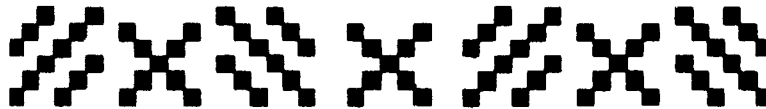


I Remember It This Way

*Philip Todd Holland**



Dr. Philip Todd Holland, author of the reminiscences which follow, was born in Bloomington, Indiana, March 8, 1905, the son and grandson of medical doctors. Except for brief periods of time, mainly for professional study and service in the United States Navy in World War II, Bloomington has always been his home. Holland attended the public schools of his home town, graduating from Bloomington High School in 1922. His undergraduate study was pursued at Indiana University, Bloomington, and at Washington State College, Pullman, Washington, where he received his bachelor's degree in 1927. In 1931 he was awarded the doctor of medicine degree from New York University at Bellevue and was licensed to practice medicine in New York. The following year he obtained his license to practice in Indiana and returned to Bloomington to enter a partnership with his father, Dr. George Frank Holland. Their partnership was cut short by the latter's death in 1936. During his approximately four years in the Navy during World War II, Philip Holland served principally as a surgeon, including twenty months of sea duty aboard the U. S. S. *Mississippi*. In 1950 Holland became a fellow of the International College of Surgeons. He continued his medical practice in Bloomington until his retirement in 1971.

*The following introduction to Holland's reminiscences has been written by Donald F. Carmony, the editor of the *Indiana Magazine of History* and an acquaintance of Philip T. Holland for more than two decades. The editor also resided in Bloomington for various periods of time during the 1930s and 1940s—years which are discussed in this document—and has lived in the city constantly since 1950.

Far more than most physicians Holland has participated in many medical, civic, and community activities. He twice served as president of the Owen-Monroe County Medical Society and as president of the Indiana Division of the International College of Surgeons. He sat on the board of directors for both the Bloomington Rotary (for which he was at one time president) and the Bloomington Chamber of Commerce. For several terms he was a vestryman at Trinity Episcopal Church. Holland was also twice chosen as president of the Navy League of Indiana; and, succeeding his father, he was secretary of the Bloomington Water Company. His numerous memberships ranged from medical organizations through the Bloomington County Club to the Indiana Society of Chicago.

Holland has had an amazing variety of interests and hobbies. In his youth he learned to play several musical instruments and was briefly a member of the Drum and Bugle Corps while a student at Indiana University. He has also been interested in stamp collecting and photography. As an adult he came to enjoy deep sea fishing, in part because of the opportunities it gave him to develop his hobby of photography; and he also learned to fly and often flew his own plane. In the early 1960s, when some his age would have been considering retirement, he completed a scuba diving course! In short, as Phil has himself so aptly written in a statement submitted with his reminiscences: "To sum it all up, he loved life, friends, country, and took great pride in his profession, with the avowed intention of living and enjoying living and being proud to let everyone know that was the case."

As the above sketch and the memoirs which follow make clear, Holland has been intimately associated with Bloomington and Indiana University since before World War I. Moreover, although Phil came from an established and prominent family and had more opportunities for the "good life" than boys of his generation usually enjoyed, he had many acquaintances among other youth and led anything but a sheltered and secluded life. Phil has long had close acquaintance with persons from widely divergent backgrounds. He understands the vagaries of human nature, knowing that every person is part saint and part sinner. Loving a good story and relishing a prank, whether on another or on himself, he prefers to laugh

with rather than at others. His sense of fair play undoubtedly stems in part from discipline during his youth. As he indicates, "We [Holland, his brother, and sister] were taught early by Dr. Frank that 'if you could not take it then you should not dish it out' referring to jokes on ourselves or on anyone else. He taught us that lesson at the cost of an occasional tear on our parts but I am sure it has proved to be one of the most valuable lessons that the three of us learned in our childhood."¹ His memory for detail is abundantly illustrated in his reminiscences, while his almost unbelievable accuracy is vouched for by Associate Editor Lorna Lutes Sylvester who checked numerous items as she prepared the notes for the memoirs.

Holland's recollections are mainly centered on Bloomington and Indiana University for the period from about 1910 until the 1930s. In 1910, when Phil was a lad of five about ready for school, Bloomington had a population of 8,838; by 1940 the aggregate had risen to 20,870, and thence to 42,890 in 1970.² Especially in the period before 1940 Bloomington preserved many of its small town ways—ways which were largely the product of decades of a rural and agrarian society which reached back to the town's founding in 1818. Its business life, as Holland's reminiscences bear out, centered around the courthouse square and the immediately surrounding area—with residences of many prominent citizens nearby. Indiana University had been an important part of Bloomington's history from the 1820s, but in the early twentieth century the university had received only modest national and international acclaim. In the depression ridden thirties Bloomington maintained close links with its past. The author of this introduction recalls that occasionally a farmer with a team of oxen hitched to a wagon mingled with automobiles on the city streets. The Salvation Army Band often played on the courthouse square. And Holland remembers that "Bloomington for a number of years had a band and had band concerts which were held in the park on 3rd St."

¹ For quotation see page 237 of the following document.

² U. S., *Thirteenth Census of the United States Taken in the Year 1910: Population*. Vol. II, *Alabama-Montana* (Washington, 1913), 532; U. S., *Sixteenth Census of the United States, 1940: Population*. Vol. I, *Number of Inhabitants* (Washington, 1942), 344; U. S., *1970 Census of Population: Number of Inhabitants, Indiana* (Washington, 1971), 16-11.

These concerts, he writes, "were an institution for a great many years."³ Saturday night was the big shopping night as farmers and townsmen thronged the streets. From about the end of the thirties, however, the old order began to give way to a new one. Especially during the forties the rapid growth of manufacturing, the impact of World War II, the jump in the number of students and faculty at Indiana University, improved roads and transportation facilities, expanding town and campus boundaries, and related developments ushered in a new era with a quickened tempo. Accounts of small town life in Indiana emphasizing the period from roughly 1910 to the 1930s are apparently in short supply—hence reminiscences such as Holland's are worthy of preservation. Though Holland describes the day by day life of people in Bloomington, what he has to say about early medical practice, experiences during World War I, and changes in transportation are especially useful and graphic. For example, his description of early Model-T's will stir many memories:

We did have Model-T automobiles at that time and they were really something. Each cylinder had its own spark coil and ignition system and they had a three pedal system, reverse, low, high, and a brake, working the transmission system. The gasoline feed was by gravity with the gasoline tank being under the driver's seat. If the grade of a hill was steep enough it became necessary to *back* up the hill to get up because the gasoline would not run up hill. One interesting thing about the old Model-T's was that they had a full weight-bearing rear axle which meant that if the axle broke the wheel would slide out of the housing and go rolling on down the road. . . . These old cars had side curtains of heavy fabric with isinglass panels which we called "side curtains" and they could be put on in bad weather. They were made with various kinds of snaps and fasteners so they could be assembled and fastened in place, with an upright rod to go in a tunnel in the curtain, at the opening end of the side doors.⁴

Holland remembers accompanying his father to a World War I training camp near Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where the family lived "in a little pine house 30 ft. x 30 ft. with a porch across the front and the back, a make-shift shower on the back porch and a sawdust filled ice box" The children at Camp Shelby, he recalls, had their "own version of trench warfare and fired BB guns, and wore wash basins for helmets, and . . . had trenches and dugouts there in the red Mis-

³ For quotation see page 248 of the following document.

⁴ See following page 229.

issippi dirt." The poignancy of the war was not lost on the youthful Holland. "The sound of 'Taps' blown by a bugle in the evening, wafting across the red dirt and pine trees under such circumstances is one," he says, "which will forever after be associated with a thrill in one's spine." When columns of soldiers left for overseas duty, the families who remained at Camp Shelby "realized many of them would not return, and that would bring a lump in the throat, or a tear to an eye, but no one would acknowledge nor allow it to be seen."⁵

A chore which Holland—as a doctor's son—"fell heir to fairly early was helping in the reduction of fractures." He also turned the crank which rotated the glass plates on the "impressive huge" X-ray machine—one of the first in the Bloomington area—which his father had in his office. Holland was his father's chauffeur on night calls and thus "became accustomed to getting . . . sleep in 'catnaps' and having it disturbed without thinking very much about it, at an early age." If he was not needed to hold the coal oil lights while his father performed operations on the kitchen table "as was not too uncommon in those days," Phil "would curl up on the floor of the car beside the hand brake and the gearshift lever which were in the center of the front compartment and utilize the warmth that was coming off the motor" Frequently on these night calls the mud in the roads would be "so deep it was up to the running boards which were on the side of the car and up to the axles, and if you stopped or hesitated once, you were 'hung up' and that was it!" About early transportation facilities and early medical practice Holland concludes: "We take our communications pretty much for granted now but in those days people used to have to hitch the horse and buggy and drive into town to the doctor's office or home or get him to come out and see a very ill patient. People did not have clinics, hospitals and equipment such as we have now and it was not at all unusual to be awakened at night by someone knocking on the door, with a message of need."⁶

Holland's reminiscences are also about his family. "Grandmother and grandfather Holland," he writes, "taught their children that 'blood is thicker than water' and that 'if you

⁵ Quotations are from following pages 254, 255-56, 256.

⁶ See following pages 262, 231.

could not depend on your own family then you could not depend on anybody' so they taught a strong bond of solidarity in the family and independence, and reliance" His grandparents, Philip C. and Ann Atlanta Holland, appear frequently in his narrative, as do his father, George Frank Holland—whom Holland sometimes refers to as Dr. Frank—and his mother, Margaret Ashby Todd Holland. Philip Holland shared many of his experiences and shares many of his memories with his brother and sister, William Ernest—or Bill—and Elizabeth Chittenden Holland. In 1929 Philip married Ellen Keyser, and to her and their two children, George Frank II and Nancy Ellen, he in part dedicates his reminiscences.

Phil Holland has produced an intensely personal account. Though written in 1971 and 1972, after his retirement from medical practice, many of the items and episodes related in this document are told in terms of what they meant to him as a boy and are about an earlier era, one which he so much enjoyed. As Phil has put it in the foreward to his reminiscences:

This is a little boy's history of a time and events that are important in his life and the history of the United States. It has been recorded as he remembers it and with the people, places, and events all presented in the reality they occupied in his life. It has to be personal, for whose story could he tell in that way other than his own? It has been fun to live and to record it and it is done with fondness and appreciation of the people, places and events which meant so much. If you find disagreement as to some time, or place, or event, just remember, the title is "I Remember It This Way." Enjoy a few years with me, will you?

⁷ See following page 235.

Every story must begin someplace and sometime.¹ Our story here begins March 8, 1905, at night in Monroe County, Indiana, when a son was born to a young, ambitious dark complexioned, handsome doctor, Dr. George Frank Holland and his wife Margaret Ashby Todd Holland who was an at-

¹ With the concurrence of the author typographical errors and misspellings of proper names have been corrected in the following transcription. Punctuation and capitalization in chapter headings have been standardized. In all other respects—including punctuation, paragraphing, and capitalization—the manuscript which was originally submitted by the author has been reproduced as exactly as possible. Identification of people and places has been attempted, either in footnotes or in brackets

tractive vivacious blue-eyed blonde haired young woman, well educated in music and literature. This event occurred at the home of Dr. Philip C. Holland and his wife, Ann Atlanta Holland. The boy was named Philip for his grandfather and Todd was his mother's family name. This birth was accomplished at home because people did not go to the hospital to have babies in those days; in fact, there wasn't any hospital available to use for that purpose. They [Philip C. and Ann Atlanta Holland] were living in a two story home on the northwest corner of Seventh Street and Walnut where they had resided for some time. They had lived several places in the community since they came to Bloomington shortly after the Civil War to put their family in school. This was the house they bought and lived in for many years. The community at this time was well established having been incorporated in 1820. The University was incorporated earlier, in 1816, and although University and town were well established neither was of great size.² The house on 7th St. had large stone steps leading up to the front entrance and a porch on the south and east sides of the house and to the west of the house a storage barn in which was kept a horse and buggy. The carriage barn was a 2 story structure. Under the stairs leading to the second floor there was a two-hole privy. The second story was used for storing tools and various things which my grand-

in the text, whenever such information seemed needed and was available. The author has dedicated his reminiscences as follows: "To the Todds, Hollands, Chittendens, Keyzers, Conceens, Daniels and to my wife Ellen and our children and their children and to the hometown of Bloomington, Indiana, and the people who walk the pages herein, this book is most fondly and appreciatively dedicated."

² Monroe County was formed by statute on January 14, 1818. On April 11, 1818, the commissioners selected Bloomington as the site of the county seat. The town was incorporated in 1845, the incorporation was removed in 1858, and Bloomington was again incorporated in 1859. George Pence and Nellie C. Armstrong, *Indiana Boundaries: Territory, State, and County* (Indiana Historical Collections, Vol. XIX; Indianapolis, 1933), 600-607. *History of Lawrence and Monroe Counties, Indiana: Their People, Industries and Institutions* (Indianapolis, 1914), 386-87. According to the census of 1900 Bloomington's population was 6,460; by 1910 the city had grown to 8,838 inhabitants. U.S., *Thirteenth Census of the United States Taken in the Year 1910*. Vol. II, *Population* (Washington, 1913), 532. On January 19, 1820, the Indiana General Assembly enacted a law creating Indiana State Seminary, later to become Indiana University. In approximately 1825 classes began in the newly constructed buildings in Bloomington. Thomas D. Clark, *Indiana University, Midwestern Pioneer: The Early Years* (Bloomington, 1970), 24, 25, 30-31. According to the student yearbook of 1905, 1,538 students were enrolled at Indiana University under the tutelage of seventy-one faculty members. *The Arbutus* (n.p., 1905), 10.

father owned and needed to have. The house was well built of frame construction and nice in appearance and there were four fireplaces of cast metal in the house with wood framework but the house was heated by hot water radiators which at that time were furnished hot water by a central heating system which served a number of structures in that downtown area. The house was a block from the northeast corner of the square, the north side of which was formed by 6th St. and the east side of which was formed by Walnut St. In back of the house there was a cistern which provided the drinking water for the family and there was a large fire cistern which was one part of the city's fire protection which consisted of a series of fire cisterns of water located at the strategic places in the city. Wells and springs were sometimes sources of water in the area but at this time it was beginning to be discovered, because of the limestone formations in this area, that the water from these sources could not be depended upon to be healthy and was the source of serious illness and bad health, because drainage entered from barns, privies, etc. and the germ theory was only beginning to be accepted and people were only beginning to learn that germs caused disease.

The city's fire house was on Walnut St. on the east side of the block between 6th and 7th. The old fire bell, which now stands in the city park, could be heard whenever there was a fire.³ Wicks "Bee Hive" which was on the north side of the public square was a big department store at that time and old "Cap" [Captain W. J.] Allen, a Civil War Veteran had a hardware store on the south side of the square where the old Civil War Veterans gathered and swapped stories and Kahn Clothing Company was located on the south side of the square and above their establishment was the Masonic Lodge Hall. John W. O'Harrow had a drugstore on the south side of the square where he sold all the many varieties of drugs that were sold at that time from the pharmacy of that period. He also sold whiskey, wallpaper and other things. This was quite a large store and was located approximately where Hewitt's Rexall Pharmacy is now.⁴

³ The old fire bell is located in the city park south of Third Street between Washington and Lincoln streets.

⁴ Biographies of many of the people mentioned in these reminiscences can be found in *History of Lawrence and Monroe Counties*, 460-764. Also



DR. AND MRS. GEORGE FRANK HOLLAND
1904

Courtesy Philip Todd Holland.

There were no paved streets.⁵ They were either crushed stone or dirt. They were all tree lined on both sides of the street with the town having many narrow streets many of which can still be seen in the southeast portion of town. These were narrow streets with deep gutters at the intersections, and were made primarily for horse and buggy traffic.

Gas lighting was coming into use in homes in the city⁶ and electricity which is now a household item had not yet become very popular. Coal oil lights were used for lighting. Most houses were heated by stoves, grates, or fireplaces of one sort or another, central home heating not being very popular except for the Municipal Central water heating system which I mentioned earlier which served, among other buildings, the one on the corner of 7th and Walnut.

Dr. Philip C. Holland and Dr. George Frank Holland had their office in the old building on the east side of College Ave. between the alley and the corner of 7th and College. Between the alley and the office there was the first motion picture theater established in town, an open air one, which ran such movies as came out when they were first developed. Later, across the street the Crescent Theater was built and was more nearly like our current motion picture theaters. The post office was located on the west side of the street along the alley and towards 6th St. Dr. Philip and Dr. Frank Holland had their office listed as Drs. Holland & Holland in a frame building with a railed porch around the front of it and in the south two rooms of this building an optician by the name of Dr. Luck fitted and ground glasses and made up spectacles for people. On Sunday he preached at the old Campbellite Church which was way out on North Indiana above 10th St. at that

useful for identifying individuals and locating places of business are the Bloomington city directories. See, for example, Commercial Directory Company, comp., *Bloomington City Directory and Monroe County Gazetteer for 1911-1912* . . . (Marion, Ind., n.d.); *Caron's Directory of the City of Bloomington, Ind. for 1913-1914* . . . (Vol. I; Louisville, 1913); *Caron's Directory of the City of Bloomington, Indiana And Taxpayers of Monroe County for 1916-1917-1918* . . . (Vol. II; Louisville, 1916). For a further discussion of the O'Harrow family see page 213 of this article.

⁵ According to one county history Bloomington had only two and one half miles of brick paved streets in 1913. *History of Lawrence and Monroe Counties*, 388.

