enjoying ourselves when I happened to look at the docks, just across the street from the market. To my horror I saw a big white steamer that almost pushed her bow over our our heads and on her side We clearly read those fatal words "Santa Marta." Fatal to our happy and care free wanderings for that was the boat on which we had booked our return passage and there was no way to escape the return to our duties, even if, on sober thought, we would have tried to do so. We had not expected the boat so soon and hustled to the office to find when she would sail. Again horrors and more horrors! That very afternoon! And we had made no preparations to speak of.

The promise of an extra tip got us back to the hotel which was some distance away, in jig time and we engaged the same man to call to take to the steamer, for often carriages were hard to get with tourists wanting them. Hurried packing, hurried lunch, and anxious wait for the coachman and we were on board, our big baskets of fruit and vegetables for we had two of them we were taking to the children, safely stored in the ships cold room and we were leaving our beloved Jamaica with keen regret. There was quite a storm on the way north and our stateroom which was the first one foreward and had windows facing the bow leaked quite a bit but we were not seasick and had wonderful views of the big waves from that window. An odd man, sort of a rough and ready chap who made the third at our table proved to be very interesting being a News reel hunter for what was then the most popular, if not the only service of that kind. I cant remember the name but it was the one that always ended with a crowing rooster. He had been everywhere and told us many of his experiences and adventures.

In due time we landed in N.Y. and just as were were heading thru the crowd to get a cab one handle of a basket broke and star apples, sapadillos, guavas and what not rolled here and there while I scrbled after them wildly. But we reached home and the Jamaica honeymoon was ended.

Will was in southern Italy for most of the winter of 1912 and Father and I were running things. He was very active and quite enjoyed it. There had been some talk of building ann addition on New Street as we owned a number of lots there and had bought, then or later, all the property to Third St. and from our old factory to New. There were visions of a fine factory and office building on that entire quarter block so rise some day in thefuture. We had made careful studies of any saving that might be made with a country factory and had decided that all things considered, the advantage was in staying in the city. It had proved to be unsatisfactory to have the factory divided and we were anxious to combine them under one roof. So a fine concrete bulding was erected joining our other plant and all our manufacturing was combined under one roof. The planning of the layout for that plant fell to me tho it did not have to do the detailed work that was necessary in the other planning job. I had seen how big cakes of soap were drawn thru a drying oven on separate trucks at the Ivory Soap plant in Cincinnati years before and using the same idea I worked out a plan by which about two hundred pounds of coating per truck might be drawn thru a cooling tunnel continuously. Many trucks could be put into the cooling tunnel at one time and dragged thru by a chain thus saving much time and a lot of hand labor. Lennig worked outthe detail and erected it and it was a complete success.

Of course I was very busy for I was approved or ordered necessary changes in every twenty five hundred or five thousand lot of coating, tested all cocoa powders before packing, and passed on the flavor of all sweet chocolate or bitter liquor as well as raw materials. THE finer lots of cocoa beans I selected and passed and graded on the sample roasts of all the cocoa before storing. And I was very happy in it all.

In 1912 we bought a Cadillac, four cylinder car, quite up to the minute with copper jackets on the cylinders instead of cast iron ones and a wind shield that was removable, braced from the front by long brass adjustable tubes and other improvements, We only used the windshield in cold weather and every Spring we would take it off the car as we did not want to have that glass or anything else in front of us in driving. We wanted the breeze in our faces! But thirty five miles an hour was about the limit and at that we got plenty of dust in the breeze and always wore goggles on any trip,a long duster, leather cap and long gauntlet gloves. I think this was the first car we drove to Lavallette.

Those trips to the seashore,in those early days were,events, not incidents. They were planned long in advance. Other autoists were consulted as to the best routes chosen because"there were the best roads" and the best was none too good thenfor they would surely rank as third class, or less, on the auto maps of today. Still by careful selection of newly surfaced roads, water- bound macadam was the top one could get, a pretty comfortable ride even tho it took one some miles out of the shortestx route. Already older macadam roads were wearing into vicious sharp-sided little craters and the best cars were likely to disintegrate, literally, if driven many miles over them at at any speed. They used to tell all sorts of jokes about how Ford cars shed nuts along the road so that junk men would follow them and do a good business inselling hardware! After five miles of those holes any autoist was ready to go fifteen to escape them. So it was that it took half a day to do the 108 miles to Lavallette via Trenton and Point Pleasant forthere was no bridge exceptthe railroad bridge across the Bay and for a time, the Pennsylvania roads were the best.

That car, a "Five Passenger Touring" cost $ 1425 plus $40 for over size tires". One can buy a lot of auto forthat amount now and no extra for tires either. And what a difference in tires! Somewhere about this time, though it was probably a little later, manufactures began to guarantee the mileage. It was "guaranteed for 1000 miles". That meant that if your tire gave out within a thousand miles you could take it back and if the dealer found no evidence of misuse you were allowed the difference between the miles run and 1000 at so many cents per mile. The rate was fixed by dividing the cost of the tire by 1000. But your allowance was not paid in cash but could be used only as a credit on a new tire. In this way the auto owner was kept coming back and back to the same dealer or for the same make of tires over and and over in a sort of endless chain effect. In spite of this these guarantees continued for years, gradually increasing the guaranteed mileage. When 2500 miles were guaranteed we thought the limit had been reached and that the manufacturers were practically giving away their products. Yet now a days 20,000 miles is a matter of course with no special hurrah about it. In the winter of 1936-37 we drove a Dodge car, a second hand one with tires that had been run some miles, how many we did not know, yet of those five tires, three ran 14,000 and more and pulled a trailer 10,000 miles of that distance. Surely, for the autoist, life is growing better and better!

My vacations generally started on Saturday as was the general practice with our Company and the Auto was "packed" with the many things we were to bring. The mother's helper had gone a day or two before by train leaving Mother, the three oldest boys with me for the great adventure. Every last thing possible was stowed in the auto Friday night, including a number of spare tubes for the tires, a tire-

pump

tire tools, patching outfit, "valvesinsides" caps and wrenches, a vulcanizing outfit using gasoline, inside shoe patches(the outside casing of a tire was always called "the shoe.) many tools and wrenches, nuts, bolts and cotter pins and even a portable vice that could be clamped on the running board. We had room for all that and more in the large boxes below the the seats and beside those we generally had tool box attached to the running board. There hadto be calcium carbide for the acetylene headlights, big brass affairs whose generators were inside them. When all that stuff was laid out for overhaul and spread around it looked like the stock of a good sized junk shop!

So excited were we all,those Friday nights,that we could scarcely get to sleep.and how long the boys talked after they were all tucked in we never knew, but Mother and I were generally pretty tired out and four a.m. came dreadfully soon. With anxious eyes we watched the weather reports and scanned the skies and first thing after struggling out of bed while the alarm clock was still ringing was to look at the skies tho our sleepy eyes could hardly tell whether it was raining or not.

A hurried bite to eat,breakfast and an emergency lunch had been packed the night before, and it was always fried chicken and many other things, Coffee and cocoa were poured into thermos bottles, still quite novelties, the doors locked, all gas or fires put out and reinspected; the car was run out of the stable,(hot garage as yet); the boys climbed in the tonneau on top of the household stuff for it was already quite full; The lunch basket fastened to the running board with a glance at the sky beginning to brighten in the East and the promise of a fine day, mother and I climb into the front seat and it was

a climb in those days when cars were built high with as much clearance as possible under the axles or the lowest part of the car. This was necessary to clear ruts and ridges in the roads or other high places.

The engine had been 'cranked' and had given no trouble in starting, Oh! joy! and was running smoothly. All the spare time for a week I had been oiling it and greasing it and crawling under the car to tighten bolts and fasten the dust pan a bit tighter. The vibrators had been adjusted and the 'contact points' filed smooth and the four spark plugs, for we now had a 'four cylinder', had been carefully cleaned. So - - - Hurrah, we're off! though there is no loud hurrah for the neighbors are still asleep.

Oh the thrill of those mornings in the early dawn! Oh! the sweetness of morning air. Oh! the joy of it all! There was enough of uncertainty before us, enough of adventure and with it the keen anticipation of the delight of novel experience with the cottage and ocean and bay and sailing and crabbing and picnicing and sea bathing at the end of the journey. They all made those early morning goings one of the delights of the year. Mother was quite as happy as I was, perhaps a mittle more so for I was just a little subdued by the responsibilities before me and wondering if we really could find our way and make the correct turns over all that great distance. Until our first trip to the shore I suppose we had never been fifty miles at one time in the auto. Back of my happiness there was the lurking thought of engine trouble with repair shops few and far between and the ever haunting dread of tire trouble, a blow-out, a very common occurance indeed. (We had to change tires six times on one trip and did not reach the cottage until mid-afternoon tho we often went through with out trouble. after I had pumped 6 tires to 50 or 60 lbs. pressure with three small

but very willing boys to help, in one forenoon autobiling looses all its charm. No one carried a spare tire and you could not get it on the clincher rims, inflated, if you did.) We choose to go early because we all loved the early morning. There is no part of the day when the air and light have such peculiar charm. It is fascinating, unlike any other hour of the day. Then, too, we had the roads to ourselves and we liked to get through the city before the streets were crowded.

