A

FAMILY HISTORY

BASED ON THE ANCESTORS OF RICHARD M. HUGHES

Volume I

INCLUDING ANCESTRIES OF FAMILIES WITH THE SURNAMES OF

HUGHES, JAMES, BARRETT, BARROWS
CONTENTS

HUGHES ANCESTRY

EARLY SETTLERS IN AMERICA
   Historical Background.................................................................1
   First Immigrants and Early Descendants........................................2
   WILLIAM J. HUGHES........................................................................10
   ROBERT LEE HUGHES....................................................................21
   ROBERT LEE HUGHES AND ANNE LOUISE BARRETT......................25

JUDSON BARRETT HUGHES
   Boarding School...........................................................................48
   Getting Started.............................................................................55

JUDSON B. HUGHES AND CYNTHIA MCFANN.................................57

JOHN HARLEY HUGHES.................................................................64

BARRETT ANCESTRY

FIRST SETTLERS IN AMERICA
   Historical Background...................................................................69
   First Immigrants and Early Descendants......................................72

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR
   Historical Background...............................................................76
   The Fight at the North Bridge......................................................79

THE NEW FRONTIER
   The Migration West.....................................................................86
   Western New York.......................................................................88
   Frontier Life...............................................................................90
   New Beginnings.........................................................................93

THE EDUCATORS
   Amos Barrett and Annis Mariah Brown......................................98
   Rev. Adoniram Judson Barrett and Emily Julia Barrows...............102
This research into our family’s history began shortly after my father died in 1968 and I began reading old letters and documents that he had kept over the years. Somehow, I had become the keeper of the family papers and letters including the family photo album. My father had never talked much about his past; only to mention the names of his aunts and uncles now and then and the fact that he went to boarding school when he was growing up. Beyond that, I knew very little about his past—or my mother’s. It was just never discussed.

A few months after his death I contacted his cousin, Emily Barrett Williams, and we began corresponding about the family, both present and past. Then one day in 1975, Emily (who I had never met before) unexpectedly shows up at our front door with two books heavy in her arms: *Genealogies of some Old Families of Concord, Mass.*, and *The Storrs Family*. I was blown away. She allowed me to keep them for a few weeks so that I could copy the important pages. Emily was the kind of person that one instantly likes and becomes the best of friends with.

My research now began in earnest. Besides the ancestral chart I was working on, I began wondering about my parents’ lives and their untold stories including those of their parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts who for the most part I had never met. Who were these people and what was the substance of their lives? Would I have related to them—would I have liked them if I met them?

In January of 1979, Emily sent me a four-inch packet of letters written by my Grandmother, Anne Louise Barrett, when she was a student at Wellesley College. The letters lay dormant for many years, however, as I continued to document the ancestors. In 1981, I began making business trips to Boston every six weeks or so and would find time to visit Concord, wander through ancestral burial grounds and spend hours in the historic Concord Free Public Library with its volumes of old family histories locked within glass-paned wooden cabinets. I would walk over the North Bridge to where Colonel James Barrett and his men stood their ground in defiance of the British troops and visit their homes and the museum where family mementos are still displayed. Everywhere around me, I could feel our ancestor’s presence and I wanted to know more about them.

Emily had told me about the treasure of books and letters in the Barrett family home in Williams Bay, WI, so when we learned in 1997 that Emily was going back to Williams Bay for the 100th anniversary of the Yerkes Observatory, Connie and I jumped at the opportunity to meet the family
and visit the famed attic in “The Brown House” which Emily’s father and mother had built in 1902.

As we sorted through the letters and read them, I began to understand that they were the essence of what the family was all about. I had never before seen the stack of Colorado letters written by Anne Barrett or the letters of other family members including diaries and little worn notebooks—some dating back to the year 1812. Connie and I both felt that this wonderful collection, including my letters and other material stored in file cabinets, should be made available to all family members. We decided that the best approach would be to type them up on the computer and in this way preserve them for generations to come. Kathleen and David Barrett Williams, the present owners of the house, graciously allowed us to borrow a selected bundle of letters which we brought back with us and Connie began typing up in her spare moments.

As I began reading the letters and marking them for interest, it soon became apparent that we had a marvelous story on our hands—one that must be shared with everyone; especially the kids, grand kids and their descendants. In some cases the letters spanned an entire lifetime, giving remarkable insight into their lives and the social structure of the times. I also felt that it was important to place their lives within the context of history so that we could understand where we came from and why.

What brought our ancestors to this country in the first place? Why did they migrate from New England and Connecticut to the frontiers of the West? How did they travel, what routes did they take and what was it like to live in those times?

Thus a good portion of this family history is a story of America’s history; from the landing of the Pilgrims and the Revolutionary War, to the migration West and the establishment of villages and towns, churches and schools, and the raising of our ancestral families. Our forefathers were part of this great adventure in democracy.

We have only a few letters documenting my mother’s side: the McFanns and the Gales. Their story is based primarily on the public records; but again, it is framed within the historical past for added insight. It will be written as Volume II of our Family History.

I am indebted to my wife Connie for her help; for allowing many of our vacations to be turned into genealogical field trips, for walking with me across deserted cemeteries and exploring old family homesteads, following me into dark and dusty cellars under County Court Houses containing 175 year old tax records. Our reward was sharing in the excitement of discovery...

Richard M. Hughes
Revised Nov, 2007
INTRODUCTION

This family history is based on the pedigree of Richard M. Hughes and documents his direct ancestors back to the first known progenitors in America. The text is divided into two volumes. The first volume contains the HUGHES, JAMES, BARRETT and BARROWS ancestries; the second, the McFANN, PETTIT, GALE and FLETCHER ancestries. There was not enough material for a separate JAMES section.

Within the written text, the reader will sometimes find a bracketed number [...] following a person’s name. This refers to the individual’s I.D. number found on the included pedigree charts. It is useful to note that the I.D. number for the father of a particular individual is always twice that of the individual, either male or female. The mother’s I.D. number is always one higher that the father’s.

This revision (Nov, 2007) of A Family History includes an index, a section on Helen Barrett Montgomery, plus recent notes regarding a trip Connie and I took in 2005 to retrace the adventures of Anne and Storrs Barrett in Colorado in the 1880s. In addition, the younger generations have been brought up to date.

A Family History is not written as a scholarly work for the historian, with appropriate footnotes and documentation. It is meant to be an historically accurate story for a variety of readers, including our grandchildren and their descendants, with sufficient data and facts that will still be useful for the genealogist. A general bibliography is included at the end of the work.

Detailed sources required for the professional researcher are cited on individual Family Group Sheets that will hopefully be made available someday.
HUGHES ANCESTRY

EARLY SETTLERS IN AMERICA

Historical Background

Prior to the American Revolution, the tide of emigration to America was slow, as compared with the period immediately after the war. Soon after peace was restored, America became the focus for emigrants from continental Europe and the British Isles, especially Wales. There, every seacoast town and remote mountain parish furnished its quota of earnest men who were motivated not by an adventurous spirit, but simply by the desire to improve and develop their lives in a way not possible in their homeland.

There, for generations the people had toiled and plodded incessantly, only in the end to realize that they were no better off than their forefathers, now resting in the parish churchyard. The majority of the peasantry of Wales at this time were in a condition of extreme poverty and utter hopelessness. So it was to improve their hopeless situation that these and many others living under like conditions in the old world, were willing to encounter the dangers of a voyage to the new country. Some were willing even to suffer the indignity of being sold into temporary servitude in order to repay their passage money and other advances. Harsh and disagreeable as this system may appear in the present age, it gave to our country a great number of energetic and thrifty settlers; who, by reason of their poverty, could not otherwise have come to America. At the end of their term of service, these voluntary “redemptioners” soon merged into the general population, suffering no lingering stigma of menial servitude.

“The typical Welshman,” says Roberts in his History of Remsen, N.Y., “...is not only brave, but obstinate in proportion to his bravery,” an assertion that is believed to be amply supported by the history of the race. The Welsh have proven to be invaluable as pioneers, for they are a race whose courage and determination rise in proportion to the difficulties they encounter. For generations they had inured themselves to the hardships and privations of a rugged country, where to sustain life they found it necessary to labor against the most adverse circumstances.

One of the most popular destinations for these early Welsh immigrants was Oneida Co., New York, where new land patents had been created from land grants and purchases of public lands acquired by the State from British holdings. This area included Steuben's Patent, Remsen(burgh) Patent,
Trenton, Holland Patent and Marcy.

The most important patent in this area was the grant of 16,000 acres awarded to Major General von Steuben for his services to our country during the Revolutionary War. Indeed, it is said that were it not for his help in organizing and drilling our troops, we would never have won the war.

The Baron lost no time in clearing 60 acres of his land for his own farm. The patent had been surveyed into 160 lots of 100 acres each. Steuben spent summers there, built a log house and was planning to reside there when the facilities in the area were adequate. Several war veterans joined him, including a Colonel Walker that George Washington had appointed to be in charge of immigration policies in New York City. As the Welsh people migrated into the new country, it was Walker who guided them to this area to help his old commanding officer get settlers for his farms.

In the early 1790s a few settlers came, but the real beginnings of the Welsh immigration here dated from the coming of a small party of 18 people in March, 1795 after a 14-week ocean voyage. They came in search of good agricultural land, and after learning that the patent granted to Baron von Steuben was being thrown open for settlement, they determined to take advantage of the cheap land. Accordingly, they went up the Hudson River by sloop to Albany and then to Utica by flat boat where they purchased four oxen and a heavy wagon, arriving in Steuben in September 1795. This was the nucleus of the strong Oneida County Welsh settlement, and the area was soon rated as one of the greatest concentration of Welsh settlers in America.

At first, the people would worship in their homes. Then the chapels followed, embracing numerous religions. Old timers would later remember how the ministers would pour forth their messages in a chanting style while speaking in Welsh. “Every minister had his own peculiar melody and his voice seemed to rise and fall and climax at the emotional point and glide into a minor key to a soft sweet closing.” The Welsh men’s choirs were also famous for their unique melodic harmony.

These early settlers spoke and wrote using the Welsh language. To this day, there is still an annual fair held by Welsh descendants in the town of Remsen where they dress in their native costumes, sell their craft work and give concerts by their choirs in the local church. The deeds and records from the early era have since been translated into English.

First Immigrants and Early Descendants

Researching the early immigrants from America back to Wales is nearly impossible. Roberts, in his *History of Remsen, NY*, sums it up this way:

“Now in all the realm of genealogical research there will be found scarcely
anything more perplexing and discouraging than an attempt to follow the lines of a Welsh family. There seems to have been a lack of variety in names to bestow on the children of Wales, which has resulted in an interminable array of identical names, making the task of locating and identifying branches of families and compiling their records, a most intricate and well-nigh hopeless undertaking. Furthermore, the custom of giving to children the Christian name of the father for their surname, has more or less prevailed with them for centuries; and this practice it is found was not always followed uniformly regarding the children of the same family, for some were given, or would assume, the father's Christian name for their surname, while brothers and sisters would retain the father's surname for their own. Thus, in the chapter (in his book) on 'Family History and Biography', it is shown that among the early Welsh settlers was one John Parry; and a son of his, who settled here a year or two prior to the father, was called William P. Jones—presumably, William Parry Jones—taking “Jones” from his father's first name, John. Another son of Mr. Parry was called Ellis John-Parry, and a son of the latter was known as William Ellis. In Wales and in localities in this country where there are many Welsh people in one community, the multiplicity of identical names often necessitates an added name, or distinctive appellation. Sometimes this may be the name of the parish in Wales in which they live or whence they came; or the name of a village, or settlement, or farm; or the name of the vocation or trade they follow, or their fathers had followed before them; the color of the house in which they live, or the material of which the house is built. Sometimes it has occurred that an episode in the life of a man has furnished him with an added name, which was lasting and borne by his children."

The Hughes ancestry can only be traced back to 1850 in Oneida County, N.Y.; its origins in Wales unknown. In the U.S. census for that year, we find Robert Hughes [8], age 30, working on a farm as a laborer in Marcy Township with his birthplace given as Wales. There are many Hughes families in the surrounding area including several Robert Hugheses, so these families have been carefully traced through several decades in order to establish family ties. Although there are no primary records that document the parents of Robert Hughes, a careful study of the census data for all Hugheses in upstate N.Y. from 1830-1880 suggest that Robert was the probable son of David Hughes [16] and Ann [17] and his siblings were Ellen, Margaret and Humphrey. The records also suggest that David emigrated from Wales between 1822 and 1830. It is also believed that he had a brother John Hughes and wife Mary (they had five children: Robert J., John, Owen, Catherine and Christmas) who immigrated to Marcy N.Y. about the same time. These links will hopefully be verified some day by other records.

Early in 1854, Robert marries Elizabeth James [9], also from Wales. She is one of twelve children of Levi James [18] and Mary Evans [19], who immigrated to America around 1842. Another researcher states that Levi was born in Llanvirmach, Pembrokeshire, South Wales while Mary Evans was born in Eglwysfair, Carmarthen, South Wales. Elizabeth was born Aug. 28, 1828 in the same town as her father. On March 30,1855, their first child is born and they name him William J. Hughes. In the following years they have three more children: Mary Ann (b. Jul. 25, 1859), Elizabeth A. (b. Apr. 25, 1861) and Robert Lee [4] (b. Jan 31, 1863). The 1865 state census shows
that Robert has now been naturalized; Elizabeth never goes through this process and remains listed as an “alien” in future census records. It is believed that she cannot read or write the English language, based on recorded documents that she has signed with an “X”, her mark.

Robert is a farmer and continues to farm in Marcy until January of 1866 when he buys a farm from Philip James, a brother of Robert’s wife, Elizabeth. This farm is situated approximately 15 miles north of Marcy in an area East of Remsen known as Ninty-Six Corners, a mostly Welsh community adjacent to Canada Creek. The map below show its location in section 11 of Ninty-Six Corners and also the one-room school house in District No.4 that their children attend. Their names have been marked with an “X” in this 1871 roster of pupils.

The map on the adjacent page shows the Hughes farm; also the location of the Storrs and Barrows farms that will later play a prominent role in the life of Robert’s son, Robert Lee Hughes[4]. Note especially the road from Holland Patent to the Barrow’s farm. This is the road from the train station to the Barrows farm that is described in the letters of Anne Barrett when she first meets Robert [4], a farm hand working on her grandmother’s farm, who picks her up at the station and drives her home in a buggy on a moonlit night.
By the 1880 census, the three older children have left the farm. Robert Lee continues to work on his father’s farm for the next few years, but then moves to Russia Township in Herkimer County just across the bridge over Canada Creek.
Sometime in 1883, a tragedy overtakes the Hughes family. Robert [8] begins to suffer delusions, and on June 3, 1884, he is committed to the New York State Lunatic Asylum in Utica. After a year of confinement, it is clear to the doctors that he is totally unable to take charge of his person or property, so court hearings begin to be held as to his mental condition and the subsequent disposal of his property:

Deposition
Ogden Backus being duly sworn says:

I am an assistant physician at the State Asylum; know Robert Hughes; he was admitted June 3, 1884—from that time to this I have known him as a patient.

At the time of his admission he was affected with active mania and very destructive to his clothing and was controlled by delusions & halucinations (sic) and was at that time one of the most violent cases in the house. That condition has gradually (sic) merged into a quiet state of chronic insanity. I saw him to-day and is still controlled by delusions; his condition is still a lunatic; he is not in condition to take charge of his person or property.

Ogden Backus
Panel of jurors summoned by me under and pursuant to the annexed transcript.

Dated Oct 3rd, 1885
L. D. Penfield, Sheriff
by P. D. Condan, his Deputy
(15 jurors listed)

Oneida Co. Court

County Court
Oneida County

In the matter
of
Robert Hughes a supposed lunatic

State of New York
Oneida County

Albert [should be Robert] H. Everett being duly sworn deposes and says that he resides at Holland Patent, Oneida Co. NY, and is a son in law of Robert Hughes of Remsen and has been well acquainted with him for about seven years.

That the said Robert Hughes for the past year has been more or less affected by an alienation of mind rendering him unfit for the time being to have the government of himself or the management of his affairs.

That for the past year deponent has seen the said Robert Hughes frequently and that according to deponents best judgement and belief the said Robert Hughes has been during the whole of that time of unsound mind and understanding.

That the said Robert Hughes is now confined to the N.Y. State Lunatic Asylum and has been there about one year.
That deponent saw him at said Asylum about three weeks since and the language, conversation and actions of the said Robert Hughes were at that time and for the past year have been those of an insane person and deponent verily believes that the said Robert Hughes is still of unsound mind and understanding and unfit for the government of himself or the management of his affairs.

Robert H. Everett
sworn to before me
the 18 day of
June 1885
Theodore Avery, Notary Public, Utica NY
Deposition

Robert L. Hughes being duly sworn testifies as follows:

I reside in Russia, Herkimer Co., N.Y. My age is 22 Jan 31, 1885. My father’s name is Robert Hughes. He is now in the asylum and has been since June 3, 1884. I came with him from Prospect; at that time he appeared insane. I have seen the inventory of his personal property and it contains a true inventory of all his property excepting his clothing & $120 in cash: the value of his personal property is as set opposite each item in the inventory is their fair value. The Homestead consists of about 57 acres—I am acquainted with farm values & I think this property is worth about $1000. & the annual rent about $50.

Robt L. Hughes

Subscribed and sworn to before me
Oct 3rd, 1885
C. Lansing Jones
Commissioner

Testimony

In the Matter
of
Robert Hughes

Elizabeth Hughes being duly sworn say:

I reside in Remsen, Oneida Co. I am 55 years of age Aug. 8 last. I am married—husband’s name is Robert Hughes; he is now at the Asylum; he has been there since June 1884; he lives in Remsen. Before he went to the Asylum he was a farmer; before he went away his mind was affected; he walked continually—he had one night delusions about corpses.

Spoke to me one night before he went away that he was going out to nail up the fence that some one was taking his horse and use him. At another time said he wanted to go to Wales to look for a white-handled knife he had lost—at an other time he refused to go to bed because he said someone was digging up his child’s somebody’s corpse at Fairchild burying ground. At another night said he would not go to bed because some one was driving by with his child’s [sic] some person’s
corpse. He said again he wished Robert Everett would not put the pig in the cellar. I told him he was mistaken. He said he saw Everett take the pig through the kitchen and heard it squeel—he went in the celler and looked all over for it. This was three days before he went to the Asylum.

His children are William J. Hughes who resides at Dunkan, Dacotah (South Dakota). His age is 30 yrs, March 30, 1885. Mary Ann Hughes who resides in Steuben Floyd N.Y. aged 26, July 25, 1885. Elizabeth A. Everett who resides in Floyd N.Y. whose age is 24 yrs, April 25 1885. Robert L. Hughes, who resides at Russia N.Y., his age is 22, Jan 31 1885—these are the only descendants of Robert Hughes.

This [paper exhibited to witness] is an inventory of all other property of Robert Hughes. Inventory of personal property of Robt. Hughes offered and received in evidence and marked Ex. A. and hereto attached.

He has $120 in cash in the bank and clothing of about the value of $20. 00 besides the property in this inventory. He is about 66 yrs of age. (Deed exhibited to witness) This is a deed of Robert Hughes’ farm: that was his homestead.

W. deed dated July 1, 66 from Philip James to Robert Hughes (for) $1500. One piece of 25 7/100 acres & one piece of 32 1/2 acres & 31 rods situated in Remsen deed acknowledged. Recorded in Oneida Co Clerk’s Office May 23, 1866 in book no. 207 of Deeds pg. 172. Offered & received in evidence & so marked. Ex B.

These premises are situated in Remsen & he has occupied them for 20 years; the buildings consist of a two story house & a barn; the premises are worth about $1000 and the rest $50 per year.

Subscribed and sworn to before me Oct 3, 1885.

her
Elizabeth x Hughes

C. Lausity (?) Jones
Comsr.

The Oneida County Court orders Elizabeth (as a committee of one) to sell the farm, and on April 20, 1886, she does so to her neighbor Anthony Bronson for $1500; $1000 in cash and the rest to be paid at $100/year. On January 12, 1887, Robert Senior is checked out of the Utica State Hospital with no record of where he is going. He and his wife presumably go to live with their daughter Elizabeth and son in law, Robert H. Everett, in Floyd, N.Y. No record of his death has yet been found.

Robert Lee Hughes [4] finds work on a nearby farm and later moves to Chicago in the early 1890s. His mother, Elizabeth [9], presumably joins her daughter Elizabeth and husband Robert H. Everett who move to Osawatomie, Kansas, together with her sister Mary Ann Hughes. Elizabeth and Everett have three children: Lewis, Elizabeth, and Olive; Olive later marries William Walters. Everett’s wife Elizabeth dies in 1894 at the early age of 33, and Everett then marries her sister, Mary Ann, who becomes the stepmother for his children.