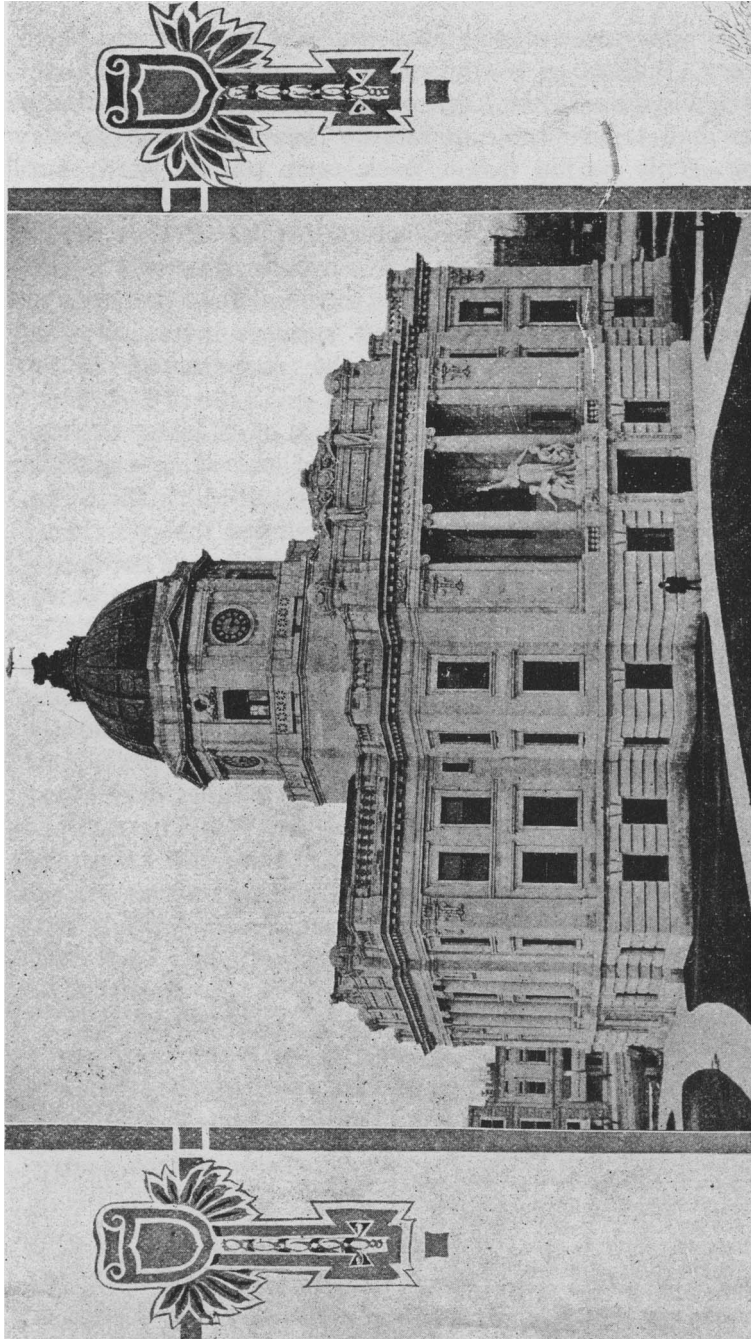
⁶ In 1880 Bloomington officials granted permission for gas works to be erected and pipes to be laid through the city's streets. *Ibid.*

time.⁷ Dr. Luck was a small man who was dark complexioned and very studious in his appearance and industrious about his work and it was always fascinating to watch the machinery that he had to grind the glass into the lenses that he was making. This he did in the back room of the two rooms which he occupied. Drs. Holland occupied the rest of the office and it was typical of doctors' offices of that period with cabinets and containers for powders, pills, ointments, liquids and various things of that sort and they did most of their compounding and preparing special preparations of one kind or another according to the pharmacology of the day.

Bloomington was the County Seat of Monroe County. The courthouse occupied the center of the square and on Saturday all the farmers would come in and park their rigs around the hitching racks which surrounded the courthouse on the four sides and there were water troughs for the horses to get water. Shopping was then done at the various stores and establishments, so it was the typical "county seat." The town was very busy Saturday and Saturday night. The first recollection I have of occupants of the house north of my grandfather's home were Erle Showers and his wife. Then the house next to that was occupied by Mr. DeMoss and his family. He ran a very respectable, nice saloon, I was told, which was down on Kirkwood near the railroad tracks.⁸ The railroad ran through the town north and south between Chicago and Louisville and, of course, when the train came in each day the horses and buggies would go to the station and people who

⁷ William L. Luck, optician, was for a number of years pastor of the University Park Christian Chapel located on Eleventh Street at the northeast corner of Indiana Avenue. See *Bloomington City Directory for 1911-1912*, 125; *Caron's Directory for 1913-1914*, 17-18, 178; *Caron's Directory for 1916-1918*, 17, 198.

⁸ Erle H. Showers was the son of Charles H. Showers, one of three brothers who owned Showers Brothers Company. During the early twentieth century this firm was considered the largest furniture making factory in the world. Dale Dillon, *Thoughts Concerning the 60th Anniversary of Showers Brothers Company* (Bloomington, 1928), 8; see also Louis H. Orzack, "Employment and Social Structure: A Study of Social Change in Indiana" (Ph.D. dissertation, Department of Sociology, Indiana University, 1953), 80, 81, *passim*. For a further discussion of the Showers family see page 219 of this article. For a brief time during the early twentieth century Enos S. DeMoss and W. H. Troutman were co-owners of Troutman and DeMoss, a saloon located at 212 West Kirkwood Avenue. See *Bloomington City Directory for 1911-1912*, 67, 187; *Caron's Directory for 1913-1914*, 100.



MONROEVILLE COUNTY COURTHOUSE, 1922

Reproduced from Forest M. Hall, *Historic Treasures . . .* (Bloomington, 1922), 22.



**EAST SIDE OF BLOOMINGTON SQUARE
LOOKING TOWARD INDIANA UNIVERSITY, c. 1915-1916**



**WEST SIDE OF BLOOMINGTON SQUARE
LOOKING NORTH ALONG COLLEGE AVENUE, c. 1920**

Courtesy Indiana University Museum, Bloomington.

were within walking distance would go down to see who was coming in on the train and who was leaving town to go some place and this was one of the big events of the day.⁹

Philip C. Holland had graduated from the Ohio Eclectic Medical College in Cincinnati, Ohio, which later became University of Cincinnati Medical College, and realizing the inadequacies of the medical education of that time he went to New Orleans to Tulane University to do post graduate work there and later went to Bellevue Hospital Medical College in New York City to further his post graduate work there. At that time he was probably the best medically educated doctor in practice in the community. His son, Dr. Frank Holland, had gotten his PhG. degree in Pharmacy in New York, and worked as a pharmacist to go to medical school because his father was not willing to put him through medical school because he said it was too rough a life and he didn't think that it was a good idea but Frank was determined to go and he did.¹⁰ He and his wife, Margaret Todd, when they first met were undergraduates at Indiana University and as I am told they were introduced to each other initially by Oscar Cravens and his wife Bird who were slightly older than they at that time.¹¹

An old couple by the name of Toby and Eliza Batterton were living in a big solid brick house at 514 N. College Avenue and Dr. Frank was their medical attendant. He asked them that when they were ready to sell their house they let him have the first chance to buy it. In about 1906 or 1907 he bought the old brick house on North College between 9th and 10th and it was on 2 lots which were just north of the one lot which was occupied by the old United Presbyterian Church. The Woodburn house which is still standing, by the way, was right across the street from it and was a somewhat older struc-

⁹ The first rail line reached Bloomington in the fall of 1853. In 1897 this railroad became part of the system incorporated under the name The Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville Railway Company, more popularly known as the Monon. See Frank F. Hargrave, *A Pioneer Indiana Railroad: The Origin and Development of the Monon* (Indianapolis, 1932), 90, 196-97, *passim*.

¹⁰ For further information concerning the early medical training of George Frank Holland see John D. Barnhart and Donald F. Carmony, *Indiana: From Frontier to Industrial Commonwealth* (4 vols., New York, 1954), IV, 624-25.

¹¹ For a further discussion of Oscar H. and Bertha Cravens see page 210.

ture.¹² A still older structure was at the corner of 8th and College on the northeast corner. It was old Allen home which was partially two story with a lot of porch around it and of brick construction and a large yard and occupied two full lots. The site is now occupied by the A & P Grocery Store. The house north of the Batterton home which was purchased, was a large frame house occupied by Mr. & Mrs. [Nathaniel Usher] Hill, the parents of Nat. U. Hill and Philip B. Hill. Mrs. Hill resided there for quite a few years after the death of her husband. Across the street from that and just north of the old Woodburn house was a house owned by Mr. & Mrs. John Dolan who had some rooms there for student girls to stay during the time that my mother and father were in school at Indiana University. Across the street from the United Presbyterian Church and on the second lot from the northwest corner of 9th St. and College Avenue there was a little 2 story house which was quite old, and was occupied by one of Bloomington's first dentists, Dr. Joseph Crain, or John, I am not sure which.¹³ His widow occupied it for him a long time after his death and when I was a youngster she used to delight my stomach by inviting me over to have the remaining portions of pie crust which she had left when she would bake pies which she would sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar and, of course, that was a delight to a little boy's tongue and eyes. To the east of the [United] Presbyterian Church on the north corner of 9th and Walnut was the Presbyterian Church parsonage and one of my most memorable and enjoyable characters was Rev. Thomas [H.] Hanna who lived there. He was a bachelor, gentle, tall and handsome. When we were children we used to go to his church

¹² A description and pictures of the Woodburn house, now owned by Indiana University, can be found in "Season's Greetings from Our Houses to Your Houses," *Indiana Alumni Magazine*, XXXIV (December, 1971), 5-15. In 1934 James A. Woodburn, who was professor of history at Indiana University in the early twentieth century, wrote a description of the house as it was in his youth for then Indiana University President Herman B Wells. James A. Woodburn to Herman B Wells, December, 1934, President's Office (Indiana University, Bloomington).

¹³ The first Nathaniel U. Hill was the grandfather of the present Judge Nat U. Hill of the Monroe County Circuit Court, State of Indiana. Dentist John W. Crain and his wife Hattie lived at 509 North College Avenue during the early years of the twentieth century. Dr. Crain's office was located in the Buskirk Building at 115½ West Kirkwood Avenue. *Bloomington City Directory for 1911-1912*, 61; *Caron's Directory for 1913-1914*, 70, 89.

and Sunday School sometimes and then we also went to the other, First Presbyterian Church. Occasionally Dr. W. L. Bryan used to preach at the Presbyterian Church at that corner.¹⁴

Dr. Bryan lived up the street, the second house south of the Illinois Central Railroad station on the east side of College Ave. and he and his wife could be seen through the years driving his horse and buggy wherever they were going and they were friendly and pleasant neighbors. President Bryan was a very memorable character. He had a good sense of humor and enjoyed a joke as well as anyone although, of course, nothing "off color" in the way of a joke. He took part in all the activities of the community and was a very public spirited person as well as being active as President of the University. He and other people such as Dr. Robert [E.] Lyons of the Chemistry Department and many others, combined with a lot of the townspeople who got tired of having Bloomington have a water shortage every summer due to the building of the series of lakes southwest of Bloomington where the land was such that it would not hold water and decided they would build a waterworks lake up north of town where the geologist told them that the land was such that water could be held there.¹⁵ He was very instrumental in forming the Bloomington Rotary Club. Walter Woodburn was one of the founding members of the Rotary Club and told me that when he was talking to Dr. Bryan about the club that Dr. Bryan was in the store which Walter was running at the time and he said "you know, Walter, after all it is a good idea to have a Rotary Club."¹⁶ "We will have people from the univer-

¹⁴ William Lowe Bryan, professor of philosophy at and later president of Indiana University, attended and frequently took part in church services at the First Presbyterian Church on the corner of Sixth and Lincoln streets. Mrs. Floyd G. Arpan and Joseph Kingsbury, comps., *Between Then and Now, 1819-1969: 150 Years of Presbyterians in Perspective* . . . (Bloomington, 1969), 53-54, *passim*.

¹⁵ For a discussion of the development of an adequate water supply for Bloomington and Indiana University see Burton Dorr Myers, *History of Indiana University, 1902-1937: The Bryan Administration* (Bloomington, 1952), 270-90.

¹⁶ The Rotary Club is first mentioned as one of Bloomington's service clubs in the city directory of 1927-1928. The same directory lists Walter F. Woodburn as a salesman for the Mid-Continent Petroleum Company. *Winthrop Williams' Bloomington, Indiana City Directory, 1927-1928* . . . (Bloomington, 1927), 91, 211, 287. A later directory, 1931-1932, describes Woodburn as manager of the Arro-Lock Roofing Company. *Caron's Bloomington, Ind. City Directory for 1931-1932* . . . (Vol. VI; Louisville, 1931), 397.

sity in there and we will have people from the town in there and the townspeople will learn that not all the university people are a bunch of "nitwits" and the university people will learn that not all the people downtown are a bunch of ignor-amuses either." They both laughed about this. One of his [Bryan's] quotes was about one of the local denizens, one of the natives, of whom we had many in those days, and many of whom were illiterate, *not* necessarily unintelligent but illiterate. They were discussing down on the square the faculty at the university and he said "why dang nabit, a lot of those guys don't know a damn thing but what they have learned" which of course meant to imply that he did not think that they had any common sense although they might be very learned people. Dr. Bryan's wife was a recluse and as far as I know took no particular part in any of the activities of the community or the university other than the barest minimum. She was very rarely seen in public. It was well known by everyone that Dr. Bryan, a very brilliant, able, and scholarly man could say more in a speech of about 5 minutes duration than almost anyone else could in an hour. His consideration for public opinion and public relations for the University were evidenced during W.W. I when he had some professors who were of German stock and he made sure that they went out in the community selling Liberty Bonds and speaking on behalf of the cause because anti-German feeling ran very high during W.W. I at that time. I was fortunate enough a few years later to become well acquainted with his brother, E. A. Bryan, who was an entirely different person but equally brilliant and able and who had been the first President of Washington State College at Pullman, Washington.¹⁷ I was very flattered quite some years later when he was accompanied by a friend, because he was no longer able to see, and he was in Bloomington and paid me a call for the purpose of

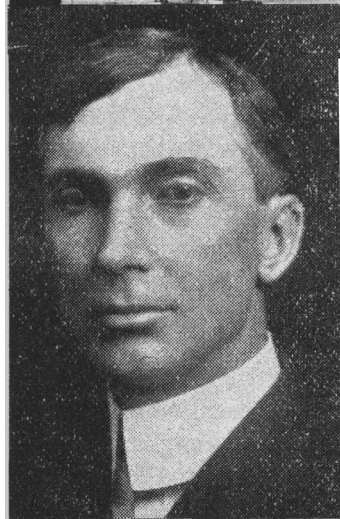
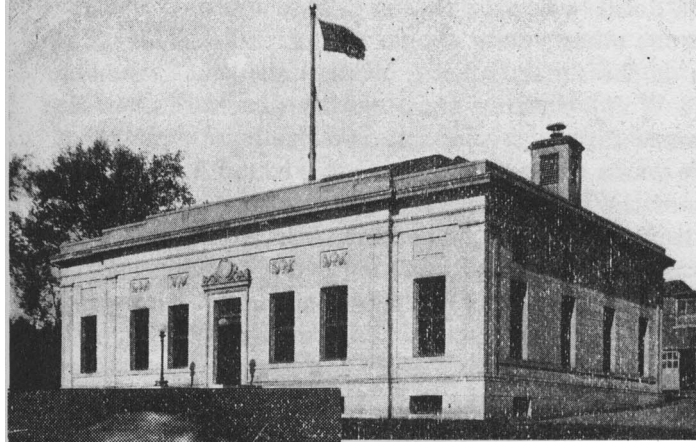
¹⁷ Enoch Albert Bryan served as president of Vincennes University from 1882 to 1893. He was president of Washington Agricultural College and School of Sciences (now the State College of Washington) at Pullman, Washington, from 1893 to 1916. After serving as commissioner of education for the state of Idaho between 1917 and 1923, Bryan returned to the State College of Washington as research professor of economics and economic history. He died in 1941. *Who Was Who in America, 1897-1942* (4 vols., Chicago, 1942), I, 157. In 1924 Philip Todd Holland received his Bachelor of Science degree in chemistry from the State College of Washington. Barnhart and Carmony, *Indiana*, IV, 625.

having a visit. I knew W. L. all of my life, as long as I knew anyone.

The Alex Hirsch family occupied the next house on the east side of College Ave. at 11th from the corner house that was occupied by the Mose Kahn family of the Kahn Clothing Company. Alex Hirsch was in the same company and later bought it. The next house was owned by Jeff Kemp who was an auctioneer in Bloomington at that time who had 2 daughters and a son. Next then was the house owned by [H.] Walter Collins which was on the east side along the alley, and it was a very fine frame home. He was an old Civil War Veteran who ran a grocery store [Collins-Seidle Company] below Kirkwood on the west side of College Ave. On the other side of the street at the corner of 11th and College was the [George W.] Bollenbacher house and the next one was a house occupied by Prof. [James M.] Van Hook. He had a daughter, Peggy and a son, James. Below this was Oscar Cravens and his wife Bird's home and next house was the home of Mr. & Mrs. W[illiam] T. Bowles. He was the owner and manager of Bowles drugstore and the Bowles Hotel. The hotel was on the corner of 6th and College, and his drugstore was on the corner of 5th and College where the new First National Bank Building now stands. This [the drugstore] was destroyed by fire in some later years. Just below this building was the "Telephone" [Bloomington *Telephone*] newspaper office and building. This was owned by W[alter] S. Bradfute then by Blaine W. Bradfute and then later his sons who took over and operated the paper. Oscar Cravens at that time was President of the Monroe County Bank and the publisher of the Evening World which was the other daily newspaper at the time and that was published in the building on the south side of 4th St. between College and Walnut. That building is still there.

The telephone was just coming into use widely at this time and "The Hello Girls" site of operation was on the second floor of the building at the northwest corner of the square where the Betty Jean Shop is now located.¹⁸ Fred Shoemaker was the manager of the Telephone Company at this

¹⁸ In 1881 Bloomington officials granted permission for telephone poles to be erected and wire to be stretched over the city streets. *History of Lawrence and Monroe Counties*, 388.



ABOVE, BLOOMINGTON POST OFFICE, 1922;
LEFT, OSCAR H. CRAVENS, POSTMASTER
AND EDITOR;
BELOW, BLOOMINGTON *World* AND *Cou-*
rier OFFICES

Reproduced from Forest M. Hall, *Historic Treasures . . .* (Bloomington, 1922), 124, 167.



time. His son, John, was a friend and contemporary of mine among numerous other young people we'll mention later. On the east side of the square among other institutions was the [Kadison and Wolf] clothing store run by Joe Kadison. He had a son named Seymour who was in school with me for a while and Joe was a short, heavy set, bald, round headed man who was one of the local characters and his store was one of the local institutions in town. Another institution in the community was Benckarts Bakery. They were located on the west side of College below the alley between 4th and Kirkwood. They lived upstairs over the bakery and were a German family who ran an excellent bakery. They had candies and other things there also but this was a part of the picture of the community. At another time a man by the name of Tony Coyle ran a bakery [Coyle and Company] near there. He had two boys who were in school, one a little older than I and one about the same age. He ran a bakery there between the alley and 4th St. on the west side of College Avenue. There was a bakery run on the south side of Kirkwood west of the alley between Kirkwood and Washington known as Henry & Kerr Bakery. This was a very good place to get bread, cakes and pastries and things of that sort and I used to love to go down there, being sent by my mother, to get their twists or coiled rolls with the real "gooey" topping on them. We children loved that immensely. That was a wonderful treat. At a later date in approximately the same location only a little bit west of it a man by the name of Roy Beard ran the Blue Lantern Restaurant which started out as sort of a Chinese restaurant in a way and was popular for some years.