Mother had the "Blue Book" with every turn marked. So many miles, turn right,so many more turn left with some special object to mark the corner, a sign, a store, a fountain or even a cemetery. There were no route signs and few street or road sign outside of the cities. Along about 6.30 Dad began to feel empty and the boys had been unusually quite for some time. So a shady place by a stream or a high bank by the road side was chosen and the lunch basket brought out and then a breakfast! What fun it was and we were all such good pals and so happy together.

Much refreshed and the boys happy as could be,their hilarious spirits hardly kept from wild shouts of joy by Father's stern commands not to be 'too noisy'. It they were not somewhat subdued I could not tell whether one had fallen out or the car had come apart and those sudden wild shouts were hard on the nerves of the driver who was ever listening to the regular firing of the engine or for some more than usual alarming rattle or groan of a hot bearing. Trenton where we crossed the Delaware, was full of trucks and wagons and confusing streets and when we had passed it everyone felt a relief and before so very long we began to see sand along the roadside as we neared the Jersey barrens tho the country was pretty well settled on that side.

Passing north of Lakewood, after passing thro Adenia, Adelphia and Alair, 'the three As' that assured us we were on the right road as well as that we were 'getting near' we reached Point Pleasant welcomed the smell of the sea. Down the coast, the road had been opened only a little while and we took uncommon care not to get near the shoulders for if we did, down would go a wheel clear to the axle and nothing but digging and jacking and some planks, if you could find any, would get you out. There was every indication that the boys would jump out of the tonneau so great was their excitement and delight and to keep them from literally exploding we had to let them shout and sing. After passing Mantoloking there were no cross roads anyway and little traffic so we could relax and take the chances of letting the engine begin to miss. And so, quite with the feeling of one who has braved the perils of the great unknown and returned after many days we slowed down and rolled into the long dreamed of village by the sea. We had made it! Yes Sir! Only six hours running time. Any punctures? Nope, not this trip but we had a slow leak and had to stop and pump her up a time or two. Lucky yu did'nt have to change tires. The way they make those beads now the'r the very dickens to get on! And they were, too.

But we did'nt stop long to greet the Garibaldis or Blooms or Johnsons or even Joe Patterson but pushed on to the cottage to be swarmed upon by the rest of the family while thousands of questions per minute were shouted at no one in particular. It was about lunch time and the maids, for we had maids then, had fish, caught that morning in the nets in front of the cottage, were all ready and with a grateful sigh of relief I climbed down, noting that the milage was

108 miles, a tremendous juurney! After dinner or lunch I was ready for a long nap but Mother took up the family cares just as though she had not piloted us all those crooked miles or arisen at four that morning.

Winne Woolard, a sweet Southern girl, was our mother's helper and our first of quite a variety of them. More devoted we never had for she was a fine character and very good to the children, very conscientious in her care of them. So the glad, happy days began again and all too soon my vacation was over and I returned to work. Sometimes I lived with our neighbor, Walton Forstall who lived across the street on Rosemont Ave. at Haverford and whose family was also away, either in his house or in ours, and some summers I lived at the City Club, one of the smaller clubs on Broad Street. One summer Forstall and I boarded with Helena who was home all that summer in her beautiful house on Montgomery Ave. and Roberts Road. But every Saturday afternoon I came back on the train, a special express on Saturdays, to return, soon after six Monday morning.

We had a variety of mother's helpers, as I have indicated but of them all Mrs. Parkhurst and Mabel Gardner were truly helpers. Mrs. Parkhurst was with us a long time and was very effecient, pleasant and good to the children with a real affection for Anna. She left to take a course of traing as a Nurse, was graduated and is following that profession today. Mother made it possible by lending her money to do it, which she repaid. That was bread cast on the waters that came back after many days, as she was the means of saving Mothers life in the terrible Flu epidemic years later. Of that more later. And Mabel Gardnier also did heroic service at that time as we shall see.

While telling of our helpers it would be a real injustice if no mention was made of Harry Backus and Sarah Roberts, humble but loyal effecient helpers for many years, Backus still still helping Nelson at times, even now.

When we lived on Rosemont Ave. we saw a colored man working in the Ramsey's yard and about their place wich adjoined ours. He was never idle for a minute and seemed to do just about the work of two ordinary men and surely three at the pace men work now-a-days. (Out here in San Diego they seem to work much faster and more faithfully) We learned the man was named Harry Backus altho his first name is William, and later when he was no longer employed there we were glad to get him for day work with us. He is one of those dark complected colored men, and we soon found him to be one of those old style servitors, kindly, trustworthy as her became attached to the family absolutely loyal. I verily believe her would have died for Anna or me if necessary. to save us. When we went to the Haverford house there was a spparate little house for the man and I fixed it up for him and his wife and adopted daughter and they lived there in great content until we moved away. Then he came on day work again and served us faithfully until we gave up the Fanmure house. We gave him work long after I could afford to employ him and was only sorry I could not pension him but as he grew older he became a little unreasonable about his family affairs, His adopted daughter did not do very well and I never could be sure as to what he was telling me about his family tho I would trust him with money any time. His great fault was his inability to spend money wisely or ever save any, even when I was paying him nearly a hundred

SARAH ROBERTS. J.A.W.

Quite a different type of Negro was Sarah Roberts, for many years our Washer-woman, but none the less faithful and helpful. Of much better mentality than Harry altho not as well educated, she had a store of knowledge about common affairs, a lot of common sense and a thrift uncommon in her race. She was a 'light-complected' woman of middle age with plenty of weight and very kind to the children, especially the little ones. The olders boys often bothered the clothes she was landering, not to annoy her, for they were all fond of her, but just in their thoughtless play. If they wanted the clothes-props for tent poles why they just took them even tho the wash on the line trailed on the ground. On occasions Sarah did not hesitate to "fan them" which meant a sound spanking tho we discouraged that practice. But Sarah had a mind and a will power too and not seldom she would say respectfully "yes um" and then do as she chose. This, however was in minor matters and so could be passed by for she was intensely loyal, and really loved the family, especially the dear Mistress. One time the boys when the boys had taken the clothes props and let a whole wash doun to draggle on the ground, Sarah was good and angry and chased them like an avenging angel. They took refuge under a double bed but Donny was too fat to squeeze under and Sarah, puffing after her hard chase, pounced on his protruding legs and pulled him forth and proceeded to "fan him good". The 'boys' refers to Harry, Bert and Don, Harry was always the leader and Don, being pudgy, was generally the last of the fleeing trio and got many a spanking that should have been given to his brothers. (Authors' note. As the result of those spankings see what an uncommonanly fine man he is today!)

Sarah could neither read or write and could not count very well

Error in numbering pages - 780-799 omitted.

When she worked by the day before living at the Haverford house as a maid, shedid not wantto be paid each week but once a month. To keep count of her time she tied knots in a string to represent days and half days and would bring her string to Anna to be checked with her accounts. She was a good business woman and when her husband died Sarah had kept all his lodge papers, receipts for dues &c. in such perfect order that she was able to collect all the Lodge owed her. It was very difficult to get the better of Sarah in trade of to fool her with false promises.

Her husband was a big laboring man and not very intelligent. We thought we could train him for a house man at ~~xxxx~~ one time and tried it but it was like having a Nubian giant in a white coat passing a cup of tea with hands ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ in which the try was nearly lost to say nothing of t he cup. We expected to see the dishes bounce off the table each time John took a step. I tried to teach him to drive the auto but it was hopeless and beside he could not let rum alone. This oddly assorted pair had a very nice looking daughter, a sensible young woman who had been through the Bryn Mawr public schools and was a very superior type married to the higher type colored men for her first husband had left her a widow. This daughter, Alice, was very good to her mother and much too intelligent to share some of Sarah's weird notions, for Sarah was not far from the jungle in some of her beliefs, altho a member of church in good standing.