Mother Hughes stays with Robert Lee Hughes and his family in Chicago for many years as the
children are growing up, but she finally dies in Harrisonville, Missouri on Oct 9, 1913, near the home of her daughter, Mary Ann and son-in-law, Robert H. Everett. Mary Ann dies in 1941 and Robert dies in 1945. They are all four buried in the Elmdale Cemetery, Osawatomie, Kansas.

Today, the old Hughes farm is under many feet of water due to the construction years later of a hydroelectric dam across Canada Creek, forming what is now Hinckley Reservoir.

Our story continues with the eldest son, William, who joins in the great land rush to the West to claim his homestead on the prairie...
Approximately a year before Robert is committed to the Institution, William J. Hughes marries Ida Elizabeth Pugh (b. 1862) at Remsen, N.Y. on March 15, 1883. She had been living on an adjacent farm, and they immediately set off for a new life in the far West. They had heard of land being set aside in the Dakota Territory by the government under the Preemption Act of 1840. This act allowed squatters to stake their claim on surveyed government land, and if they live on the land and make improvements, they then had first rights to buy up to 160 acres when it was offered for sale at $1.25 an acre. This was the inducement that brought settlers from all over the country to these territories with little or no money in their pockets, who could then work the land and try and save enough to buy it. Many borrowed the money, but soon found they could not pay it back or even keep up with the taxes, so they abandoned their claims.

The struggles and hardships of the early pioneer life of William and Ida is recorded in a memoir by William J. Hughes, written in 1924 and published in the *History of Buffalo County, 1885-1985*, Gann Valley, South Dakota:

My Personal Experiences
During Early 1880s

Forty-two years is a long time in the span of life. It was the last day of March, 1883, that Mrs. Hughes, a “blushing bride” and her husband, a long-legged, gawky, awkward groom, landed in Mitchell, direct from near Utica, NY. There was not a shrub nor tree in sight and the ground was perfectly bare. Everything looked very queer to us, who had just left a country covered with four feet of snow on the level, and with roads almost impassable.

It was five o'clock in the morning, a cold, snappy, frosty morning, with about half an inch of light snow that had fallen the night before. Mitchell was not much of a place at that time, about like Gann Valley is at the present time. We filed a pre-emption right on a quarter section three miles south of Mt. Vernon, and that fall we sold the relinquishment to it for $1,000, and I rode a horse up into Buffalo County in quest of another location. There was no vacant land that was worth filing on in Buffalo County at that time. I found that I could buy the relinquishment to the south half of 34, Township 108, Range 69, for a small amount. I closed the deal and filed a homestead on the east quarter and a tree claim on the west quarter of this land. In March, I moved the little family which had increased to three by the birth of a baby girl, now Mrs. Hubbard, to our new location in Buffalo County.

When we came in sight of Gann Valley from the south with our covered wagon loaded with what furniture we had gathered together in a year, a coup (sic) of chickens tied together on top, an old cow tied on behind, a grander sight never met my eyes. I at once fell in love with the prairie that stretched out before us and I have loved it ever since. I never cared for trees, having just left a country that was thickly wooded, near the Adirondacks of New York State. I always like the broad, bare
prairie. There was no village of Gann Valley at that time, only a house, 12x16, covering the four corners just north of where the town is now, occupied by four families “holding down” four “claims,” each family eating and sleeping in their own corner of the house. There was a sod “shack” on the claim in which we lived until we would build something better.

While at Mt. Vernon, I bought a team by trading in my wedding suit as part payment and giving a note secured by a mortgage on the team for the balance. I have that cancelled note at this time, keeping it for a souvenir. I also bought a three-year-old, spotted heifer for $20 that proved to be the best cow I ever owned. During the flush of the milk season, we had to milk her three times a day. She brought us seven heifer calves in succession and never went dry. We were never without plenty of milk and butter.

As soon as we got to Buffalo County, I bought a six-year-old mare, that we called Bet, who also proved to be a very profitable animal. She brought us a horse colt the first year and then nine mare colts in succession. Heifer calves and mare colts counted much in those days when there were not many horses and cattle in the country. When we left the farm in 1894, there were about 25 head of cattle and 35 head of horses in the neighborhood that were the increase of these two animals.

The first thing I did in Buffalo County was to plow sod in the lake bed and cut the furrows into three foot lengths to build a house. We made it 14x24 on the inside with walls three feet thick and put a partition through the middle. It was warm in the winter and cool in the summer. We lived very comfortably in this sod house for seven long years. For the first four years, we had a hay floor and every Saturday, Mrs. Hughes would take up the old hay, sweep the ground clean and put down fresh hay, so as to be “spick and span” on Sunday. Two of our daughters were born in this old sod house, Mrs. C. C. Swartout and Mrs. Dewey Hall. Our daughter, Lillian, was born in the first frame house we owned. We were always healthy and happy as clams. Before winter came on, we built a good-sized sod barn and a sod hen house.

I earned enough money to carry us through the first season by breaking five acre patches and “fire breaks” on claims held by non-residents. We didn't raise much of a crop the first season, on account of hail and drought and we did not raise a real good crop for five years thereafter, principally on account of drought. We raised sod potatoes and lived principally on potatoes and milk. We would have nearly starved to death before going in debt. We were always afraid of debts.

Among the good people whom we soon got acquainted with, Mr. and Mrs. George Gray were the first, and many were the good times we had together. I broke 10 acres of prairie sod and Mr. Gray planted it to corn for me. He had a hand planter, a tool I couldn't afford. I paid him $1 for the work, all the money I had in the house. We were invited to Gray's one bright, sunny Sabbath day. All went pleasantly until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when great clouds rolled up in the west and Mrs. Gray began gathering up all the old dishes in the house and began placing them here and there on the floor, on the stove and on the bed. We thought perhaps she had forgotten it was the Sabbath day and was going to show us a new game. She seemed to understand her business, however, and when the rain came down in torrents a few minutes later, every drop that fell on the roof of the shack went straight into those vessels. Evidently, this was not the first time something of this sort had happened.

We, ourselves, suffered a great loss in this same storm. It was not much in dollars and cents but it seemed very much to us. When we were within half a mile of home we saw some lumber in the road and a little farther on some more lumber.
We thought some traveler had lost part of his load but when we neared the house we
saw much more lumber and we soon discovered it was the roof of our nice sod
house. Our bed was soaked through and a boiler full of nice bread that Mrs.
Hughes had baked for over Sunday was swimming, and our marriage certificate that
hung on the wall when we left home was ruined. Fred Billings, the quaintest
character that ever came to Buffalo County, said that perhaps it was a good thing the
certificate was gone.

Fred, like many others, couldn't overlook the faults of other people's children, but
with his own, it was altogether different. We were visiting there at one time, and our
baby girl was rather mussy at the table and Fred said if he had that child he would
 teach it some manners. Some time after Fred and his family were eating at our
house and his little son, three years old, turned his plate of potatoes and gravy all
right on the top of his head. Of course, Mrs. Hughes, woman fashion, didn't miss
the opportunity to say that if she had this child, she would teach it some manners.
But we were always the best of friends. He and I plowed hundreds of acres together
in our bare feet and Fred came within an inch of stepping on the biggest rattler I ever
saw, that he turned up with a furrow.

It seemed that the Billings family and mine were always hard up and out of
money. We were always borrowing from each other. I remember distinctly of
borrowing a postage stamp from him and writing back to the folks in New York
telling of our plight. They made up a small box of good things and shipped it to us.
When it arrived in Kimball with $2.40 express charges against it, we were not able
to take it out of the depot until I earned more money at breaking prairie.

Many things were new to us here. We never saw a mule for instance, until we
came west. Now Lew Daniels had the nicest, big team of mules in the
neighborhood. I went up to Lew Daniels one time to borrow something—we could
always borrow most everything from Daniels—and the big mules were running like
mad, hitched to a wagon around the pasture. Lew was standing up in the front end
of the wagon whipping them. I soon stopped and when I got within calling distance
and asked Lew why he was whipping them, he replied that the only way to stop a
mule was by pounding him on the back.

Henry Klindt came to Buffalo County at about the same time as we did. Henry
used to come to our house to spend the evenings. He was a great reader. He came
one evening when I was reading a very interesting book. He said he would like to
read it when I had finished it. I soon became sleepy and went to bed and was
followed by my wife. We left Henry reading. We didn't wake up until late the next
morning and found Mr. Klindt still sitting at the table, “Why Henry, what is the
trouble, why did you come so early?” He answered that he had just finished the
book and that it was a “damn good story.” He had been reading all night while we
were sleeping.

I never saw a house on wheels until I saw L. F. Nelson moving the one he is
living in from over near Frank Hart’s. The first time I ever saw “Lime” was at a
meeting called at the old Duncan Post Office to consider the matter of organizing
this county. I rode to the meeting with a neighbor, behind a team of mules. Lime
also had a team of mules about the same size and color as my neighbor’s. When we
got ready to go home, our mules were nowhere to be found. Some one said that Mr.
Nelson had just drove away with a team of mules, but his team was still there,
hitched to a post. He had simply drove away with the wrong team of mules. It is
needless to say the matter was soon righted and everyone went home in good nature.
Lime is sometimes absent-minded. We didn't have many chores to do in those days,
so when a family went visiting, they invariably stayed all night. Several of us went to
a party at T. Dye’s one night and of course, we all stayed until morning. Mrs. Dye had a great time finding beds for us all, but she was equal to the occasion.

There were some 20 or more Norwegian families located on Elm Creek in those days and we used to have high old times. Still Moulton and I went to Ole Cleveland’s one morning on business; it was about 10 o’clock and the family was just crawling out of bed. Ole explained that they had had a big dance there the night before and took us in the house to show us the evidence. He pointed to marks on the ceiling of the room. He said they were made by the male dancers. The gentleman would swing his lady around and kick the ceiling, then swing her around again and kick the ceiling, keeping perfect time to the music. He said his brothers, Hans and Nels, were the best kickers on the Creek. We learned that among others, E. E. Dye was at the dance. We asked him how Ellsworth was on the kick. He answered that he was no good at all, that he couldn't kick any higher than the wainscoting, but was a good ole sport just the same.

Moulton and I ran for the office of county treasurer one time and I was victorious by a few votes. After the election, we compared campaign notes and “Still” said that if everyone voted for him that had promised to, I would not have received ten votes in the county, and I declare upon my word and honor if everyone who had told me how they loved me and would vote for me first, last and all the time, had done so, Still would have been snowed under so deep he would never have had the courage to run again. But he sailed into the county auditor’s office again in two years’ time in nice shape. Such is politics.

The people of those days were very generous and ever willing to help each other over hard places. Mrs. Hughes and the children went back home on a visit and left me all alone. Mrs. Eugene Gibbard was away at the same time and Gene helped me occasionally with the work. He heard me complaining about having to eat soda biscuits and pancakes and he said he would bring me a loaf of bread he had baked himself. He brought the bread, for which I was very thankful, but when I went to serve it for dinner, I couldn't cut the first slice from it. It was hard as a rock. I threw it out and jokingly told the hired man we would put a handle in it and use it for a post maul. He took me at my word, put a stick in it and leaned it up against the barn. When Gene came the next morning and saw his bread, he was mad all over. That hired man took me too seriously or else he was careless about leaving tools laying around. But Gene was a good neighbor and we were always the best of friends. He hauled Ed Daniels out of a “damp” well, deader than a mackerel and worked hard to bring him to. He seemed to know just what to do in an emergency. Ed says he knows since that there is a hereafter. Ever after.

Speaking of my love for the prairie, there was one time when I wished I was somewhere else. I made the round trip to Kimball one day and got back into the neighborhood about 10 o'clock at night—and it was a very dark night. I got bewildered and imagined I had swerved off onto the Indian reservation. I could hear several dogs barking and thought there were Indian teepees all around me. I decided to unhitch the horses and camp under the wagon. I couldn't sleep and when morning came I found myself on land now occupied by Mr. Ellsworth, on the main road within sight of home.

Mrs. Hughes and I made several trips to Kimball with loads of 45-cent wheat. It was a distance of 35 miles and each one drove a team and load of this wheat that made only eight to ten bushels per acre. We couldn't afford to patronize the hotels or restaurants so we would drive back as far as Smith Creek and camp under the wagon and get home the next day at noon. We sometimes left the children in the
care of a kind neighbor.

Some very laughable as well as serious things occurred in those days—things that bring to our memories after these 40 or more years. A young man named Rohr came out from Ohio and settled on a claim near us. He boarded with us and his bed was in the attic of our old sod house. He thought it was a fine place in which to sleep. He built a sod house on his land, patterned after ours as nearly as possible but he didn't have money with which to buy lumber to put on a roof, so he covered it with Indian poles, straw and dirt. He had a good bed, some furniture, a trunk full of good clothes and he borrowed my $25 gun to kill a wolf that prowled around his door at night. He was getting dinner one day and the roof caught fire. I saw the smoke and rushed to help him. When I got there he stood on the outside, holding a skillet of eggs he was frying, making no effort to save his furniture, his valuable trunk, nor my good gun that hung near the door, and his coat in which there was a $20 bill he was saving to pay for three months board. When I called his attention to the matter, it was too late and he lost everything. He became disgusted with everything and soon after left the country.

All the settlers had a hard time pulling through the first season. We had a little flax to thresh and the Daniels boys volunteered to thresh it for us with an old horsepower machine they brought from Iowa. We wanted to have a little extra eats for threshers so Mrs. Hughes went over to Duncan (Mrs. Hart kept a little store in part of their house) and bought a piece of sow-belly with the last nickel we had and the first piece of meat we had seen that season. We put it in our cyclone cave near the house but perhaps didn't fasten the door very securely and just at daybreak the next morning we saw Billings’ old dog, Zack, dragging the meat across the plowed ground. We killed some young roosters though we didn't have over half a dozen and had a bountiful meal for the threshers after all. Mrs. Hughes made many a pie from sheep sorrel she gathered on the prairie—the crust made of butter, and we had many messes of cow or buffalo peas that grew quite abundantly on the prairie where it had not been swept over by fire for two or three seasons.

Some of the old settlers that I have not mentioned in this article who came here at the same time that we did and settled on land, and are “still doing business at the same old stand,” are O. T. Dye, W. H. Abernathy, F. A. Hart, H. J. Sinkie, Herman Koch, Sr., A. S. Cruson and J. W. Lawver. Lawver was our “village blacksmith” in those days. He had a forge and did all our blacksmith work. I went there in the spring of 1884 to get some work done and Jim was plowing for corn. He said he could do the work for me if “the woman” would take his place at the plow. (This was Jim's first wife.) I found her in her bare feet picking “cow chips” with which to cook the dinner. She readily consented to go, saying “She could do better work than Jim, anyhow.”

Speaking of cow chips, Mrs. Hughes could pick more well-seasoned cow chips into an old grain sack, drawing two babies in an old homemade express wagon at the same time, than any person I ever knew. I also took great pride in the fact that she could twist hay faster than I could poke it into the stove. She says now that I found great fault with her for wearing out the sleeves of her dresses at this work. She and I worked together at making hay for the first two or three years. We hitched a dry goods box to the hay wagon in which we put the babies and Mrs. Hughes made the load while I did the pitching. She also became very adept at stack building. We had no fences nor pastures at that time, so we had to “picket out” our cattle and horses with long rope. One time when the flies were very bad, Mrs. Hughes took the old cow to water. She became wild at fighting flies and ran in a circle, entangling Mrs. Hughes in the rope, and dragged her for many rods through the corn field. Mrs.
Hughes managed to again fasten the cow and make her way to the house. She was not able to leave her bed for nearly four weeks.

I had some very unpleasant as well as pleasant experiences in my time. I helped amputate the arms of two young men of Buffalo County. I held their arms while the doctor sawed through the bone with the finest toothed carpenter saw I could find in the store. Way back in the 1880s, I officiated at the funeral of quite a few old neighbors. Mrs. Hughes and I made many caskets from the best lumber I could pick up, covered them with black cloth for the older ones and with white cloth for the children, and lined and trimmed them nicely on the inside. “Such is life in the far west.”

The prices of all kinds of produce were very low in those days. We bought a few household necessities with butter made from the old spotted cow’s milk and sold it at six or eight cents per dozen for years.

I would not do justice to this article if I did not mention the most horrible of all horrors that ever visited our fair state—the blizzard of Jan. 12, 1888. The sun rose bright and clear that morning. It was warm with a mild soft wind blowing from the southeast. I was getting ready to haul a barrel of water on the old stone boat from a well 40 rods from the house. We heard an awful roar outside and looking out, we saw that the wind had changed to the northeast and a storm that seemed to equal the fury of the infernal regions was upon us. I could not leave the house until 24 hours later. The air was full of snow and small particles of ice that cut like knives. No living creature could long endure it. Ed Daniels was out in his barn, a few rods away, when the storm broke and he did not venture to go to the house until just before dark and then he made it by calling to his wife and she calling back, until he reached the door. Joe Croy and his father-in-law, Mr. Stearns, stayed in the barn where they were caught until the next morning. One hundred nine persons lost their lives in Dakota Territory, besides thousands of head of livestock. Hundreds of instances of terrible suffering could be related and many instances of the greatest heroism were displayed. In one instance, a man and his wife perished in their own door yard, searching for each other and another, a man and wife tried to reach the schoolhouse where their children were, to take them some food and clothing. They lost their way. They had a shovel with them and the man buried his wife in a large snow drift and tramped in a circle about the spot all day and all night. They called to each other occasionally, which greatly encouraged them both. The mail carrier between Waterbury and Kimball, a Mr. Gingery, was accompanied by a young lady school teacher. They became lost a short distance north of the Beebe ranch. They unhitched the ponies and turned the sleigh up to the windward side. The mail carrier covered the young school teacher with his coat. They were unable to leave the spot until daylight, when he was able to make his way to the nearest neighbor for help. Both of his legs were frozen to above both knees and had to be amputated. The young lady died a few days later at the hotel in Kimball, in spite of Gingery’s heroism.

I will close this narrative by referring briefly to the great changes in land values that have taken place in the last 40 years. I was in the land business for some three or four years. I bought nearly 80 quarter sections of some of the best land in Buffalo County for from $2.50 to $4 per acre and the same tracts have sold since for $40 to $50 per acre. I have a copy of the Buffalo County Sentinel, published in 1886. I was county treasurer at that time and I noticed that I advertised and sold 160 farms for taxes in that year. The amount of taxes on a quarter section were from $12.50 to $16 but it was not easy to meet even those small amounts in those days. The county warrants were worth only 80 cents on the dollar, and some of the school
township warrants were worth even less than that. I was making small loans for an Iowa land company at that time. I made hundreds of loans of from $250 to $500 on a farm of 160 acres and in nine times out of ten, as the records will show, the borrower lost his home. The fact that one could borrow any money at all on his little home, has proven to be the greatest curse to our fair state. I distinctly remember the little town of Waterbury, located five miles east and one mile north of Gann Valley. There were two good stores, two hotels, a restaurant, two blacksmith shops, two land and loan offices, a harness shop, a doctor and two attorneys at law, one whom, Thomas H. Null, is now a widely known lawyer of Huron. It was a flourishing little town but the drought was so severe that it actually dried up and blew away.

I must not fail to mention the great strides made in educational facilities in my time. From the old sod schoolhouse which I helped to build on the southwest corner of Section 36, township 108, range 69, to the grand house now in Gann Valley, and our nice, modern rural houses, shows how eager the American people are to build up and support this great institution. And last but not least, are the great achievements made in the matter of the religion of Jesus Christ in this county. We had not been in our new home a week before we were invited to help organize a Sabbath school in a sod house, the residence of F. P. Lott, up near where Charlie Krick now lives, and later at Thomas Reber's, the father of our Charles Reber. Then it was re-organized in the sod schoolhouse mentioned above, and we had preaching services every other Sabbath. And so down through the years the blessed institutions were never allowed to lapse, but were kept alive and supported, until today we have two good church buildings in the county, with a creditable membership. Great credit is due Rev. E. P. Swartout, who was pastor of the church at Gann Valley, Duncan and Pleasant Valley for six years, nearly 30 years ago, in leading the people to higher ground, and to Rev. Daly, with an able assistant in H. B. Farren, in establishing and erecting the church building at Gann Valley.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Dated Oct.13, 1924.

William and Ida had four daughters: Verna, born in March of 1884; Jennie May, born in her parents sod house on May 26, 1885; Myra, born Aug. 3, 1890; and Lillian, born Jul 30, 1892. In 1891, William buys half interest in a general merchandise store in Gann Valley, and soon thereafter the family moves from their sod house on the prairie into town and build a frame house. After a few years, William buys out his partner and the family soon become identified with the “William J. Hughes Store,” which William runs for the next 37 years until he retires. He also became president of the Bank of Gann Valley, but dies on July 6, 1934 after being seriously injured in a car accident. Ida dies in 1947.