E[dward] J. Porter used to run a shoe repair shop [Red Star Shoe Shop] on the west side of College Avenue between the alley and 4th St. and he was an interesting character and his establishment was one of the places in the community that was well known and highly utilized. He was a huge man with a great big voice and he loved practical jokes. I remember going in one time to get heels put on my shoes. You could sit there in his shop while he did the half soling or put the new heels on and as an example of his practical jokes he handed me a book and said "here you can read this while you are waiting for the shoes to get fixed." I opened the book and when I did it was a blank with just a cover on it and the

little mouse trap inside sprung and set off a little cap pistol firing mechanism inside and he was greatly amused because of the fact that I did not jump or exclaim about it, and simply started looking the thing over to find out how it worked. That was one of the amusing incidents I remember. He was a man well known around town and some of his relatives are still living in town. The Souders brothers [Wall—or Wallace—and James G.] ran a meat market at the corner of 4th and College, northwest, which was a very notable meat market and they ran a very good store which was utilized by the community and was one of the places that you knew about.

The O'Harrow Pharmacy was originally on the south side of the square approximately where the Hewitt Pharmacy is now and was run by John W. O'Harrow and they lived on Walnut St. between 8th and 9th on the west side of the street. There were John and Margaret and Edgar who were older than any of my contemporaries but they were a very lovely family and we all knew them. As a matter of incidental interest Mrs. O'Harrow used to save the children's books that her family had read such as *Tom Swift* and the *Rover Boys* and books of that sort which were current then and pass them on to us.¹⁹ Later on, William H. Stoute who had been an employee of O'Harrow's started a drugstore on the west side of the square below the alley on College between 5th and 6th and Orville Beard married Alice Stoute who was the daughter of Mr. Stoute, having started there as an apprentice pharmacist and he ran a very successful store which was later moved up to the Graham Hotel building at the northwest corner of 6th and College when that was built and Orville Beard continued this institution as Stoute's Pharmacy for a great many years. Orville Beard is still around town.

One of the other institutions and characters of the community was Carl Breeden. Carl Breeden ran Breeden's Department Store [now Aldens] which was located on the northeast corner of 6th and College Avenue on the square and Carl was a bachelor and appeared rather gruff and abrupt in his ways and yet he ran a very delightful store and his

¹⁹ During the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries Edward L. Stratemeyer wrote a large number of adventure books for boys. Included among his works were the Tom Swift series, written under the pseudonym Victor Appleton, and the Rover Boys series, written under the pseudonym Arthur M. Winfield.

SOUDEERS BROTHERS

Grocery and Meat Market

Phone

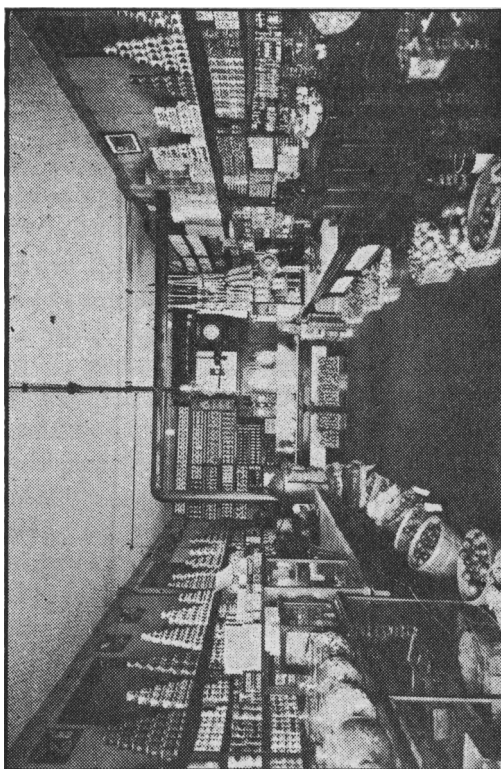
765

Bloomington

Phone

665

Bloomington



**The Home of Good Groceries and Meats, Fresh and Cured.
Corner College Avenue and Fourth Street**

Reproduced from Forest M. Hall, *Historic Treasures* . . . (Bloomington, 1922), 161.

help was very gracious and it was a good department store for the community in those days. I remember my contact with Carl when I was in high school. I was the business manager of the school newspaper, *The Optimist*, which I mention later, I believe,²⁰ and I was around the square gathering ads from the various merchants and people about the town to run in our little high school newspaper and remember my first interview with Carl very well because I went in to see Carl and he looked at me in a not *too hostile* expression and wanted to know what I wanted and I stood up and talked to him, and when he "barked," I "barked" right back and we got to be very good friends. I always thought a great deal of Carl Breeden. He had a sister named Carrie and his mother was a lovely lady who lived down on the west side of South College north of second street in their old home.

CHARACTERS

Among the characters in Bloomington who were memorable certain ones being the subject of stories and legend there were, of course, some of the townspeople and as is always the case in universities some of the "absent-minded professors" and persons of that sort. The long-time Dean of Men of the University, Dean [Clarence E.] Pat Edmondson, and his wife bought an old Model-T Ford and it became a fixture around town. I don't remember how many years they drove it but it was one of the old jobs with the brass trimming and they drove it for so many years that it became a legend.

Dean Eigenmann was a zoologist who, among other things, had discovered the blind fish in Lost River down in southern Indiana and was a very learned man but he was one of the absent-minded professors about whom the stories were told.²¹ Someone told of having gone to his house one

²⁰ See pages 241-42.

²¹ Carl H. Eigenmann was professor of zoology and director of the Biological Station at Indiana University. In 1908 he was appointed first dean of the Graduate School. Eigenmann studied and wrote many books and articles about the evolution of blind fish, including those in Lost River, near Paoli, in Orange County, Indiana, and those in the cave and underground stream on the Donaldson farm in Lawrence County. The Donaldson Cave later became part of Spring Mill State Park. See, for example, Carl H. Eigenmann and Charles H. Brown, *The Fishes of Indiana* (Reprint from the State Fish Commissioner's Report; Indianapolis,

day and seeing him fastening a metal ceiling onto the ceiling of one of his rooms in his house and asked him what he was doing that for. He said "when it rains there is a leak up there."

One of the early town characters who was a proverbial "character about town" was a man by the name of Eddie Collins. Eddie was one of these mathematical freaks whose general intelligence was very low but he could do various things mathematically that would astound you. For instance he would be able to stand alongside the Monon Railroad tracks and watch a train of railroad cars go by and give you the numbers of all the cars that had gone by. He would give you the dates and the day of the week that the dates occurred on in various years and things of that sort. He was a legendary person.

The Kalikak family was one of the institutions around Bloomington for a long time. They were a family with inborn defects of mentality, speech, etc. and had been going on for a long time. They had quite a number of children and were studied by numerous psychologists, sociologists, genealogists, etc. at the university, and classes were taken out to observe this group as a study of the hereditary traits.²²

In the early days of the university there were some interesting characters, one in particular, a very proper Bostonian who was very fastidious about his dress and who was in the English Department and was nicknamed by the people and the students as "Dudey" Brooks.²³ The story is told that

n.d.). See also Myers, *History of Indiana University*, 8, 207, 353-60, 584, 640.

²² For approximately the first two decades of the twentieth century public and professional persons became "virtually hysterical over the menace of the feeble-minded." Several unscientific, now completely discredited studies, such as those of the Juke and Kalikak families, demanded that society be protected from individuals of very low mentality. Feeble-mindedness was "proved" hereditary and was considered the root of all evils. It was suggested that the feeble-minded should be destroyed, isolated, or sterilized before they destroyed society. Albert Deutsch, ed., *Encyclopedia of Mental Health* (6 vols., New York, 1963), 1189. Kalikak was the fictitious name assigned to a feeble-minded family in New Jersey which was the subject of an intensive sociological study during the early twentieth century. See Henry Herbert Goddard, *The Kalikak Family: A Study in the Heredity of Feeble-mindedness* (2nd ed., New York, 1935). The people in Monroe County to whom Holland refers might have been termed Kalikak because some individuals felt that they resembled the family in New Jersey.

²³ Albert Mansfield Brooks was professor of fine arts at Indiana University during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Clark,

"Dudey" decided to have a date with a young lady and for that purpose he went and rented a rig, namely a horse and buggy, and he took the reins and flipped them on the back of the horse and said "commence!" On another occasion there was a fire in the building in which he was living and he was seen sticking his head out the window of the building yelling "conflagration, conflagration."

Another story concerns old Mr. Atwater, I don't remember which one, and it does not really make any difference but he was proverbially a very penurious individual. About this time soda fountains were coming into fashion and he was at a place where there was a soda fountain and saw a friend or acquaintance who said "have a soda with me?" He said "well if it is all the same to you I think I'll have a lead pencil."

Then there was a professor of law by the name of Amos Hershey who was a very lovable man and very much liked in the community but he was the perfect example of the absent-minded professor.²⁴ The stories about him were legend. One of them was to the effect that his wife was calling all over campus one morning, "have you seen Amos this morning, does he look all right and did you notice anything different about him?" This went on with several people and she finally found someone who had seen him on his way to his office who reported that he looked perfectly normal and that there was not anything abnormal about him. It turned out that he had not put on a pair of pants that she laid out for him to put on that day but had, on his own, bought a pair of pants from the clothing store the day before and wore those! One of the women who served as a secretary for him told the story on him that while he was giving a lengthy dictation to her, her handbag was on the desk and without interrupting the dictation at all he proceeded to give her all the dictation of material that he wanted her to type and just quietly and methodically while he was doing this, opened her handbag and laid out all the articles in the handbag on the desk, counted the change in

Indiana University, 297; Myers, *History of Indiana University*, 9, 578, *passim*.

²⁴Amos Shartle Hershey was professor of history and political science at Indiana University during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Clark, *Indiana University*, 343; Myers, *History of Indiana University*, 8, 578, *passim*.

the change purse and made note of all the items and returned them carefully to the handbag and closed it apparently not realizing what he was doing at all as he was so concentrated on what he was dictating. One of the funniest stories about him is what happened with him and my father and W. L. Bryan. There was a luncheon and the three were seated at the dinner table or luncheon table with Professor Hershey in the middle and soup was the first course. They were conversing before the start of the luncheon and Amos took his spoon and quickly ate all the soup in the soup plate and put the spoon down and went on talking with the two men one on each side of him. One of them winked at the other one and took the empty plate from in front of Professor Hershey and substituted his own full plate in front of the professor. In a few moments the professor looked down and made a motion of his head and took the spoon and ate the soup. Then the other one engaged him in conversation and they repeated the process. By the time he had finished the third bowl of soup the luncheon came on and he said "I don't know if I want any lunch, that soup was *remarkably* filling!" Another time Dr. Frank Holland was called over to Professor Hershey's house to take care of him. He was told that Amos was seriously injured and needed his attention. The doctor went over to see him and found him lying in his driveway at his home. His wife had been driving the car and he was lying there chuckling over the fact that he had broken his leg. Seeing the doctor arrive he was chuckling about it (although of course he was in great pain) and he said "you know Frank I told her to back the car out of the garage and I just forgot to take my leg out of the way after I had opened the door." So that was one of the people who was the subject of many stories.

In those days speech was not as frank and open as it has become since then and we were very amused when one of the women from one of the farms about town called in in great distress and being very careful in her choice of words said "My husband needs Dr. Frank badly." "He has just been prodded by a gentleman cow." Another woman was calling and asking Margaret Holland something about a patient who had had a surgery which Dr. Frank had done and Dr. Frank was not available nor would he be for a period of time and so Margaret Holland referred the patient's call to Dr. Rodney

Smith.²⁵ It so happened that Dr. Rodney Smith gave the anesthetics in those days and worked with the other doctors in the community in that respect. The lady's reply was "why would I call him he was only the anesthetic wasn't he?"

THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD

Along North Walnut St. going north on the east side of the street above eighth there were two houses which were built by two of the Showers brothers just south of the corner of 9th Street on Walnut. Then just north of the same intersection was a house owned by Sim Freese, who was associated with the local public utilities and gas company and just north of that was the house of John Hoadley, father of Mason and Albert and Bill and Ed.²⁶ Just north of that was a house owned by Ed Showers who was of the same Showers family.²⁷ The house north of that was owned by Sanford Teter which is now an insurance company office, and he and his wife, Nell, lived there with their daughter and son. On the corner the two story frame house was occupied by Rev. Will Wylie whose son Jeff and daughter Kathryn and a son Lawrence were all contemporaries in one way or another. On the northeast corner of 10th and Walnut was a house occupied by the [George C.] Poolitsan family. They had come to Bloomington to operate the candy store and soda fountain on the east side of the square which was approximately where Wiles Drug Company now is. Various members of the family are living

²⁵ For additional information about Dr. Smith see page 265.

²⁶ Both Simeon C. Freese and members of the John W. Hoadley family were affiliated with various limestone companies near Bloomington. See *Bloomington Directory for 1911-1912*, 103; *Caron's Directory for 1913-1914*, 118, 147; *Caron's Directory for 1916-1918*, 127, 159-60; *Heber Page Directory Co.'s Bloomington, Indiana City Directory, 1925-1926* . . . (Danville, Ill., n.d.), 165, 186-87.

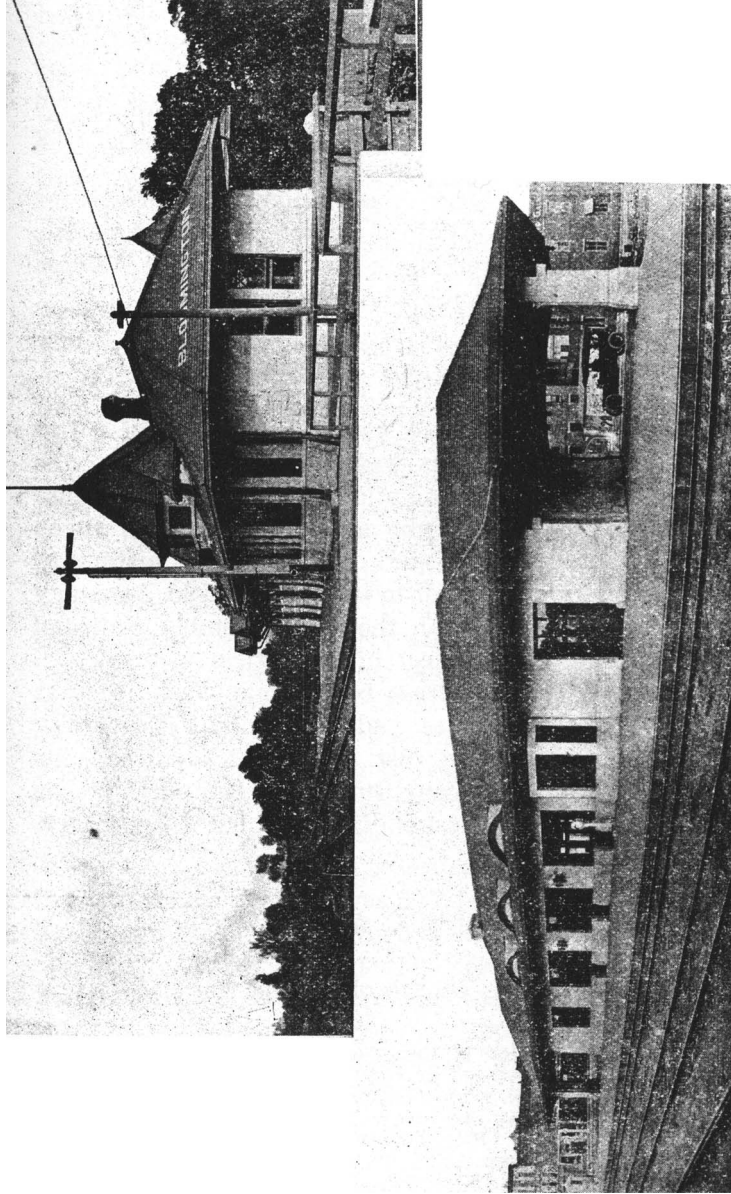
²⁷ In 1868 James D. Showers and William N. Showers organized the Showers and Brothers furniture manufacturing firm; ten years later another brother, Charles H. Showers, joined the company. These three men and their descendants built Showers Brothers into what was considered the largest furniture manufacturing concern in the world during the early twentieth century. Orzack, "Employment and Social Structure," 81-93, *passim*; Dillon, *Thoughts Concerning the 60th Anniversary of Showers Brothers Company*, 7-8, *passim*. All three Showers brothers had residences on North College Avenue. W. Edward Showers, son of William N., however, resided on North Washington Street. See *Bloomington Directory for 1911-1912*, 169; *Caron's Directory for 1913-1914*, 239; *Caron's Directory for 1916-1918*, 266.

here at the present time. Going on up the street to the corner of 11th and Walnut, northwest corner, was a house owned by Bert Hoadley. His family consisted of John and Kathryn and Ruth and Bob. They were also well known in the community. Bert was, like John Hoadley who lived down on the other side of the street, occupied in the stone business. Coming down a little bit from that corner the second house on the west side of Walnut St. was a house occupied by Will Karsell, councilman and father of Horace, Elizabeth, William and Tom Karsell and he was a very much liked individual. In the winter time he used to see that the College Ave. hill from 11th St. down perhaps as far as 7th was "blocked off" for sliding by children and we all enjoyed that so much! On the west side of Walnut St. between 9th and 10th Charlie Sears who was the superintendent at Showers Furniture Co. at that time built a very nice brick residence and a little bit to the north of that Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson of the Bloomington Limestone Co. built. Their son, Harry Johnson, who later succeeded them in the stone business, lived at the corner of Indiana and 3rd St.

BLOOMINGTON'S SHOW PEOPLE

Harry Howard and his wife had a dog and pony show which was noted at the time and travelled about a great deal. They lived on East 3rd St. out in the country in the area now occupied by Arbys and Little Caesar's Pizza etc. They gave me, because of friendship for my parents, my first pet, a little taffy colored cocker spaniel. I well remember that dog, and the utter and complete heartbreak and desolation I felt when he was run over one evening on N. College Ave. by the taxis and rigs coming from meeting the evening Illinois Central train from Indianapolis. This was the branch line running from Effingham to Indianapolis and was put in later than the Monon (C. I. & L) which was in use earlier as I've mentioned.²⁸

²⁸ The Indianapolis Southern Railroad Company was organized in 1899 to carry the Illinois Central into Indianapolis. The road was completed to Bloomington in 1906. Shortly thereafter through train service between Indianapolis and the Illinois Central main line at Effingham, Illinois, was established. Carlton J. Corliss, *Main Line of Mid-America: The Story of the Illinois Central* (New York, 1950), 333-34.