For a long time she had not been real well having a tumor in her side, never mentioned to me, but confided to Anna. Altho advised and urged to consult a physician or go to hospital Sarah refused saying, "Surgens and them people is for the white people but culled people ~~xxx~~

bus to be treated in the cullued people's way." So she saw her hoodoo doctor who told her to suck the tongue of a frog and she would get well. It was winter and frogs could not be found. The 'Doctor' said a toad would do so Backus and his family and our colored houseman, Walter Pennington for we were at the Haverford house at that time, hunted for a toad for Sarah when-ever they had any spare time but none could be found. Meanwhile Anna and Sarah's daughter tried to talk her out of such foolishness until she got thoroughly angry and walked out without warning and went to a little place she had in Delaware near Wilmington where she thought frogs were more numerous. If she found one it did not effect a cure and finally she had the tumor removed and altho she came back to us after a time she was never very well. She also played an important part in that fearful Flu epidemic as will be told later on.

The Boy Scout Movement had reached America from England where Baden-Powell, now Sir Wilfred had started it, and was spreading rather rapidly. An acquaintance of mine, Isaac Sutton had started a troop in Ardmore and as we talked together on the train going to the city he interested me in the plan. In 1911 I agreed to help him and joined his troop which was meeting in the Y.M.C.A.building. At the initiation salt and alcohol was burnt and in the ghastly light it cast we took the oath and read the Scout laws, Isaac in a black college gown. I helped in the initiation of new Scouts, held at Isaac's home in Haverford, an ordeal for the Scouts but great fun for the assisting adults, who hazed the candidates rather unmercifully, entirely the forgetting the Scout law that says "A Scout is kind," among other ~~things~~ things

I can remember but two stunts the boys endured that night and they thought they were having a great time, one was to tell the boy his nerve was to be tested, and also to see how well he could stand pain when a long cut was made in his arm. Wao! They did not have to try it if they did not want to, but of course they could not hope to be real scouts unless they had nerve and could stand pain! The victim was blindfolded, his arm bared, he was asked if he was ready, the assistant was asked in a hoarse whisper, but plenty loud enough for the Scout to hear, "Sure that knife's clean and SHARP?" and then after another "Are you ready? Feeling all right? Aint goin to faint"? a piece of ice with a thin edge was drawn along the struggling arm. It's funny how much that feels like a cut for a few seconds. The other candidates were kept in another room so only one passed the ordeal at a time and with arm well bandaged in cloths smeared with red ink he went to call the next and could stand by and see the fun. In the other stunt, also a test of courage, the boys were to be put into the torture dungeon. Blindfolded and hands tied they were slid down a trough, head first through a cellar window into a rather deep celler to be lambasted with knotted stockings as they went along. That stunt never appealed to me. It seemed sort of brutal altho no hard blows were struck and the boys did'nt mind a bit.

My Subday School Class of boys were just the age for Scouts and seemed interested in the idea. I needed something to tie them up a better practice of the best, and to hold their interst and keep them together. So I had them atthe Rosemont house one night to talk it over and they decided to form a troop. It was the 12th of June, 1912 we met at the home of Calvin Wells and there formed Troop #1, Bryn Mawr, Boys Scouts of America, and there we all signed our names to the Scout Oath. There were ten or twelve boys, all about the same

Boy Scouts of America, and there we all signedd our names to the oath and the Scout Laws. There were ten or twelve boys, all about the same age, 12 ot 13 years. The Minutes of that first meeting are still among the 'Archives of the Troop" as well as the signatures of the charter members among whom are Denny Roberts, Edward Forstall, Calvin Wells, William Austin, and Bert. Harry was just below the age limit, twelve years, but he joined the next year. Indeed, it was because the SCOUT scheme seemed to me to be such a fine plan that I wanted my boys to have it too.

There was not much red tape in starting a troop in those days altho we did have to have a sponsor and the Church was that and a Troop Committee, Mr. W.L. Austin, Charles Wilson and Walton Forstall Sr. I think he was the third, acted as such, though they never met or exercised any control, leaving it all to me. Still they were ready to give advice or help if asked for it. The plan was all so new and so few knew much about it, that I had to work it out and carry it on. It was necessary, however, for the Scout Master to be approved and to get a commission from the central office in New York and I was very proud to receive mine, the second Scout Master on the Main Line and among the first in the States.

The Troop soon began to take up the program in earnest and to get uniforms. It was some time before I bought one and for quite a while I wore my Alaska National Guard uniform minus the insignia. One night Isaac Sutton, who had been appointed Scout Commissioner for the district, visited the Troop and was much surprised to see me in that rig, and I guess, not a little shocked. He laughingly said something about the troop being in charge of a bell-hop, which was quite pat for most of the bell boys in the hotels were wearing suits

very much like that dark blue, high necked tunic, trimmed with wide black braid which also ran down the legs of the dark blue trowsers. But that did the trick. I could stand for the make shift uniform but to look like a bell-hop was too much. I promptly got a scout uniform.

It was soon evident that the boys liked the Scout work. They attended the meetings on Friday nights regularly and went at the tests with a will. I made up a Troop yell that ran like this, "Zim a zam a Zay! Zim a zam a Zay! Bryn Mawr! Bryn Mawr! B.S.A." Patrols were organized and Patrol leaders elected, new boys were brought in, not necessarily from our church or Sunday School as it was intended to be a community troop, Dr Mutch, who had of course been consulted before the troop was started, and was greatly interested was elected Chaplain a position not provided for in the official Scout plan but I thought it was a good way to recognize him officially, in our Troop, at least and the work went merrily and successfully on. Merrily for all except the Scout Master, for I found I had to keep about three hops and a jump ahead of the boys, not such an easy task, as anyone will know who has tried it. I had to plan each meeting before hand and have a program worked out or things went slack. Often I wished I might just snuggle down in an easy chair at home and not have to go to face those boys on Friday night. It took study of the hand book and Scout papers to find new plans and use them but the boys were so enthusiastic and took it all so seriously I could not fail them, and so I made it a point to be on time and try to make those meetings full of life. Many times I came home refreshed by the contact with those young lives and thrilled by the thought that what we were doing was thoroughly worth while.

The meetings were not all alike, but were purposely varied. to increase the interest. Our little chapel was still standing where the main church now stands, and there had been built an addition in the rear for the 'Infant Class' as the Beginners Dept. of today was called. this made a nearly ideal cosy meeting place for our group while the chapel, whose pews had been taken out long before, made a fine place for games and drills and group tests and the other activities. The Scout Master presided at the business meetings which took the first part of the time, twenty minutes to a half hours and Parliamentary rules were strictly observed and the Scouts taught their importance by using them. Minutes were read, the secretary was called the Scribe, Dues collected, a few cents a week and reports and plans presented and discussed. Later on we always began with Inspection and while still in line, with "The Salute to the Flag." Then, passing to the large room was a period of games, much to the distress of the Sexton, Adam Fergueson, who expected everything to be ruined the first night. Nor was he the only one who had grave misgivings. Some of the earnest women who had worked hard to raise money to buy the carpet years before were sure "those boys" would ruin it and MR. Frank Roberts, chm. of the property committee of the Trustees, was never more than half willing to have the boys use the church property. It is a tribute to the Scout plan and principles and to the way the Troop followed them, that in all those years no damage was done more serious than a broken chair or two and one or two small panes of glass broken and if the carpet did get extra wear, as it probably did, it was never used for better purpose. Even Adam almost became a convert to the Scouts, at least he could laugh with them at times.

TROOP ACTIVITIES. J.A.W.

Following the games, "tests" were studied and practiced, first aid bandageing, a few rollers and the handkerchief dressings, signaling mostly wig-wag at first, but later the semaphore became more popular and after this we returned to the small room where announcements for the next meeting or hike were made, and the Scout Master gave a short talk, often emphasizing the importance of being true to the Scout oath but not preaching, and as we all stood, with hands raised in the Scout sign, we repeated the oath in unison and the meeting was over promptly at nine. We had assembled at seven thirty and the time never seemed to drag. There was little trouble with discipline, calling attention to some of the Scout laws or part of the oath was generally sufficient. One boy from Haverford School I I remember because he was the only one I ever sent back to his home or dorm and I made a mistake there. So I remember it and with regret. Not but that hedeserved it, for he was a fresh kid, probably a spoiled child from some wealthy home who was just the one, above all others who needed Scouting, but he was utterly unresponsive, had no notion of keeping the laws and was determined to break up the meeting by talking, side remarks out loud, and general disturbance that I lost patience very quickly and sent him out. He never came back and I failed to make any effort to get him back. Yet it was such lawless ones who needed to be won as good Scouts ~~khak~~ above the 'ninety and nine who were safe in the fold." That was a clear case of failure by the Scout Master.