As their daughters grew up and became old enough, they would each work in the store. Again, from the History of Buffalo County, we have this historical summary of the building that was the center of their lives:

The Old William J. Hughes Store
(Headquarters for Everything on Earth)
William J. Hughes and his wife, Ida (Pugh) Hughes came to South Dakota from Utica, NY, in March of 1883. After spending a year at Mt. Vernon they came to Buffalo County and settled on a claim that would now be in Grant District. They lived there in a sod house for seven years.

In 1891, Hughes bought half interest in a general store in Gann Valley from Henry Schlecta, a pioneer merchant in Gann Valley. After a few years, he bought out his partner and ran the store for 37 years.

In front of the store was a boardwalk and on its outer edge were hitching posts to which the men tied their horses. Long benches lined the boardwalk, and the menfolk often sat there and visited while their wives did the trading.

The Hughes slogan for his establishment was “Headquarters for Everything on Earth”; it was literally true. A person could buy there anything from a mousetrap to a casket. In fact, in pioneer days, Mr. Hughes made many of the caskets he sold. The northernmost part of the store was torn down many years ago. That was where you could buy furniture, kitchenware, pails, harnesses—things that were not specifically groceries or dry goods. The main part of the store had two stories. In the top story, literary societies, school and community programs were held. Eighth grade graduation was held here as well as many other community activities. The Hugheses had four daughters, all of whom helped in the store as time went on.

Store keeping was different in those days than it is today; groceries, except canned goods, came in bulk and it was all repackaged into smaller amounts at the store. Sugar came in 100 pound cloth bags as did flour. This was all repacked into five and ten pound bags at the store, although much was sold in 100 pound lots. These sugar and flour sacks found many uses in pioneer homes; they were made into pillow slips, dish towels, undergarments, and other articles of clothing.

Dried fruits, such as prunes, apricots, peaches—came in bulk and clerks repackaged them. Navy beans, rice and such foods were all repackaged from bulk into small amounts. Pickles came in barrels and pigs feet in kegs. They were sold from these containers. Dry goods, such as calicos, gingham, pillow tubing, sheeting—all came in large bolts and were measured out as sold. Hughes bought butter and eggs from his farm customers. Some were resold to his town people; that which was not shipped out was used in soap-making.

All of the freight for the store came by railroad to Kimball, the nearest station. It was then brought to Gann Valley by freight wagons—a regular occupation for one or two men. When horses were the means of transportation, people traded at the nearest trading center, and Hughes served people not only from Buffalo County, but from southern Hand, western Jerauld, and northern Brule counties. Hughes retired in 1931, selling the merchandise to J. R. Dyson of Salem. Dyson ran the store until 1939, when William J. Buckman bought the merchandise. The Buckman family ran the store until 1943. It was at that time that the merchandise was sold out, and the building ceased to operate as a store.

In 1944, Ida Hughes sold the building to A. C. Cohrt of Mitchell and M.D. Christensen of Kimball. In April of 1946, Ella and Lester Rockenbaugh of Elkhart, Ind., purchased the building. They operated a cafe and rooming house which they called “Rocky's Roost.” They made the top floor into rooms for hunters and, during the good pheasant hunting years, they did quite a business.

In 1947, the Rockenbaughs sold the building to A. C. Cahalan of Miller, but they continued in business until 1950. Mildred and Neil Ness then moved their family from the farm into town and operated a cafe. They bought the building in 1958. They divided the ground floor into two parts; Mrs. Ness operated a cafe in the south part and Neil used the north part for an antique and collectible shop. The
cafe was closed in 1972 and Ness took over the whole building for his business. He operated it until his death in 1981, his wife having died a year earlier. Since then, one of the oldest buildings in Gann Valley stood vacant until at the sale of the Nesses' estate, Dihl Grohs bought the building to salvage what he could of the lumber. Now only a vacant lot stares forlornly to the East, where once was the bustling business place: “Headquarters for Everything on Earth.”

Verna, the eldest daughter of William and Ida Hughes, marries L. A. (Dell) Hubbard who was born in New York in 1873. He was a farmer and also served as Buffalo County treasurer and auditor for several terms. They had one daughter, Bonnie, and in 1940 they move to Stocton, CA where Bonnie marries Charles Blanchfield. Verna dies on Oct 13, 1956 at the age of 72 after a long illness. Dell passes away on Aug 4, 1964 at the age of 90.

Jennie Mae, the second eldest, received part of her education by staying with her uncle, Robert L. Hughes in Whiting, Indiana where he was superintendent of schools. A few years later, on July 15, 1903, she marries Clarence C. Swartout, son of Rev. E. P. Swartout of Coldwater, Michigan. The following year, Clarence starts the Gann Valley Freight Line which operated between Gann Valley and Kimball, SD, a distance of 22 miles. Since there were no railroads to the town, all supplies for the Hughes merchandise store had to be brought in by horse and wagon. Clarence used 10 horses and 5 wagons and made the round trip three times a week for seven years. [A little arithmetic concludes that it would take one day each way to travel and unload/load—thus he worked 6 days a week.] In 1911 he purchased a motor truck, but soon found that the roads and bridges were not suitable for motor vehicles, so he abandoned the whole venture. He later had the opportunity to take over the Gann Valley Implement Company selling hardware and farm machinery. In 1928 he sold 108 new Farmall tractors, which was considerably more than any other dealer in south Dakota. He was a county judge and Justice of the Peace, and for a number of years he was also a representative in the State Legislature, serving Buffalo and other surrounding Counties.

Jennie and Clarence have one son, Edwin (b. Jan 20, 1905 in Gann Valley, SD) who marries Alta Blanche Trayler (b. Oct 30, 1905 in Martin City, IN) on Nov 3, 1927 in SD. Edwin joins the Department of Interior in 1933 as a road and bridge engineer, retiring in 1970 with his wife, Blanche in White Bear Lake, MN. Edwin and Blanche have two children:

i.) Clarence Lee Swartout, b. Feb 6, 1929 in Chamberlain, SD who on Mar 26, 1951 marries Juanita Mary Martha (Corky) Corbett, b. Jun 17, 1929 in Minneapolis, MN. They in turn have 10 children:
   Helen Ann Marie Hughes, b. Jan 14, 1952
   Mary, b. May 12, 1953
   Joan Irene McGinn, b. Aug 19, 1954
   Michael Clarence, b. Jan 6, 1956
   Edward Joseph, b. Jul 22, 1957
   Martha Clare Sandberg, b. Jan 28, 1959
ii.) Marjorie Mae Swartout, b. Mar 20, 1932 in Chamberlain, SD, who in March of 1951 marries James Carl Hoffman, b. Jul 3, 1927, in Minneapolis, MN. They in turn have 6 children:

 Steven James, b. Nov 24, 1952
 Jenny Lee Conviser, b. Aug 6, 1954
 Carol Jean Mienke, b. Jun 8, 1957
 John Edwin, b. Mar 20, 1959
 Andrew James, b. Apr 9, 1962
 David Carl, b. Nov 13, 1963


 Later in life, Jennie also remembers these early pioneer days, which are again recorded in the History of Buffalo County:

 Reminiscing

 This is a story Jennie (Hughes) Swartout told to some young people one evening, when she heard one or more of them remark: “Oh, how could they ever live in those horse and buggy days! I can't even imagine it!” She was one of the first babies born in Buffalo County. “I don't have to imagine it,” Jennie spoke up. “I can tell you all about it for I was born in a 14 by 24 foot sod shanty. I lived in it for seven years, and I can tell you it was as happy a life for me as I've ever had since, even in the modern home you are used to seeing me in.

 “Let me tell you of my sod-shanty home. The walls were three feet thick, and do you know where was the nicest place to play? Why, in the ledges of the windows! They were perfect for a nap or for a playhouse—a regular little home within a home for my older sister, Verna, and me! “The sod was covered with a thin coat of plaster, and then my mother papered them—no, not with the fancy wallpaper you see today—with something much more interesting! With newspapers!

 "Newspapers were not plentiful; we took the little weekly paper called 'The Buffalo County Sentinel.' I'll show you some of those old newspapers some day if you'd like to see them! They were published about 1886 or 1887. Added to this meager supply might be papers from the neighbors or some that our kinfolk sent us from way back in New York; that's where my folks came from.

 "When Mother papered our walls, she was always sure to get the papers right-side up, so my sister and I could read the funnies. We were too young to read much else. There was no getting into positions to read such as I see my grand-children get into! We just stood up and read them off the walls!

 "For the first four years I lived, the floor was just sod, covered with hay. One day the 'boomer' boomed! Don't you know what a boomer is—of course not. Well, it was just like a wash-boiler filled with hay and turned upside down over the front lids of the stove. Then it was lit nearest the chimney. Usually it burned right well and gave off a good heat, but sometimes it puffed, blowing out smoke and partly-burned hay—and this day it boomed!

 "The hay floor caught on fire. Mother heard the boom and came running!
She grabbed Verna and said, ‘Where's Jennie? Where's Jennie?’ ‘In the cupboard!.’ I heard my sister say; and it was true; she had pushed me into the cupboard, thinking she would keep me safe!

“Sure, we had Sunday School,” she continued in answer to more questions. “And parties! We went to lots of parties! We always stayed over-night because it took a long time to go short distances with horses. But we had lots of fun!

"We even went way back to New York twice during those horse and wagon days—in 1889 and again in 1893. The first time I don't remember—but the second one I do! We drove to Mitchell with our team and my sister and I thought they’d unhook our horses and use them to pull the train!

"We had new dresses, too—made out of our mother’s wedding dress!

“Oh, to a child, they were good years,” Mrs. Swartout concluded; “We had time for home and love and friends. I remember when the church you young folks attend was dedicated—1893, it was!

“But now, you are tired of all this—so, turn up the radio, turn down the thermostat, get the ice cream out of the electric refrigerator, and we'll all have ‘tea’, as we used to say in the good old days!”

Myra, the third daughter, married John Dewey Hall on May 21, 1924 in Sioux Falls, SD. He was born in Gann Valley on Aug 21, 1899 and earned an M.A. degree in public administration, entering the forestry service and worked for the Soil Conservation Service in Lincoln, NB. Myra attended the University of South Dakota and majored in music. They adopted two children: Virginia, who married Charles Nagel; and Elizabeth (Betty), who married James S. Tighe, Jr. Myra passed away on Jan 14, 1948 in Lincoln, Nebraska; and in 1949, Dewey marries Catherine Quinten of the same city. John Dewy passed away on Nov 6, 1978 and his second wife, Catherine, died Aug 2, 1982.

The youngest daughter, Lillian, married Henry C. Lawton on June 15, 1926. Henry (Hank) attended the University of South Dakota and graduated with a law degree. He later became State’s Attorney in Buffalo County. They move to Washington, D.C. in 1929 so that Hank can accept an appointment as Examiner with the Interstate Commerce Commission. In 1970 Hank retires to Naples, Fla. with Lillian, and later dies on Feb 21, 1977. Lillian then moved to Stillwater, Minn. to be cared for by family and friends. She finally dies on Jul 5, 1985. They had no children.
ROBERT LEE HUGHES

Shortly after Robert Hughes is discharged from Utica State Hospital, his son, Robert Lee Hughes [4] begins to search the local farms for work. He finally finds a widowed grandmother who needs help in running her farm, which is located about 8 miles south of the old Hughes farm. He is hired on to manage the farm and subsequently settles in with the elderly women and her schoolgirl housekeeper, Dena. The woman’s name is Sylvia (Trumbull) Barrows [23] and she is the widow of John Thomas Storrs Barrows [22]. She is also known as Grandmother Barrows.

The farm begins to gradually improve under the hard work of Robert and Grandmother Barrows. She evidently is a better manager than her husband was. Their story can be found in the Barrows Ancestry.

Several months later, on Thursday, March 31, 1887, a young lady who is staying on the Barrow’s farm during a spring break from college, writes home to her father:

Dear Old Brainy;

In any other place than this out-of-the-way-corner, a letter mailed one day would not first be sent in an entirely wrong direction before it could possibly start in the right direction. To think this letter mailed this afternoon will not reach you until Saturday! Your birthday will be past before it reaches you and I am sorry I had not calculated on the double back action in the post office arrangement. A letter sent from Wellesley to-day would reach you tomorrow, surely, but “say no more”. My three presents won’t be on hand to gladden your heart on the eventful day but I trust they will be none the less imposing on Saturday.

Old Splendid! How I want to see you. Wouldn’t I enjoy celebrating both your birthdays when Nellie gets home, as she says she means to do. There is not one girl in a thousand has such a Papa and Mama to be proud of. I want to see you and talk over so many things, that I can’t wait. I am not so sure about the Colorado plan since I have been here. I realize that Grandma will see no reason why I should not stay with her a year instead of going away off to Colorado. I have said nothing to her as yet and don’t think I shall. Of course the expense of my going and coming would be a good deal, and she would count that up. I leave it all with you. I don’t want to make Grandma feel badly and I don’t want to disappoint Harley and I feel at sea in the matter.
I arrived safely last night. Rob [Robert Lee Hughes] met me at Holland Patent. The ride home was delightful. The roads were good and the moonlight made it very light. Grandma was not here when I got here, she had gone to Mr. Henny Garrett’s to a Golden Wedding celebration. Rob went after her when he had eaten his supper. She had a very pleasant time. Wore her satin dress. She said she could not have gone if she had not have had it. “Everybody wore silk or satin”. It seems good to be here. I wish Story were here too. Will he be well enough to come? I was very much disappointed when I got his letter. I had hardly time to get my ticket and to re-check my trunk at Utica. Our train was almost an hour late so the accommodation was in a hurry to start. I bro’t Grandma some oranges—a half dozen. I bought them on the cars. They cost a good deal more than anywhere else but I tho’t I should have to have something to eat. I was so hungry. The snow drifts are over the fences here. When I left Wellesley not a bit of snow on the ground.

This is not one bit like a birthday letter but I must end it now or it won’t go. Dena is going to carry it down to the office. Here is a big hug and kiss from your loving little girl.

Anne

Her name is Anne Louise Barrett [5] and she is writing to her father, Rev. A. Judson Barrett in Rochester, N.Y. from her grandmother’s farm in South Trenton, N.Y. Anne is in her 5th year at Wellesley College and often visits the farm on her vacations. On this occasion, her brother Storrs is due to arrive at any time to join her on the farm during their Easter break from school. He finally shows up exhausted, after walking the four miles from the train depot at Holland Patent:

“You have been wanting to hear of Story’s arrival and we should have written before this. I put on the outside of my letter that Story had come. We did not get his letter or rather his postal so we did not meet him and he walked from Holland Patent. He was tired, but he has recovered from it and I guess it did not hurt him. It was too bad. Robert went right over for his trunk and basket. I mean to see if Story can’t look better before he goes back. We have both begun to take boneset [a folk medicine] and shall keep it up. I think it is too bad that Story doesn’t have more than a week’s vacation. He looks as though he needed a month.”

Anne and Storrs are soon planning on how to spend the summer after Anne graduates from Wellesley in June of 1887. Anne is planning to travel to Colorado in September to stay with her Auntie Warner and teach school. She also speaks of her friend, a Miss Freeman, President of Wellesley College. Notice how she reveals her in-charge attitude as she schemes on how best to work her plans. She then begins to notice Rob, the hired hand—she doesn’t know it yet, but he is to become her future husband:

April 3 ‘87

Dear Papa and Mama:

It would not be at all strange had you already come to the conclusion that I am gradually losing my mind. To judge by the last few letters I have written you I am
nearly or quite “daft”. I don’t know why, but I seem to mix everything together and write in a jumble—I am going to try and keep things straight today.

Before I forget it I want to tell you how lovely the flowers were. I omitted them altogether in my letter. Did Mr. Fry send them to me or did he give them to Papa and did Papa send them to me? Story doesn’t know.

I have got them yet and the roses are still beautiful. Please thank Mr. Fry if he sent them and tell him I have enjoyed them so much. Yesterday Story and I rode out for our health. We went to Holland Patent then home by Joy’s Hotel. I never had a lovelier sleigh ride. It was not cold and most of the way the sleighing was perfect. The road that comes out by Joy’s, especially, all the way was as even as a floor. We rode calmly over three fences! The roads being so pure and white made it so ideal. They were not even grey, except two or three places, but were so clean and white.

To-day Grandma and Story have driven over to Addie’s. It seemed to be the only time. The roads are liable to become slumpy any time if it should grow warm. It pleased Grandma very much to go off with Story. Story wanted to see about having Addie’s piano here this summer. I hope we can get it. This brings me to my plan.

You will think me full of plans and I am. You know Miss Freeman’s Mother and Father have been sick and I think they are talking of moving. At any rate I hardly think they will be in a condition to have company this summer—and this is my newly hatched plan for the summer which has something to do with the Colorado plan. I wish I might have heard your decision in regard to Colorado before writing this but I want to write today. Suppose I have decided on Colorado. Then this is what I propose as a plan. When College is out I will come directly here without going home. I shall see Papa in May and perhaps Nellie will be at Commencement. Then for what it would cost me to go home, Mama could come down onto the farm and see me and get a little rest. If Story succeeds in getting the piano, I could keep up my practice. Story could practice and I could help him in voice lessons perhaps. Then I could take as many music pupils as I could get. They could come to the house. In that way Story and I could be with Grandma until into September. We could play tennis and get out-of-door exercise and then Grandma would feel better about my going to Colorado. She could be told I was going west to visit Aunt Susie, Tillie and others and finally it could come out that Auntie wanted me to stay in Colorado and teach music. I think then if I could occasionally send her a small check she would be reconciled to my being away. What do you think of it? Write me after you have thought it over.

Dena has a headache to-day and did not go to church. Grandma and Story were gone so Robert and I went to church and Sunday school. Robert is quite a good education—has taught school. He is very fond of reading and talks intelligently on almost any ordinary topic. I notice too he looks up the pronunciation of words and their meanings as he reads. He speaks correctly too. Another thing too, [he] is very particular when he comes in to have no odor of the barn around. He takes off his overalls and rubber boots, also his blouse, and puts on his slippers. He washes his hands with a nail brush also and in so many ways is particular about his person. He does all the little things about the wood, water &c. and consults Grandma. I really think he is the man for her.

Anne

Robert continues to work on the farm and Grandmother Barrows is glad to have him. He is
evidently fitting quite nicely into the little community of South Trenton. After spending the summer on the farm, Anne leaves to begin teaching in a small town near Grand Junction, Colorado. She still remembers the farm and the people there in her letters back home. In a letter written from Fruita, Colorado, November 6, 1887, Anne wonders to her mother about Robert:

“Does Robert still work in the Sunday School? Tell him he can do a great deal to stir people up if he will, and can be even more of a power for good than he is now even. I mean to do a good deal in Sunday School this year, and hope he will too. I am glad Grandma can go away and feel so safe about everything at the farm. It will be nice if Robert’s sister can come. I am glad Dena is doing so well and is going to school.”

However, the pleasant times at the farm are soon to become just memories. On the 12th of January, 1888, Grandma Barrows passes away. Ann writes to her brother Storrs shortly afterwards:

“I cannot bear to have the dear old farm sold. Couldn’t we let it on shares? Rob might take it, or some other man on shares. It is so beautifully situated. I think I can’t realize that in all probability last summer was our last happy summer on the farm.”

Robert continues to maintain the farm until November, when Storrs returns to sells it:

“How very desolate it must have seemed at Trenton to Story”, Anne writes to her mother. “I think he had a very hard task. Why did Robert go so soon and why didn’t Story go somewhere else when they left—it must have seemed so inexpressibly sad. I cannot realize yet that it is no longer ours. I never want to see it after it is changed.”

Today, the farm no longer exists, due to the construction of a freeway (State Hwy 12) that runs right through it, joining Utica to Trenton and Remsen. The letters do not record what happens to Robert during the next six and one half years. The 1890 U.S. census cannot reveal his whereabouts (or that of other ancestors) since it was later destroyed in a fire. We do know, however, that Robert entered the University of Chicago in January of 1892, majoring in Political Science with a minor in History. In July of 1895 he receives an A.B. degree, maintaining a B+ average. It was noted on his transcript that: “Mr. Hughes was the first student to receive the Degree of Bachelor, having taken all his undergraduate work in the University of Chicago.”

Robert and Anne occasional write to each other, as recorded in her letters back home. But then we surprisingly learn three months before he graduates from college that they are going to be married that summer.

The story of Anne’s life prior to her marriage can be found in the Barrett Ancestry.
ROBERT LEE HUGHES AND ANNE LOUISE BARRETT

We first learn of the pending marriage of Robert to Anne in a letter from Anne’s sister, Nellie (Helen Barrett Montgomery) written to her college friends in April of 1895:

“I must tell you a pleasant bit of news and that is Anne’s engagement and approaching marriage. She is to be married sometime during the summer to Mr. Robert Hughes of Chicago. We all like him heartily and are very happy that Anne is to marry so strong, earnest and fine a man.”