ABOVE, ILLINOIS CENTRAL PASSENGER STATION; BELOW, MONON PASSENGER STATION, 1922

Reproduced from Forest M. Hall, *Historic Treasures . . .* (Bloomington, 1922), 29.

CIRCUSES

Bloomington's Gentry Brothers had a dog and pony show, later expanded into a circus, which was a well known entertainment feature of the time and travelled widely giving their shows.²⁹

Shipp and Feltus Circus was Bloomington-originated with Roy Feltus and travelled chiefly through South America. Later Roy Feltus lived in the house just north of the William Johnson house on Walnut St. and back of our home.

I. U.

The University at this time was an institution of a few thousand at most. The campus was the buildings about the old Well House and the Library Building and then the Student Building and Maxwell and Wylie and Kirkwood and Owen Hall, and others were added later. Of course the history of the school is a separate story all to itself.³⁰ The old Assembly Hall was recently replaced with the new Assembly Hall and the old building was the subject of an article in the I. U. Alumni magazine and an address by Herman Wells in that publication.³¹ The power plant and the Indiana University Daily Student Building were just east of it alongside the cemetery.³² These initially constituted the campus at that time with a few of the older buildings and the observatory, in the central area now.

514 N. COLLEGE AVENUE

The lower floor rooms of the old house were 14 feet in

²⁹ For a further description of the "world-famous" Gentry Brothers Dog and Pony Show, Inc., operated by Henry B., Frank H., and Wallace W. Gentry, see Forest M. Hall, comp., *Historic Treasures: True Tales of Deeds with Interesting Data in the Life of Bloomington, Indiana University and Monroe County* . . . (Bloomington, 1922), 31.

³⁰ For the history of Indiana University, including size of enrollments through the years, see James A. Woodburn, *History of Indiana University, 1820-1902* (Chicago, 1940); and Myers, *History of Indiana University*. The most recent history of the university is Clark, *Indiana University*, which is volume I of a projected three volume work.

³¹ The old Assembly Hall was torn down in 1938. See Herman B Wells, "Remarks at Dedication of Assembly Hall," *Indiana University Review*, XIV (Winter, 1972), 1-4.

³² The *Indiana University Student* began publication in 1867 and became a daily in 1898. For a more complete discussion of its evolution and a brief mention of the Dunn Cemetery on the Indiana University campus see Clark, *Indiana University*, 118-19, 292, 315, *passim*; Myers, *History of Indiana University*, 612-35.

height. In each room was a cast iron fireplace and the house consisted of two front rooms and a large hall and a room to the east end of the hall and the room back of that served as the kitchen and there were spiral stairs which were rather steep, leading up to the room which was over the kitchen and there was a long straight formal stairway leading from the first floor to the second floor in the hall. The floors were the old fashioned wide plank floors and the beams and timbers in the house were of white poplar which termites were unable to destroy. Some of them when the house was finally razed some years ago were as sound as they had ever been.

It was not long after Dr. Frank purchased the old house that he had a basement dug out under the rear room which was the kitchen and the room to the west of it which was the dining room in order to place the very large coal burning furnace in there and install a central hot water heating system. There had been a barn in back of the house at the east end, extending to the corner of the lot, which had been used as a wood shed and for barn purposes. The stable was on the southeast corner of the lot and it had stalls for the horses, buggies, etc. There was an open rail porch on the south side of the house toward the back on the first and second floor on which the rooms of the first and second floor opened. There was a porch along the west side of the house with a cast iron railing around the roof of it and tall pillars at the front of the house and the entire lot was enclosed with an ornamental iron fence. The house was on the north portion of the two lot area which was 132 feet x 132 feet. This gave a large and spacious side yard which was used by us and our neighbor children and friends. There were some tall stately dark pine trees in the yard and the odor of pine trees in the winter and other times when we slept on the second floor outdoors porch, which we always did, was something pleasant to remember. This house was truly our home and was the haven for the three of us, myself, my sister and my brother and our friends throughout all the years that we lived in it and many of our contemporaries remember it most happily yet.

Mother was an accomplished pianist and had a very lovely Knabe parlor-grand piano (earlier there had been a Chickering upright) in the front room downstairs and she loved to play for us and when we were little children she would play for us to go upstairs to bed so we would turn in

to sleep with music in our hearts and minds. Originally there was an ornate iron fence all about the property. This was removed later and a stone fence built on the south, east, and north sides of the lots. Frank and Margaret Holland were timely taskmasters and definite disciplinarians, but when the work was done *everybody* had *fun*. Edgar Guest once wrote, "it takes a heap of living in a house to make it home."³³ This old house got plenty of living through that generation and the next and it was always *home*. As the years went along Margaret's mother, Susan Todd, and Dr. Philip C. Holland shared the house over various periods of time.

FIRST CHRISTMAS

The first Christmas I distinctly remember was in the front room at the old home. We had a tall tree, almost to the fourteen foot ceiling and it was loaded with candles and decorations and popcorn strings and cranberry strings for decoration. The toys were under the tree, and in, from the front porch, stepping in after opening the big window came Santa Claus in whiskers and a big fat belly and a white trimmed red suit. To this day I've never been sure whether father, or Uncle Ernest took the part. I was too astounded to be thinking very acutely. Of course we had stockings with some candies, apples, oranges and boxes of raisins and maybe a few special *small* gifts in them. Mother always made her New England steamed pudding with raisins, which all had to be seeded by hand, suet, spices and so on, cooked in the specially made cookers so, although the pudding was cooked by steam it was dry. The sauce, of brown sugar, vinegar and molasses was out of this world! It took days to prepare the pudding.

ADVENTURES IN EATING

In later years when he lived with us, at times after Grandmother's death, Grandfather Holland had a garden each year and raised a *variety* of produce such as, radishes of all the various kinds, rhubarb which was in a bed and came up each year, and at least six kinds of tomatoes and some green beans and Kohl Rabi and Salsify. I was particularly

³³ For the complete poem see Edgar A. Guest, *A Heap o' Livin'* (Chicago, 1916), 28-30.

fond of a soup made of the last mentioned. Nowadays no one has ever heard of it! He would get a ham, or sides of bacon and fix an old barrel up on bricks in the back yard, with burlap over the top and the meat suspended inside, after it had been properly cured, and used hickory wood, fed in through an opening at the bottom with the draft controlled to make it smoke just right. That was real bacon and ham—genuinely hickory smoked. He stored turnips, apples and other things in mounds underground as they would keep well into the winter and thus we had good things for a longer time. Produce were not shipped around all over the country then as they are now and one had access only to what was “in season.”

Some years when he [Grandfather Holland] and grandmother went to Biloxi or Gulfport in the winter he would wait until there was a real cold spell and buy those huge delicious gulf oysters putting them in one can which was placed inside a larger can, with ice and personally put the package on the train and ship it to us at Bloomington. That was really wonderful as they arrived very fresh and firm and were as big as the palm of one's hand. We ate them raw, fried, scalloped and in oyster stew!

While father had lived in New York he had learned to appreciate seafoods so we were early introduced to salt mackerel, codfish, and codfish flakes, bloater paste, and many kinds of fish if and when they became available.

We also learned about the cheese family, rocquefort, neufchatel, limburger, swiss, camembert and all. Grandmother Holland knew foods such as The Pennsylvania Dutch, and English prepared, and Grandmother Todd had encouraged mother with the old southern dishes such as beaten biscuits, spoon bread and many others.

JUST FAMILY

Elizabeth and Bill were lively personalities as exemplified by the following stories. One winter when the children were sliding on College Ave. Elizabeth came home, eyes ablaze and full of indignation bringing her little brother home. She said “some of those big boys were turning “baby's” sled over” so without further ado and with pigtails flying she exited, only to return, rumpled and red faced a little later saying “they won't do that again to my brother. I went out and rubbed

their faces in the snow." Regardless of her small size she was a veritable little dynamo.

Bill was a venturesome one and as a result often incurred injuries. However, he was more rapid in physical maturing and coordination than I who continued to grow for longer than the usual number of years. He became a very successful athlete, as well as a brilliant scholar. I remember one time when he was only about as tall as the railing about the beautiful long stairway in the front hall that he managed to pull himself *over* the railing to fall the 14 feet to the floor lighting on all fours and running an opened safety pin entirely through his lower lip! He did survive the fall for which we were all duly grateful.

We all used to visit at the Philip Hill's home next door and "Uncle Phippy" was a great tease. Every now and then Elizabeth would come home full of indignation and tell us Uncle Phippy had said "hello little boy" and she said "I'm *no* little *boy*, can't you *see* these pigtails and these hair ribbons?"

HOW DO WE KNOW WHERE TO GO & HOW DO WE GET THERE?

Communications and transportation were two things which we take very much for granted in these present days but it was not always so. Dr. Phillip C. Holland used to practice medicine on horseback with saddlebags on his horse to carry his medications and supplies, as he went about seeing patients. Later when the roads got better he was able to use the horse and buggy and that was some improvement. When Dr. Frank came to town he bought the "outlaw" horses and kept several of them in his stable at home with the idea being that he would let the horse have its head after he once harnessed it, to make the call wherever it might be in the county and likewise let it run as fast as it cared on the return trip also. This was his manner of keeping them under control. We had one horse named Jane with whom he came in from the country one day and went to the county fair where they were having harness races. The race track used to be at the site where Weddle Brothers plant is now,³⁴ and on this particular

³⁴ The old fairgrounds and race track were located west of Walker Street between Second and Third streets on the west side of Bloomington.

day this particular horse was put in the harness racing and proceeded to win the first race. This was after he [Dr. Frank] had been on a call some distance out in the country and returned. This was typical of these horses.

I am indebted for my life to a cousin of mine, the son of William B. Holland my father's brother, who was just enough older than I that he realized that I was getting in danger when I went toward the stables one day and my grandmother heard him calling loudly and when she came down little Lewis Holland was sitting on the ground holding me to keep me from going any further towards the stables because he knew that I could be killed if I got in with the mean horses. Little Lewis did not live long, dying of a childhood disease at a very early age.

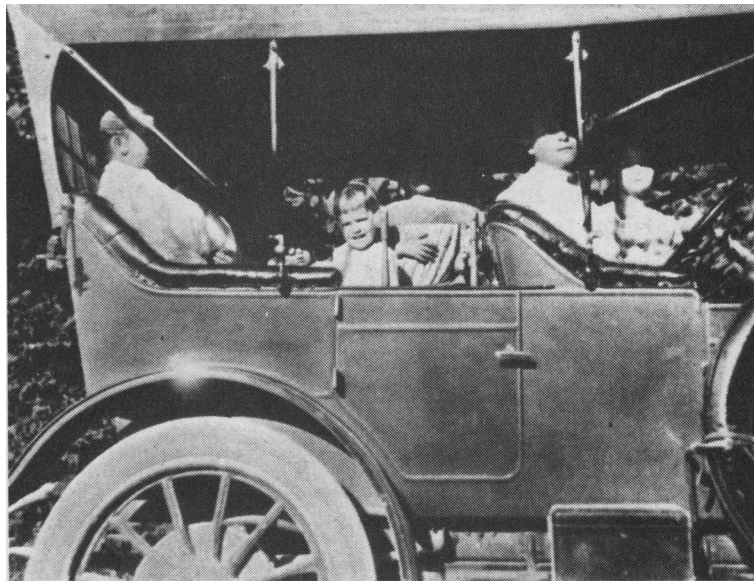
Grandfather Holland had a stable mare named Nellie who he would hitch to the surrey and take the whole family for a ride. This was in the years after he retired from practice and this was a diversion that we had at that time and enjoyed.

In most of the communities of the country doctors were amongst the first persons in the community to buy automobiles when they became available as they were a necessary item. The first car that Dr. Frank bought was to the best of my recollection a 1908 hand-built Buick. A little later Joe Dawson won the 500-Mile Race in Indianapolis driving a National automobile which was made in Indianapolis and he [Frank Holland] bought one of those which he had for a year or two. Then Ray Harroun won a race in his famous "Marmon Wasp" which is still on display in Indianapolis,³⁵ and he [Dr. Frank] bought then a Marmon touring car, the model they called '41'. This preceded the '34' which they built for so many years which was so successful. This was a large automobile with one piece cast blocks essentially a large-bore and long-stroke engine which used a cone clutch and fly wheel and was equipped with a Bosch low tension magneto for ignition. The lights on these old cars were carbide lights. The tanks were made by the Prestolite Co. in Indianapolis and water was added and this with the carbide powder made the carbide gas which then went up to the headlights by a small pipe and one would open

³⁵ Ray Harroun, driving a Marmon Wasp, won the Indianapolis 500 Mile Race in 1911; Joe Dawson, driving a National automobile, won the race in 1912. Brock Yates, *The Indianapolis 500: The Story of the Motor Speedway* (rev. ed., New York, 1961), 172.



DR. AND MRS. PHILIP C. HOLLAND
AND PHILIP TODD HOLLAND, 1906



THE HOLLAND FAMILY'S FIRST NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE, 1910-1911

Courtesy Philip Todd Holland.

the front of the head lamp and with a match would light the headlights. This was standard equipment for quite some years on practically all automobiles. They all had clincher rims and then a little later removable rims on this particular one and it took a 36 inch by 4 1/2 inch tire which was a good big tire. The motors in these old cars did not turn very many revolutions per minute. They were slow motors like marine motors with a slow turnover, large chambers and a long stroke. They were effective, however, since this particular model, I was informed, had gone over 90 miles an hour on the speedway stripped down, and with proper timing and tune-up etc. This car was kept for a number of years because during World War I when Dr. Frank was away in the service and prior to W. W. I when he served on the Texas border in the Mexican border trouble with Pancho Villa,³⁶ the car was sitting in our garage jacked up on blocks. We did have Model-T automobiles at that time and they were really something. Each cylinder had its own spark coil and ignition system and they had a three pedal system, reverse, low, high, and a brake, working the transmission system. The gasoline feed was by gravity with the gasoline tank being under the driver's seat. If the grade of a hill was steep enough it became necessary to *back* up the hill to get up because the gasoline would not run up hill. One interesting thing about the old Model-T's was that they had a full weight-bearing rear axle which meant that if the axle broke the wheel would slide out of the housing and go rolling on down the road. This happened to me once when I was driving one of the old Model-T's. These old cars had side curtains of heavy fabric with isinglass panels which we called "side curtains" and they could be put on in bad weather. They were made with various kinds of snaps and fasteners so they could be assembled and fastened in place, with an upright rod to go in a tunnel in the curtain, at the opening end of the side doors.

Aunt Edith Holland Gifford and her husband lived at Tipton, Indiana, so not uncommonly we went visiting at her home. There were no road markers and no highway system with numbered roads. I remember one very black night when we had gotten started rather late and the weather was not

³⁶ For further discussions of Frank Holland's experiences in the border incident with Mexico in 1916 and in World War I see pages 251-57.

good. The old headlights didn't give any too much light and the roads were as I've described them—miserable! With all of these factors father ran off the road at a little culvert and was hopelessly stuck there. Thus, at about 1-2 A.M. he took a light and walked to the nearest farmhouse and awakened the farmer who, with considerable grumbling got his team of horses and came and pulled us back on the road so we could proceed, which we did!

Later automobiles [which the Hollands owned] included an open touring car, and then a sedan, made by the National Motor Car Co. of Indianapolis, a straight 6-cylinder overhead valve engine with a low slung center of gravity which was really a very good car for those days. By this time we had electric lights and had windshield wipers that operated by manifold vacuum pressure instead of by hand as did the older ones and and there were other improvements. Following these he [Dr. Frank] bought successively two of the Lincolns that were made by the Ford Motor Co., Lincoln Division, after it was taken over from the Leland Co.³⁷ These were very fine automobiles and would be considered very good cars even today. He had several Chevrolets of various models. Usually there were two cars kept in the garage so that there would be one available at all times. I was mechanic of the cars from the time that I was big enough to do anything about them. I learned to change tires, adjust brakes, adjust timing, space spark plugs, adjust carburetors, change oil, lubricate and do various other necessary things so that I was very well acquainted with the mechanisms of automobiles before I was old enough to drive (which was age 16) at which time my father said he was going to take me out and teach me to drive. He said "we will get any nonsense you have in your head out right now, and you are going to learn to drive carefully and responsibly." He was a very demanding teacher and demanded that I be able to do all the things that I should be able to do in handling an automobile safely and effectively. This was quite comparable to the present day driver education programs. I consider driving as a *science*!

After I was 16 years of age and old enough to drive and have a driver's license my father used to call me when he had

³⁷ For a history of the Ford Motor Company, including a discussion of the Leland Company, see Allan Nevins, *Ford: The Times, the Man, the Company* (3 vols., New York, 1954).

calls to make at night in the country and I would get up and dress and drive for him and he would tell me where to go and would sit in the right hand seat and go to sleep, while I drove, and when I got to where the patient lived, he would go in and see the patient, and I would curl up on the floor of the car beside the hand brake and the gearshift lever which were in the center of the front compartment and utilize the warmth that was coming off the motor to keep me comfortable, and by the time he had made his call and had gotten back within a reasonable distance of the car I was awake and we would get started and he would rest on the way back so that I became accustomed to getting my sleep in "catnaps" and having it disturbed without thinking very much about it, at an early age. There were no paved roads and in the spring and fall with the freezing and thawing and moisture the roads would become very difficult and one had to learn how to drive under these circumstances. Often the mud would be so deep it was up to the running boards which were on the side of the car and up to the axles, and if you stopped or hesitated once, you were "hung up" and that was it! The roads were all narrow and high crowned and those that had any great amount of macadam were narrow and the bridges were narrow. They were not marked like our current highways at all. Father used to let me drive grandfather various places back to what one might call his "back home territory" in southern Indiana around Switzerland County³⁸ and he would berate me for driving very fast, and yet he would tell me that he expected to be at a destination at a *time* which would entail my making an *average* of 50 miles an hour from the time we left home to the time we got where we were going. I had to divert his attention and manage to get him there on time which was "part of the game" you see. We take our communications pretty much for granted now but in those days people used to have to hitch the horse and buggy and drive into town to the doctor's office or home or get him to come out and see a very ill patient. People did not have clinics, hospitals and equipment such as we have now and it was not at all unusual to be awakened at night by someone knocking on the door, with a message of need.