Every ~~akkmak~~ month there was at least one hike, so called, though we often stayed in the large church yard to practice the outdoor tests. There were many of these and they appealled to the boys very strongly. What could make a stronger appeal to any boy than to make a fire with not more than two matches, not using paper to start it? Or to use a

an ax properly, or to use a knife, cook simple food, make different kinds of fires, tracking, Indian signs, O what a wealth of things to appeal to every boy's imagination and the love of make believe, still cherished in his heart tho he might feel it was too babyish to 'pretend'. After the Scouts had passed the Tenderfoot tests, all quite easy, and become Second Class Scouts hikes to the woods on Saturdays became quite frequent. Mr. Austin owned what was known as "the Company's Woods" P.R.R., to Al. Fuguet and me in our boy hood, and there we played many, many days as I have told. Then it was open to anyone, sort of common property, but now it was surrounded by a high wire fence and "Trespassing strictly forbidden." To my great joy Mr. Austin, most kindly offered to let the Scouts use this if accompanied by an adult, preferably the Scout master, and he gave me a key to one of the padlocked gates! It was a proud moment when the Troop marched up to the gate and unlocked the way to that guarded property. It was a fine large stretch of field and woodland with streams and big trees, marshes and secluded places well away from roads and houses and how we did enjoy it. Many a Scout passed his cooking test there (or tried to) and many a huge camp dinner disappeared within those woods. Each Scout cooked his own meal and if ~~burnt~~ the fragrance of burnt meat and scorched cocoa were all too often on the breeze while 'club twist' melted and ran off the stick to form a little pool of too soft dough on the ground, all was eaten and declared the best ever. On special occasions the SCout Master cooked flap jacks for the crowd and the can of Lisles Golden Syrup, a thick heavy mass of concentrated sweetness with its own peculiar flavor, was pulled out from the hollow tree where it had been 'cached' on the last hike.

Of course, every Scout had to be given some of the batter or taught how to mix it so he could make his own flap jacks and more than one unlucky 'jack' landed on the ground instead of the pan to be hastily snatched up and put in the pan or to be surreptitiously hidden.

My own meal was rather sketchy for my job was to go from boy to boy and see how he was doing things and give advice. If any were 'taking cooking test' it became my, sometimes painful, duty to taste the results Though I must say my digestion never was the worse from it. Certain articles had to be cooked in the Second class test and more and more difficult viands prepared in the First class test, all laid down in the Scout Handbook, a most wonderful collection of useful and practical information as well of high principles. After dinner or we would play some game, or follow a compass course, or have a treasure hunt I did not go in for ordinary games that boys could play anytime on any day they got together, but rather Scout games or those with some purpose or that developed some trait as observation, quick thinking or acting. The compass game was one of these. Each Scout was given a paper that read something like this; '40 paces nw to an oak tree." "100 paces e by s to a white rock green on the so.side of it," and so on until the final course brought him back to camp. Boys who did not have compasses were given the north and had to work out the directions from that but most had them, and I generally had a couple to lend the scouts whom I knew did not have much at home. There might be three or four groups each with different courses so all could not run in a bunch and there was rivalry to see which bunch could get back first. If anyone thinks it is an easy thing to lay out that program let them try it.

The treasure hunt has become very popular of late and is carried on with elaborate variations and silly doings but it was new then and

and the Scouts enjoyed them hugely. It took time and thought to plan andlay them out as we used them, for some Scouting must be required to follow them, if they were to amount to anything more than a mere scramble. For instance, starting from camp the first note read, "go to a large shellbark tree," or oak or beech or some other,; or , "find a sapling near camp with an L bend sixfeet above the ground." Then, when they found that, they would have to hunt about it for the note and the first one would read the note and hide it quickly in the same place. That second note might direct the Scout to "go to a medium sized rock that would seem to be sharp pointed ~~xxxxxx~~ from the west but rounded from the south." Here was hidden the second note. The third might read 'go a quarter of a mile by Scout pace in the direction of the ~~Franklyn~~ Presbyterian Church to a large beech tree" and so on, until after finding a half dozen or so directing notes, the last one would tell that the treasure was at the next station.

All sorts of devices were used to hide the treasure so that it be hard to find. One treasure, generally a box of candy bars or small peices, was tied high in the branches of a tree, another the candy was put in a fruit jar and with the cap screwed tight was sunk in ~~x~~ bottom of the creek but still easily seen if one knew where to look. The directions for the treasures were generally a jingle and I remember on which ran, "Over water, under wood, You'll find the treasure and it's good." That fooled the boys badly for quite a while. They had all gotten to a little bridge over one branch of the creek. They ~~kx~~ knew that the treasure must be near but where? They kept repeating "Over water, under wood." They looked under the bridge but it was fairly dark there, after the bright sunshine and they did not see it.

yet it was there, and within easy reach. I had wedged the box behind the string- piece of the bridge, behind with a piece of a fallen branch That held it tight againstthe planking but out of sight and the old branch looked as though it had been caught against the bridge as it was carried down stream. Closer observation would have shown them that could not have happened for the bridge was too high, and that was what it wanted the Scouts to do, use their eyes and use their heads.

After they had hunted a while and before they began to tire of search I gavethem a pointer, "It's within five feet of Denny." Great excitment and renewed interest. Everyone flocked to Denny and seemed to expect him to bring out the treasure. Some not over hopeful boy called out, "Hot or cold, who's the hottest?" But that brought a chorous of protest,"Aw No! That's baby-stuff." "Use your heads, Scouts use yout heads, 'Over water, under wood." Well, is it somewhere around the bridge?"they asked. "Yes, about eight inches from Harry!" He happened to be standing just above the box with only the planking between his feet and it. There was a new rush for Harry and even the cracks in the planking were examined. One or two enthusiasts started to pull the planks up but a word ot two from the Scout law stopped that and no hard feeling.

And then, at last one Scout, I think it was Harry, jumped in the creek and waded under the bridge, the water coming half way to his knees. It would be like Harry to act on an idea that way, never stop- to take off his shoes and stockings, A wild yell and I could barely keep the rest of the troop out of the water and save myself from the righteous wrath of many mothers, and Harry came forth holding the box high over his head as he waded ~~ashore~~ up the bank and shared with the gang.

The golden Autumn sunset colors warned us that it was time to go home. Boys' mothers expected their boys back when they said they would be home and rightly, too. Scouts are first sons and "a Scout is obedient to all duly constituted authority, to his parents - - - " I was careful to dismiss the boys promptly, so they could get home on time. It emphasized the importance of the home and Mother's happiness but of being on time as well. Sometime, an emergency would make us late, or some boy would dally on his way home and then Anna would be called to the phone to assure anxious mothers that Bill or Tom were on the way and that they had left Dr.W at such a time or to explain the delay.

Happy indeed are the memories of those tramps home with those fine boys, just strolling along in confident comraderie. Two or three would be at my side telling of this or that and now and then some other would come up to ask me to settle a question in dispute or for some point on Scouting. Happy memories of things worth while. I may have been physically tired but the pleasure of their free companionship and the contacts of their varied points of view were always refreshing. Often it took a lot of will-power to start off on those hikes but they seldom failed to untie the kinks my business problems had tied so tightly in my thoughts.

Once or twice a summer we took an "Overnight". Not so many of the mothers were willing their sons should sleep out of doors all night so far from home so the group was small. We went tosome woods over on Darby Creek and I took the boys over in our Auto. Each had his own camp outfit but no tent. The camp fire and the stories around it as it grew dark, gave quite a thrill and then on improvised beds of dried grass or leaves or nothing but a poncho and blanket we lay

sleep.

But it was not what one might call a restful night. There were too many unusual elements for those young rascals to sleep long. There was the hard ground, never very comfortable till one gets used to it, the strange sounds in the woods, just sleeping out in the open, the first experience for most of them that year, and most of them were cold even tho it was a summer night for one thin blanket to go over and under, out of doors, is not enough. All this stuff about rolling up in a blanket may have happened somewhere, some time, but I never saw it done, and those boys, following that tradition, did not seem to like it either. Then there were cattle in the woods that prowled around as soon as it began to grow light and the unusual light in the early morning, so much brighter than indoors, made them think it was time for breakfast. So, about three a.m. one after another got up with what he thought was great caution and quiet, only to disturb his neighbor and he the next until they were all awake and stirring about, very much to my disgust. I had an air matress and wanted to sleep, and I could if I had a chance. It was not my first night in the open by any means.