Anne and Robert are married in the Lake Ave. Baptist Church in Rochester, N.Y. on August 31, 1895. Her father had previously been the Pastor for this church for over a decade. A few weeks later, Nellie describes the happy event to her friends:

“Anne’s wedding is slipping away into the past and we are living placid, lazy prose once more. Such a pretty wedding it was! They say every woman has her day for looking beautiful, and surely that was my dear little sister. Love and happiness quite transfigured her, and twasn’t just me, girls, but every one said she looked lovely.

“Her dress was a very sheer organdie over creamy surah silk. Very simple but a real success. Catherine Deukmann and Hugh [brother of Will Montgomery, Nellie’s husband] and Storrs, my brother and Ida Clark, his fiancee, stood up with them—the girls both in evening organdies.

“We are all happy with Anne for we are sure she is marrying a strong, true man in every way congenial. I see I’ve omitted his name—Robert Lee Hughes—and his local habitation Chicago.”

After the wedding, they return to Chicago where Robert immediately enters graduate school on a one year scholarship for excellence in work at the University. (Anne’s brother Storrs had previously held a fellowship at the same university from 1893 to 1895.) The times are hard for them, but Robert expresses hope and tells of his growing love and appreciation for Anne in this letter to Mother Barrett in May of 1896:

Dear Little Mother,
I have a half-hour before dinner, and Anne says I must write you a word.
She is busy baking bread and jumbles and will write you herself later on. We have moved—not very much to move & not very far, but we were both glad enough of a day of rest yesterday. Anne has stood the worry like a Trojan; she was tired to death of course but came up smiling every time. She often says she never could have stood so much work a year ago, and I am sure she is getting stronger everyday. Did she tell you she weighed 117 a short time ago?

We have just moved to the first floor, across the hallway. Anne will probably tell you about our arrangements. We often say there isn’t as happy a couple in Chicago as we are, in spite of the fact that we haven’t much of this world’s goods. I think we are both learning some lessons this year; anyway I must say I had to get married to know how perfectly lovely a woman could be. I am just beginning to learn what a treasure Anne is.

Just as we were getting to the end of our rope—financially, tutoring came. I earned $6.00 last week tutoring in Arithmetic and this week I begin to tutor a boy in beginning Latin 3 or 4 hours per week. Anne & I have often said lately that what the Lord wants us to have will come to us.

The position for next year hasn’t come yet. Today the Teacher’s Agency recommended me for a place in Montana Agricultural College at Bozeman Montana. Nothing may come of it, but if there should, maybe we can do no better. My lack of experience is fatal to getting a good position in the East.

Love to All
Robert.

In the Wellesley Annals, we find Anne growing content with her new life:

63 Walton Place, Chicago, Ill.
November 13, 1896

Dear ‘86;---I did so want to make one of the happy number that gathered once more in dear old Wellesley! Helen Merrill has told me so much about everything.

Life goes on with us in a happy uneventful way life has—and ninety-six finds us settled in a cozy home on the north side, two blocks from the Newberry Library. We think it all we need for solid comfort, and do not in the least envy the owners of the palaces on the Lake Shore Drive. We have the lake and the trees and grass as much as they, and I no doubt enjoy the park more than they do.

I am developing a surprising fondness for this big, ungainly city. There are so many beautiful parks, miles of green grass and long walks by the lake. If any of you are in Chicago at any time let us have at least a glimpse of you. Our doors swing wide to all our friends.

Sincerely yours,
Anne Barrett Hughes

In a letter from Storrs to Ida in March of 1897, we now learn that Robert has been offered another year of teaching at the University School which is a cause for celebration. The teaching work has been hard for Robert since the subjects were new to him and out of his line. Storrs is now staying with them in their little flat near the University, where they both have been seeking teaching positions but can not find anything suitable.
Then a month later, on April 23, 1897, their first baby is born. We first learn about this in the Wellesley Annals:

65 Walton Place, Chicago, Ill  
December, 1897

Dear Girls:—I have something to write about this year, surely,—and that is my baby. I hope you want to hear about her. She came last April on Shakespeare’s birthday and we named her after my mother, Emily Barrett. Yellow hair, blue eyes, two dimples and the dearest laugh—that’s Emily—a wonderful baby her mother thinks.

In August I went to Rochester for a month. Emily was the center of attraction and her mother a mere necessary accompaniment. What with visiting, showing off the baby and traveling I came home a little tired and thin. I failed to see Kate Andrews and Catherine Denkmann much to my regret, but hope to see Catherine in Chicago.

I enjoyed the last Annals very much. Do you know the letters that bring me in touch with the girls are the longer letters. Let’s have them all a little longer, and let’s all write.

I hope to see the girls of the class who are in Chicago this year. I did not see them all last year.

A happy year to you, dear Eighty-six.

Affectionately yours,

Anne Barrett Hughes

Everyone helps out with the care of Emily, taking her to the park and seeing that she gets plenty of outdoor air. Sometimes, however, these excursions are not as healthful as one would hope:

“We have had quite an anxious time over Emily”, writes Mother Barrett from the Hughes flat on Walton Place, Chicago. “She seemed well Saturday and was on the Lake front with Anne and me for nearly three hours. About three in the afternoon she climbed into my lap and went to sleep and I saw she had quite a fever. Later we took her temperature and found it was over 102 degrees. Robert went to Dr. Rogers and we gave his medicine every half hour until twelve o’clock and after that once an hour.

“But in the morning her temperature was about the same and did not lower much through the day. Robert found her throat was red and took her to the Drs. and he confirmed the fact—changed the medicine and ordered it given every half hour until the temperature improved. At twelve o’clock last night there was marked improvement and when the Dr. saw her this morning he said the throat was much better.

“We expect that she had gotten some microbes in her system either through her mad desire to get water into her mouth when taking a bath, or her habit of eating the gravel and dirt when allowed to run about in the park.”

On Aug. 4, 1898, a new baby arrives and they name him Judson Barrett Hughes. Anne is now surrounding herself with that which she loves the most—children. But the happiness of the event is soon overcome by sadness two months later:
My dear Ida:

I have some bad news for you. Little Emily has passed away. She died Sunday night [Oct 16] suddenly. Mama started at once for Chicago—reached here at 3 P.M. Monday. Robert went to Rochester at the same time. The little child will be laid away next to her grandfather in Rochester. The baby [Judson] has a bad cold and is under the doctor's care. Anne could not go on to Rochester on his account. But I cannot write more about this—my heart is too sore.

Affectionately,

Storrs

Mother Barrett is devastated. She shares her sadness and that of Anne's with Ida, who is to be wed to Storrs in a few weeks:

“Anne tries to keep a brave heart, but so much died out of her heart with Emily. From her girlhood she has saved her dolls, her little trunk, her dishes & furniture for her little daughter—strong in the faith she would have one. How strange we did not think she might not live. She seemed ours to keep!

“I ought not to write this—it wrote itself”

In the letters that follow, the fears (and possible the guilt) of the family members as a result of the loss of Emily seem to be projected onto the new baby. Every aspect of his health and well-being is discussed by the extended family, together with the latest recommendations by the doctors regarding his diet and living environment:

“We have busy days for the Dr. says that the porch is not a good place for the baby until the sun gets well around”, writes Mother Barrett. “The boards hold the moisture and there is a draft that is different from the wind blowing in the open. So one of us must be on the street from two to three hours in the morning.

“He directs that the bath be given in the little tub at a temperature of ninety eight and followed by a cool sponge—and then an oil rub. It takes both of us to manage him. We do not want him exposed very long—besides he is so full of his antics that one cannot hold him.

“The formula for his bottle is quite like the one Anne used when she took milk from Joe—only the cream is not so thick and the lime water must be bought and not made. He is given orange juice three times a day and a tablespoonful of beef juice twice. He told us to buy good round steak, cut it into small squares—but not hash it—heat it on a hot spider and then squeeze the juice into a hot cup with a few lemon squeezes that has been heated and add a little salt. The Dr. told Anne she could take the juice from a pound a day...”

We have learned from other letters that Robert fixes his own meals twice a day consisting of a plate of raw steak, twice toasted bread, sometimes some rice and cereal coffee. Mother Barrett, of course, tries her best not to pass judgment on all of this in her letters. She respects Robert and matter-of-factly does what he says without complaint: “I mind him.”
A new crisis is developing, however, and Judson’s well-being in Mother Barrett’s letters are now accompanied by expressions of concern for Robert and what is to be done. The demands of Anne and the baby and the constant worries begin to take their toll on him. He feels he must be able to spend more time on his graduate work and thesis. From Mother Barrett’s letters, he is constantly doing the errands, getting medicine from the doctor and trying to find employment. Anne is sick much of the time:

“We keep talking and something new comes up of course—and we realize something must be decided soon”, she writes to her son Storrs.

“It seems to us if you and Ida were married, Mr. & Mrs. Clark might like the thought of spending some of their winter with you.

“I think Emily [Warner] and I will go to Rochester. That relieves the pressure a little for the flat need not be as large with us away. Again, Robert says Anne and the baby can spend the winter with Will. That would relieve him so he could give his whole mind to his work. He would board with you, or just room, and in any case, you could use the furniture, silver, anything you wanted.

“The family would be small and Ida could find time for study if she choose, and you would be free to work in any line you should choose. Of course we talk at random, not knowing how you feel or what you think is best.

“It seems a big break up to have Anne go to South Dakota, but it would relieve the money pressure. She would feel independent, for her German and music would more than pay. Her dress would be sufficient and the climate is very pleasant in winter. If she went to Rochester, it would mean a big family for Nellie—more clothes and more excitement for Anne.

“We want to do what is best for all, for this year must tell in the right direction if possible. We think the wedding should come anyway. There are no obligations outside the family.”

As it works out, Anne and the baby do not go to South Dakota, but remain in the flat on Monroe Ave. with Robert. They even have the company of Storrs and Ida, who join them for the winter months of 1898-99 after the couple are married in November.

Robert continues to seek a position with various school districts, but finds nothing suitable:

“You made a very favorable impression” writes a President of a Michigan school board.

“If you had been familiar with school work in Michigan, you would have received the appointment.”

Robert is comforted by the letter. Mother Barrett, however, feels differently and writes to her son Storrs:

“These ifs—play the mischief. I hope your head keeps level amid this distracting condition of things.”

And in another letter to Storrs:
“He went Thursday and returned Saturday, but did not secure the place. Came within one of it. There were seven men staid over to the Board meeting, out of 125 applicants. Robert had quite an experience talking with these men. All of them had taught five or more years—held state certificates—and normal too etc., etc.

“There was a merchant and a lawyer I think on the board who were favorable to Robert. After his talk with the lawyer, he said to Robert, ‘I will give you a pointer, don’t bring up any new methods. It will do with me but not with most of the men on the board.’

“Robert said he himself was dressed too smart. Said he had no doubt [that] some of these fellows said we don’t want a man with his hair parted in the middle and who wears a pointed beard. Most of the men wore cut-a-ways, three or four years old, and showed they were country men.

“What position to go for is the question now. He says now if he had taken a position for eight hundred in the City Schools instead of Coulters, he would now be in position to try for a principalship. Without experience he thinks it is useless.

“One woman said to him, ‘I am afraid you Eastern people would find our western schools or towns (I don’t remember which) rather dull. This seems to be the feeling in the small towns. Eastern people are stuck up!’

Mother Barrett reflects her eastern breeding throughout her letters and she of course keeps up with the latest fashions, as in this letter to Anne on May 12, 1899:

“I hope Robert will enjoy the scarf pin, though I must tell that Nellie discovered when she was in New York that the tie with straight ends down over the shirt front is no longer in. The tie is tied at the collar with a broad center bow, not pinched in in the middle, and is startling in its bright colors—violet, green, etc., being greatly in evidence. The shirt for instance with a lavender stripe, tie same shade and a handkerchief with a similar color in the border.”

Poor Robert seems to be getting a lot of advice these days, for Storrs writes to him at the same time from Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, advising him on how to perhaps make a better impression on people, relax a little bit and make them feel at ease. The letter is intercepted by Anne, and we learn a little more about Robert’s personality when she writes back:

“Robert went away yesterday noon and will not be home until tonight or possibly tomorrow. Your letter came and Mama opened it while I was up town at Mrs. Armedseu’s. I was glad Robert was not here for I don’t want him to see the letter or know you wrote it. It would do him harm, dear, I feel sure. He does not realize that he is not at ease in meeting people and to tell him would make him stiffer than ever.

“I don’t want to go away off to South Dakota unless it is necessary. Robert will probably apply but the election is not until June so there is time enough. It would not be the best thing for Robert to get out in the wilds—he needs daily contact with cultivated people. In these trips he is making he has to meet a great many people and is getting used to it so that he does not mind it—rather enjoys it in fact.

“He may not be able to get in a school in Chicago. I’m not so anxious about
that but there are surely places not so far away which he could fill acceptably. There seems to be a chance out here at Whiting below South Chicago. It is a Standard Oil town nearly all employees of the Standard Oil Company.

“You won’t mind my not showing Robert the letter I know. I’ll tear it up and you tear this.”

One is reminded here that Robert has come a long way. He is a first generation immigrant from Wales; a farmer’s son who is raised in a Welsh community in rural America where English is a second language. His education is from local one-room schools and he is primarily a self-taught man until he goes away to college. Unlike Anne, he has no heritage of six generations of educated, English gentility in his American background.

The couples are soon becoming the best of friends. The hard work is beginning to pay off, and both Robert and Storrs are finally starting to realize the rewards for their years of study and hard efforts. In June, 1899, Storrs writes to his wife Ida, telling her about his studying for the City examinations, but then exclaims:

“Have I written that Robert has been elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa? It used to be a secret society and is now, but it merely serves as a distinction in those colleges where there are chapters for high scholarship. The first third in the class. Members wear a gold key on their watch chains. It is eagerly sought and is a badge of ability. The chapter at Chicago has just been obtained and they are now electing members of former classes.”

The Hughes family is preparing to move again, this time to Whiting, Indiana where Robert has found employment in the local school system. On Sept. 3rd, 1899, the family, including Mother Barrett, move into a rented flat on New York Ave. The rooms in the new home are pleasant, but dark and small. It is decided that Judson’s crib must be in the dinning room where there is some sunshine. The stove will stand in the parlor because the crib takes up the space intended for it. The kitchen is light and pleasant, but the cupboard is not large enough to hold all the dishes.

Staying with relatives was a common experience in these times and everyone looked forward to it. Robert and Anne have written for Mother Hughes to come and stay with them for the winter. There is also talk about a pending visit by Storrs and Ida who have in turn invited Mother Barrett to Lake Geneva for a stay with them that winter. Mother Barrett feels that Anne should go instead due to the harsh winter in Whiting and that she could go later when they are settled in “that cozy cottage”.

But it is not only Storrs and Ida who are coming to visit the Hughes household in late September, it is also Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Ida’s parents. A lively discussion of the various arrangements then ensues. After mentally filling up the bedrooms and parlor, Mother Barrett concludes that Robert and Storrs could sleep in the attic: “...it would give them a jolly time—like camping out.”
Storrs and Ida have been staying in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, where Storrs has been tutoring two sons of a Mr. Kohl since May and who is evidently fairly well off. Mother Barrett ends her letter to Storrs with her typical positive outlook on life:

“My won’t you and Ida feel set up by your sojourn in Mr. Kohl’s beautiful home. You will find the home in Whiting quite a change. But we live on New York Ave. That sounds well!”

It is November now and Mother Hughes is staying with Robert and Ann—Mother Barrett is evidently staying elsewhere. Anne appears to be feeling much better and begins a long letter to her mother, with the descriptive writing that characterizes so many of her letters:

“At last I am seated at the desk determined to take time enough for a long letter to you. I shall try to rid myself of any lingering hurried feeling that may be sneaking back to its haunts after having been driven out. You know my brain is quite an old camping ground of hurried feelings of various degrees and it is not strange that they do no understand the situation, so calm and still is everything within the fortress.”

What follows are 13 pages of news mostly about baby’s health, diet and recent antics: “Judson is trying to shake down the kitchen stove.” Of special interest, however, is a long description of a hat she had ordered to be made for her:

“It is made of my blue velvet steamed so it looks exactly like new. A soft crinkled rim and crown turned back from my face with some mink fur coming over the front and toward the back ending in a pointed end like a tail, with a bunch of roses purple and cerise directly over the part with green velvet leaves.

“It is really very satisfactory and very becoming. I can not give you any idea of how it sets down on my head but the side view is very pretty and the height in front is just what I need. I wear my hair parted much to Robert’s delight. That hair on the side shows twice as much in the drawing as is reality but never mind.

“I am so glad my hat is so becoming. It really has a rich look and is the prettiest that I’ve had since I’ve been married.”

As the new century begins, Robert has secured a position as Superintendent of the Whiting Public Schools. He is also beginning to enjoy his new role of responsibility and social status. In a January 2, 1900 letter to Storrs (who is in Coronado, California at the time) he writes:
“Say, didn’t you have a little earthquake down there all for your especial benefit? I saw in the paper that there had been a slight seismic disturbance at San Diego and I reckon it ought to have jostled you some. If you really haven’t felt it yet I’ll send you a record.

“I spent three days of last week at the State Teachers’ Association at Indianapolis. The School Board said I ought to go since it was my first year in the State, so they paid all my expenses. Many things on the program didn’t amount to much, but it was worth while coming in contact with some of the best men in the state.

“There is a pleasure club here called the ‘Owl Club’ to which nearly every man of any account in the town belongs. I have just joined it though I haven’t been to the rooms yet. They have reading rooms, billiard tables, etc. & are just about to put in a gymnasium. I shall have a chance to get acquainted with the men anyway.

“P.S.—Charley Gainor’s little dog has had four puppies. Three of them wandered off into a pail of water & got drowned. They offered me one & I accepted, but Anne said ‘nit’. She had all she could do to train Judson without attempting to train a pup in the winter time.”

And a few weeks later, Anne writes to her classmates of ‘86:

January 31, 1900
Whiting, Ind.

Dear Girls:

The winter finds us pleasantly located here at Whiting on the lake shore, forty minutes’ ride from Chicago. We enjoy our nearness to the lake and our easy access to the city. Kate Andrews spent Sunday with us two weeks ago and we had a good old-fashioned visit. There’s no friend like an old friend, I say. “Let us swear an eternal friendship.”

Our baby is eighteen months old, just the age that Emily was when she went away, and is a great comfort. What should we do without the Children? I envy the mothers with a houseful.

I am planning to go east with Judson this summer, but I fear I shall not go as far as Wellesley. How I wish I might!

As ever, yours affectionately,
Anne Barrett Hughes

By years end, Anne again writes her letter to the Wellesley Annals and brings everyone up to date:

November 25, 1900
Whiting, Indiana

*My Dear Girls:* Everything that is worth having costs something, but not everything that costs something is worth having. I’ve spent two solid hours of effort trying to “compose an epistle”, and have not with all my labor and sorrow turned out anything worth reading. Now I’ll state some plain facts, and if they prove interesting to any of you it will not be because they are made so in the telling.

We are still in Whiting, where Mr. Hughes is Superintendent of Schools. We all had a most delightful summer at my sister’s cottage on Lake Ontario near Rochester. I saw Kate Andrews many times. Only those of us who knew him can
understand the force of the blow which came to her in the death of her noble father. He was one of earth’s best. I was very sorry not to see Claudia Frost. I had flitting glimpses of Olive. She did not come to see me or Judson—I can’t even have her to our representatives at Wellesley? I ran across Flora Cunch of ’84 in Chicago yesterday. Such surprises are pleasant. And that’s all.

Affectionately,
Anne Barrett Hughes

In March of the following year, Robert has good news and writes to Storrs with much excitement:

“Congratulate me. I was re-elected last night for another year, salary $1350. The Board said they wanted to make it $1500 but couldn’t see the money ahead; if things look better Jan 1, I might get more.

“They were kind enough to say some nice things. Talked me over & elected me in my presence—said there was nothing for me to retire from the room for.”

Although this amount seems small, note that it is three times what Anne was making when she taught school. No wonder people would go out of their way to pick up a penny from the side walk—it would be worth more than a quarter today.

The year is again summarized by Anne in her letter to the Wellesley Annals:

January 31, 1902
Whiting, Indiana

My Dear Girls: I tried to write for January 20th—tried twice and miserably failed—then settled back with the conviction that I was undoubtedly wicked. I felt uncomfortable, to be sure, but I avowed I’d rather feel so than write that letter. There is, however, no rest for the wicked and so peace must be purchased at the price of liberty.

This year finds us in our new house. You know how sometimes a dog will turn round and round trying to find a comfortable place or position in which to settle down. I’ve been turning in some such way and now am resting “quite comfortable like.” Peace to my bones!

My mother and sister are abroad—mamma in Italy and Nellie in Egypt. They seem very far away, but I’m happy in their pleasure. Helen, too, writes from old Gottengen instead of Wellesley; another of my standbys gone.