³⁸ Dr. Philip C. Holland had practiced medicine in Vevay, Switzerland County, Indiana, before moving to Bloomington. Barnhart and Carmony, *Indiana*, IV, 624.



THE GEORGE FRANK HOLLAND FAMILY
C. 1913-1914

Courtesy Philip Todd Holland.

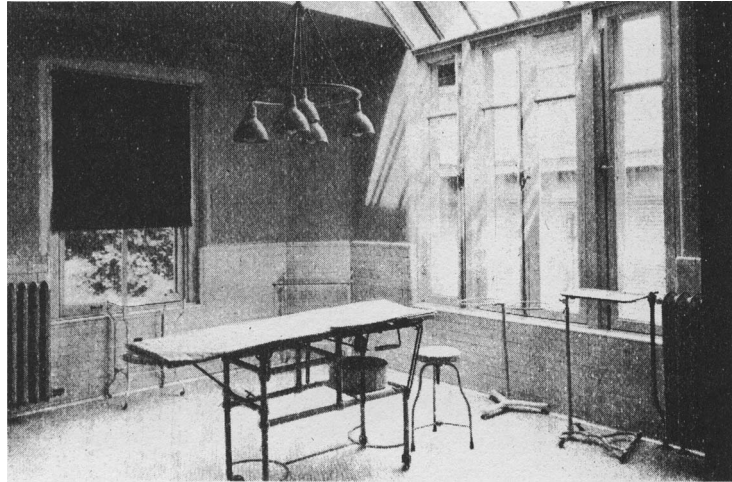
HOW'S THE FAMILY GETTING ALONG?

While we have been talking about Bloomington, neighborhood, times, and the people we have neglected to say what is happening to Dr. Frank and Margaret Holland and their family. In October of 1907 a sprightly little girl whose name was Elizabeth Chittenden Holland and in December of 1910 a son by the name of William Ernest Holland were born to them. These two, plus myself constituted their family. Elizabeth was a small child and unfortunately was afflicted with what is now called celiac disease which is a congenital deficiency of some of the digestive fluids necessary to handle all sorts of food. During the time she was *quite* small and *very* ill Dr. P. C. Holland and Ann Holland took her and I am sure are responsible for the fact that she is alive, well and healthy ever since then.

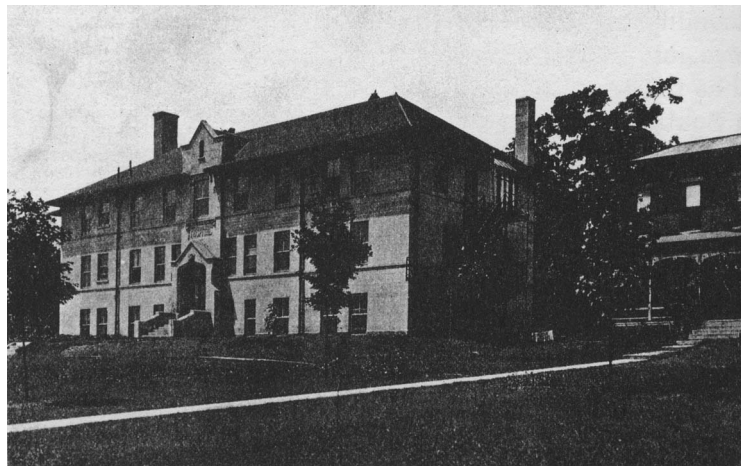
Dr. Frank was continuing in a very active practice and did much of the surgery which was developed as it came later, and for which he was noted in his active practice in Bloomington. About this time during these years there was a move going forth in Bloomington to have a Bloomington Hospital as there had not been one previously. Ground was bought on South Rogers Street where the present Bloomington Hospital is, where there was an old brick home which had been a residence and was converted for hospital use at that time. Of course, the conversion was rather crude. The patients had to be carried by stretcher from 1st to 2nd floor. This was the first hospital in Bloomington and the two Drs. Holland along with *many, many*, other people in the community were influential and instrumental in seeing that it was established.³⁹ Before this time surgery had not been done in Bloomington, definitive surgery that is, because there were no facilities in which to do it nor were there people trained to do it, nor were procedures very well developed.

About 1909 Dr. Philip C. Holland discontinued practice and retired from the practice of medicine. After that time he did not go to the office whenever patients appeared. He left it entirely to his son. He had had smallpox when he

³⁹ The Bloomington Hospital was organized and incorporated in 1904. A new hospital building, immediately adjacent to the old brick residence, was begun in 1916 and completed in 1919. Hall, *Historic Treasures*, 132-33.



OPERATING ROOM IN BLOOMINGTON HOSPITAL, c. 1922



BLOOMINGTON HOSPITAL AND NURSES' HOME, c. 1922

Reproduced from Forest M. Hall, *Historic Treasures* . . . (Bloomington, 1922), 132.

was a soldier during the Civil War and had a heart murmur. In those days heart murmurs were not diagnosed particularly well and because of the existence of this murmur he was never able to buy insurance. This would not be the case nowadays, however! The ironic part of this story is that Dr. Holland died when he was almost ninety years old and I guess he *still had* that heart murmur!⁴⁰ Elizabeth was named for her mother's older sister of whom she was very fond and the name Chittenden was the maiden name of Ann Atlanta Holland. William Ernest Holland was so named because William and Ernest were the names of Dr. Frank's brothers.

P. C. Holland's older brother's wife died earlier at an age when their 3 children were quite young. The three children who were named Herschell, Marshall and Maude, went to live with [their] Uncle Phil and Aunt Ann so that in addition to the four of their own, William B., and Frank, Ernest and Edith, Philip C. and Ann Holland raised the three cousins, making it a family of 7 they raised from childhood so that, although the 3, and 4, were cousins they were raised like brothers and sisters. Grandmother and grandfather Holland taught their children that "blood is thicker than water" and that "if you could not depend on your own family then you could not depend on anybody" so they taught a strong bond of solidarity in the family and interdependence, and reliance, and this characterized the lives of all of these people forever after much to the benefit and pleasure and gratification of all of them.

UNION ARMY INCIDENTS

Dr. P. C. Holland prior to his becoming an M. D. had been a sergeant of infantry in the 6th Indiana regiment during the Civil War⁴¹ and had entered upon that position from life on a farm in southern Indiana in Switzerland County so was a fairly rugged individual. He was quite a naturalist and had a great curiosity about animals. One time he and his company

⁴⁰ Dr. Philip C. Holland died in 1929. Barnhart and Carmony, *Indiana*, IV, 625.

⁴¹ Philip C. Holland served in Company H of the Sixth Indiana Volunteer Infantry Regiment from 1861 to 1864. [William H. H. Terrell], *Report of the Adjutant General of the State of Indiana* (8 vols., Indianapolis, 1865-1869), IV, 85.

had been on a long hard march during the day and found a creek. The men decided they were hot and tired and wanted to refresh themselves and they got into the stream to bathe and wash and Philip C. was on a high bluff to keep watch and happened to come onto a 5 to 6 foot black snake which, of course, was perfectly harmless, and he slowly crept up to the edge of the bank and tossed the snake into the stream where the men were bathing. The pandemonium that ensued was of course rather ridiculous and very amusing and created quite a commotion. Perry Twineham who lived in southern Illinois was a Civil War veteran who had been closely associated with the Holland family for many years and had been in the service with P. C., told me one time that P. C. being the top sergeant in the company was having some trouble having orders carried out. They were having company assembly in the camp between the tent rows and at the end he said "If any of you have any questions about these orders see me back of the tent row, company dismissed." It seems some of the company's men had taken some exception to the orders they received for sometime so a couple of them came back of the tent row. Perry told me P. C. said "which one of you first" and each of them in turn was roundly thrashed and Perry said there was never any further disciplinary problem in that company.

DISCIPLINE

Grandmother Holland was one of the most equitable, fair, intelligent and direct women that anybody ever saw. As a matter of fact I have often thought that the Reader's Digest section "My Most Unforgettable Character" should have her written up. She had been one of a very large family and she said that she had always been so busy either being taken care of by the older ones or taking care of the younger ones in the family that she did not have much time for anything except raising children and she certainly knew child psychology, and used it, on the 7 that she and P. C. raised, and exercised this with her grandchildren, myself and my brother and my sister. We did not mind her discipline at all because it was fair and straight forward. There was not any question about what was intended or planned or meant, and as I said with Dr. Frank and Margaret Holland they were

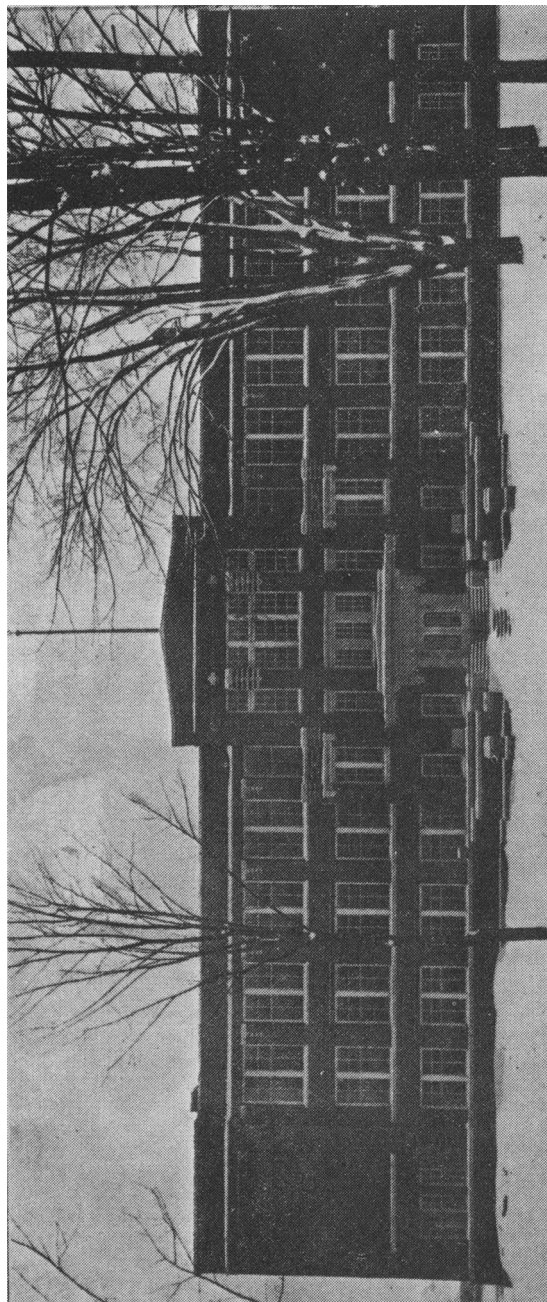
disciplinarians, definitely, but they knew how to laugh and to make the best of all sorts of circumstances and when the work was done and all necessary things were accomplished then we all had fun and the jokes were always plentiful about the house. Grandmother Holland was a wonderful cook and made the most marvelous pies, and cherry preserves and her home-made salt-rising bread with butter was better than any cake I've eaten then or since. We were taught early by Dr. Frank that "if you could not take it then you should not dish it out" referring to jokes on ourselves or on anyone else. He taught us that lesson at the cost of an occasional tear on our parts but I am sure it has proved to be one of the most valuable lessons that the three of us learned in our childhood.

In the meantime Dr. Frank Holland was doing definitive surgery in Bloomington and was about the first surgeon to do what we now consider as definitive elective surgery and do it successfully, utilizing what we consider modern methods and procedures. He managed to keep up with the times and the developments that were going on in his field of work. This continued up to the time of his death.

OUR SCHOOLS

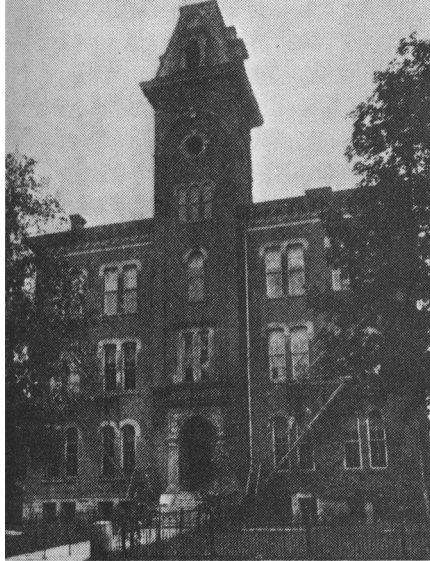
You may wonder about the schools at this time. This is an interesting story. At that time we had the McCalla School on E. 9th St., and Banneker School which was the colored school, and the old "central school" and the high school which was in the old college building on S. College Ave. and which was replaced by Bloomington High School building just to the east of it.⁴² At the time I started to the

⁴² Bloomington's Central School, the first graded school in the city, was built between 1871 and 1875. Located on South College Avenue, the building was constructed on the site of an old tannery and for several years housed all grades, elementary through high school. After Indiana University, in 1883-1884, moved from its location at the end of South College Avenue to Dunn's Woods on the eastern edge of town, a preparatory school was held in the old college seminary building. In 1897 the city purchased the building and moved its high school there. Still later, some time after a new high school building was opened in 1915, the Seminary Building housed the junior high school students. Central School continued as an elementary school for a number of years and later was used for special education classes. The building was eventually razed. *Sixty Years of Service, 1871-1931: A Brief Account of the Central School of Bloomington, Indiana* (Bloomington, 1931); Clark, *Indiana University*, 139-40; *The Gothic* (Bloomington, 1914), 4; *The Gothic* (Bloomington, 1920), 15-18; *History of Lawrence and Monroe Counties*, 262, 294.



BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, C. 1922

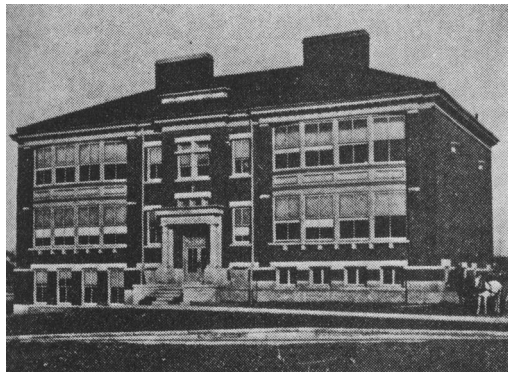
Reproduced from Forest M. Hall, *Historic Treasures . . .* (Bloomington, 1922), 130.



CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING



SEMINARY BUILDING, 1921



MCCALLA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, 1921

Reproduced from Forest M. Hall, *Historic Treasures . . .* (Bloomington, 1922), 49, 50.

McCalla school I went through the first grades at McCalla on 9th at Indiana, the first through 4th, and the 5th grade I took at Central school on College Ave. west side below 3rd St. and the 6th and 7th and 8th grades, I believe, we took in the old University building at the south end of College Ave. Then, we had the 4 years of high school at Bloomington High School. At McCalla School we used to walk back and forth from our home on North College to 9th and Indiana where the school was located and used to go through the area of town which was called "Bucktown" on 9th and 8th St. between Lincoln and Dunn.⁴³ The teachers at McCalla were a very interesting group and there were Florence and Elizabeth Gourley who were two very lovely, gentle, ladies very dedicated to teaching and very much loved by their pupils and the families of the pupils. There was Miss Lola Smith who was a very lovely lady and an excellent teacher. She was one everyone remembers most kindly. Miss Oaka Morris was a very stern disciplinarian and an excellent teacher, all you had to do was your school work, then everything was fine! The principal of the school was Ben Johnson and Ben was a good disciplinarian, very strict about discipline and did not hesitate to use a razor strap or the flat of his hand when it was indicated. He was a "born teacher" in that he had the ability to get people to understand what he was trying to teach them. He was able to get *me* to understand something about *arithmetic* which until then I had been pretty much puzzled about! I remember distinctly dipping Becky Howe's pigtails in the inkwell in my desk and I was "re-minded" that this was not the proper way to behave. The year at Central school was relatively uneventful except that it was another year of school and went along quite satisfactorily. The next period was at the old University building at the south end of College Ave. which we attended for three years. We were at that time studying Latin during those two years among other subjects being taught, so we began that study earlier than most school systems of the time. Then we moved over to the regular high school building at the corner of 2nd

⁴³ The term "Bucktown" was probably applied to this section of Bloomington because during the early twentieth century almost all residents of the area were black. See *Caron's Directory of 1913-1914*, 297, 320; *Caron's Directory of 1916-1918*, 328, 353.

and Walnut (which many years later burned)⁴⁴ and I had a very pleasant time there in school. In those days there were no buses. Practically all children who lived within a reasonable distance at all, walked to school. There were no lunch counters and no school lunches. A listing of some of the fellows who were in school as my contemporaries includes names that were later well known in the community in various activities: Robert F. Allen whose father was part owner of Wicks Company, and Bob later ran the company. There was Floyd Rogers who later was Dr. O. F. Rogers. His father and his uncle were doctors in practice at that time. There was David S. Coombs who lived on N. Washington St. and his father Logan Coombs ran a clothing store on the east side of the square. Dietz and Coombs was the store name. There was Parks T. Matthews who lived between 7th and 8th on College who was a very pleasant man and his father worked in the stone business. There was John Shoemaker whose father, Fred, I had mentioned earlier who was manager of the telephone company. There was Jeff Wylie, Rev. Wylie's son, who lived on 10th and Walnut. There was Albert T. Hoadley who lived on Walnut St. and John A. Hoadley who lived at 11th and Walnut. Horace Karsell and James Van Hook, George Talbot and his cousins; Albert Harn; and Bill and Muir Kenney were a few more. There was E. Lane Wells and his family who lived on Indiana and 8th St. Ralph Leser, later Dr. Leser, whose mother [Hedwig G.] was a professor of German at the University, was also contemporary.

During a couple of years when I was in high school I was business manager of the school paper, "The Optimist."⁴⁵ I solicited ads, learned to set type, and set up the ads, and collected money for them and kept the accounts and, (something that had never happened before), I left the office with money in the bank to the credit of the school paper. Bob Cooper taught printing in high school and operated the school print shop and taught us type setting and feeding

⁴⁴ In September, 1965, Bloomington High School moved to a new location south of town. On April 6, 1967, the old building at Second and Walnut streets, which had become Central Junior High School, burned. *Bloomington Daily Herald-Telephone*, April 6, 1967.

⁴⁵ Bloomington High School's monthly newspaper, the *Optimist*, was begun in 1913-1914 under the sponsorship of the freshman class. *The Gothic* (1914), 54.

the printing press and such things. Bob is still living here in Bloomington at the present time. There were, of course, many other names that I might mention but the ones that I have mentioned were more or less colleagues and contemporaries and we were all well acquainted. There were two high school fraternities at that time, Kappa Alpha Phi and Beta Phi Sigma and they had dances and various social activities of that sort but I did not belong to either one of them. Earl E. Ramsey was Superintendent of Schools and he lived on W. 1st St. between Walnut and Rogers on the south side of the street. He had a son Frank (later Frank Ramsey, M. D. of Indianapolis) and a son Bill and daughter Lorena. Their ages compared with those of myself and my sister and my brother.