Some one proposed a walk, in a whisper that could be heard a rod away and I felt I ought to keep track of them so turned out with not very good grace, I guess. We wandered over hills there abouts, and the sunrise and the morning light was beautiful and they wished it was time to eat, especially me for I never did like to do much without some food stowed away, and then someone, maybe the Scout Master who still longed for his warm blankets, he had brought two, suggested that the cows might be nosing around camp and maybe tramping on the grub

which started a general stampede to camp, as I hoped it would. It was about five a.m. then and food seemed to be the order of the day and very much of a necessity. After breakfast and with the air warming up and the poor sleep the boys began to get drowsy but no one would think of taking a nap but Scout games and tests went rather hard and we had a pretty dull time and soon after dinner started home. I took as many boys as I could in my car and Denny Roberts sat on the running board with his back against the front fender. After a time, not hearing anything from Denny I looked over to see him sound asleep and why he did not fall off is still a mystery,

One day we had gone out to Darby Woods for dinner and afterward played hunting deer, Mother having helped to make a very life like deer with a wire frame, stuffing and a burlap covering. Mr.Clark, the father of one of the Scouts, giving each boy a fine bow and arrows. We had such a good time we wanted to stay for supper and telephoned Anna who phoned to the mothers. But what to eat? We had brought only food for one meal but the scraps, some meat,some potatoes had been thrown on the embers for we were always most careful to leave no trash about. Digging about the ashes we found enough for a hunters stew as the fire had been low and it had not been consumed. So with that and a little of this and that the boys had saved for a snack we made out a supper and had a grand camp fire and much fun.

The great event each year was the summer camp of the Counties. Our first one was at White's Island in the Delaware River near Trenton. It was quite a small group and when the members of the CAMP Committee, in Scout uniforms came to inspect it I remember How impressed I was by their importance. Donald was not quite 12 but I was allowed to take him along and he certainly did feel most grown up to be

sleeping in a tent in Scout Camp.

Different Troops put on stunts at theevening camp fire and we decided to show how an Alaskan Shaman treated a ~~mmd~~ sick man. We had no costumes but made chest cover from burlap, bits of bone and sticks to fasten on it, a mask of a piece of bok and charcoal and crayons someone had, a crown from heavy cloth with pieces of white willow sticks shaped to form horns, a rattle from a half pound cocoa can and pebbles while a cast off snake skin to tie around the heck gave the finishing bit of realism. The boys painted their faces with charcoal and crayons and bodies as well and after rehearsals all was ready.

The sick man lay by the fire, groaning horribly, his friends,men and women crowed around and finally decided to send forthe witch doctor who soon appeared having crawled near the fire unobserved by the intent circle of Scouts. Incidentally, that crawl on my bare chest ~~x~~ and partly bare tummy was not so much fun and how I ever escaped poison ivy in the dark was just one of those lucky happenings. There was plenty of it about. With a wild yell the 'Doctor' springs into the fire light, goes to the patient, demands more blankets,dances wildly after putting on one mask after another and shaking his rattle. More blankets and a wilder dance until he falls down unconscious. Slowly rising he points his accusing finger here and there until it rests on one of the Bryn Mawr Scouts. With wild ~~xxxxx~~ cries the other Indians pounce on him and tie him up and while the victim shrieks and moans he is carried to the river and there is a big splash and silence. Two Scouts had slipped out of the circle, as arranged, and thrown a big rock into the nearby water at the proper time. I gave a little talk about Shammanism emphasizing our freedom from fear of evil spirits but the

Scouts were all pretty young then, as it was early in Scouting and they still looked somewhat dazed and a little doubtful about going off to those dark tents.

It would fill a volume to try to tell about the many Scout camps. Whites Island was found to be too far away and we went to and Island north of Collegeville on the Schuylkill, owned by one of the members of the Scout camp committee. I was chairman of the camp committee then and for many years afterward, and worked hard getting the camp in order. Walter Whetstone, Scout Commissioner for Delaware county whose Scouts also used the camp, brought some alleged cowboys on their horses a movie studio, located atthat time down the river some miles, up to camp one afternoon. When those fellows saw they had to swim their horses over to the island they were the worst scared bunch one ever saw. But they did, tho the slippery and rather high bank gave some of them lots of excitement for a time. They arrived wet and not very happy but were dried out and supplied with blankets and put on quite a show for the boys. After a few years there with trouble with high water at times, there came a year when the Scouts and camp staff had to go into the trees putting most of their stuff in boats tied to the branches, the river was too turbulent to try to cross to the main land. That was the end of that camp site and a new one had to be found.

Isaac Sutton continued as Commissioner for a quarter century and made a splendid contribution to Scouting in the Delaware and Montgomery Counties. He was very fond of hiking long journeys and had seen a country in the Nw corner of Montgomery County that appealed strongly to him and found there was cheap land there that could be bought, suitable for camping. Winthrop Sargent, a man of means at Haverford, was

president of the Delaware-Montgomery Counties Council, the governing Board of the two counties and a real leader, he was taking personal interest in all the work. When he accepted the position the Council was in desperate straights for money and it was Mr. Sargent that pulled us out by his personal appeal to his friends and he knew a lot of wealthy men. He really did a fine work for the boys of the counties in his long service to them as head of the Scout organization.

So with Sutton acting as guide, Mr. Sargent, some other officials and I drove up to the Perkiomen valley to take a look-see. Back in the country we found a tract that "would do" but was not ideal by any means and Sutton kept exploring around by himself or with others. I was too much tied up in business to go very often. One day he phoned "he had found" the place" and as soon as possible we all went to look at at it, and all fell in love with it on first sight, It was about forty acres on the side of Swamp Creek which was not swampy around there or at least did not appear to be, with as fine a swimming hole as any boy could possibly even dream of. The price, as I remember, was about $600 very cheap but a terrible sum in the eyes of most of us, for the Scouts to raise. Mr. Sargent said little but asked us each if we liked it and thought it would be all right for a long time to come. Before long word came that he had bought it! And so Camp Delmont began.

I was too busy those days to take a great part in the Council work or to attend the first camp on that site. It seems as though none of my Troop were there that summer either but it was a very wet season and the ground between the road and the creek proved to be a sure enough swamp in wet weather and our enthusiasm as well as all the Scouts who attended that camp was very thoroughly dampened. No other

place for tents seemed available and all agreed that would not do another season. We were a badly discouraged bunch of Scout officials.

Just then Sutton, who was always driving up to that country, every chance he got, and talking to natives and looking into things generally, found that we could buy about 60 acres on the opposite side of the creek, for about $800. That would give us both sides of the creek for nearly two miles, complete control of that wonderful swimming hole, an ideal place for the tents on a well drained open pasture sloping gently down to the creek and beside all this, acres of big oak trees, rocky hills and mossy dells. If some one else bought that land and maybe put a camp there or bungalows it would just about ruin our site. WE MUST have that additional land! But how to get it? We were far from having the eight hundred or any likelyhood of getting it. So it seemed and Isaac Sutton and I spent days of fear lest some one gobble up our treasure while we talked and planned and schemed as to how we could get it. We had grown close together in our Scout work and Ike was a fine fellow and a Scouter all the way though. We had both had experience in going about asking for contributions for the 'Y' or this or that and hated it so heartily that we could not bring ourselves to do it. The Council organization was not very strong and we knew we would have to do most of the work. Even for that marvelous camp site we could not face that torture again, and the eight hundred seemed like a huge fortune.

Then, our Council president, Mr Sargent, simply bought it! He talked little but did much and either on mortgage of by borrowing the money he got the land. He was a man of affairs and $800 did not seem such a hugh amount by any means. We could hardly believe

the joyful news,and we went there to explore and tramp about as often as possible andas we wandered here and there our enthusiasm knew no bounds for we had, indeed, become the posessors of a glorious gem of Nature's loveliness.

With my troop activities and business demands I found very little time to go to Delmont and someone laid out the camp plan with two rows of tents forming a stiff street down the center of that open space. This was eminently proper from a military point of view and but Delmont was not a soldiers' camp it was a SCOUT Camp andwhen I saw the proposed arrangement I did not like it at at all. That open space was an almost perfect V with the large end toward the creek and the sides lined by woods on one side and by a small stream a bushes with a few low trees on the other. What could be better than to put the tents where along the stream and the trees with the Director's tent at the apex of the V. I could see it all and it was ideal. By that time I had advanced far enough in the Scout Council for my word to havesome weight, but whether I was Chairman of the Camp Committee or not, atthat time I do not remember. But that formal Company Street never disfigured Delmont and the tents went where I wanted them, everyone agreeing that it was the finest possible arrangement. Later on, when open cabins replaced the tents they were built in the same place. This may seem trivial and unimportant but it is not, for all the later development of Delmont depended on that origional plan and from it grew the beauty of an ideal camp.