We are having a good year. We are well and that is the greatest blessing, but we are enjoying many good things beside. A glimpse of dear “Miss Freeman” was enough to make one young again. She looks just the same as in the Wellesley days. It was so good to see her. I cannot tell you how much it meant to me. I missed seeing Edith Gregory last summer, which was a great disappointment. I had a glimpse of Olive and Kate but did not see Claudia, though I fully expected to.

I’m afraid this is too long; when I begin I don’t know where to stop.
With greetings to you, one and all,

As ever affectionately,
Anne Barrett Hughes
P.S. I’ve seen ever so many of the Chicago Wellesley girls but cannot tell you about them; it would fill too many pages.

In March of 1903, Robert again writes to Storrs with his good news about a salary increase:

“Hello again! I want somebody to congratulate me and if my brother-in-law won’t take the trouble to, who will? The school board took a vote the other night that my services to them would be worth just $1600 next year. Pretty nice isn’t it, to know so early in the Spring where we are going to be and to get a substantial increase.”

Robert and Storrs enjoy getting together, especially when the wives are gone. Mother Barrett has reservations about these get-togethers however, and in a letter from Forest Lawn to Ida she writes:

“A letter from Storrs tells of their good times but I reckon they will both be glad to see the mistress come walking in. I hope they will have a good cleaning up time, so you will not be sick when you look around. The boys can be trusted I feel sure!”

Two years later, she again writes to Ida about her boys, but this time from Williams Bay and this time she is on to their ways:

“I enclose this disreputable card from Robert—quite against my will. To think it has come to this—it standing for a decided lowering of the moral stamina of my boys. Robert is evidently staying away until he knows Storrs is home. He wrote that perhaps he and Storrs might visit in Chicago and so come up together.

“Hadn’t better trust ‘em Ida—alone together. There will surely be a spree of some sort. Beer follows cigars so often you know!” [A sketch of a frowning face follows.]

But in addition to watching over her two boys, Mother Barrett is recording those special moments of her grandson:

“Judson was standing on a box in front of the window in Miss Evan’s room and exclaimed, ‘When I grow up I’ll be as big as that (holding up his hand) and maybe bigger, and folks all walk along and see me and say, ‘Hello up there God’.”

Anne has learned of the death of two of her beloved College professors and writes in the July issue of the Wellesley Annals:

July, 1903
Whiting, Indiana

_Dear Girls:_ I want to see you all, to have a class-meeting and hear each one of you speak. There is so much in this year’s experience to make us want to touch hands with those who can enter into our sorrow.
I cannot write about it, but you know what the death of Mrs. Palmer and Fraulein Wenckebach means to me. Half of Wellesley seems gone. How much I owe to their inspiration and help I shall never know, but I’d give anything to do for some girl half what they did for me.

As for myself, there is little to record.

I have not been to the University for more than a year, and did not know that Susie Peabody had been ill. I’m ashamed of myself. This coming year I mean to reform.

With greetings to you one and all,

Affectionately,

Anne Barrett Hughes

Christmas of 1903 was a happy event for Robert and Anne, and shortly thereafter Anne writes to Ida describing the festivities and all the presents Judson had received. But towards the end of this letter, she seems to have a premonition of death. She reflects upon the age of Ida’s baby girl and writes:

“She is nearly as old as Emily was when she went to Rochester [to be buried.] It does not seem possible that the months are going so fast. What if they should be taking me to her!

“We say every day how thankful we ought to be. We have so many comforts and friends on every hand. We don’t know what real sorrow is. Death is not sorrow such as many have to bear.”

As spring approaches the following year, the birth of a new baby is anticipated and plans are made for the care of Judson. Arrangements had been made for Nellie to look after him and she was to come by train to pick him up. Mother Barrett and Ida had previously volunteered to keep Judson if this arrangement had not worked out. “It would be fine for him to be with you and Storrs,” she wrote to Ida, “you are both so calm and yet firm.”

But at the last moment they change their minds, and in a letter to Ida she explains:

“We had decided that Judson had better not go and had told him that he was simply going in to meet aunt Nellie to say goodbye to her. But the minute she saw him she told him she could not leave him and she should take him home with her.

“It was pathetic the way he clung to her. You never saw such devotion. We finally telephoned to Robert to bring his grip—he had packed it with such interest.”

Two weeks before Harley is born, Mother Barrett writes from Nellie’s home describing all the activity with Judson, the dishes being put up out of his reach and his latest antics including a new bit of information he has learned in response to his growing curiosity;

“One day he was looking over Edith’s photographs and came to the statue of David. ‘What’s that’ said he, pointing to the fig leaf. ‘I never looked carefully to see’, said Nellie.
Quick as a flash he pulled out the picture, holding it up to her eyes. ‘Look carefully now’, said he. Then Nellie had to explain a little.

Since then he has discovered that my elastics have a center piece and he remarks wisely that it is to cover up things, and is very anxious to have that kind himself! Of course Nellie laughs herself sick over his speeches.

This morning he jumped out from behind the door to scare Will, and immediately Will began to limp declaring he had scared him so that one leg was shorter than the other. If you have ever seen Will limp you will know how troubled Judson began to look. Will limped away down the street with Judson watching, half ready to cry. I think he will not try to scare Uncle Will again.”

Finally the day for the new baby arrives and in a letter to Storrs, dated March 30, 1904 at 8:30 a.m., Robert writes:

“The unexpected came all of a sudden. Anne was taken sick at 4:30 this morning & the baby was born at 6. Anne is feeling remarkably well, & the babe is just fine—a boy!! John Harley Warner.

“I have been re-elected for next year—$1700. Come down & we’ll smoke up on it.”

A few days later, Anne is still confined to her bed, but in a letter to Ida she confides her thoughts and feelings about having a boy instead of a baby girl:

“I’m not even disappointed because he is not a girl for I would not have had the chance to name him after Harley [Harley Warner, her brother’s favorite cousin.] Perhaps the next time a little girl may come to the peace that’s waiting for her—for I am hungry for a little daughter.

“Robert enjoys the baby, little as he is, so much. He’s never been in condition to have time to enjoy our babies before. You remember how exacting were the demands on him when Emily was little and when Judson was a baby as Well. We seem to have reached quieter waters now and are so comfortable and happy.”

And in another letter, she describes the new baby Harley:

“In the first place, he is very strong and stiffens on his feet and raises his head when I have him on his stomach, on my lap as though he were two months old. His hair is thick and black as were Emily’s and Judson’s. His eyes are dark blue but everyone thinks they will turn brown—we cannot tell. His eyebrows and lashes are light brown.

“Elizabeth [Robert’s sister] was here Thursday—actually was here in the flesh—and she says Harley looks like Storrs. He has the Barrett forehead I think and has a short neck and square shoulders. Moma may come and say he is all Hughes. I’m not as good a judge as she, but I should say he was built along the Barrett lines.”

Robert has now become Principal at a new school in Lake View Park with 23 teachers and is “congratulated by all who know about it”. Mother Barrett writes about how they are looking for
homes in Irving Park but they are not yet ready to buy. They finally rent a 3 bedroom flat instead. Mother Hughes continues to live with them but also continues to exasperate Mother Barrett, due to her constant indigestion;

“Mother Hughes is walking about now with some one to steady her,” she writes.

“She sleeps well nights and does not call Robert up any more. If only one could regulate her diet, she would gain rapidly. But no one interferes—in fact no one could, for if given anything she does not want, she will lose her appetite.

“I sneaked off after dinner—went to Lincoln Park. I felt head tired and knew that was my best medicine. Robert just does everything he can. He staid home today and made me let go of things—and I mind him, for I realize I must. He is feeling very well indeed and his school moves off in fine shape.”

Anne enjoys her children immensely and finds an inner peace by being with them:

April 21, 1905
Rochester, N. Y.

My Dear Classmates—Three of you I have seen since I came to Rochester three weeks ago, Claudia Frost, Kate Andrews and Olive Davis. If the pleasure of seeing three of you is so great, what will it be to see all of you at the reunion!

I am here with my year-old baby visiting my mother and sister. I have had a delightful time, with more good things yet to come in the few days yet remaining before I go home. To-morrow I go to luncheon at Claudia’s and on Thursday I hope to hear Mr. Griggs give another of his wonderful Browning lectures.
On Friday night I start for Chicago. By the way, we are now living in Chicago. Soon after we moved last fall we had a flying visit from Edith Gregory. We enjoyed every minute of her stay. Judson climbed into her lap as if he knew she “belonged,” and Mr. Hughes felt as though he had known her a long time. How good it is to see old friends face to face.

I might write reams about the baby, but it is possible you would not be as much interested to read and enumeration of his charms as I should be to write it. I’ve had such a beautiful year taking care of the little fellow. The outside things I let go and scarcely missed them. I’ve never had so happy and serene a time. We have enjoyed our children perhaps because we have taken time to enjoy them.

And now, dear girls, good bye. I’m proud of you all and proud to be one of our illustrious class.

Ever affectionately,

Anne Barrett Hughes

But these happy and serene times with her children are sadly coming to an end. In May of the following year, Anne “takes a chill” and becomes very sick. She has had a recurring illness most of her life. This time, however, it is developing into a life-threatening condition. Mother Barrett hurries to her bedside at their home in Irving Park and they hire a private nurse. Nellie arrives a few days later, and her diary records Anne’s slow and painful demise:
Apr. 24: Found Anne ill—chills. Dr. fears blood poison. I gave up Denver trip. Found Mama at the door when I arrived.

Apr. 29: Anne had chill. Dr. injected silver mixture for the second time.

Apr. 30: Best day yet. Dr. thinks the poison conquered. Chill at night with high temp.

May 1: Sunday morning after best day yet. Anne had seizure—articulation thick pain at base of brain. Recovered consciousness. I telephoned Dr. Lee in Rochester to come on in consultation.

May 2: Dr. Lee reached Chicago this a.m. Probable trouble malarial in nature.

May 3: Anne in distress from the quinine ordered by Dr. Lee.

May 11: Dr. decided not to give more quinine. I left Chicago for Rochester. The Dr. assures us that Anne’s illness may be trying but not alarming.

When Nellie later tries to pay for Dr. Lee’s services, he writes her a letter stating that he cannot accept any money since her father had been such a good friend of his.

Mother Barrett also records these last days and sends postcards keeping the family advised as Anne’s condition slowly deteriorates.

Monday Morning
May 21, 1906
To: Mr. S. B. Barrett

Anne had a good night. Miss Loft says the best she has had since she came. So the sun shines for us again this morning.

Dr. says the liver and spleen are getting down to normal size and everything seems to look favorable, only the temperature and chills still are to be reckoned with. The hydra headulf (?), long legged, detestable, contemptible microbes still flourish. I hope for good news from now on Harley is better.

Love all around
Mother

May 24: Dr. Bacmeister called in Dr. Allen in consultation. Says Anne has inflammation of spinal cords. Think she will be better in a week.

May 25: Anne delirious—alarming changes for the worse.
May 26: Dr. Allen called in consultation, again surprised—gave no hope—they then telegraphed to me to come from Rochester.

May 27: I reached Chicago this a.m. Anne better a little—knew me—pressed my hand, “Oh Nellie—Nellie—Nellie."

May 28; Slight improvement—hope survives in spite of us.

Friday Morning
June 1, 1906
To: Mr. S. B. Barrett

Anne had a quiet night until about four when she had a chill. She is restless now and only semiconscious. The Dr. said last night the end was near, but she is strong enough to raise herself on her elbow and drink. We hope the suffering will not be prolonged.

Mother

June 1: Friday all hope gone—a death like sleep. I went into Marshall Fields to buy Anne's shroud—saw some little things to please her. She knew me—smiled—“little pumpkin seed.”

June 2; Storrs & Judson came at noon. Tonight she knew Storrs. The middle of night, “get him something good to eat Nellie.”

June 3: Frightful seizure at 3 a.m. pain—Morphine—followed by unconsciousness. Mama sleeping at Mrs. Godon’s—missed the agony.

June 5: Ida came down Monday the 4th but found Anne in stupor from morphine. Respiration 6 a minute.

Monday Morning
June 5, 1906
To: Mr. S. B. Barrett

Anne conscious—opened her eyes—hears and answers questions—said I couldn’t do it myself. “I want something to drink—I want some water Nellie—give me some—oh please that's enough”—spoke once in German. Robert spent a half hour this morning trying to get you on the phone. He telegraphed, so you know that Anne still lingers. Nellie is hopeful, but I cannot be. To me it means another seizure of pain, another day or two of stupor, but finally death. Robert has gone again to school.

Mother

Monday Night
June 6, 1906
To: Mr. S. B. Barrett

The day has been so hard. Anne has not suffered severe pain but has been restless, talking most of the time in a strange voice and quite unintelligibly, except now and then a word. She answered questions and evidently was made more comfortable by the care and attentions of the nurse. Her heart’s action is still quite strong, but there can never be another rally it seems to me. I pray the release may come speedily.

Mother

Wednesday morning
June 7, 1906

To: Mr. S. B. Barrett

Anne still breathes and there is a slight movement of the right hand. The heart keeps up its regular beat, but is weaker and cannot keep it up many more hours. I think you had better come this afternoon though Robert will telegraph. The last two days have been painless to her.

Mother

Storrs arrives and continues to keep his wife informed of Anne’s last moments:

Saturday, 11 am
June 9, 1906

To: Mrs. S. B. Barrett

Dear Ida—There has been no change except a gradual weakening. Breaths regularly and heart’s action not very irregular. Mother is almost frustrated at the long suspense. Harley is well. Miss Dickinson spent yesterday with us. She was Anne’s friend in Florida. I am in town this morning.

Storrs

Tuesday morning
June 12, 1906

To: Mrs. S. B. Barrett

No marked change in Anne. Nellie goes tonight. I may go back to Williams Bay tomorrow morning. We can not tell when the end may come.

Storrs

Wednesday, 9:15 p.m.
June 13, 1906

To: Mrs. S. B. Barrett

Anne has difficulty in breathing. Respiration 54 tonight, due probably to pleurisy. No other change. I may go home to you tomorrow—cannot say.

Storrs

Anne dies the following morning. She was only 43 years old. The determining cause of death was listed as broncho-pneumonia; the contributing cause was disseminated sclerosis. Nellie sadly records in her diary the loss she feels:
“Annie died today. My precious little sister. My youth is closed. No one who grew up with me left.”

The funeral is held on Saturday at Nellie’s home in Rochester. The family did not wear mourning clothing—no appearance of “putting on black”—which was quite an innovation for the time. In Helen Barrett Montgomery’s autobiography, a minister recalls this event:

“As a family, the Barretts and Montgomerys made it a matter of principle to disregard social custom per se in matters which to them seemed un-Christian. They dared to be independent enough to start a custom—or usage—of society. I have wondered whether the attitude of that family did not materially advance the sloughing off of that custom which, overdone, does seem rather a relic of paganism.”

The following day Nellie and a friend take some of the flowers that were left over from the funeral and go up to the graves of her father and baby Emily at Mount Hope Cemetery.

“We had as many as we could both carry—pink roses and peonies and sweet peas and ferns—they were so pretty. We knew Annie would like to have us put them there.”

Anne, however, has been buried in a new family plot at Riverside Cemetery in Rochester, so a few days later Nellie and her mother gather up the remaining flowers from the home and take them there to cover Anne’s grave. Mother Barrett later describes her feelings about the grave site:

“I can only think of Anne as in a lonely grave. Perhaps because there are so few graves near. I shall be glad when Papa and little Emily are beside her.”

Nine months later, Anne’s father and her baby daughter are removed from Mount Hope cemetery and placed beside her.

Due to their deeply held religious beliefs, there was no sense of mourning in the letters that followed her death. Nellie and her mother return to Chicago and begin to go through Anne’s personal belongings. As a product of a lifetime of frugality, Mother Barrett losses no time in sorting things out and making good use of the items. In a letter to Ida she writes:

“All of the wash dresses go to Louie. And the blue wool suit, if you could lengthen the skirt, you could wear that—but not the jacket. The blue silk with pretty hat could be lengthened for it is hemmed, and we would like you to have it if you wanted it. If you do not, then we will send the hat and dress to Grace. The black cloth dress goes to Aunt Susie, the light colored cape to ...[etc., etc.]”

But towards the end of the letter she recalls an incident that occurred earlier that day:
“Mrs. Schwartz told me something about Anne this afternoon that I wish we might have known. It might not have changed the result but would have prevented her being made uncomfortable by Quinine. On Friday before Anne was taken with a chill, Mrs. S. was talking with her from the board walk. Anne was kneeling by the open window and she suddenly screamed out with pain in the leg. She said she had a sore spot in one leg and Harley hit it and it made her almost faint. She added that the end of this thumb was sore last week but that it is well now. On this day too, when they were walking, she said that she was feeling depressed and she did not know why.”

“I have no doubt but the dizziness, the sore spot as very sensitive to the touch, were both symptoms—if we could only have known.”

In the coming weeks, it becomes apparent that the issue of raising Judson is of great concern to the members of the extended family. Mother Hughes is still ill and living with Robert and the two boys. Mother Barrett journeys between her children, trying to help out the best she can. Robert wants to send for his sister Mary to come and stay for awhile. He and Mother Barrett discuss the hiring of part time help for a few dollars a week to look after Judson in the afternoons and also to help with the burden of Mother Hughes. Her diet is under constant discussion and she eats little. Various remedies are tried including a whiskey taken before meals. Mother Barrett is becoming a little exasperated:

“The Dr. says Mother is better tonight but she still takes milk and water and does not leave her bed. But she is very patient, not asking anything of me but the glass of milk every three hours.

“Mother goes to the bathroom and attends to herself at night, but she staggers along and eats most distressingly to anyone with any ideas on proper diet for an invalid. Well she has her own way, without a suggestion from me. I have given up.”

In August, two months after Anne’s death, Nellie writes a long letter to Storrs, which includes her concern for Judson:

“Mama thinks she must go back [to Robert and the boys] next week as Robert’s sister did not come. What do you think ought to be done about Judson? I feel very apprehensive about having him in Mama’s charge, or his father’s for that matter. His father is too uneven and censorious in tone of voice to be best for Judson. Then he is virtually away from home during most of Judson’s waking hours.”

Nellie offers to pay for private schooling for both Judson and Helen [Storr’s daughter, who was 4 years younger] since she doesn’t approve of the district school. One of Storr’s colleagues at Yerkes Observatory, Edwin Brant Frost, has his children in a little private class and Nellie hopes that he would be willing to let Judson and Helen come in with their children. Her letter concludes:
“I wish you would write me fully and soon what your views are after you and Ida have talked the whole question over. I fear if we do not take some position on the matter as to the necessity of having Judson either here or with you, that Robert may drift into a policy of letting matters alone, and I fear the result to Mama’s health of a year of winter rather shut in that little house with Judson. I wish we could sit down to talk it over together.”

Mother Barrett, however, learns of Nellie’s feelings and writes to Storrs:

“...if only Nellie was not so set about my not having the care of Judson. She does not think he needs to be with boys, especially, [Harley as opposed to Storr’s two daughters] and is most stubborn about my having any care of him.

“Nellie wrote you she says at length, and if you do not think you can have Judson, why she says some other plan must be devised. Nellie cannot have him here, when she is away so much. Mother [Hughes] is not fitted to deal with him, and while I am not very wise, I would like to have him.”

But Robert keeps the family together. During the coming months, Mother Barrett writes about how well he is doing with the boys:

“Robert looks after his [Judson’s] clothes, telling him what to put on, and he sees that he is well washed at night so that I have very little to do. He is doing beautifully with Judson, and Judson is improving too. I do not think I shall have trouble with him, if he keeps well.

“Harley is such a boy! Tonight out of doors I saw him spitting on the soles of his shoes and then rubbing it on with his hands. When I questioned him, he said so Harley won’t slip when he runs on the boards. He spits too—like a man and swings with the best of them.”

We do not have letters for the next few years regarding the Hughes family. But in the diary of Ida Clark Barrett, we find a notation for Oct 17, 1908, that “Robert & Anne came.” This is the first mention of another Anne in any of the diaries, and she is Robert’s new wife, Anne Kline. A week later, we find the notation, “Sunday, Robert, Anne & Harley left on evening train. Storr & I walked to station with them.” A record of their marriage is not recorded in Chicago, but records of
this type were not required to be registered at that time. Based upon the diary entries, it is believed they were married in the summer of 1908.

Anne Kline was born in Milan, Ohio in 1871 of German parents. We know nothing about her parents or early life except that she spoke only German when she was young. She became a school teacher and eventually joined the teaching staff in Whiting, Indiana, staying with five or six other teachers at what was called “The Elmry House.” The name had been devised in some way from the names of five teachers that were living there at one time.