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

Somewhere along about this time radio came into being and a lot of us were experimenting with galena crystals and cat whisker detectors and tuning coils and then later with the vacuum tubes and other circuits and wireless communication. We had an aerial strung from the top of the United Presbyterian Church. I had crawled inside the tower and had crawled out on the ridge of the church to fasten the end of it to the cupola on the church and then had to carry the wire across to come to the third floor window of our home on North College Ave. This was our aerial for the radio at that time. Professor R[olla] R. Ramsey, Dr. Hugh Ramsey's father, was at that time at the University making much progress in the field of radio and had made some records for achievement in that field. Fred Shoemaker, John's father, who as I mentioned managed the telephone company, used to give us discarded equipment from the telephone company and we would unwind the armatures of the coils and get fine copper wire from this source and we had a communications system in our neighborhood which connected between my home and Jeff Wylie's home and Albert Hoadley's home and Robert Allen's home. This was quite an activity to string this very very thread-like wire all over a pretty good territory. It worked fairly well but we had much fun doing it and that was worth more than what we were actually able to accomplish in the way of communications.

We set up a little chemistry shop in a little shed at the side of the stable at the south side of our lot and had various chemicals there and we made colored flares and gunpowder and did various chemical experiments of that sort and achieved a fair proficiency in making fireworks, which was quite an interesting occupation. The chief participants in this activity were myself and Bob Allen, Jim Barnhill, and Albert Hoadley. We used to get our chemical supply from Wiles Drugstore. Bob Wiles and Avery Deupree would sell us what we needed for our experiments and activities.

We experimented widely in a lot of ways but our work with the chemistry lab which led to our experiments with gunpowder, and colored flares and related terms led us naturally to experiment in the fireworks field. We even went so far as to attempt Roman candles but our successes were not particularly outstanding. In those days the Fourth of July was a gala day, well and vociferously celebrated by all. One would be awakened in the morning by the firing of guns, large firecrackers and all such type of things. We had developed a device consisting of a dry cell, an ignition coil and a piece of heavy plumbers pipe, in the rear end of which a spark plug was mounted, activated by the current from the ignition coil. This was mounted on a base. We would put a charge of gunpowder in the pipe and place rag or papers in front of it. When fired this had a very soul-satisfying report equal to about the best anyone had! We did have also firecrackers, ranging from the strings of "Chinese lady fingers" up to the 2, 4, and 6 inch salutes or "cannon crackers" which were really pretty powerful and among the things that accounted for some of the casualties. They were often placed under inverted tin cans, or in barrels, or by some persons, in some cases in bottles to amplify the noise and the explosion. We also had pin wheels, rockets and Roman candles. Now the remnant of this tradition is in the extensive huge fireworks exhibitions such as those held in the old I. U. Stadium.⁴⁶ In those days everybody was patriotic and proud of their country and their flag. Those who did not choose to agree or to serve as they should, received the well deserved epithets of "slackers", "cowards", "draft-

⁴⁶ A fireworks display, sponsored by one of the Bloomington service clubs, has traditionally been held in the Indiana University Memorial Stadium on the Fourth of July.

dodgers", and "yellowbellies" and traitors and were dealt universal scorn and disrepute among the citizenry, as *should* be the case of course always.

I chanced to get into photography by finding some old equipment in the Philip Hills carriage house attic next door and asked their permission to have it. There were some printing frames to make prints, and some trays for solutions and a box and tank developer for roll film. For a period of time I did my own picture taking and would manage to get enough from developing and printing pictures for my friends to pay for the chemicals and paper that I had to buy to do my own picture taking. This has continued to be a hobby of mine although I no longer do the laboratory processing of any of the work. I have not done any of that since the beginning of W. W. II, although I have continued taking both color stills and 8 mm. movies.

You can well imagine that with this many fellows of this age (and I assure you none of them were angels) there was a lot of fun that went on and occasional pranks and mischief engaged in at times although nothing really serious at all. Probably one of the reasons was that Dr. & Mrs. Homer Strain who lost their son [Laurens B.] in W. W. I, more or less adopted this group of boys and had them in their Sunday School class which he taught, and he organized the "Knights of St. Paul" as a group which they had at their home and we would have refreshments and group activities, social activities and fraternal type activities and we all remembered most gratefully the time that they spent with us. I am sure that a lot of us feel a debt of gratitude to Dr. Homer Strain for the time that he spent with this group of boys because I know that it helped us a great deal and had a great influence on the later lives of all of us.

There were no parks in Bloomington and there were no public recreations grounds, no swimming pools and there are many other things which we take for granted now which were not available in those days. The pool rooms were about the only places of diversion and most of the parents did not think that was a particularly good place for boys to go. My father decided that it was a good idea to have the boys at home so he bought a full size regulation pool table and put it on the third floor of our home on N. College and in the old barn on the south side we had a trapeze and rings.

punching bag, regulation size with standard bounce board, and wrestling mats, dumb bells, Indian clubs and all sorts of equipment that we could "workout" with. We would go there after school and spend our time there. The place was heated by a stove and we would start the fire and get the place warm and then take our workouts. We got to be pretty good pool players and that was a lot of fun!

When N. Washington St. was first paved there was not too much traffic on the street. It was really smooth and we used to play on roller skates a sort of hockey with tin cans, and in the winter on the old Monon pond where the old fair grounds used to be and where Weddle & Co. is, we would play on ice skates when the ice got thick enough during the winter. We did have amusements. There were basketball nets, baskets and backboards set up at various boys' homes where the parents had arranged to do that, and there would be neighborhood groups who would play basketball together in various neighborhoods. There just simply was not organized activity for young people such as everyone thinks they should have now and which everyone seems simply to take for granted currently as a necessity!

Before these years that I speak of above, however, my grandfather, P. C. Holland, had been in the habit of taking me with him for hikes in the woods to observe the birds, animals and etc., and to hunt pawpaws, and he taught me to shoot and how to handle a rifle safely and things of that sort so that from my standpoint he was my Boy Scout Troop in those days. Grandfather would wrap and box and ship pawpaws to Uncle Ernest and Uncle Will each fall when they were ripe.

Speaking of shooting reminds me of an interesting incident that occurred when I was with my father, Dr. Frank, southwest of town one day when he was going out to make a call and he had a colored man with him who helped take care of the horses and his car and he did a good job around the stable and garage and he was good to me. In those days my father always carried a revolver in his car in the side pocket in the door. As we were driving along in the countryside he saw a rabbit sitting up on a hummock along side the road and he stopped the car, reached in and pulled out his revolver and shot over his left shoulder and killed the rabbit and says, "Otto go get him." The colored man went and got

him and we did not hear anymore of that until later it came back to us indirectly, that some of Otto's friends were talking to Otto about some of the equipment which was around the stable or the barn which looked good to them and which one thought he would like to "acquire." Otto told them, "listen boys don't mess around here, because "that man shoots rabbits over his shoulder with a pistol and he don't miss!" Speaking of this particular colored man who was with us for some years; I remember when I was a *very* small child when they were building the new courthouse in the center of the public square⁴⁷ there was on the ground floor, a clock mechanism which was a marvelous piece of machinery of brass, gears, and weights with all sorts of equipment and a pendulum and I used to beg Otto to take me down to let me look at this work and watch it operate. This was one of my diversions when I was just a very small child.

AND AWAY WE GO!

In 1908 approximately, the town decided that Bloomington needed a new post office building so they condemned and took over the land from the alley between 6th and 7th up to 7th and College on the east side of the street. This was, of course, where my father and grandfather's office was and also the office of Dr. Luck, the optician, whom I mentioned earlier. When the pre-emption of this real estate occurred the offices were moved over from the site on the east side of College, up the hill, across 7th street and to the west half of the lot on which grandfather's house stood. The long direction of the lot was east and west on 7th St. The office was put at the alley and 7th St. on the north side of the street there and remained until it was literally torn down after I vacated it about 6 years ago. It was remodelled several times and it was a landmark in the community up until the time it was razed. The moving was accomplished with long beams under the building, replaced as it moved on, by others and cables wrapped around capstans which rotated, being pulled by horses. Logs were used as rollers.

⁴⁷ The present Monroe County courthouse, the county's third, was completed on June 1, 1908. *History of Lawrence and Monroe Counties*, 237-40.

HELP

I mentioned something about some of the help which we had. If one had horses one had to have someone to take care of them but in those days it was not at all unusual for a family to have a helper who came in the home and lived with them and did the housework and cooking and looked after the children, etc. We had such a person at our home for a great many years while we were children and this woman's name was Lula David and she came from Brown County. She had very little education but she had a heart of gold and a very kind disposition and she certainly did know how to handle small children and do the things that needed to be done. She was with us a great many years and I am sure that I, and my brother and sister, remember her most kindly, and her gentle and helpful offices during our childhood. One unforgettable incident occurred at a time, after Lula had left when we had a young girl named Opal recently from the country. She could make lovely pies, and pie crust etc. Mother told her, as she was leaving to go downtown, "Opal make us a peach pie will you for supper." Opal said "yes." That evening the pie was brought in and appeared beautiful except it looked "lumpy." Father started to cut it and the "lumps" would roll under the top crust. She had made a "peach" pie out of green olives (seeds and all) and when mother asked her about it Opal said "Mrs. Holland I saw them in the glass jar and figured they was little green peaches!" We all managed *not* to laugh at the table at the time, as we didn't want to hurt her feelings.

JUST NAMES

Hinkles Meat Market was on the east side of Walnut between 6th and 7th and it was the popular place for the housewives to get their meat at that time. Dave Coombs, whom I have mentioned earlier, was very fond of liver and for his birthday or some such occasion someone gave him a dollar so he took his little wagon and trudged down to the meat market and bought his *dollar's* worth of *liver*. Liver at that time was something that the butcher would give away for little or nothing because it was not very highly prized at that time and so Dave went home with his little wagon

filled with liver and from that time on his nickname was "Liver" Coombs. Jeff Wylie was so called because his family came to Bloomington from Jeffersonville and when he first came he used to speak about Jeffersonville. I never did know just how Beanie Rogers, Otto F. Rogers, (later Dr. Rogers) got his nickname and I don't know that I ever heard anyone say, but the name Beanie was with him through his lifetime. Dr. Robert E. Lyons Jr. was another one and his nickname was "doodlebug" until at least he was through high school. His father was professor of chemistry at the University and his mother and father lived on E. 3rd St. near Sluss.

Bloomington for a number of years had a band and had band concerts which were held in the park on 3rd St. Prior to the existence of that park they were held elsewhere and the band director was a big, kind gentleman and musician by the name of Harry Crigler from whom I took saxophone lessons. I learned to play the saxophone when I was quite young and then later I worked around a bit with some of the other wind instruments. These concerts by the Bloomington band were an institution for a great many years.

In 1916 the community and University held a centennial anniversary of the founding of the University. There was a big pageant and my brother and sister and I rode in a barouche in the parade that was held for the occasion, representing the children of Andrew Wylie, the first President of the University.⁴⁸

WIDE-EYED DAYS OF WONDERMENT

Every summer the circus would come to town, sometimes one and sometime more than one. When I was a little boy, grandfather used to get me up early and we would go down to the railroad tracks and watch the big circus wagons being unloaded and the elephants, and roustabouts from the railroad cars and all the performers and the animal cages. Then later on we went to the circus and saw the whole show. Of course that was fun for grandfather and certainly it was fun for us children. The big event of circus day was the big

⁴⁸ See William Chauncy Langdon, *The Pageant of Bloomington and Indiana University* . . . (n.p., 1916), 82.

parade downtown. The animals in their rumbling heavy gilded cages, the band wagon and all the decorated wagons and the clowns, brass band and the trapeze artists riding on the horses, on the backs of elephants and all the other things that went in made it quite a show. Everybody came into town that day. That was *the* day! We had most of the circuses here at one time, Hagenbach, Wallace, Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey and various others at various times. Of course, obviously the children enjoyed it and the adults enjoyed it just as much or more.

Another thing we had a few times here in Bloomington prior to W. W. I was pilots who would come and show off "flying machines" and they would bring their machines which were, you might say, bamboo and bailing wire contraptions and they would fly them, and wind up landing in one of the fields and cracking up the plane to some extent or another before they got through. There was a man who came on one of these exhibition trips who had an artificial leg and it was said that he had lost the other leg as a result of one of the accidents at some earlier occasion when he had been exhibiting. They were certainly a far cry from airplanes of later days. At the beginning of W. W. I we were beginning to see airplanes that were somewhat more like what we consider airplanes nowadays but still a far cry from current aircraft. The recent show "baron Von Richthofen and Charles Brown" which I saw at the movies was an excellent job of creating the old W. W. I airplanes, Spads, Nieuports and [Sopwith] Camels and Messerschmits and various others. It was quite a show and I enjoyed it very thoroughly. We used to follow the exploits in W. W. I of the American pilots and the French and British pilots. There was, of course, Eddie Rickenbacker and his flying circus and [Baron Manfred] Von Richthofen (the "Red Baron") and his flying circus for the Germans, and then there was [Charles] Nungesser, the French pilot and a lot of others whose exploits we read about in the newspapers and followed with considerable interest. They really were dare devils and literally took their life in their hands every time they went out in the planes at that time because the planes in those days "had to be flown all the way." There was no particular stability in their designs and they did not have body armour or protection and were not stressed for a

lot of the heavy maneuvers the fellows put them through. It was certainly an interesting beginning of a chapter in history.⁴⁹ While stationed at a camp on Long Island just before going overseas, Dr. Frank, then a major, was with a group of men including an aviator who had just returned from France to teach aerobatics and maneuvers to the student aviators. Some discussion occurred and the doctor was interested in flying with him. There was a rule against anyone above the rank of captain going up in a plane. He [Dr. Frank] turned to another officer whose jacket carried two bars only and said "how would you like to trade jackets?" OK! The pilot took him up and did all the maneuvers he could and came back down and told the other fellows "you can any of you take the captain up any time he wants to go." The point to the story is that the pilot was killed about two weeks later while a passenger in one of the old "hob-nailed hood" Cadillacs being driven by a chauffeur, when they encountered some rough gravel road and the car overturned.

BRITTANIC TOUR

Just prior to the actual opening of W. W. I the American College of Surgeons was in joint meeting in Great Britain with the Royal College of Surgeons and establishing the American College of Surgeons as a new institution at that time. Dr. Frank Holland was one of the founders in this area and was active in these affairs. He and my mother went to Great Britain on a ship for this meeting and at the time W. W. I started they were there. There was considerable panic among the people who were visiting in Europe and they all wanted to return home. Father says that he could have sold his state room reservation on the returning ship for several times what it had cost him, to several people who had more money than he had, as many were very much alarmed and very anxious to leave Europe and Scotland and Ireland which they [Dr. and Mrs. Holland] enjoyed very very much and that was one of the most memorable events of their lives. In those days European tours and world

⁴⁹ For further discussion of World War I airplanes and pilots see James J. Hudson, *Hostile Skies: A Combat History of the American Air Service in World War I* (Syracuse, 1968).

tours and trips of that magnitude were quite expensive and certainly not done by the ordinary person, students, etc. the way they are done nowadays by the combination of air and other transportation with special excursion rates and all the rest of it and the scene was a very different one in that respect.

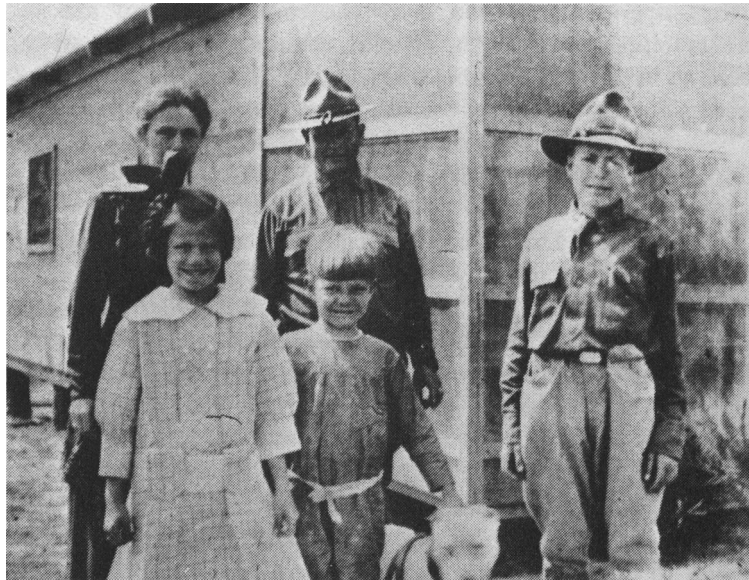
INCIPIENCE OF THE KAISER WAR

The Rainbow Division was organized and Bloomington's Battery F was part of this group and went over fairly early in the history of W. W. I.⁵⁰ Dr. Frank Holland had organized a Field Hospital unit here which was mobilized at the time of the Mexican border trouble with Pancho Villa and they were sent to Texas to serve.⁵¹ This mobilization unit was of the National Guard and they served on the Texas border for quite a while. They were stationed in the area of Brownsville, Texas and as I remember Llana Grande on the Texas side of the Rio Grande river. Dr. Frank, as a medical officer, had to patrol in making his inspections, a section along the Rio Grande River. He bought for that purpose a beautiful big Morgan Bred black horse which he named "Billie." When they left that area they were succeeded by other units, and he sold the horse to the man who was to serve as his successor in the work he had been doing there. Some three weeks later, the successor was "picked off" by a Mexican sniper from the other side of the river. They [Indiana units of the National Guard] were later federalized and put in the Federal Service and stayed at various camps in this country and then in France and various places. This was the 38th or "Cyclone Division." They were organized and trained and made ready for shipment at Camp Shelby at Hattiesburg, Mississippi.⁵² At that time the families and

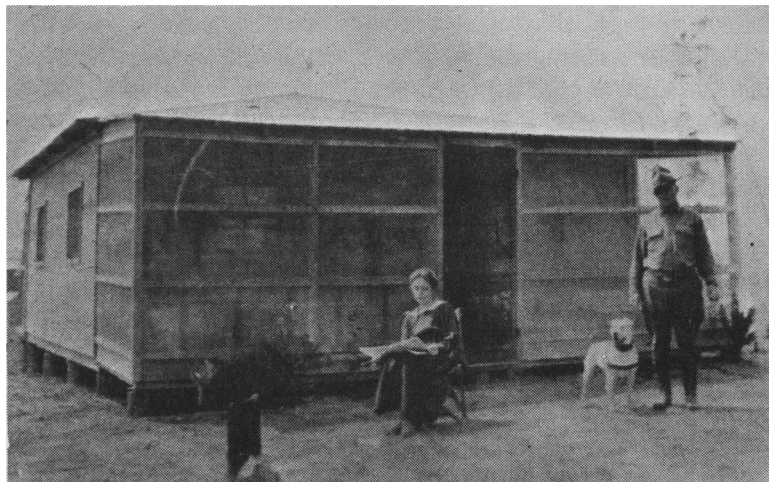
⁵⁰ For a history of the Rainbow Division see Henry J. Reilly, *Americans All, the Rainbow at War: Official History of the 42nd Rainbow Division in the World War* (Columbus, 1936).