The dining hall, an open sided pavilion large enough to seat fifty or more boys at one time was on the other side of the creek from the tents, on a high bank overlooking the creek and the Campus as the tent site was called. To cross the creek two long logs were found and

served as a narrow bridge across the stream. It was part of the Scout ideal of service to do something to beautify ~~ex~~ camp or make it more attractive and each troop tried to outdo the others when they were in camp. To prevent all sorts of foolish and freak structures and changes all such plans ~~must be~~ were submitted to the Camp committee and if approved the troop went to work on them.

The first or second year Bryn Mawr Troop was in camp there we decided to attempt a rather heavy peice of work. There were little channels on the tent side of the creek which the overflow ~~of water~~ went thru in high water and often a little trickle remained for some weeks. This made a muddy place and was a nuisance as the Scouts went to and from meals Then on the other side there was a high bank with a ~~very~~ rough path to the top, slippery in wet weather and never comfortable at any time, yet every camper had to ~~walk~~ use it at least six times a day. We planned to fix that. This made quite a program for 12 or fourteen boys to accomplish in their spare time in two weeks. And there was not such a lot of that spare time altho one may think a boy has nothing to do in camp but amuse himself. That is true enough of the ordinary boys camp or was at that time, but a Scout camp is different. There was a definite program and with the Director I worked out a definite course of scouting activities, so that a Scout who completed the first year course received a service bar and had an inducement to return again for the second, third and fourth year after which he became a Pioneer Scout with a different set of activities. Sounds terribly like going to school but the boys liked it for almost all of it was doing things outdoors and took only an ~~hour~~ hour or two each forenoon. Then there were mass games, nature hikes and hikes to points of interest with a camp

fire every night and special doings with the camp awards every Friday. New troops came in Saturday and those who had been in camp their alloted time went home that day so for half or more of the boys thet Friday night was their last in camp. In addition to these general activities, Camp was a great place for passing Merit Badge tests and that took time and there was all the camp work except the cooking to do, washing dishes and setting tables and in the early years, peeling potatoes and helping with special preparation of food. Then the boys took all care of their own tents, bunks, clothing and so forth so that there was not so much spare time for it there were also two swims a day that no one wanted to miss. If "Special Service" was to be done then some of those other things that were not required must be given up.

My Troop were splendid workers with a fine spirit of helpfulness and the way they went at that work to bridge those mudholes and make a useable way up the bank was a comfort to anyone working with boys. It was all voluntary, you know. There was no physical compulsion, no scolding and if any one held back at times his companions made him feel so uncomfortable by their jeers and jibes an well as by quiet talks, there was no one not active in the Troop enterprise. Of course, there were some lazy boys and some who soon tired or thought they did, and the Scout master would sometime have to prod a bit but it was voluntary and any Scout could quit if he did not want to work. I am free to admit, however, that the less interested ones did feel a decided pressure on them from the Scout Master who worked as hard as any of them and they knew they would surely lose favor if they did not go along.

While the boys were at their tests or camp work after breakfast I would cut young cedars which grew in thickets near the camp and trim them so that the boys could drag them down to the creek. With

the lighter poles fastened to the string pieces, a wide cordoroy walk was made over the gullies and the mud. Our walk ran thru a thicket of alders cutting off the breeze but giving no shade and how hot it was down there in the hollow can be judged by a photo in one of our albums showing the Troop at work.

But we finished that job and then a good zig-zag path up the bluff to the dining hall with a flight of rustic steps at the top for the last steep pitch. Those steps also had a rustic balustrade. It was a fine job and I was proud of the Scouts for finishing it. Those boys did work hard and the Troop was quite the envy of the whole camp.

When Mother died she left me about $2000 which I put aside and had never used, wanting to use it in some way for a memorial to her, whom I loved so much. I had thought of putting a tablet in the little ~~room~~ class room of the Sunday School building where she taught a class of older boys and later young men, and when they married or went here and there she had a class of maids or servant girls as they were called then. So for more than twenty years she had been a faithful teacher and hard worker in the School. She richly deserved such a memorial but it did not just appeal to me. Then I thought what could be better than to give the Scout Council the price they paid for the camp site and place Mother's name on it. The more I thought of it the more strongly it appealed to me and I asked Isaac Sutton if he thought it would be all right. He said he would talk to the other officials about it and they approved. In due time the arrangements were made and Isaac, at his own expense, had a great granite boulder forming one side of a natural ~~chapel~~ ampitheatre, we called the Chapel, inscribed with a message he insisted I should write. Cut into that granite are these

THE HARRIET LAWRENCE WILBUR MEMORIAL TRACT DEDICATED TO THE BOY SCOUTS OF DELAWARE AND MONTGOMERY COUNTIES FOR STRONG LIVES AND NOBLE IDEALS BY HER SON BERTRAND K. WILBUR.

The last words,"by her son Bertrand K.Wilbur" Isaac added on his own authority as they were not in the original copy I gave him.

One bright beautiful afternoon when camp was open, the flag was raised on the flag pole on the Campus with due ceremony and the entire company then went to the Chapel to formally dedicate the land to this high purpose. After I made a short talk telling about Mother's love of the forest and all that that was beautiful in nature and her love of boys Bishop Garland, Bishop-coadjutor of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, in a simple but impressive ceremony dedicated the land. I had known Dr. Garland in my work on the Charities Committee of the Phila. Chamber of Commerce, of which I was a member, and had the greatest respect and liking for him so it was a delightful to have him there. Isaac had a great many friends and contacts and it was he who got the Bishop to do this as a special favor for the Bishop was a very busy man.

That Chapel is one of the beauty spots of the camp. The memorial rock forms one side, while lower rocks form the other and between is a sloping area rising gently from an open space below and all roofed by towering trees whose trunks rise like the columns of a cathedral. From year to year simple additions have been made to add to its usefulness without maring its natural beauty. One camp season Nelson and I built a speakers bench with oak frame and red cedar splints for seat and back. The cut ends of the small oak poles, with the black centers surrounded by the white ring and brown bark and the red centers of the young cedar edged with white made it wonderfully beautiful yet

in perfect harmony with that woodland sanctuary. Above the back of the bench we made three inverted V s of ~~kkkkkk~~ small straight ~~kkk~~ branches the larger in the center above which we placed a small cross with the Greek initials P X below while on the others at either side were the camp initials,of witchazel. Nelson and I were working hardd to finish it on our last Saturday morning when a thunder storm came up and the lightning crackeled over head among those trees. It was not an ideal placet'o be just then but I thought/of t he old safety of sanctuary and we worked on, Nelson never making a murmur. I did not want to leave it unfinished yet I must getthe Troop home that afternoon and I did not know when I could come back again. When we at last finished it all, dirty and wet through, we went back to the campus. There were many visitors there as the shower was over and one of t hem,Derham, the fine carriage builder of Rosemont whose son was in my troop, was among them. He knew me and as I came by took one glance at me and turned away. But turned again to look and stare. And t hen burst out, "I'll be d----! It's Dr.Wilbur!" I was'nt a bit embarrassed and k laughedwith him for I knew he would only respect a man the more who could and/would work with his hands and did'nt mind the necessary grime.

Another year a troop moved a natural granite rock they found, shaped like a square shaft with a sloping top and placed it in front ofthe Speaker's bench for a reading desk. One year when Harry had become Scout Master of/the Troop he and his boys built a half dozen or more rustic benches on the sides of/the open space for visitors for often there have been nearly a hundred at/the services on Sunday. Often I have spoken at/those services, For years I never failed to speak atthe first one each camp season and those services have been

delightful spiritual experiences for me. In all those years rain seldom prevented the service being held out doors in the chapel. When it did rain they were held in the BIG House. The hundred or more boys in Scout uniforms, grouped in the Chapel and on the low rocks at one side, with their bright eager faces, called for one's most earnest efforts. The beauty of the woods, the fragrant air, the sunlight sifting throu the leafy roof, the quiet of our solitude all made real worship natural and sincere.

Isaac Sutton was a real genius in discovering bits of land that could be purchased and one day he asked if I wanted to join him in buying ten acres adjoining the Scout land and running from the main road which was on the other side of the creek up the hill and also up both sides of the creek for some distance but only twenty feet wide there. However, that gave us control of the creek and prevented other campers building near us. The price was less than a hundred dollars and we bought it. It is a lovely piece of wild land with good creek frontage. Later he built a very attractive cabin there which he named Cedar Lodge and he was always most generous in letting other people use it, especially me, and very often Anne and I would go there Saturday afternoon and so be nearby for the Sunday service. Later, Edward Bok of Merion and always a strong backer for the Scouts, bought twenty or more acres up the hill back of the Campus and gave it to the Council to be known as the Belfield Tract, in honor of a retired Scout Master of the Merion Troop and later still another farm up the creek, about forty acres was bought by the Council, thus rounding out the property which covers nearly two hundrend acres, I think. Thus, the land Isaac and I own is a little plot entirely surrounded by the

Scout land except where it borders on the public road but as we were both active in Scouting we did not mind that but felt quite at home. It has always been our intention to sell that land to the Scouts when we are ready to dispose of it. Our family has had many fine picnics at Cedar Lodge and Anna and I, either with some of the children or just by ourselves have enjoyed many delightful days living there through the courtesy of my good friend.