In the picture below, Mother Barrett had become friends with Ada Davidson (far left) and the Elmry “Girls” while staying in Whiting. Ada had a son, Orlando White Davidson, who would later marry Florence Nowland Raymond (far right). Orlando and Florence raised four sons and a daughter, Helen, who would some day marry Harley, one of Mother Barrett’s grandsons. Also, Anne Kline (shown below) later became Robert’s new wife, two years after Anne Barrett died. It leads one to believe that there may have been a little scheming going on between those two on the left...

Judson continues to struggle with school, and in one of his 1909 letters to his grandma Barrett, we learn that he doesn’t pass into the sixth grade. He hopes to work very hard so that he can take the examination again in the fall. After a summer of hard work, he passes into the sixth grade, with an explanation that he is “on trial and can do the work with a little help.”
In a letter written from Irving Park, Chicago Ill. in August of 1909 he talks of the feasts that they have had and the chocolate cake that his new mother has made him. (Anne was a good cook, and the story is told of the time at the Elmy House when one of the teachers poured a batter mixture into a muffin pan before realizing that she had left out the sugar. Undaunted, Anne took the sugar, divided it into 12 little piles and stirred each one into the individual muffins before baking.) In his letter, Judson refers to her as “mother,” but Robert is still “daddy.” He mentions Harley and the places they visit and the good times they have. His grades begin to improve.

Although the boys now have a new stepmother, they continue to remain under the watchful eyes of their doting aunts and a mindful uncle. The family letters and the diaries of Ida and Nellie record the many visits and the fun they all have, sometimes staying months at a time. Evidently, however, it works best when each boy takes his turn. These visits to their homes expose them to a variety of new cultures and interests. Anne soon becomes very dear to the Barrett family and is loved by all.

But a year later, as Judson approaches 12, new decisions are being made by the extended family as to his future upbringing and education. It is decided that he will be sent away to a private boarding school, undoubtedly financed by his Aunt Nellie and supported by the rest of the family as the best thing to do. Harley will remain with his father and stepmother.

Robert and Anne later build a summer house in Williams Bay, close to the home of Storrs and Ida. Storrs’ daughter Emily, recalled many years later walking through the woods from her father’s house to Aunt Anne’s when she was a little girl and that she would always be given lemon drops as a treat.

In the late 1920’s, Robert and Anne retire to Paso Robles, Calif. His retirement years are cut short, however, for he dies on Nov. 5, 1932 at the age of 69 from pulmonary tuberculosis. Anne moves to an apartment in Berkeley, Calif. where she is visited by her grandchildren on occasion. Her grandson Judson recalls the time she took him to the 1939 World’s Fair, and granddaughter Connie Rusk recalls “the full tummy club” after a meal at her home and seeing Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in “The Barclays of Broadway.” She dies in 1950 and the cash in her estate was worth only a little over $1000, minus the attorney’s fee of $438.

Anne is remembered as a lovely women and a wonderful cook who taught her grandchildren proper manners and cultural refinements. Harley’s daughter Connie remembers her as “quietly elegant.”
In 1910, a new concept for educating boys was introduced in a school in LaPorte, Indiana. It was called the Interlaken School. This school was soon to play an important roll in Judson’s life; as he develops from a young boy, shuttled back and forth between family members, into a self sufficient young man. The following brief history of this institution is from an article published in the LaPorte Herald-Argus, March 2, 1997:

“In 1907, Edward Rumely of La Porte opened Interlaken School for boys ages 7 to 18. The school was a new approach to education that Rumely had witnessed at several schools such as Abbotsholme in England, Landerziehungsheim and Haubinda in Germany, and Glarisegg in Switzerland.

“The Interlaken faculty and the program was pretty experimental at the time’, says Cummings (an architectural historian). The idea was to combine industrial arts and agricultural skills with basic educational studies.

“The first location for Interlaken was in the old Interlaken Sanitarium on Pine Lake Avenue, originally the private estate of Dr. Collins. Rumely later contacted Chicago architect George Maher, who was experienced in the “prairie school” type of architecture, to design a new complex. Maher was about as well known as Frank Lloyd Wright in the Chicago area for his design of magnificent mansions.

“Contacting many of his industrialist friends, Rumely attempted to raise $1 million to move the school to a more spacious location. In 1911 Rumely bought 1,000 acres near Rolling Prairie on Silver Lake, adjacent to what is now LeMans Academy. It was next to the North Central railroad tracks for easy access to students arriving by train.

“The buildings designed by Maher were never built because of funding limitations, but the school was built to different plans.

“Most of the boys who attended Interlaken were from wealthy families living either in the East or in the Chicago area. Approximately 100 students lived in tents on the Rolling Prairie campus until the log-cabin dormitories were built.

“Separate buildings were raised for the library, shop classes, dining hall and gymnasium. Green-houses were built and Interlaken became known for having one of the finest rose gardens in the Midwest. Barns were also built for the hogs, sheep and other animals raised under the boys’ management. A large herd of Holstein provided their butter, milk and cheese.

“The motto for the school was ‘to Teach Boys to Live’ and every attempt was made to educate the students in every possible aspect of everyday living.

“Skills in farming, horticulture and metalworking were considered as important as academics. Many of the products the boys made, such as copper bowels and tea services, were actually sold at Marshall Field’s department store in Chicago.

The students were involved in various service projects, supervised by their directors, to learn the value of giving back to their community. They competed with
students from other local schools.

“Interlaken had an impressive faculty. Among them were Alexander Lattimore, poet and Professor of English in China; Alexander Wuttenberger, agriculturist and horticulturist from the Black Forest, Germany; Mor Emerson, curator of fine arts, Art Institute of Chicago; Otto Ziegler, manufacturer of Michigan City; and John Secor, inventor of the oil-pull tractor.

“Graduates of the school were eligible to enter any university. The school also became known for its extensive library and collection of prints and sculptures.

“In 1914 the headmaster, Raymond Riordon, left and Rumely and his family moved into the headmaster’s home to supervise the school. In the same year, the November issue of Scientific American Magazine featured a cover story on the merits and virtues of the Interlaken School and the importance of their methods in training young boys to become leaders. Despite Rumely’s enthusiasm, his over-commitment to other business ventures and America’s involvement in World War I led to the demise of the school. It closed in 1918 and the U.S. Army leased Interlaken for use as a training camp until the Armistice was signed at the end of World War I.

“In 1933 the property was sold to the University of Notre Dame in South Bend. Most of the buildings have now deteriorated and little is left standing.”

On November 30, 1910, Judson is enrolled in the 7th grade at the Interlaken School by his Uncle Storrs, as recorded in his Aunt Ida’s diary. This diary also documents the many times he would stay with his Aunt and Uncle for weeks at a time.

An early report card dated May 1, 1911 shows that he took courses in Arithmetic, Art, Penmanship, Descriptive Geography, German and U.S. History. Unfortunately, like many boys of his age, he continues to struggle with schoolwork. Only a few letters remain that document his years in boarding school; unfortunately, none of those written to his father survive. When he is 13, he writes to his Aunt to thank her for sending a little money—but there still seems to be a few problems:

1912

Dear Aunt Ida:

I thank you very much for the check but it is not good. It is not indorsed [sic]. I think the best way to do is to write it in my name then I can indorse it and get the money. We are having a nice time here now with the swimming and boating. I would like to come up there about the first of September if you had room and stay a few days. I might be able to teach Hellen [sic] to swim.

Hopin to hear from you soon.

Your loving nephew,

Judson

April 9, 1912

Dear Uncle:

I sent you your films to be developed and I wonder if you have received them.
The ice has broken here and the birds have come back. Mother said she would send me something about Easter Sunday but I have not received it yet. If you have any chickens that are not in use and need eating send me one with something else to eat an I would be very glad to receive it. We are building a station of our own and we are going to build a new shop, boiler room and lighting plant. I hope Hellen [sic] & Laura are both well and also the baby (Emily) and all of you.

Lots of love

Judson

April 24, 1912

Dear Grandma

I just received your letter tonight. You know our shop is burned down so I cannot make the magazine holder this year. Miss Turner said that if I worked in my studies like I had for the last two or three weeks I would pass to first year high school next year. Take the Lake Shore to La Porte then take the Interurban to the Interlaken station and I will meet you there. Or I might meet you in La Porte if you tell me when you are coming & ask Mr. Riordon about it. We also had a little snow about a week ago but the snow only lasted for 1 day. Heaps of love to all of you from your loving grandson,

J. B. Hughes

Judson Barrett Hughes

One can read a lot into this picture—perhaps a little defiance, which is normal with all teenagers, but also a sense of independance while still appreciative of the love of his extended family. “J. B. Hughes” would later become his recognized signature in the business world.

A year later, Judson feels that he needs to work for the summer to support himself, but he would also like a visit from his Uncle Storrs:

April 17, 1913

Dear Uncle:

I received your letter but not the films. They are Brownie No. 2. Everything is starting to look like spring now. The birds are here and the flowers are opening. Yesterday I found my first violets but I have been getting other kinds before like
spring beauties. The trees and bushes are also getting buds on and some even have small leaves.

We are not yet allowed [sic] to go in swimming because Mr. Riorden says that the water from the snows and rains have not yet settled so there is probably malaria and other diseases [sic] in there. They are talking about making a concrete peer [sic] but it had better begun soon if they think of getting it done in time for swimming. I have not yet made any preparations for the summer but am going to work somewhere if it is here or in Chicago or wherever it is I am going to get a job that pays so I can buy my clothes and other necessities [sic]. Hoping I can see you soon or have you see me.

Your loving Nephew,

JBH

Please come if you can. I am still in first year but not doing as well as I ought to. I am carrying English, Algebra & science besides wood & art.

The “JBH” in the letter above was in the form of a monogram. Judson is constantly exploring new ways to sign his name, as seen in his letters and also on the back of this Thanksgiving menu, found in a file cabinet in a little historical museum at the former Interlaken School in LaPorte, Indiana:

Can you imagine our excitement at finding this? There was his signature—he had since used it all of his adult life. Connie and I had gone back to Williams Bay, Wisconsin in the summer of 1997 for the Yerkes Observatory Centennial Reunion, to meet all the Barrett cousins. Notice the elegant menu. Boarding school was a prime influence in my father’s life and it helped define his character: knowing how to work with his hands, a respect for knowledge, and an appreciation of the social
graces as exemplified by the Barrett side of his family.

Judson’s report cards continue to improve, and in June, 1914 he passes the 11th grade. However, he is still no match for the strict standards and expectations of the school, as reflected in this typewritten letter to his parents. In those days, they told it like it was.

My dear Mr. Hughes:

Here is Judson’s April school report. At a recent faculty meeting his teachers had the following comments to make:

- **English:** Does as well as one could expect.
- **Geometry:** Does moderate work.
- **History:** Slow.
- **Bookkeeping:** Very slow—tries hard.
- **Mech Draw:** Likes it but not doing much.
- **General:** Weak but the life here has much benefited him. Extremely nervous.
- **Community:** Good worker but no leader.

Judson seems to be gaining health and strength. We are hoping that some day he may feel more energetic as a result. He has made application for a place on the farm during the summer where he wishes to earn for himself.

Yours very truly,

THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL
Edward Rumley

His senior year appears to get off to a good start and he is a substitute on the 1st team in soccer. The boys are also doing a scene from *A Midsummer Nights Dream* for Halloween. In Feb. of 1916 Judson writes Storrs wondering if his uncle could get seven, 7-place trigonometry tables for his class from the government. Finally in June he completes the High School course and receives his diploma signed by the school’s founder, Edward A. Rumely.

In spite of the absence of letters describing Judson’s 6 years in boarding school, the following wonderful article from a front page feature story in the Nov. 8, 1910 issue of *Scientific American* gives the reader a sense of the times, what he must have experienced there, and how young boys were prepared for manhood:

“Early in June, 1910, the Interlaken boys, a hundred and twenty strong, invaded this neglected waste, armed with axes, carpenter tools, and above all, youthful enthusiasm for work and new experiences. The school had its inspiration in the principle that boys should regain the unique talent which their grandfathers possessed of doing things for themselves. What more appropriate beginning could they make than that of erecting their own school buildings with their own hands? That spring the boys spent making plans, calculating, estimating material, devising
schemes of decoration, and outlining the work. No one was forced to participate; for the school theory is to make the work purely voluntary. The plan was to establish a summer camp on the site of the future school. All who wished to take their vacation in this way were invited to come and work. The construction of buildings enough to house 150 boys and teachers in three months was obviously a task even beyond the resources of the militant Interlaken boys. Regular workmen and contractors, therefore, built several of the dormitories. But the biggest and most picturesque the boys designed and constructed themselves. The Interlaken buildings, the visible evidences of the school, by their very history and type of construction thus symbolized the overmastering purposes of the institution—the gospel of mind and character training through work.

“The new boy at this school, as at all others, is more than likely to be a specimen representative of the city. Soft in his muscles, a little softer perhaps in his mental processes, absolutely removed thousands of miles from any real human experience, the Interlaken School at first impresses him rather as a punishment than an opportunity.

“For a few days the new boy may hold himself aloof. Then a certain sense of discomfort settles down upon him. In his other school experiences he has always found himself looked up to—has always been something of a leader. But here things are not going so well. The boys treat him pleasantly enough; but they do not regard him as a hero. Now, every real boy cares more for the approval of his own boy-world than the approval of his parents or relations or teachers. If the boys make heroes of athletes, he will try to become athletic; if scholarly attainments are prized, he will immediately manifest a great interest in his books. At Interlaken the hero is the boy who has charge of the steam plant, the boy who distinguishes himself above all others at construction work, the boy who is the best farmer. The newcomer quickly perceives that the way to distinction lies in developing callous hands. His attitude slowly changes. His white color disappears; outing shoes and leggings supplant his once immaculate foot gear.

“Thus transformed the new boy has little difficulty in accommodating himself to the changed regime. In the morning he rises promptly at six o’clock. There are no bells, no whistles, no Chinese gongs, just as there are no rules, no terrifying list of ‘don’ts’. There are only four servants—two Japanese cooks and two helpers—to supply the gastronomic needs of nearly two hundred people. The boys do all the rest of the kitchen work themselves: they lay the tables, serve the food, clear away and wash the dishes. After breakfast they spend half an hour setting their rooms in order. The school employs no chambermaids and no sweeps; the boys make their own beds, sweep out the room and have everything in good order for inspection at eight o’clock.

“The time from eight until twelve-thirty is devoted entirely to the classrooms. Here the usual school exercises hold sway. But the teachers impart instruction in an unconventional fashion; they try to relate the old scholarship to the facts of modern life. Formal discipline is lacking. The boys are not assigned to definite seats. They gather in a circle about the teacher, ask and answer questions. A classroom recitation resembles somewhat the conversation of well-bred people. In the science classes, the boys, in the main, manufacture their own apparatus.

“After one o’clock the situation entirely changes. Leaving the dining hall, the boys gravitate toward a large bulletin board. A hundred eager eyes scan the inscriptions; for here the masters have written down the ‘assignments’ for the afternoon. On the board are written the names of half a dozen boys who are expected to spend the afternoon plowing with two sixty horse-power tractors.
Another contingent learns that it is to devote itself to corn, another to sowing cow peas; still another to laying out gardens for raising vegetables. If it is winter time perhaps the ice is to be harvested; if it is summer the hay is to be cut and made, and the corn crop is to be garnered. A large contingent finds its way into the shops, where tables, chairs, desks, and bookshelves are to be made, all for the use of the school. A year or two ago the boys made two silos, large enough to hold sixty acres of corn. The immutable rule is that of manual labor; and on a farm of eight hundred acres there is plenty of work to keep all the boys usefully employed.

"Every afternoon—from four to six—the boys have plenty of time for play. In spring they crowd the baseball diamonds and tennis courts—their enjoyment not decreased by the fact that they have leveled and staked out these playgrounds by their own labor. In fall there is soccer; in the winter skating and hockey and playing. Every night there are gatherings around the fireplaces in their own and the masters' rooms for study, reading, and conversation. There may be lectures and private theatricals. Occasionally some of the boys decorate one of the halls, invite their girl friends out from La Porte and have a dance. At other times they don their evening clothes and accept invitations to a cotillion in town. For, according to the philosophy that reigns, evening clothes are as essential to a full rounded American citizen as corduroy trousers and a sweater. The school's primary purpose is not to make farmers or carpenters or orchardists, but to make men. Its theory in giving the boys this manual labor is the fundamental idea elaborated at the beginning of this article, that the human mind progresses most satisfactorily along with muscular and hand training. The product at which the school ultimately aims, therefore, is the sympathetic, understanding, resourceful, clean living, clean thinking American gentleman.

"It fits boys for college and for business, from fifth grade to first year in college. Its certificate is recognized by western state universities, and it gives thorough preparation for eastern colleges like Harvard and Yale, as well as German gymnasia and universities, under a distinguished Eastern educator (Harvard grad.) as Director of Studies.

“Special courses in scientific agriculture and related subjects are offered, with practical experience in the use of all farm tools and the care of cattle. Our 500-acre farm is equipped with modern appliances, such as the electric milking machine, cream separator, gas engines and tractors, etc.

The Lower School

"At the age of ten or twelve most boys break loose from their mother's influence and seek a vigorous man's world, with real responsibilities, outdoor employments, and opportunities for leadership. Yet they still need the home influences, the mothering, which includes attention to mending, laundry, and personal habits. Neglect to provide responsibilities and duties of a positive and vigorous kind very often causes the naturally developing instinct to wither, and thus are produced our sissy boys. Interlaken in its lower school provides motherly women who take the young boys under their care and see that they get the sympathy, the personal attention, and the home life their age demands, yet side by side with that is the association with older boys who have learned to do real work, the chance to assume responsibilities, and the vigorous outdoor manly life for which the boy nature craves.
The Upper School

“Hand and head must go together if our education is to make normal men, and at Interlaken house-building, cabinet making, artistic metal work, printing, gardening, pruning and grafting, and the care of animals go side by side with rigorous mental discipline and courses in ancient and foreign languages, mathematics, science, history, and especially practical English and habitual reading of the best books, under teachers of qualifications distinctly above average.

“First, boys learn what it means to do hard manual labor. They like the work because it carries with it the responsibilities of manhood, and boys are eager for responsibility. The older boys as they show ability for leadership are placed in charge of groups of younger boys, and they learn most by teaching others. Many of these boys come from homes of wealth and refinement where they are assured opportunities for positions of social and business leadership in later life if they are only qualified to take advantage of them. For the first time specific training for leadership is open to boys of high school age.

“Academic work is not sacrificed. Thorough training in Latin, German, mathematics, science, etc., is assured with an academic standard equal to the best in the country. In special cases advanced work equal to the first year in college is available for such as cannot go farther.

Sports

“Living in cabins and dormitories on the banks of Silver Lake, boys are required to take a dip in the water every morning during the open season, and are permitted to swim every afternoon during the play period of two hours. In winter they skate on the same lake. Soccer, basket ball in a large gymnasium, and baseball have their regular devotees, with well organized teams.

“The Director of Athletics examines and tests each boy who enters the school, and recommends special exercises when necessary. The vigorous outdoor life, under the care and suggestion of Dr. Edward Rumely, a medical graduate of Freiburg, Germany, lays the foundation for a rugged health that city boys seldom or never attain, but which adds more to efficiency through life than any other one element.

“All boys, even the smallest, are taught to swim, row, skate, to take long walks to neighboring lakes and woodland, to know birds, wild animals, and plants, and to camp out and care for themselves.”

Getting Started.

In the fall of 1916, Judson enters the University of Iowa at Ames, majoring in animal husbandry. He joins the Mu chapter of the Theta Xi fraternity, which 50 years later honors him with The Order
of the Golden Star. He also meets a fellow freshman, Cynthia McFann, whom he would later marry. We have no letters from this era.

After a year and a half of college, Judson drops out for reasons unknown. Three years later he appears in the oil fields around Casper, Wyoming, working for the Standard Oil Company drilling for oil. But the job does not work out for him and he returns to Chicago looking for other work. He writes to his Uncle Storrs:

April 25, 1922

Dear Uncle,

    Well I am back in Chicago for a while and have not as yet found anything I like to do. I have a few men to see yet in my line and if there is nothing doing there, will have to think up a new line.
    Dropped in on the folks Sunday morning & nearly scared them to death. They wer’n’t expecting me and were still in bed.
    Rather a bleak day outside, kind of a drizzling rain all day, but it may let up tomorrow at least I sure hope it does for I know about four people in the whole city, so it isn’t very exciting.
    Drop me a line & let me know how things are going. Any golf yet?
    Give my love to aunt Ida & Emily.
    Judson

Since Chicago is the headquarters for Crane Company, a large plumbing manufacturer, Judson may have gotten a lead from them for a job out west, for he then joins a branch of that company in Los Angeles, California in October of 1922. His future wife was working in Washington D.C. as a stenographer at the time and it is very possible that this was the catalyst (through letters) for she to move to Los Angeles, sometime in 1923 with her widowed mother. Somehow, I never asked about these events when I was younger.
On August 9, 1924, Judson marries Cynthia McFann in a ceremony held at the home of Cynthia’s Aunt, Ellen May (Gale) Keebler. Judson[2] and Cynthia[3] take up residence in Hollywood where their first son, Judson Barrett Hughes Jr., is born on Dec. 7, 1926. Three years later they rent a house in Glendale, and on Jan 9, 1930, a second son is born: Richard Malcolm Hughes (he was probably named after Richard Storrs Barrett who died in infancy). A letter from the grandparents arrives shortly thereafter:

Pretty close figuring to have it come so very near the time set. A boy will be fine for Barrett. When he is six and Buddy is three he will have someone to boss—fetch and carry with very little resistance...