⁵¹ The border dispute between Mexico and the United States in 1916, in which Francisco "Pancho" Villa was a major participant, is discussed in Clarence C. Clendenen, *The United States and Pancho Villa: A Study in Unconventional Diplomacy* (New York, 1961); and Herbert M. Mason, Jr., *The Great Pursuit* (New York, 1970). A brief discussion of Indiana's participation in this incident can be found in Clifton J. Phillips, *Indiana in Transition: The Emergence of an Industrial Commonwealth, 1880-1920* (*The History of Indiana*, Vol. IV; Indianapolis, 1968), 591-92.

⁵² Indiana's participation in World War I is discussed in Phillips,



**GEORGE FRANK HOLLAND FAMILY
CAMP SHELBY, MISSISSIPPI, c. 1917-1918**



**HOLLAND FAMILY RESIDENCE
CAMP SHELBY, MISSISSIPPI, 1917-1918**

Courtesy Philip Todd Holland.



MAJOR GEORGE FRANK HOLLAND, c. 1919



CAPTAIN GEORGE FRANK HOLLAND AND BILLIE, c. 1916-1917

Courtesy Philip Todd Holland.

men such as Dr. Frank Holland went to the camp and we lived there in a little pine house 30 ft. x 30 ft. with a porch across the front and the back, a make-shift shower on the back porch and a sawdust filled ice box on the back porch. This was the pine tree area and some distance off the Gulf. As one of the Negro cleaning women said, when my mother asked her why some of the characteristics of some of the population were as they were, "well you know, Miz Holland most of the folks around here is just kind of backed up from the Gulf for various reasons." We young people were at the camp at that time and had our own version of trench warfare and fired BB guns, and wore wash basins for helmets and we had trenches and dugouts there in the red Mississippi dirt. It was as a wonder that more of us weren't hurt than were. I think one boy caught a BB in the side of his cheek but nobody lost an eye nor did anything else serious happen.

The soldiers had built a dam across the end of a little valley at the camp and we used to "dog trot" over there every afternoon to go swimming in the muddy water. I have never been any warmer than I was then. The temperature was about 110 degrees every day and we were too far north to get the Gulf breeze and as far south as we could be without getting it. Those were interesting days, indeed. Of course, the tremendous "flu" epidemic came along and swept the camps and surrounding communities as well. It was a very virulent type of influenza. It was rapid in its action and leading to lung congestion, acute laryngitis and fluid in the chest and various other complications and many many people were lost in that epidemic, some directly as a result of the disease and some as a result of complications following the disease.⁵³

LIFE WITH THE DOUGHBOYS

At Camp Shelby at Hattiesburg, Mississippi many of the

Indiana in Transition, 609-11; and Barnhart and Carmony, *Indiana*, II, 375-88.

⁵³ The "Spanish flu" epidemic swept the entire United States during the fall of 1918. Recent newspaper articles commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Cyclone Division, indicate that in October, 1918, when Indiana soldiers left Camp Shelby for Europe, the medical corpsmen were already battling the influenza epidemic. *Bloomington Sunday Herald-Times*, August 27, 1967; *Bloomington Courier-Tribune*, August 27, 1967.

fellows who were received there as new soldiers were from the backwoods parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, had very little if any education, and had never been away from their home area. The long train ride to Hattiesburg was very impressive to them and so they arrived with various impressions. One of them was heard to remark when he arrived in Hattiesburg, Mississippi that "France don't look much different than Kentucky." A lot of other amusing things happened during the days at Camp Shelby. We were youngsters and of course as is usually the case, the youngsters are favored by the older young men who were in this case the enlisted men in the various units of the service there, and we got to be pretty accurate shots with our BB guns because we found out early that it paid. The soldiers would put a penny, or nickel or dime up on a post and say "if you can hit it you can have it." They would set the distance from which we would have to fire and give us so many shots to knock it off. Needless to say our accuracy got to be pretty fair.

We found another little thing of interest at that age of course, being youngsters, we would go to the PX's and the commissary, all of which were just plank buildings built down in the pine swamps in Mississippi, and at regular intervals we found that we could crawl under the building under the counters of the PX's and the commissaries where change had been dropped and had rolled through between the cracks in the boards of the floor and nobody would bother to retrieve it, and we would pick up a fair amount of pocket cash, enough to buy some soft drinks or ice cream and that, of course, was one of our little occupations.

We also used to shoot snakes in the swamp with our BB guns. We would gather chameleons and take them home as pets. They made nice house pets and helped keep the house rid of flies. If you have ever watched a chameleon catch a fly it is a rather startling bit of behavior. He sits perfectly quiet and motionless until the fly comes within a certain distance which the chameleon can gauge very carefully and all of a sudden there is a flash and the chameleon's tongue goes out an amazing distance and there is no fly there. We were encouraged to bring the chameleons home!

The sound of "Taps" blown by a bugle in the evening,

wafting across the red dirt and pine trees under such circumstances is one which will forever after be associated with a thrill in one's spine.

We used to see the columns at a distance as a detachment was leaving to go overseas, singing as they marched along, the songs, "Over There", "Keep The Home Fires Burning", "A Long Long Trail", "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down On the Farm?", "My Buddy" and the artilleryman's Caisson Song and the infantry song.⁵⁴ We realized many of them would not return, and that would bring a lump in the throat, or a tear to an eye, but no one would acknowledge nor allow it to be seen.

A number of amusing stories of W. W. I were told by Dr. Frank. One concerned a dinner that was being held, in the area where he was billeted in a small French Village, to do honor to the oldest sergeant in the French Army. As the senior American officer in the area, he was invited to attend and he did. His statement was that, "I never had dreamed there were so many kinds of wine in the world, much less in that area." His boots were the type with the straight leg portion attached to the shoe part in one piece. He said "I didn't want to disgrace the Americans or my hosts, so when they weren't looking I'd empty some of the wine down first one boot and then the other." "By the time the dinner was over and I walked out there was wine splashing out of the top of each boot, and I had certainly had my fill to drink." He brought home with him a fine water color picture of the old sergeant standing in the trenches, which I still have in my possession.

Another story of the same era and locale was to the effect that he wanted to take a bath. The French never bathed in winter and would set their tubs on the back porch to hold the flower bulbs for spring planting. He secured a rubber folding-type tub and got four blankets and hung them from the clothes line in the back yard and proceeded to have a *bath*! He had not pretended to any degree of fluency in French, but understood quite a bit more French than some of the villagers realized. While he was bathing,

⁵⁴ A discussion of the songs of World War I and their place in the war effort can be found in Bruce Catton, "He Wanted to Murder the Bugler," *American Heritage*, XVIII (August, 1967), 50-55, 101-102.

outside the fence around the back yard, some of the natives were chattering about "the crazy American Commandant" (Major), and how terrible and dangerous it was to take a bath in wintertime, etc. Later, some of them found out that, although he didn't *spea*k much French, he'd understood their comments well enough! A committee called on him then to offer their apologies graciously. For some years after the war he would hear cordially, occasionally, from some of the families with whom he had been billeted so, he must have had a pleasant relationship with his wartime hosts.

ON THE HOME FRONT

In Bloomington we were on a wartime basis. We were saving coal, sugar and flour, and using all sorts of substitutes for various things in order to provide for the wartime needs of the troops and the wartime economy of the country. In 1917 our own home on N. College Ave. caught fire, apparently under the roof and in the area which was later made into a third story as I described earlier in the book and we gathered it probably was from some faulty wiring. This destroyed the roof and damaged the house very severely. It burned holes in the second floor and did a lot of damage. At that time the old Hill house north of us was occupied by Professor Morton C. Campbell at the I. U. Law School and they gave us shelter until we could arrange things a bit. Their family was Mary Elizabeth, Bill (my age), Leila (my sister's age) and Bob who was my brother's age. This was hardly surprising because, due to the parallelism of the various ages, plus proximity, there was a vast amount of junior traffic between the houses all the time normally. In the old house the one big back room on the second floor was a play place for all, and we amused ourselves arranging shows to have there. Sometimes they were magic shows we devised. Othertimes some sections from "Pecks Bad Boy" or "Penrod" or some similar story⁵⁵ and sometimes shadow-picture shows. Time was needed for the preparations and when finally all was ready we would invite all to come in,

⁵⁵ During the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries George Wilbur Peck wrote a series of books about Peck's Bad Boy, including one of the earliest, *Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa* (Chicago, 1883). Booth Tarkington, *Penrod* (New York, 1914).

admission one cent or a nickel, perhaps, and stage the performance. One evening I lost my balance and put my right arm out to catch against the window frame, but missed it and my hand went through the window pane. It was cut pretty badly, laying bare the tendons, but, fortunately *not* severing them. I had to go down to see Dr. [Fred] Batman and he sewed me "back together" again. My father was away at the time in Texas and he was allowed leave to come home. He came home to see about getting his house put back in order. During that time we lived in a house owned by Mr. & Mrs. Kerr on S. Washington St. just below the alley south of 4th St., on the west side of the street. The house is no longer there. The old home was repaired and renovated, new flooring put on the second floor and a sun porch on the first floor below the enclosure of the second floor porch to make a sleeping porch. The old shed was torn down back of the house and a brick garage was put there. It was a 2 car garage, the cars to be run in in tandem, at the north side of the house extending directly back to the corner of the lot.

Many Bloomington people served in the field hospital medical unit including Dr. R[obert] T. Ross the dentist (now retired) and many others who are known in Bloomington and whose names I cannot at this moment recall.

While we were living in the little house on Washington St. the expressman came to our home one day and asked my mother where she wanted this "*bureau*" put and she did not know what he might be talking about, but it developed when she went out to see what he had, that inside a crate of modest dimensions there had arrived a small Mexican *burro* which father had bought (for \$5.00) along the border of Texas and sent up for the youngsters to have for a pet. We decided the burro's name should be "Chiquita" and she was a pet and we had her for a few years even after we moved back to the old home after it had been repaired. She was one of the neighborhood "facilities" which all of us children enjoyed.

While father was in the service Bob Harris was manager of the Harris-Grand and Princess Theaters. He owned and operated them. He gave us permission since our father was away, to come to his shows anytime that we cared to and see the show. The only money we had to pay was the government tax on the ticket which was a few cents at that time. I



514 NORTH COLLEGE AVENUE, c. 1908-1909



514 NORTH COLLEGE AVENUE AS REPAIRED AFTER THE FIRE

Courtesy Philip Todd Holland.

must say we appreciated that immensely because the income was not very great and things were pretty tight financially speaking.

There were many in the community who were away. Many were injured or killed in action. Many died in camps of the flu epidemic and the community was in a rather tightened frame of mind. The University had the SATC, (Student Army Training Corps) which was occupying the fraternity houses and such dormitories as there were at that time, and other facilities available.⁵⁶

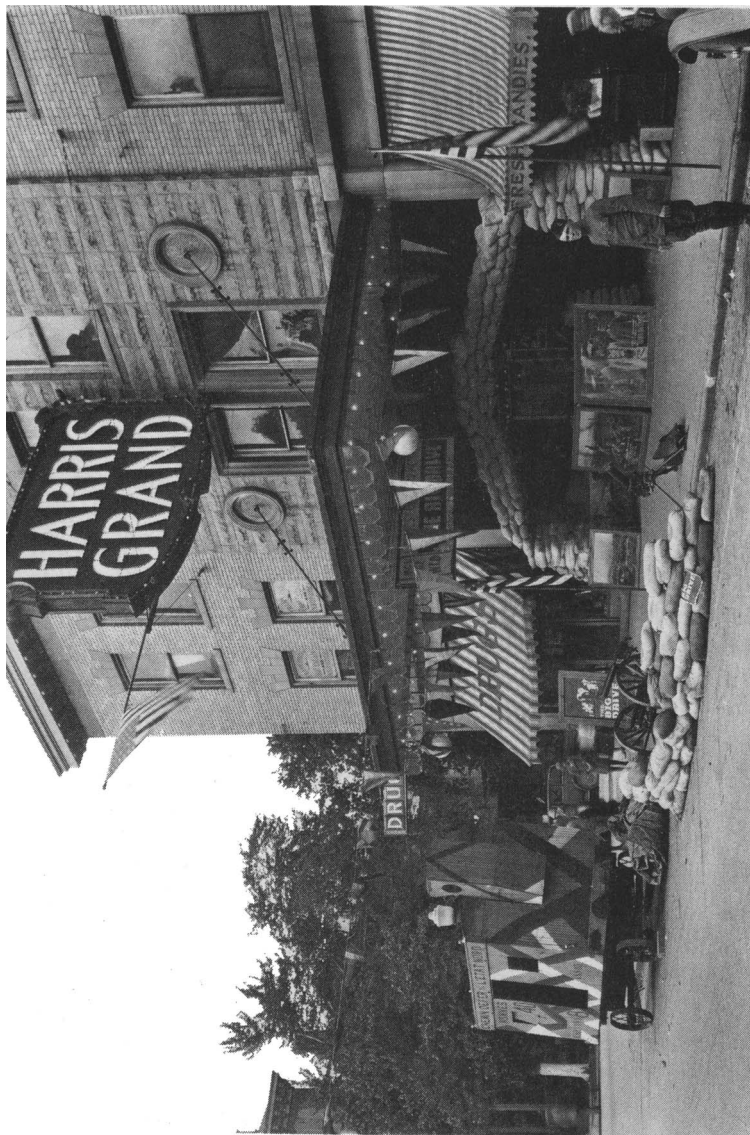
A little side issue of the time spent at the Camp Shelby was the fact that my father secured for me a regulation Army bugle which had been "surveyed" because it was very badly dented. I would go over in the swamp area (where the noise would not be heard much) with the men who were the buglers there for the Army and I practiced with them and learned all the bugle calls there were in the book. I later became a member of the Indiana University Drum and Bugle Corps which was quite a thing before the Marching 100 [Indiana University's marching band] really became the magnificent outfit that it is now.

My first recollection of the football coaching at Indiana was when coach [Ewald O.] Jumbo Stiehm came and moved into the house on E. 8th St. and coached the team with great success and I went to some of the games. I must admit that I do not remember who we played and just what the outcome of the game was because I was too young to remember about that. James A. Kase was the athletic director and swimming [wrestling] coach and in charge of many other activities at that time. This was prior to the war.

MEDICINE BEFORE THE WAR

The first x-ray machine in this area was bought by Dr. Frank Holland. It was a very impressive huge piece of machinery which occupied most of a moderate size room and it was nothing like our present machines. It had a large number of wet cell batteries with the bimetallic plates in

⁵⁶ A discussion of the Student Army Training Corps at Indiana University can be found in Myers, *History of Indiana University*, 208-12.



LIBERTY BOND DRIVE DURING WORLD WAR I IN FRONT OF HARRIS GRAND THEATER, 1918

Courtesy Indiana University Museum, Bloomington.

solution in the glass jars and this served as a source of direct current, battery current, for the operation of the machine in addition to which there were three large discs, plateglass between 3 and 4 feet in diameter, 2 of which rotated, and the other one remained stationary and on these were fastened pie-shaped segments of foil. This machine created a heavy charge of static electricity through the passing of these foil segments past each other and someone had to turn the crank or handle to rotate these glass plates. That was one of the chores I got early in life. These x-ray machines were essentially unshielded and there was very little insulation so great care had to be used in using them or you got a *very* nasty shock!

Another chore that I fell heir to fairly early was helping in reduction of fractures. I would as a countertraction take firm hold, for instance in a fracture of the forearm, on the patient's arm, and then Dr. Frank would pull and manipulate the distal portion of the forearm to reduce for instance a Colle's fracture of which we had many in those days. This was partly due to the fact that people had to crank their automobiles by hand. In fractures of the lower extremity it was my job to maintain the traction and maintain the position while a plaster cast for instance was applied and while it dried. I had learned early that the only way that I could manage to do this was to lean back and let my weight do the traction rather than trying to do the pull by muscle exertion directly. The old automobiles all had to be hand cranked to get them started and, of course, if they backfired the crank would turn violently backward against you and give you serious damage or fracture to the wrist or distal forearm. You learned pretty soon that the only way you could do it was to start at the bottom of the stroke which was in a clockwise direction and put your hand around the handle with the thumb parallel with the other fingers rather than over the crank handle so that as you pulled it up through a half turn up to the 12 o'clock position of the crank you would be able, if it backfired, to let the fingers straighten out and you would have time to get your hand out of the way and you did not sprain your thumb by having it go against your thumb. That was one of the little tricks you had to learn.

MEDICAL RECOLLECTIONS

One day Dr. Frank received a call from Paoli, Indiana, a town south of here, which was a fair distance and of course at this time as I remarked before there were no paved roads. The old roads were high crowned macadam, not very wide, and not very straight. They were nothing like our roads of today. The old cars in those days were constructed with brakes only on the rear wheels. There was no such thing as *four wheel brakes*. The brake drum on the rear wheel usually had an internal expanding brake band, and an external contracting brake band, one of which was connected with the hand brake or the so-called emergency brake and the other with the regular foot brake. It appeared, according to the information received on his call, that Mr. Chilton Pleasants who was the Illinois Central agent in Bloomington at that time, was seriously ill and Dr. Frank was urged to get there as rapidly as possible as he was his physician. I was occupying the front seat and Dr. Frank drove on the left front side and I think Mrs. Louise Pleasants and possibly one of her daughters and Hubert Brown went with him also down to Paoli to see about Mr. Pleasants. We were trying to make all the time we could and as I said the roads were pretty poor and we would approach the curves at a pretty good rate of speed, and father would put on the foot brake, and then I would apply a little additional pressure with the other brake band by means of the hand brake, not holding the clutch on the hand brake so that it did not remain fastened, and I would put the additional braking power on until we got about into the curve and release the brake and we could take the curves a little faster that way than we could otherwise and we got a little more braking power out of the old brakes. These old cars were really something!