Swamp Creek, or as the Pennsylvania Dutchmen who dwelt about there called it, Schwaamp krik, altho the official name of the stream on the maps, did not suit the Scouts very well and Isaac found that the Unami tribe of the Delawares lived in that region in the early days so he named the creek Unami and the name has come into general use and a very pretty one it is. Most of the time the Unami is a pleasant, well behaved stream with rapids and pools where the branches of the trees hang low over the water. In places there are little lakes behind old mill dams and the Scouts built a fine concrete dam just above the swimming pool. Isaac's brother, Craig Sutton engineered and supervised that. Seeing the stream thus one could scarcely believe how rapidly it could become a raging torrent, flooding the low lands and gnawing viciously at its banks.

Such a flood caught the camp unawares not long after we began using the site. There were so many there that tents had been pitched along the creek on the lower part of the campus. We were using Army tents there, each holding eight cots. Suddenly, in the night some boy put his foot out of his cot and when it landed in water instead of on the tent floor he gave a yell. They could hardly get their duffle to higher ground and save the tents before the water was over

over their heads. Fortunately it was only a little way to higher ground and the rest of the tents. The flood took out the logs that made the bridge and as day light came there was all the camp, except the cooks, on one side of the stream and all the provisions on the other with a turbulent torrent, almost a half block wide between. And such hungry boys after their night of salvaging tents and duffle and the excitement! But who ever saw Scouts stumped by such a castrophy? An arrow with a string was shot across after some trials;a rope pulled over and so eats were sent across the aerial ferry all was happy. Later a fine suspension bridge was built,high above the possible flood but not before the first truss bridge on concrete piers had been caried away by another freshet,

Tents were never very satisfactory and they needed many repairs each season and after much planning and thought we built frames of ceder poles of which we had great quantities on our land, which supported shingle roofs which projected in front to form a sort of piazza. They were closed at one end and part way on the sides while the rest of the sides could be covered with canvas curtains in wet weather. Each held eight bunks and proved very attractive outside and just the thing for the boys inside. They have been copied in other camps. Anna and I helped to shingle one of them as we were at Ceder Lodge when they were being built.

~~Some years after we bought the second tract of land Mr. Edward Bok~~

It would be wearisome to tell of all the additions and improvements that have been made to that ideal camp since the forst twenty acres were purchased but one ought to be mentioned because it is a memorial to the man who put Scouting on the Main Line on its feet and

and whose foresight and management made Delmont possible. I refer to Mr. Winthrop Sargent.

In wet weather the boys needed some place to play. They would go out in the rain and get pretty wet, go to their tents or shacks and put on dry clothing and go out and get that wet and soon all their clothes were wet and every camper knows its hard to dry them out until the weather clears. Then, too, we needed a place for camp fires and assemblies in bad weather, so a big log cabin was planned as we had logs enough on the camp land and to spare. Sutton had become sort of chief authority on all things Indian and he dug up a plan of the Delaware Indians "big house" and it became the basis for this big cabin. There was an ideal site on the edge of the Campus with a big flat rock for the terrace in front and the house was built by some local carpenters. It was decided to name it the Sargent Big House and to put up a rustic sign in side telling something of Mr. Sargent's helpfulness to the Scouts Unfortunately, this was never done and few now remember How much the Delaware and Montgomery counties Scouts owe to him. As I was Chairman of the Camp Committee for many years no doubt I was more to blame than anyone else for our failure to honor Mr. Sargent, even in this small way

One of the biggest problems the Chairman of the Camp Committee had to solve each year for many seasons was the selection and hiring of the camp staff, especially the camp director and the COOK. Soon after the first of each year the camp committee began to hold meetings and plan arrangements, and hunt staff members. While the committee members were interested and helpful the burden of it all fell to the chairman as is true of most committeework, and it required much time and thought for it had been agreed that our Scout Executive was to be free in the sum-

as he had a camp of his own in Maine to run. So, for many years we had to find a man to be the executive at camp tho Stephen Aplin and Edward Shaw, our first Scout Executives, ran it. As the success of the camp depended almost entirely on the Director it was not until we found Byron J.Pickering that we began to breathe more easily. He was very satisfactory and chose Earnest Schultz as his assistant who succeeded him and ran the camp for many seasons. As both of these men chose their own assistants much of the burden of the preparatory work was taken up by them and things ran more smoothly. We were also fortinate in getting good men for cooks who served year after year.

Sothe camp has grown until at times there have been as many as two hundred and seventy five boys there at a time. An entirely new Campus had to be made by draining a meadow and cabins were built on the higher ground surrounding it. I can hardly be too enthusiastic about it and a naturalist who lives not so far away and who had travelled thru the lenght and breadth of that country said he did not know its equal anywhere. May it ever serve the boys of our Council not only for their chjoyment of their outdoors and camp life but for the high purpose to which a considerable part of it was dedicated.

My own troop went to camp for years and for most of them I went with them taking part of my vacation that way. Funds were provided in various ways to pay the expenses of those boys who could not meet their own, but it was not possible to send every boy and a number could not go for other reasons. Still about sixteen or twenty went each year. Before long the Bryn Mawr troop were carrying away the major prizes for such things as camp craft, tent keeping and living truest to the Scout Oath.

While a few cents a week were paid as dues by the boys they were asked to build cabins or pay for them and otherwise help furnish equipment for Camp Delmont and had the privelege of naming anything they did there. There was quite a rivalry between them and the Bryn Mawr Troop was always a rival of the Merion Troop in this respect. They had many boys from wealthy homes there while we did not have as many so we had to find a way to do our share. The time came when a Director's Cabin was needed, or headquarters and it was decided that the Troop bidding the highest sum for the privelege of naming it would have ther ight to do so. We decided to give a movie benefit. At that time it was the policy of the Scout authorities to let the Scouts sell tickets when in uniform for such things. It later became a nuisance and was forbidden. So we arranged for two afternoons and two evenings and the Scouts went atthe ticket selling with their accustomed energy. When the clean up came we found we had netted over $400! It hardly seems possible but it was a fact. Years later, when Harry was Scout Master he tried a three day showing of the Three Musketkairs but, alas, it had been too generally shown and the poor boy went into a hole for a considerable sum.

We got what we thought was a straight tip that Merion was going after the directors cabin and going hard and we decided they would bid four hundred dollars. We felt very sure of it and we believed they felt sure that no other troop in the countiaes could come near that bid. As we had the four hundred and more we bid $401 and chuckled to think how we would fool them. When the secret bids were opened by the Council it was found that Merion had not bid at at ALL! and the next bid was way below ours. But we paid up like good Scouts. It was a worthy cause.

When the United States wentto war with Germany Scouting became very popular. Many boys from wealthy families up and down the Main line joined the Troop until we had more than forty Scouts in regular attendance and they all wanted to do something. Drill became very snappy and popular, metals, even tooth paste tubes were collected, black walnut trees spotted and reported, the Government wantthem for air plane propellers, a half acre of land was loaned by Mr. Alba Johnson for w ar Garden and George Packard's father had it plowed and harrowed as well as fertilized. George was one of those wealthy men's sons and with the Sinkler boys, Rosengaten, Billy Ashcraft and others were all fine Scouts. Many of them came to meeting in an auto with a chauffeur driving so that we were called the Autobimile Troop, for a while by our less fortunate brothers. But they were a fine responsive group, a pleasure to work with them and for them.

After the ground was thus prepared the Troop planted corn and the plot was divided into sections each assigned to a patrol to hoe and look/after. It must be confessed that at first the young shoots were like to be hoed up in the enthusiasm but as summer came on and the sun grew hot the Scout Master had to do considerable urging and recalling of the Scout Law and even to do considerable hoeing himself spendidly aidedby his fine sons and often by Ed. Forstall, one of the best Scouts in the Troop. But when Fall came and it was time to harvest the golden ears all turned out with great zeal and gathered a fine crop, I've forgotten how many bushels. All in all those boys did good work and far more of it that any other group of like numbers I'm sure. The corn was sold to a gentleman farmer and we all felt we were helping to win the war by producing provisions.