   Hooray for the BOY. We are rejoicing with you. We are more than happy to have it over with and Cynthia doing so well.
   Devotedly, Mother

   Hooray! Pops is on the top of the wave this Morning. another grandson! So happy all is going well with Cynthia dear. She’ll forget she wanted a girl when she cuddles the new boy.
   Love, Dad

Cynthia’s mother, Anna Louise McFann, has moved in with them and she will live with them for the rest of her life. As in Judson’s childhood, the grandmother becomes the stable, loving influence in the family and is adored by Judson and the children. Her story is told under the McFann Ancestry.

In July of that same year, Judson learns of the death of his uncle, Will Montgomery, and writes to his Aunt Nellie with his condolence. She is delighted to hear from him and writes back:

9 Montview Road
Summit, N.J.28

My Dear Judson & Cynthia,

   It was lovely in Judson to write and to send those fine pictures of his family. I cannot realize that the little boy whom we used to love is grown up and a father of little boys of his own. Your letter would have made Uncle Will very happy Judson—isn’t it funny that we wait until after people are gone to tell how dear they were to us. I am going to try to remember to write oftener and to say things while my friends are still here.
   I do love you Judson—and Cynthia because she belongs to you. You are the son of my darling sister Anne. She was a beautiful woman and was so proud of you
when she was so sick. She used to say of you, “He is a wise little boy—a wise little boy.” And I know there were many prayers in her heart for you. Do you remember when she used to sit at the piano and sing and play with you?

I am glad you have pleasant memories of your days in our home, Judson. We have too. Do you remember the days at Forest Lawn, when your Mother was living, and when you used to sing “Sweet and Low, Sweet and low, Wind of the Western Sea.” We thought in those days that you were going to have a big voice. Perhaps one of your boys will. The Barrett’s were all singers.

Have you taken either of your boys to Sunday School yet? Perhaps they are not old enough. But be sure you see to it that you yourself attend to the religious education of your children. Nothing can take its place. Don’t say “Go,” but say, “Come with Dad.”

Your grandfather, for whom you are named, used to say that he had known a good many sons of good men to go wrong, but he never knew the son of a good man to go wrong if his father made a pal of him and took time to really share with his boy the best that he knew.

Dear Uncle Will, he was such a wonderful man. There is not one memory of him that I have which is not beautiful. So it is going to be hard to learn to live alone after so many years of blessed companionship. But God is good & He knows best, and he is with me.

God bless you both, and keep you to give your boys the best possible preparation for life.

As Ever,
Aunt Nellie

The following year, on May 8, 1931, another son is born and he is named Robert Lee Hughes. The next day a letter is written to the mother by Grandmother Hughes, and in it we learn of some dissapointment on the grandmother’s part:

May 9, 1931

Cynthia Darling,

It was too bad that little Anne didn’t come bout some day you may be very glad she didn’t. The problem of dressing a little girl even is not small. I’ve always been sorry I didn’t have a little girl but since I have acquired two lovely daughters without the trouble of bearing and raising them, I’ve been very glad I didn’t.

And just think what fun the boys will have on camping trips and anyway no girl could be sweeter than your boys. My disappointment is purely selfish. I’ve been up in the clouds ever since you told me would call the little girl Anne. I’m glad you told me though ‘cause I’ll always treasure the memory.

Judson didn’t tell us the name you have chosen but I presume you had no thought of needing another boy’s name.

My dear brother did so long for son and when the third girl came he named her Georgiana. Our Aunt Lottie said to him, “Maybe the next one will be a boy.” George said: “I can’t fill my back yard with girls trying to get a boy.”

We are glad it is over and Judson says you are looking well– after all that is the only thing to think about and you have a nice baby.

With much love for you dear dear daughter and for the proud “Daddy” and your sweet mother– plus the two broken noses [?].
Once again we learn that Cynthia was hoping so much for a girl. But later that month, we have this wonderful letter from the grandfather written to the newborn:

425 10th St.
Paso Robles, Calif
May 24, ’31

To Robert Lee Hughes II

Dear Grandson-

You won’t understand now all I am trying to say to you (especially if I use big words), but before long you will smile up at your Mother and she’ll say, “He understands everything I say to him”. You know, I can’t help wondering how you happened to be just you—with blue eyes, pink toes, and all, and not one of a thousand babies you might have been. Storks seem to know just what to leave, don’t they? Anyway, here your are, and your parents, your grandparents, and your Uncles and your Aunts are going to make the best of you.

The Mendelian Law says the characteristics of a person takes a skip and appears very largely in the second generation. In that case you will smoke a pipe and not cigarettes, and instead of being a business man you will be a teacher (which I hope to goodness you won’t be unless you are at least a college president). I hope you will aim at the finer things of life (which your grandfather has not always done) and that you will not be satisfied with anything but the best. No matter what your work is, I shall be proud of you if you are clean and honest. Always be straightforward (your own father wouldn’t lie to save himself from punishment, so you’ll be like him), and then the ups and downs of life won’t keep you awake nights.

My heart goes out to you, Sir, at the beginning of the journey, that you may have many joys and few troubles, and to this end my greatest blessing on you.

Your devoted
Grandfather

And then, expressing great surprise, he also writes to the parents:

425 10th St.
Paso Robles, Calif
May 24, ’31

Dear Father and Mother of Robert Lee Hughes II

Well, well, who would have thought that was going to happen? That was certainly like a bolt out of the blue! I never thought of naming my own boys after myself, perhaps because their mother had other names in mind for them—as is only right for mothers, since they have to do the bearing. But a grandson with my name—that’s different! You can just imagine how puffed up I feel. If Uncle Tommy would only wake up and forward that legacy, I’m afraid I’d have to send
the little rascal fifty dollars instanter, just to show how happy I am. [note: Uncle Tommy is Thomas L. James and his will was in probate at the time.]

Ida Barrett said a very wise thing in a letter Mother just got from her, that she thought it was much easier to rear all boys or all girls than to have two kinds. I believe as the years go by you will find it so, especially when you consider how much a little girl’s outfit costs. Dear me, how I had set my heart on “Little Anne,” but Robert Lee makes me feel as if nothing in the wide world could be better than it is.

In spite of the great depression in the ’30s, Judson has steady work at Crane Company and is able to provide for his family. He works his way up in the sales department, receiving several promotions. Shortly before his Uncle Storrs dies, Judson writes to him, telling about his family and good fortunes. In a long typewritten reply by Storrs, the relationship between uncle and nephew is revealed, providing a wonderful insight into Judson’s formative years and the fact that he could never measure up to the Barrett standards:

2644 Second Ave., N.
St. Petersburg, Florida
March 22, 1937

My dear Yuddie:

After all these years of putting off a letter for you, here I am actually sitting down to writing one. I am amazed at my own promptness.

Now, I do not have to go away back in my history, for you have heard from Aunt Ida and doubtless you have had news of us relayed through your mother. Her letters to us so often tell us what a fine feller you are, how wonderful you and Cynthia have been with the children, and what fine kids they are. Incidentally, what a fine, genuine soul she is. Ida and I love her dearly; she made a great hit with our friends here. Well, as I started out to say—I sha’n’t have to go far back to start with, so will begin with the present.

But before I begin, let me heartily congratulate you on your promotion. Anne wrote us a joyous letter about it. The way up has been kindo’ long, hasn’t it, but so it was with me. I was over forty before beginning to break through the clouds, and I never did reach the stratosphere, and never deserved or expected to. But, just as you and Cynthia have worked together and economized and “kept sweet through it all” as your mother writes, so your Aunt Ida and I through the lean years of 1900 to 1910 and beyond had a jolly good time raising kids and doing our best on a mighty small income.

Bully for you, Boy! Go to it. Well, to begin again. This month I have heard for the first time in sixty years from a remote cousin, of whose very whereabouts our family was ignorant since 1877. His name was A. G. Storrs. Once about twenty-five years ago a friend told me he had met a man by that name in Kansas City, and that he was in the telephone business. I did not find his name in a K. C. directory. Then some years later I wrote to a man by the name of Storrs, but with different initials, thinking that he might be a son. No reply coming, I dropped the search.
Storrs was with our family for two or three years, first as a student in my father’s academy and then as a boarder after my father became a minister. He was several years older than I, perhaps five.

Now comes a letter from a man named Brandon in Portland, Oregon, saying that he was writing a life sketch of A. G. Storrs, as the oldest employee of the Amer. Telephone Co. living. He was wishing to get more information about his early life in Rochester. He had begun to work at the telephone business while staying at our house.

Now, Arlie, (his real name was Arleton Garland Storrs) had made but a moderate success with us. He was not a natural student, and did not develop any marked enthusiasm for anything, so far as I recall. I think we all looked upon him with a mild disapproval. So I was surprised to learn from Brandon that “Arlie”, the red-headed, good-natured, hot-headed lad had become head manager of the supply department of the entire company, estimating the annual needs and buying them. I also learn from Brandon that he is “taller than the average, stands perfectly straight, walks with the spring of youth in his step and presents a dignified and distinguished appearance.” Brandon further says that though his beard and hair are no longer red, “he can still demonstrate more fireworks than any man I have known when the occasion calls for it. But his temper vanishes like the explosion of a fire cracker.”

Something about all this makes me think of you. You preferred doing things to book larnin’, had a reddish tinge to your complexion and temper was conspicuous, and what seemed to us a fickleness in holding jobs, so that when you went west we were in considerable doubt whether you would be content to remain in a particular job for any considerable time. As the months and then the years went by and you still kept that job, we quit worrying about you. I shouldn’t wonder if you are not a compound of your father and of the blood of the Storrses through your mother. The Storrs family are supposed to be tall and inclined to reddish hair—at least, that is what the Storrs Book says. On the other hand, you did exhibit marked enthusiasm for doing things; indeed you were quite a nuisance in the earlier days of your life when your “baby do it” insistence included every activity we engaged in about the house. That eagerness for service was an endearing quality that served to soften our regret over broken dishes, etc.

Well, your old Unk thinks a pile of you, is proud of your success, of your wife, of your kids, of your thoughtfulness of your mother. In fact, he approves of you and looks forward to seeing you once more.

Uncle Storrs

This letter was found among Judson’s things after he died at his home in Arcadia, CA on Sep. 2, 1968 at the age of 70. On the back of the envelope, in large handwriting, is written: “Barrett Lecture.” Of interest is the fact that his Uncle Storrs could not recognize any traits in Judson that would reveal his Barrett heritage.

Judson’s early life was greatly influenced by the love and care of his aunts, uncles and grandmothers. In his later youth, he was exposed to a schooling experience that many today would wish for their sons. He could wait table (stacking four plates up one arm), tend a garden, loved to fish, was self-reliant and could build or fix most anything. Yet he still had an appreciation for the classics and a desire for knowledge—keeping up-to-date by constantly reading about world events.
and the latest scientific discoveries. He knew his table manners and would always tip his hat or open the door for the ladies. He was a man’s man, but also a gentleman. When once asked at dinner why he never left a speck of food on his plate, he replied without hesitation: “boarding school.”

Judson’s wife Cynthia [3] is remembered as a mother who was always proud of her three boys. She loved to give neighborhood birthday parties when they were young and made sure that her boys were properly dressed, in spite of the great depression which necessitated homemade clothes. She was a wonderful hostess and prepared days ahead of time for special luncheons, dinners and parties, giving loving attention to the table decorations.

She also made sure that her boys had piano lessons, beginning when they were in elementary school, and that they practiced hard for the many recitals that followed. Money was tight in those days, but she was still able to manage the cost of the weekly lessons from her meager budget—lessons which continued on into high school for the two older boys. These lessons had a great influence on the boy’s formative years and resulted in music (and the discipline that goes with it) becoming an important part of their lives—especially that of the author who is forever grateful to her memory for giving him this gift of music. I remember the years of band practice in the large front living room in Arcadia; from vocal quartets, to jazz quintets, to 17 piece dance orchestras. How different my life would have been without those early lessons. It is hard to imagine...

Cynthia died on Mar 15, 1973 at the age of 75 after a long illness.

Judson Barrett Hughes, Jr., eldest son of Judson and Cynthia, married Dorothy Ruth Fisher on Sep. 9, 1950. She was born in Pasadena, Calif. on Jan 18, 1930. Judson went on to complete his B.S. degree in Geology at Stanford University in 1951 and entered the oil exploration business doing seismic surveys. He eventually became Vice President and Chief Geophysicist with Santa Fe International Corp. in Dallas, Texas and later did consulting work—traveling all over the world. They are retired and living in Dallas, Texas. Their children are:

i) Laurel Ann Hughes, b. May 17, 1952 in Pasadena, CA, who married Patrick Drew Burke on Aug. 21, 1976. They have one child, Shevan Sabrina Burke, who was born on Mar 27, 1978 in Monrovia, CA. They live in Molalla, OR.


Richard Malcolm Hughes, middle son of Judson and Cynthia married first, Rosemary Ann Belling on Sep. 1, 1956 in Kansas City, Missouri. She was born in the same city on Jun. 15, 1935. Richard graduated from U.C.L.A. with a B. S. in Engineering in 1957 and entered the aerospace
industry as a mechanical engineer. He was later Project Engineer and Engineering Specialist for 32 years with McDonnell Douglas Corporation (later Boeing Aircraft) developing classified military surveillance systems which were used in conflicts ranging from the Cuban Missile Crisis and the cold war to the Gulf War and present day military activities. They have three children:


iii) James Brian Hughes, b. Dec. 1, 1962. He lives in Glendora, CA and is unmarried.

Rosemary died on April 30, 1982 at the age of 46 from cancer. Richard next married Constance Lois (Ciet) Wessler, a nurse, on July 21, 1989 in Denver, Colorado. She was born in Pittsburgh, Kansas on Nov. 15, 1938. She has two children from a previous marriage: Kevin Scott Wessler, b. Jul. 19, 1969 and Stacey Lynn Wessler, b. Oct 18, 1971. Both were born in Kansas City, Missouri. Dick and Connie are both retired and live in Glendora, CA.

Robert Lee Hughes, youngest son of Judson and Cynthia, married Mary Irene O’Neill on Jun. 17, 1961 in Burbank, CA. Mary was born on Mar 2, 1939 in La Crosse, Wisconsin. He graduated from the Pasadena Playhouse with a certificate in Theatrical Arts and joined the entertainment industry as a grip (stage hand) on musical productions. He later became head of Special Effects at ABC television studios and also worked on major theatrical productions including the Phantom of the Opera. He retired in 1993 after 35 years of rewarding but stressful work. and they live in Burbank, CA. They have two children:

i) David Michael Hughes, b. Dec. 30, 1961 in Los Angeles, Ca. David follows in his father’s footsteps, working as a freelance stagehand in the television studios and on major entertainment productions (including the Academy Awards). He married Deborah Elaine Scott on Oct 7, 2006 and they have one child, Connor Robert Hughes, born on December 31, 2006. They live in Cedar Hill, TN.

ii) Colene Marie Hughes, b. May 1, 1963 in Los Angeles, Ca. Colene is not married and lives in Gilbert, AZ and works as a computer aided designer (CAD).
JOHN HARLEY WARNER HUGHES

John Harley Warner Hughes was just two years old when his mother died, so he undoubtedly had no memory of the event. He did remember, however, that when he was about 4 years old his father came to pick him up from a friend’s house and he didn’t recognize him. Robert had shaved off his beard because he was going to be married. It is not clear what influence his bride-to-be (Anne Kline) had in this decision.

From the few letters we have (written by his older brother, Judson, shortly after the marriage), the boys seemed to have a good time with their new mother-in-law. But reading between the lines in other family letters, they were probably quite a handful for her, especially Judson who was approaching his teens. At 37, she had never been married and so the new family life was probably quite an adjustment for her to make.

Harley was only six when Judson went away to Boarding School, and over the years that followed, he would only see him occasionally. He was essentially an only child growing up and he had few friends over to their apartment. With a Superintendent of Schools for a father and a teacher for a mother, he was undoubtedly encouraged to do a lot better than his older brother had done in his studies. He took both French and German, starting in the fourth grade, and was rapidly advanced through high school, entering the University of Chicago when he was only 15. He recalled wearing knickers to school at the time, which of course the older freshmen boys didn’t wear. Although he was accepted into a fraternity, his dad declined the offer without consulting him, which Harley resented. Like Judson, he never talked much about his youth. Based on the few stories he shared with his daughters, his parents were undoubtedly quite strict with him.

When he was eleven, one of his mother’s old friends from the Elmry House, Florence Raymond Davidson, visited them in Chicago with her ten year old daughter, Helen. They were on a trip from their home in Portland, Oregon to relatives in Tennessee. Helen remembered years later that he was a good-looking boy with intense dark eyes. Harley remembered her as a gawky, shy girl and that he didn’t like girls much at the time.

Harley’s major at the University of Chicago was in geology. As fate would have it, one of the field trips was planned for the coast of Oregon. “Do I have to visit the Davidsons,” he asked his parents, “and do I have to take out their awful daughter?” The answer of course, was yes.

When Harley and Helen met again for the first time since they were children, they were instantly
attracted. He recalled that it was the cracked crab that Helen’s mother served that did it. Anyway, upon returning to Chicago, Harley and Helen began writing to each other and calling long distance as the romance developed over the years that followed.

Harley received a Bachelor of Science degree in Geology in 1924 at the age of 20. He had earned enough credits for a Master’s degree except for the thesis. After graduation, he began work as a geologist in Mexico, learning Spanish and Portuguese. But as the years passed, and Helen began teaching, it became obvious to him that Helen was not the kind of women to either travel all over the globe or sit alone at home. He quit pursuing a career in geology and switched to business, eventually becoming an accountant.

When Harley and Helen finally announced their engagement, the two families were overjoyed. As recalled by their daughter Connie in later years, “it seemed so right for the two longtime friendly families to unite.” The wedding took place on Sep. 7, 1929 in Portland, Oregon in a large church. Helen’s parents were prominent in Portland civic affairs and the wedding rated a full-page picture in the Oregonian, together with details of the various showers and parties.

However, the romance that had been conducted mainly through letters and phone calls from far away places had not prepared them for marriage. Helen would remember years later that they had only been in each other’s company for about seven days before they were married. She urged her daughters not to make the same mistake: “Date lots of people and really know a person before getting serious. See him in the rain and with a toothache—changing a tire and low on sleep. Don’t depend on dressed-up dates when you’re both on your best behavior.”

Their first child, a boy, was born Feb 24, 1933 and named Robert Davidson Hughes. Uncle Judson writes to the anxious new parents four days later:

Feb 28, 1933

Dear Helen and all—

We are all so glad that it is all over and that you now have your wish. It’s fine to start with a boy, especially one named Robert. We ended up that way and are more than satisfied.

We were getting rather worried as we hadn’t heard from Mother in about a month and of course Harley and I don’t write more often than once a year. We hope you are still “doing fine” and now know all about taking care of a howling youngster, for you know they will do that, even the best trained. If Papa Harley needs any expert advise he can come down during his vacation and we’ll give him an intensive course while we rest. Unca Jud will educate him.

I feel kind of stuck up being an Uncle of course. I took an unfair advantage of Harley when he was unsuspecting and now he has started getting even. I am glad
you named him Robert. I like the name even if Dad didn’t. He would certainly be
proud to have two grandsons named for him. He would have enjoyed them so much
if he only could have had his health for a few more years...

Love from us all,
Judson

Bob, as he was called, marries Patricia Heaton (b. July 5, 1935) on Oct 30, 1959 and they have two
children:

i.) William Robert, b. May 11, 1963, who marries Patricia (Patti) Schaaafsma
(b. Jan 12, 1965) on August 7, 1992. Bill is a sheet metal artisan and she is a
treasury analyst. They live in Marietta, Georgia and have no children.

ii.) Mary Anne, b. Sep 1, 1966, who marries William Whelan in April of
are now divorced and live in Tyrone, Georgia.

Sadly, however, Bob dies at the age of 53 on Dec 13, 1986 and Patricia (Pat) continues to live in
San Lorenzo, CA.