Another interesting thing that happened was a call (as a matter of fact I think someone came to the house or to the office late in the day) saying some hunters had been hunting out northeast of town far back in the woods off all the beaten roads and this one hunter had apparently stood up on a stump to look for more game or to view the countryside and his gun had slipped off and the hammer had hit on the stump and the shotgun had discharged into his abdomen.

He had been taken to the nearest place where anyone lived which happened to be the home of an old hermit who lived out in that area. There weren't very many houses around so we drove across a few fields to get to the place. I went with Dr. Frank and he went prepared, because there were no ambulances and there was no way to take care of anything and the situation would not have been much better if he *had* come to town because there was not much in the way of a facility to take care of him at the time. An old doctor by the name of Fritch was there and he agreed to give a chloroform anesthetic while Dr. Frank did the surgery on the man. The light we were using was coal oil lights and the operation was done on the kitchen table as was not too uncommon in those days. Lots of surgeries were done on the kitchen tables before they had hospitals with the facilities we have at the present time. It was dark and there were a lot of neighbors, or people in the area, who had come over because of all the excitement and activity and I was given one of the coal oil lights down near the patient's feet, and one of the onlookers was asked to hold the other light. In a little while he said "Doc I've got to get some air" and he went out, and another man took his place and this went on several times. Finally I wound up having to hold *both* the lights while the operation proceeded, attempting to find and locate and close the multitude of perforations in this man's intestinal tract. I was reminded of this by one of the men who had been there, as recently as about 1967 or 1968, who asked me if I had been the young fellow who was there at that time on this occasion. So you see things were pretty primitive in those days.

In those days the relationships between families and their doctors were very real and strong and put down some deep "tap roots". As an example, Mary Bennets parents used to come from Harrodsburg to consult Dr. P. C. Holland and later Dr. G. F. Holland. Later she married Claude Smallwood and they and their son were cared for by Dr. Frank, and still later by me so the friendship and association carried through the generations. I cared for many patients who had been patients of both Dr. P. C. and G. F. Holland before me.

THE OLDER DOCTORS OF MONROE COUNTY

This does not purport to be a catalogue, or even a history of the medical profession of the time, but simply reminiscences of the older doctors as I remember them. Mrs. Bea Snoddy is writing a real biographical story of the older doctors from the beginning in Monroe and Owen counties, and I'm hoping it will be finished ere too long.

I heard people speak of old Dr. Loudermilk and old Dr. Weir but knew neither. I think they had "read medicine."

Dr. John Tournier was a straight, clean-cut gentleman who had an office on the west side of Walnut between 3rd and 4th Sts. He was a general practitioner of good repute. His younger brother, Dr. Frank Tournier, was a more jovial and friendly type, a gentleman of the old school of family doctors. His office was below 3rd St. on the east side of College Ave. His grandson, Dr. Richard Schilling, is in practice in Bloomington at the present time.

Dr. Rodney D. Smith and his wife were well known and well loved in the community. He had served in the Philippines in the Army. When he came here, he did a general practice and as surgery became more prevalent gave anesthetics (at that time open ether was about all we had) for the majority of surgeries for a good many years. His home and office were at the southwest corner of 6th St. and Washington. His years of practice overlapped my grandfathers, my fathers and mine.

Dr. [O. M.?] Morris was one of the older doctors who had "read medicine", I believe, and had an office on the west side of College Ave. below 3rd St. and below the present Ford parking lot.

Dr. J[oseph] Kentling had a home and office on the southeast corner of College Ave. and 4th St. just across the street from the Tournier Hotel. I knew of him, but never was acquainted with him. I understand he was an avid cardplayer!

Dr. Lucy and Dr. Fletcher Gardner were in the community early in the century. They were here and then left the community for another location.

Dr. Robert and Dr. Otto Rogers were located at the northeast corner of 6th and Washington. Dr. Bob died not

too many years ago. Dr. Otto died some years earlier. He and his wife had a daughter, Florence, about the age of my sister and a son O. F. Rogers Jr. who was a colleague of mine and mentioned elsewhere. His death [O. F. Rogers, Jr.] occurred only recently and was a great loss to the community. His son is now entering upon the study of medicine.

Dr. J[ohn] E. Luzadder, a general practitioner, had an office on the south side of the square upstairs. His home was on 8th, north side, between Walnut and Washington. They had two sons, one Gilbert, now deceased, and John, a doctor practicing upstate.

Dr. James W. Wiltshire was one of the older of the general practitioners. They lived on North Park and his office was on South Lincoln below Kirkwood.

Old Dr. [John C.] Ross had two sons, Mel, a general practitioner and R[obert] T. Ross, a dentist. They had come up this way from Kentucky. He practiced during my grandfather's and father's time.

Dr. Ed. [C. Edward] Harris came to Bloomington somewhere just after the turn of the century. His home and office were on the east side of College between 4th and 3rd Sts. He had, for those days a pretty good education. He had one son, now living on the west coast.

Dr. Fred Batman and his wife, Pansy, came to the town to practice somewhat later than Dr. Frank Holland. He was a general practitioner and well known and well liked. He had attended a regular medical college of that time. His daughter and her family are still living in Bloomington.

Dr. J. E. Moser started some few years after Dr. Frank Holland started practice. He was a graduate of a medical school and did considerable surgery for some years. His home was on 7th St., south side, just west of Indiana Ave. The house still stands.

Dr. Leon Whetsell was a rather colorful person, who bought a large house on the northwest corner of 8th and College Ave. He installed one of the earlier, but more advanced x-ray machines. He had two sons, one a doctor upstate and I do not know the whereabouts of the other.

Dr. W[alter] N. Culmer was a graduate of a good school *and came here before W. W. I and did a practice of ear, nose and throat work.* He was a fine gentleman, very public-

spirited, well known and respected. They had one daughter, Peggy.

Dr. J[ames] E. P. Holland came to Bloomington about 1909 or 1910, I believe. His office was on Walnut, east side between 7th and 8th, and still stands there. He married Beryl Showers and they had one son Charles (M.D., now deceased) whose son is now living in Bloomington. He [J. E. P. Holland] was physician for Indiana University for quite some years. In his private practice he did ophthalmology. He took part in many civic activities and was the first President of Bloomington Rotary Club. There was no relationship between their family and ours.

Dr. Homer Woolery had an office and house at the northwest corner of 7th St. and Washington. He did a medical practice and in his large office building there did a lot of obstetrics. He brought a number of young doctors to the community but none stayed with him. I believe they included Dr. Ben Ross and Dr. Ray Borland, Dr. T. H. Wilson and last Dr. Neal Baxter and possibly some others.

Dr. George Mitchell came to Smithville, Indiana and set up to do a county general practice there. He did obstetrics and medicine and was a courageous and resourceful doctor really dedicated to the sick in his area. Money, time of day, weather, etc., made no difference to him through his long years. He was a staunch friend of Dr. Frank Holland (and later of mine) and was a very good diagnostician, who practiced without benefit of hospital, laboratories or assistance. He died only a few years ago after a long lifetime of service.

Dr. D[eward] J. Holland came from Harrodsburg, practiced in Bedford for a while after graduation from medical school and after the World War [I] moved to Bloomington. His widow still lives in Bloomington and they had two boys and a daughter. Again, there was no relationship to our family.

CHORES

As I mentioned about the old house on North College the central heat with the hot water heating system was put in and due to the size of the house it required a good big furnace to heat sufficient water to service this heating plant which used

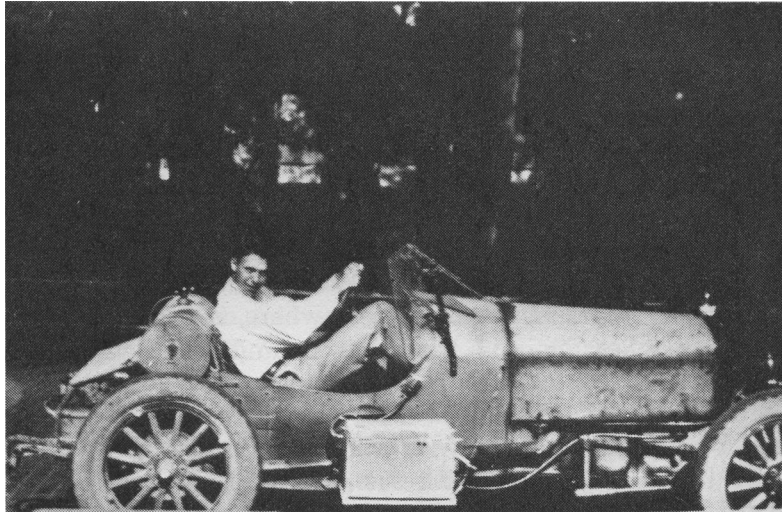
coal. My father used to say that we used about one freight carload of coal per winter in this old furnace. The furnace had to be hand fired with the shovel and the grate shaken and the ashes taken out and carried out to the back. For the most part this was one of the chores that I had to do and I was relieved later when we got an "Iron Fireman Stoker" type, feed for the furnace which eliminated firing it by hand although it still left much to be desired in that the heavy sulfur-fumed clinkers would accumulate in large masses and they had to be taken out with tongs and that was a rather smelly job and not the pleasantest one imaginable. Later gas conversions were used. The office furnace went through much the same cycle of engineering and source of heat and a lot of the time I had the job of taking care of that also as part of my chores. The grass at the old home had to be cut also with the old pusher type mower.

HOBBY-AUTOS

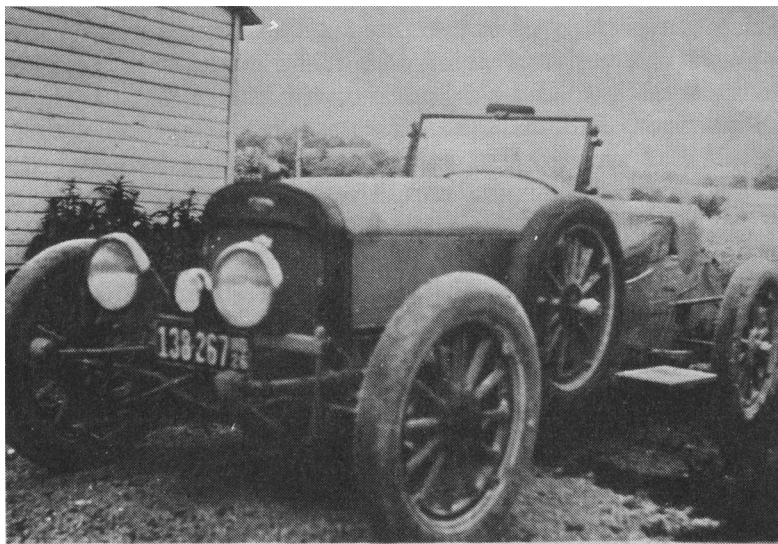
Long before I was old enough to have a license to drive I was servicing cars, greasing them, checking the alignment of the front wheels, spacing the plugs, and timing the ignition system, adjusting brakes and doing all that sort of work that was to be done. This, of course, gave me a very early interest in automobiles and I began, after I was old enough to have a driver's license, working on some of them and with the idea of improving their performance or their capabilities one way or another. The first one I had was an old Model-T we made "underslung" as they called it in those days, with a couple of brackets in the front and rear which would place the springs down under the front axle rather than riding on top of it as was the original design of the Model-T. This lowered the center of gravity quite a little bit. Then we did various things to the engine. We put overhead valves on them and various other modifications to improve the performance of the automobile and they were quite popular. One of the amusing things was this car was not too heavy, as you would realize if you knew them, and tires had to be changed quite frequently in those days. It was not at all uncommon to change several tires on a trip to Indianapolis and back. I had learned a little trick of lifting with my knees and my thighs with my back straight as I had an old jack that did

not work well in the normal way but I could set it at a certain height and I would back up to one wheel of this car and lift it until my friend who was accompanying me would set the jack under the axle, and we would proceed to repair the tire and be on our way. I had a lot of fun out of this because, although it sounds like a prodigious feat of strength it really isn't. It is a matter of knowing how to lift and I saw a good many of my friends waste a good bit of effort trying to duplicate the feat. It was a little source of amusement.

Later I had a 1913 Regal chassis which had been for many many years in a garage somewhere, and did not have too many miles on it. I bought it from Bill Fulwider who was a friend of mine. His father was Jess Fulwider who ran the lumber yard [W. A. Fulwider Company] here in Bloomington which later became Black Lumber Company and I drove it for some time with the original engine which had an old cast block engine with a cone clutch. The car was a *right-hand drive* car and was underslung by putting the springs *above* the front and rear axles and the frame *underneath* and then the car's motor was mounted on a subframe at the front end inside the frame. This car worked fine for me until I broke a wrist-pin one day up by Cloverdale and one of the pistons was pushed up through the top of the cast block main portion of the engine by the connecting rod and that was bad and something had to be done! I got a 1918 4-cylinder Chevrolet block put in with the old cone clutch of that model and installed off-set rocker arms and ground out the inlet and exhaust valve ports. The valves had to be special because when we used the ordinary type of valves the heads pulled off because of the high lift rocker arms so we wound up putting some one piece Thompson silichrome steel valves that were used in a Dodge automobile about that time and some "keepers" that came off a Buick and we had a 2½ inch Rayfield carburetor that came off a National automobile and I reduced the weight of the fly wheel considerably and put a high tension Delco ignition on the car and drilled the crank shaft for high pressure oil and it developed into quite a vehicle. A 1923 Chevrolet rear system was installed. It would turn up about 4200 revolutions per minute and with the gear ratio and tire size that we had, that would produce a speed of about 90-95 miles an hour. This was remarkable for those days in the early '20's. Those cars



PHILIP TODD HOLLAND AND 1913 REGAL



MODIFIED 1913 REGAL

Courtesy Philip Todd Holland.

that were coming out of Detroit, Packards, and Cadillacs etc., were not doing more than about 60 or 65 miles an hour at their best. My brother and my sister used to help me work on these old cars and they would help grind valves and all sorts of things like that. They got to go with me when we went places and that was a lot of fun. My brother, not too long ago, reminded me of riding in this old Regal to Indianapolis and back one day and he said that we had to fix tires 6 different times on this one trip. This was not at all unusual in those days because the tires were not the quality that we are used to now and had inner tubes.

Finally the car was sold when I left Bloomington to go to school. It was sold to a man who used it for dirt track racing and I saw it quite some years later over by Columbus, Indiana. It had no fenders and a step on each side with no running board. I did put a windshield on it. There were bucket seats and we sat flat on the floor and I had a little short gearshift lever which was to my left. There was no emergency brake and no lock on the car but I had an extra ignition switch or two which I managed to flip, when my passenger was not looking and the car would not operate without it. That was the only way I could lock it. This was quite a vehicle for those days. Another item about this car was that I had to take out one quadrant of the 4-spoke steering wheel so that I could slide in and out under the steering wheel because the wheel rode very low in the car and one as I said, sat flat in the car, and being underslung as it was there was no weight above the tops of the tires except one's head and shoulders. It was a very maneuverable car as far as the center of gravity was concerned. We had lots of trouble getting the front end adjusted. I tried various shock absorbers and I never did get really satisfactory ones that would keep from getting a terrific bounce in the front wheels when you got up to a fairly high speed at 70, 75 or 80.

FIRST AIRPLANE RIDES

The first airplane I had a chance to ride in was, incidentally in Fort Knox, Kentucky. I was there in the CMTC (Civilian Military Training Corps Camp) during the summer for three weeks. I had one CMTC camp there and then when in the university the first two years took ROTC [Reserve

Officers Training Corps] and took the summer camp of the ROTC at Fort Knox these 2 other summers. I am sure this was very good discipline for me and helped me physically a great deal and I remember much about it. This one summer with the CMTC there was an Army Air Corps pilot with a W. W. I DeHaviland biplane with a Liberty engine in it. It was an old type of biplane and vintage and this was the type of plane that General Mitchell later called the "flying coffins" in his noted discourse and argument with the "powers that be" in the Army, Navy and War Department, etc.⁵⁷ These old planes, had nothing like the stability of our modern airplanes and they "had to be flown all the way!" I will say that I had a very interesting ride. This was an open cockpit plane and I rode in the backseat and enjoyed the ride very much. It was really a thrill and the first time that I had ever had that experience happen. The second airplane ride I ever had was in the Waco cabin plane owned by Wylie Carter of Bloomington who was at that time in the automobile business [College Avenue Motor and Sales Company] in Bloomington and Wylie was, I believe, Bloomington's first civilian pilot to the best of my knowledge. I flew with him in his old Waco plane one time and that was another interesting experience.

DOWN ON THE FARM

In the early '20's my father bought some farm property west of Bloomington which was about 185 acres and much of it was woodland. It was very badly run down and badly washed. There had been no conservation practice and no soil rotation and there were gullies that one could drive a horse and wagon into and they would just disappear. The house had been occupied by people who were so worthless that they, with 150 acres to the back of them, tore up the floor boards in the kitchen to use for kindling. The rest of the house was in

⁵⁷ Brigadier General William Mitchell was a pioneer in military aviation and one of the outstanding United States combat air commanders in World War I. Following the war he became an outspoken proponent of an independent United States air force and of unified control of air power, both of which were opposed by the general staffs of the army and navy. In 1925 because of his vitriolic criticism of the war and navy departments, Mitchell was courtmartialled and convicted of insubordination. He resigned from the army in 1926. See Roger Burlingame, *General Billy Mitchell: Champion of Air Defense* (New York, 1952).

comparable condition. I spent a good bit of time out there helping a man by the name of Duka Wood who had been discharged because of illness, from the Marine Corps and old Mr. [William] Dean who was a carpenter and who was the father of Everett Dean, the basketball [and baseball] coach later here at Bloomington. We managed to build on the house a brick porch around the north and east and west sides. We put wall board in place of the old broken plaster that was in the house and rehabilitated the house and got it wired for electricity so that there could be electric lights there and all the acreage of the farm fenced, cleaned the place up and started the process of getting a fill in those deep gullies and washed out places. During the summertime, a couple of summers, my brother lived there with me and he would work, and spend part of his time, going in ahead to get something for us to eat in the kitchen. He became a pretty good cook. I think the best biscuits that I ever ate were cooked by him on the old wood-fired range that we had in the old kitchen in the old farm house. We had a lot of pleasant companionship that way and that was good outdoor occupation for both of us and I am sure benefited us both physically. The experience was good.

FINIS

Our story has come to an end here, with all sorts of recollections, active, pleasant, and instructive. Many things have happened since to many of the folks you read about. To quiet your curiosity, I will simply add that Philip, Elizabeth, and Bill are all alive and active now and have their homes, their mates, their children *and* their grandchildren *and* their memories! What more could one ask?