There were five issues of Liberty bonds during the time the U.S. was in the Worlds war and the government made provision for the Scouts to help the sale, by awarding medals and banners as prizes as well as considerable literature to stimulate their interest. But the Government did not want the Scouts to interfere with their other agencies for the sale, bankers, brokers, individuals and so forth and so the Scouts were only allowed to sell during the last week of each campaign rather a/ shabby trick as the cream had all been skimmed off by that time and not a whole lot of even skim-milk was lexft. The results amazed even the most ardently hopeful of the Scout leaders for the sales the boys made were astonishing. It was only natural that the Scouts would ask Dad and Grandfather to wait and buy from them even tho they did not consider that selling before the last week. The pressure on Dad and other grown ups from their men friends and bankers was so great and the popular feeling so strong that it was almost impossible for them to hold a very large amount for their sons or Scout friends. It is hardfor us to realize what the pressure was for every kind of war service and how great the excitement. Everyone with a few exceptions was feaverishly active, never content until they were doing something to help win the war and the Scouts were no exceptions. So they entered the Bohd selling ~~ex~~ week with great energy and actually sold nearly a million dollars worth of bonds in the five campaigns, that is in the last week only, five weeks in all. While it is true that there were a number of wealthy sons of fathers in our troop and their sales did much to make so huge a total, still that was not all by any means. In/ order to tell ~~who would be entitled~~ to who would be entitled to medals &c. I kept an individual record with each Scout so there is

little chance for a mistake.

With each campaign it became harder and harder to sell. Enthusiathn lessened and money grew scarcer, even with war profits. Of course, the boys were affected by the general conditions and began to loose interest as most boys will after a thing has been going a while. So with the fifth campaign I found I had to assign quotas to each Scout based on his sales in previous campaigns. Harry, who seemed to be a born salesman and has proved himself to be one, had a hard time. He had gotten some large amounts from Grandfather and his wife in previous campaigns and his quota was large. Grandfather was not feeling as wealthy ~~xx~~ just then and extra pressure was brought on him to buy from a friend of Mrs. KNYS H.O.s' so the very last day of the last week came and he was way behind. On his own initiative he dressed in his Scout uniform and being Saturday, went down to the Bellevue- Strattford Hotel in the city and began to tackle people in the lobby! He was little more than a boy but he met with such good results that in a shott time he attracted attention of a woman's organization who had a table in the lobby to sell bonds and thought they had that exclusive territory. So they asked the manager to make Harry move on. As he was still short he went up stairs to see his Grandfather and talked him into another subscription by telling him his success in the lobby, which pleased Father mightily, and the hard luck story of being put out just as he was filling his quota. He came home with his full required amount, a mighty happy boy and to a mighty proud father. The Scouts did not take money but only got signed orders which went through the different banks for delivery.

One of the favorite war-time stunts of many troops was the mobilization

ixation

of the Troop. The boys liked it a lot but the parents were not so enthusiastic. In fact, I learned they objected so strongly we could not do it very often. Each Patrol Leader had the phone number of each member of his patrol or, where there was no phone in the home, the numberm of a neighbor Scout or of a friend, who would call him. Without warning or any prearrangement the Scout Master would call the Patrol Leaders and tell them to mobilize their patrols at once, at a certain place, generally at headquarters. Then, noting the time the S.M. would hurry to the appointed place and see how soon 80 or 90 of the Troop were on hand. The promptness with which the boys assembled was astonishing, often within 15 minutes. Saturday afternoons were about the only times we could mobilize tho sometimes I sent the call out right after the evening meal. But it disrupted the family routine too much and was tolerated only because of war times and the vague idea that such practice would be useful in an emergency. Boys would rush their family chaufers and cars to church from as far away as Radnor and the Westchester Pike, very often to the disgust of Dad and the protests of the family not to mention the chaufers. They came on bikes with two extra hanging on, they boned rides, they came running, anything to get there. Was not the nation at war and who knew when such a call might be for real service. So they reasoned. After assembly there was a short drill and then some games with the exchange of experiences in getting there and obstacles overcome. It was all very real.

Not all the Scout activities were this sort of make-believe tho it was far from that to the boys. They spent a Saturday or two each year in cleaning up vacant lots, gathering together the cans and trash which lax policeing had allowed to accumulate, and piled them together ready for the Township to cart away and they did good jobs, too. This

Initiations.

like all Scout work, was voluntary and not every Scout turned out but there were not many slackers. Anyone who knows boys knows how they hate to clean up other peoples' trash and dirt so this community service was all the harder to do on that account. The marvel is that they did it, for while it is true that putting a Scout uniform will not make a fine boy out of a slacker it will help him to become a fine character. The Scouts were used largely during the war to distribute government circulars and later in various ways to help the Board of Health. Naturally, being so closely connected with both organizations I used the Scouts whereever I could. They made inspections fpr nuisances, rubbish piles and uncovered manure pits and similar unsanitary conditions. They distributed 'fly circulars' to stores and helped other organizations, putting up a Scout camp and selling matches as well as showing how to make fire by friction, for a price at community fetes for the benefit of Bryn Mawr Hospital, and really were helpful.

With all the more serious activities, especially during war time we had fun also and initiation nights were times of harmless frollics. As I wrote I never liked those stunts where older men maltreated the helpless candidates even tho it was never severe or serious. The principle seemed wrong and beside the other Scouts could not enjoy the fun. As far as possible the older Scouts ought to do the initiating and those already in the Troop to enjoy it. So we worked out a number of funny stunts the boys suggesting some of them. One favorite was to bring the candidate into the large room and show him a board with a lot of tacks standing up on it. It was explained that this was a test of will power and courage. He would be blindfoled after he had taken off his shoes and was then to jump on the tacks. A quantity of bandages, cotton and gauze were placed where he could readily see the

It was a test of will and courage in very truth and little wonder that some hesitated quite a bit ~~xxxfxx~~ before they could will themselves to jump, on those awful points. But when they did no harm came of it as the tacks were made of soft rubber tho they looked exactly like the real thing!

Another good one was the ride in an air plane. Again the Scout was blindfolded andtold he was ~~gxxxg~~ to be tested for courage, so important to every good scout. He was led about until he lost sense of direction and distance and then told to climb up while others held him He seemed to go a long way but really only climbed on a board beween to chairs. Then two strong fellows lifted the ends of the board being careful not to throw the Scout off while others whirled egg beaters to simulate the noise of machinery in rapid action and they did it too. As the board swayed and trembled it moved about and was slowly ~~xxxxxxxx~~ lowered to within a few inches oft he floor when the Scout was yelled at and told to jump! Again many hesitated ~~xxx~~ not knowing how near the high roof oft he chapel they might be but at lastthey would plunge off to land on the floor only a few inches away, all in a heap! I ~~xxxxd~~ tried that stunt once, blindfolded, and altho I knew what was happening the sensation of being up in the air was very real.

So I might go on but enough has been told to show what Scouting was in those early years.~~x~~ After seven years as Scout Master I felt I could no longer spare the time as business cares increased and the Council and Camp work demanded so much time. Bert was ready and competant to take overthe management of the Troop with Ed.Forstall as a most able ~~xxx~~ assistant. Bryn Mawr Troop 1 had been the honor troop in the two counties for years winning the highest points in all contests and at Camp. When Bert could no longer give the time Harry took it and made a tremendous success of it working really too hard at it The boys all worshipped him. Then Don, Nelson and Ross all followed

in turn, each making a worthwhile contribution to the service for boys.

For years I was chairman of the camp committee and later of the improvement "camp ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ committee" a misleading name for it was really a planing committee, an idea of mine to prevent hit or miss development of the camp. No improvement, new building, major trail or orther change could be made at camp without the approval of this committee. It was a wise arrangement and prevented ~~xxx~~ some foolish things being done that would have marred the camp very materially. ~~Xxx~~

Edward Carlson was the Scout Executive for years and a most able and efficient one as well as being a man of charming personality. We were great friends and we spent many hours talking Scouting and planning policy. He was going here and there many nights each week visiting troops and attending conferences so our talks most often had to be ~~an~~ at lunch time in the city. He often drafted me to speak at Scout gatherings in the countics, father and son dinners and such occasions and more than once we went to Delmont together to look over some proposed change or repair. Of course it took a lot of time but my time was practically outside of business hours, noon hours, evenings and Saturdays. Carlson was a good companion as well as a good friend and we were mutually fond of each other, altho he was considerably younger than I. I missed him when he went to his reward some years ago.

Bryn Mawr Troop No.1 still ~~continues~~ carries on under the very able leadership of Walton Forstall Jr. It has had its ups and downs since ~~the boys~~ my sons had to do other things, and life became too complicated to carry on the Scout work but the Troop is now active and flourishing under the present Scout Master. The success of the Troop depends almost entirely on that. With 27 years of continuous life we wish the old Troop ever increasing success.