The second child, a girl was born Nov 5,1937 and was named Florence Anne Hughes. She marries
Bertram Silver, a veterinarian and they have four children:

i) Elizabeth Anne, b. Oct 2,1960. Beth is a pediatrician and marries (2nd)
Brian Thompson who works for the University of Wisconsin. They have one
daughter, Hannah Leigh Thompson, b. Jun 18, 1997. They live in Milwaukee, WI.

they have two children: Joshua Michael, b. Apr 24, 1990 and Jenna Marie b. Jun 4,
1995. Mike works in customer service at Apple Inc. and Holly is a kindergarten
teacher. They live in Elk Grove, CA.

iii) Jonathan Andrew, b. Jan 2,1966, is a corporate librarian and lives in
Fremont, CA. He is unmarried.

They work in hotel development and management, live in Sacramento, CA. and have
no children yet.

Both Florence and Bertram are retired and live in Fremont, CA.

The last of the three children is another girl named Cornelia Raymond Hughes who was born on
Feb 7, 1939. Connie marries and has two sons, then divorces and marries Robert Eugene Rusk on
Apr 5, 1964 and they have an additional son:

i) Byron Harley Rusk, b. Dec 30, 1959, d. June, 1989 of schizophrenic
suicide.

ii) Bruce Harry Rusk, b. Mar 7,1962, who marries Victoria Scattoloni and
they have three children: Allison Maria, b. Sep 4 1987, and Jonathon Harry and


Connie’s husband, Bob, dies on Jul. 24, 1997 as a result of brain cancer. She continued to work as a public relations director until retirement, living in Castro Valley, CA.

Harley and Judson were good friends throughout their lives and kept in contact by letters now and then plus the yearly phone call on their birthdays. Harley enjoyed fishing with Judson and they would plan deep-sea excursions out of San Francisco Bay for salmon and stripped bass whenever they could. Harley died on Jun 26, 1968 from a kidney infection and pneumonia when he was only 64 years old. Judson was in the hospital at the time recovering from colon surgery and Helen suggested that he not be told about Harley’s death until he was stronger. Judson died two months later.

Helen was an avid antique buff and loved to search for forgotten treasures and bargains. She lived to be 74 years old, dying in Oakland, CA on Mar 28, 1980.
BARRETT ANCESTRY

FIRST SETTLERS IN AMERICA

Historical Background

The six mile by six mile square of land in Massachusetts that was to become the village of Concord had changed little over thousands of years. The two branches of the Muskaquid River (now called the Concord River) met here and flowed slowly northward to the Merrimack River, making an easy highway for the dugout canoe and a smooth path for the winter hunter. Glacial action had left hills and ponds throughout the area, with lush meadows and treeless clearings for crops. The hill between the rivers where they converged was the most desirable camp site, because the approaches to it were easily watched.

The Indians who lived here occasionally burned over the sandy hills to improve the crops of blueberries and keep the land clear for planting corn. They also had a camp site on the Mystic River near the Boston harbor where they went for oysters, clams and salt water fish. They found fish so plentiful in the Muskaquid that they used them for fertilizer in their patches of corn, pumpkins and beans. Game was abundant; wolves, bear, beaver, otter and muskrats supplied them with furs for warmth and for trade with other tribes. The larger skins were used to cover rounded frames of saplings forming wigwams. Woven mats were also used for this purpose and were easily packed up whenever the tribe moved.

Early men (the aborigine) lacked the skill to make good bows and arrows and subsisted on fresh water mussels, small animals and birds. But by 1635, the Algonquin tribe in Massachusetts had developed the technique for making good arrow flints, and their simple agriculture skills provided a varied diet.

In spite of their advanced skills in hunting and agriculture, a low birthrate plus disease and war kept their numbers low. A particularly severe epidemic in 1617, followed by smallpox in 1633, had reduced the tribe to a mere remnant. These were the men who still made this area their hunting grounds when the Europeans first arrived. They had no concept of land ownership in the European sense. If another tribe wanted their hunting grounds, they must fight them off or move elsewhere themselves and fight for a new range. Thus, the idea that a foreign country could grant this square patch of land to English settlers for establishing a new village was incomprehensible. This village, however, was soon to become home to our first Barrett ancestors in America, including the Rev. Peter Bulkeley [2608]. The story of how Rev. Bulkeley helped form the village of Concord provides historical insight into the early formative
years of our nation and the roll that religion played in it.

Historians put different amounts of emphasis on the causes of the great migration from England to Massachusetts in the decade after 1630. Was it an economic depression; was it to find religious freedom; or was it the desire to own land, encouraged by the glowing reports sent home by the first explorers? It was undoubtedly a mixture of all these causes, in different proportion within the heart of each migrant. It appears that the desire to own land was the basic motive for the layman, while freedom to practice their own religion as their own consciences dictated was undoubtedly the overriding reason why the Puritans and their ministers came.

To the philosophic historian, this was one of the most fateful migrations in all of history—for it gave a select group of independent men a chance to develop a new form of government, different from any that had been established before. This new government would put its reliance on the consent of the governed, rather than on unquestioning obedience to a ruler who claimed to have divine sanction. This is the essence of America.

In 1629, King Charles I of England granted a charter to a group of Puritans that gave them the right to settle and govern an English colony in the Massachusetts Bay area. A year later, about 1000 Puritans sailed to the New World joining a settlement in Salem that had been established about three years earlier. Due to religious differences, however, the newly arrived Puritans left Salem in 1630 and founded a new settlement in the area of present-day Boston known as the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Back in England, through increasing religious intolerance by a Catholic Queen and a dominating Archbishop who demanded conformity to his high church doctrine, Rev. Peter Bulkeley found himself suspended from his parish in 1634. Unable to practice his own religious beliefs in England, he was drawn to the new colony in America. So in May of 1635, he boarded a ship with his newly married second wife, Grace Chetwood (who was 20 years younger than he) and set sail for the Massachusetts Bay Colony. This was only 15 years after the first Pilgrims had sailed to America on the Mayflower, arriving at Plymouth Bay, Mass. on Dec. 26, 1620.

Rev. Peter Bulkeley was a Puritan. He believed in a simple manner of worship and a simple manner of church organization, with no bishop or other high church official having control over pastors of lower rank. Differences among Puritans were only differences of degree. Some wanted to purify churches of priestly vestments and elaborate ceremonies; others wanted to do away with statues, colored windows and religious music. Some, like Bulkeley, also felt that each congregation should be independent of all others and free to choose its own pastor.

He was a wealthy man, bringing £6000 capital with him, and settled in the town of Cambridge.
It was here that he met John Jones, a fellow minister who had arrived a year earlier and he soon found himself surrounded by a raging controversy between the various Puritan factions and their conflicting statements of doctrine. The two men did not want to get caught up in this ongoing dispute, which included how the congregations should be organized, and thus looked for another settlement that would encourage independent religious practice.

One year earlier, a trader named Simon Willard had explored the Musketaquid area beyond the Cambridge and Watertown settlements and became acquainted with the few Indians left in that area. Making peace with the Indians and liking what he saw, he proposed a new town which was to be called Concord. He petitioned the General Court for its formation, which was granted in September of 1635. He then set about working on a central building which was to become the meeting house, and would serve to keep the new arrivals’ goods dry while their houses were being built.

Concord was the first town in all of America that was carved out of the wilderness. Every other town had been close to the ocean or a tidal river, where goods could be transported by boat and natural features would mark the bounds with a minimum of exploration. This 36 square mile grant of land for the village of Concord established a standard size for towns in later grants throughout Massachusetts. Sixty families of about ten each, including servants and children, was considered the desirable number.

News of the new town spread to the other towns along the seacoast which were being overcrowded by new arrivals each month from England. It was to this town that John Jones (in 1636) and Peter Bulkeley (in 1637) came, with the understanding that they would become its ministers. This was two years before the arrival of Humphrey Barrett [320], the progenitor of the Barrett line in America.

It was always the minister who was looked to as the leader in any community. The minister's education far exceeded that of the others, and since he was truly a scholar, he was revered and given a position of unquestioned authority. Rev. Peter Bulkeley was an aristocrat, with far more wealth and prestige than Rev. Jones, and soon assimilated the role of leadership.

He had a house built in the center of town by a carpenter that he had brought with him from England, who had agreed beforehand that in this way he would work out his passage. Bulkeley was immediately useful in the colony as presiding officer in trials, and in working out a codification of religious beliefs and a body of laws. Over the years that followed, he carried on an extensive correspondence with his colleagues in other churches and finally published a book of sermons called The Covenant of Grace Opened. More than a hundred years later, President Stiles of Yale University read the book and said that he considered Bulkeley one of the three or
four most valuable ministers in the early days of the colony.

**First Immigrants and Early Descendant**

In addition to the immigrant families of Humphrey Barrett and Rev. Peter Bulkeley, there are six other prominent families that are direct ancestors in our Barrett line. These are the Brooks, Hubbard, Jones, Minott, Potter and Wheeler families—all of Concord, Massachusetts. Over the next three to five generations this nucleus of families remained in Concord, intermarrying and producing offspring that again intermarried. A summary of the descendants of Humphrey Barrett and Rev. Peter Bulkeley follows, ending with the final joining of these two families in the year 1750, 25 years before the onset of the American Revolutionary War:

**Humphrey Barrett [640]**

It is supposed that Humphrey Barrett came from the county of Kent, England. He arrived in the New World with his wife, Mildred Bate and three sons: John, Thomas, and Humphrey, Jr. [320] and settled in Concord in 1639. Like Bulkeley, he also built a house near the center of town on a twelve acre plot with a surrounding farm of 300 acres. His house was on what is now known as Monument Street and he soon became a prominent citizen of Concord. Later, in 1653, he and other Concord men signed an agreement to pay a yearly contribution of five pounds each year for seven years to the College at Cambridge, MA. This was afterwards called Harvard College, now Harvard University. His name is also included on a list of town inhabitants that signed a 1664 Petition Pledging to Assist “with persons and estates” in Maintaining the Charter.

**Humphrey Barrett Jr.[320]**

Humphrey Barrett Jr. was born in England in 1630 and came to Concord with his parents in 1639. He married Elizabeth Paine in 1661; issue by this marriage, a daughter Mary, who married Josiah Blood. Elizabeth died in 1674, and on 23 Mar 1674/5 Humphrey married Mary Potter [321], a daughter of Luke Potter, one of the first settlers of Concord. Thus Humphrey Barrett, Jr. and Mary Potter became the common ancestors of the Concord branch of the Barrett family of New England.

Their sons, Joseph and Benjamin Barrett [160], married the sisters Rebecca and Lydia Minott [161], respectively, daughters of Capt. James Minott and Rebecca (Wheeler) Minott of Concord.

Benjamin Barrett, Jr. is said to have built the house on Barrett’s Mill Road, where Benjamin Barrett and his wife Lydia reared their family. However, some authorities say that it was Benjamin Barrett who built this historic house. The house remained in possession of Barrett descendants for several generations. Marian Barrett, a spinster, descendant of Col. James Barrett of revolutionary fame, once owned this house. When she sold it she removed the “H. L.” hinges—these letters stood for “Holy Lord” and were supposed to scare witches away.

Humphrey Barrett Jr. was a deacon of the church in Concord, admitted a freeman May 24, 1662, was deputy and representative to the General Court in 1691 and an ensign of the foot company. He died in Concord, January 3, 1715 and his wife, Mary, died November 17, 1713.
Benjamin Barrett [160]

Benjamin Barrett, son of Humphrey Barrett Jr., was born in Concord on 7 May 1681. He married Lydia Minott [161], daughter of Capt. James Minot, on January 3, 1704/5 and they had eight children. Two of his sons, Deacon Thomas Barrett and Colonel James Barrett were Minutemen that fought at the North Bridge in Concord. The youngest son, Stephen [80] (our direct ancestor), was also a Minuteman, but had removed to Paxton, Mass. before the start of the war. Stephen and his brother, Col. James Barrett, had earlier married two daughters of Capt. Joseph Hubbard and Rebecca Bulkeley Hubbard.

Benjamin [160] was a Captain in the colonial forces and also one of the original grantees of Grafton, Mass., receiving over 131 acres in 1728. He was a farmer and also engaged in business with his brother, Captain Joseph Barrett. He died on Oct 25, 1728 of “pleurisy fever.”

Stephen Barrett [80]

Stephen Barrett, son of Benjamin Barrett, was born in Concord on April 18, 1720 and on May 15, 1750 he married Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard Howe, widow of Ezekiel Howe, and daughter of Captain Joseph Hubbard and Rebecca Bulkeley Hubbard [163]. Stephen and his wife moved to Paxton, Mass. where their four children were born. Stephen was a farmer, and in January, 1775, he signed a Minuteman’s Agreement to rise against the British if the tense situation developed into war. This was three months before the fight with British troops took place at the North Bridge in Concord. He later enlisted as a private in Capt. Heald’s Company, Col. Faulkner’s regiment, Massachusetts Militia, 1779. He died in Paxton in 1793. His wife Elizabeth died in Paris Hill, NY on May 12, 1802.

Benjamin Barrett [40]

Benjamin Barrett, son of Stephen Barrett, was born in Paxton, Mass. (a small town just a few miles west of Worcester, Mass.) on Sep. 19, 1759. Like his father, he was a soldier in the Revolutionary War; his record showing that he enlisted on August 7, 1777 and was discharged as a private in Capt. Earl’s Company, Col. Danforth Keyes’ regiment on January 3, 1778. He was also listed in Capt. Maynard’s Company, Col. Denny’s regiment. He fought at Cross Plains and was in the Battle of Bennington. His military record shows that at age 20, he was 5 ft 6 in. tall and had a light complexion.

Reverend Peter Bulkeley [2608]

The Bulkeley family is of great antiquity in England and derives its name from the town of Bulkeley in Cheshire County, where as early as the year 1200 they were lords of the manor. Ten generations later, in the year 1610, a descendant of this family was a minister in a parish church in Odel, Bedfordshire, England. His name was Rev. Peter Bulkeley [2608], son of Rev. Edward Bulkeley, who he succeeded in the ministry after his father’s death in 1620, continuing to live in the handsome parsonage where he had been born in 1583. He had nine sons and two daughters by his first wife Jane Alleyn (her nephew, Oliver St. John, was at one time Lord Mayor of London). Peter Bulkeley died in Concord, Mass. 1659 and was succeeded in his ministry by his son Edward Bulkeley [1304].
Reverend Edward Bulkeley [1304]
Edward Bulkeley, son of Reverend Peter Bulkeley, was born at Odell, England on June 17, 1614. He had acquired a professional education under instruction by his father prior to accompanying him to Boston in 1634. He built his house on main street and had a family, but the date of his marriage and the name of his wife has not been ascertained. He had four children, the first of which was named Peter [652] and was 45 years old when installed as minister in Concord, replacing his father. He lived until 1696, suffering from illness and lameness in his old age.

Hon. Peter Bulkeley [652]
Peter Bulkeley, son of Reverend Edward Bulkeley, was born in Concord November 3, 1641. He graduated from Harvard in 1660, married Rebecca Wheeler, only daughter of Lieutenant Joseph Wheeler, in 1667 and soon became the leading citizen of mid-century Concord. They had four children, the second of which was named Joseph [326]. Peter represented the town in the General Court and in 1676 was made speaker. He was sent to London the same year to represent the colony in settling some territorial claims with the King and found it easy to fit into fashionable London. However, the courts ultimately decided against the claims by Massachusetts and Peter returned home. In 1680 he was appointed a member of a committee to revise the laws in accordance with the demands of the King. He was given the title of Major and the task of reorganizing the militia, and soon commanded half of the former regiment of Middlesex. However, his roles in these commissions were later condemned by his fellow townsman for his siding with the new governor that had been sent over by James II in 1685. He died May 24, 1688 after a long illness, leaving his affairs in disorder.

Captain Joseph Bulkeley [326]
Joseph Bulkeley, son of Hon. Peter Bulkeley was born in Concord Sept. 7, 1670. He married Rebecca (Jones) Minott [327] (probable widow of Samuel Minott, brother of Capt. James Minott) in March of 1696 and they had three children, the first of which was a daughter named Rebecca [163]. Rebecca was born 25 Dec. 1696 and died at Concord, 29 Jan 1772. Not much of Joseph’s life is recorded except that he was Captain of a company of fifty-one men engaged in scouting duty sometime after 1704 during Indian attacks on nearby villages. The period of peace with the Indians had come to an end when the French in Canada used Indian allies in the American extensions of the European wars between England and France. The presence of Catholic priests with the Indians during these raids served to reinforce the previous hostility toward that religion. The date of his death is not known; however he left a lengthy will that was dated Dec. 17, 1744 and proved Oct. 31, 1748.

Rebecca Bulkeley [163]
Rebecca Bulkeley, daughter of Captain Joseph Bulkeley and Rebecca (Jones) Minott, was born in Concord on December 25, 1696. She married (Capt.) Joseph Hubbard [162] at Concord on Nov. 10, 1713 and they had nine children, two of which (Rebecca and Elizabeth [81]) would marry into the Barrett family. She died in Concord on Jan. 29, 1772.
Elizabeth Hubbard [81]
Elizabeth Hubbard, daughter of Captain Joseph Hubbard [162] and Rebecca Bulkeley [163] was born in Concord on Sep. 25, 1720 and married Stephen Barrett [80] of Concord on May 15, 1750. Their children are documented under his line.

These families who settled in Concord would soon join the other Colonists in clashes with their fellow English countrymen who were sent over as British troops to enforce the edicts of their King. The Colonists were willing to fight and possibly die in order to maintain their new-found freedom and independence. Their resolve would soon be tested by the approaching War of the Revolution.
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR

By early 1774, the citizens of Concord, many of whom were descendants of the original English colonists who settled this town, were becoming alarmed by the actions of the British troops in Boston and the increasing mandates by King George III to tax and control their lives. This story is perhaps the most important chapter in the history of America and is an integral part of our ancestry.

Historical Background

In 1763, the Peace of Paris treaty ended the Seven Years War in Europe, a part of which was the French and Indian War in America. That war and others within the prior seventy years had drained Great Britain's treasury and piled up a public debt of £136,000,000. The British government decided to create new taxes and other sources of revenue from its American colonies.

The Sugar Act of 1764 imposed a threepence tax upon every gallon of molasses entering the colonies from the West Indian islands. Samuel Adams of Boston, the leader of the resistance, declared that this tax imposed on the colonists was “without their having a legal representative where they were laid,” reducing them “from the character of free subjects to the miserable condition of tributary slaves.”

The Stamp Act of 1765 required that revenue stamps be affixed to all papers in lawsuits, all commercial paper, bills of lading and many other legal documents as well as newspapers, pamphlets, playing cards, etc. The cost of the stamps ranged from a halfpenny to as much as £6. Heavy penalties were imposed on violators of the act and unstamped documents were declared void in law. To this, the colonists reacted even more strongly than to the Sugar Act. The Stamp Act Congress met in October, 1765 in New York with members from nine of the thirteen colonies and declared that no taxes should be imposed on the colonies without their consent. An address to King George III, a Memorial to the House of Lords, and a Petition to the Commons all expressed the unhappiness of the colonists. These resolutions were also broadcast throughout the colonies.

Associations called Sons of Liberty were formed in the northern provinces to resist the execution of the law. In Boston, the stamp officer was hanged in effigy, and the windows of his house smashed. They also burned the records of the vice-admiralty courts, sacked the office of the
Comptroller of Customs, then wrecked the fine mansion of Governor Hutchison including burning his library. Terrified stamp collectors either resigned their posts or refused to do their duty. In December, Parliament met and after long debate, this Act was repealed. However, serious damages to trade had been done. A general boycott of English goods was organized, and though unlawful, local manufacturing was strongly stimulated. These measures caused factories in England to close with thousands thrown out of work.

In 1767 a new attempt to tax the unruly colonists was made called the Townshend Acts. A new Board of Customs was created with the power to impose duties on imported glass, certain painter's materials, and tea. A customs officer had the power to not only search every ship but "any House Shop Cellar Warehouse or Room or other place." The effect of these laws was to reactivate the Sons of Liberty to boycott all English goods. John Hancock’s sloop Liberty was seized by royal officials at a Boston wharf in June of 1768 on a charge of smuggling. These officials were attacked by a mob and the Commissioners of Customs fled in terror.

In October 1768 two regiments of foot soldiers were assigned to Boston for police duty by General Gage of the British Militia. The city declined to furnish free quarters and certain supplies to the new soldiers forcing the troop’s commander to rent lodgings scattered all over town with unfortunate results. Two more regiments of infantry were added in the following months. Bostonians regarded them as foreign troops and hated, insulted, and ostracized them. Frequent brawls occurred. On March 5, 1770 this situation led to the "Boston Massacre" incident in which royal troops were provoked into firing into a crowd, resulting in eleven dead citizens. Only by withdrawing all troops to Castle William in Boston Harbor was quiet restored to the city.

By April 1770, the colonist’s boycott of imported goods was seriously affecting the English economy as exports had shrunk by half their former amount, and there was little that Royal troops could do about it. All taxes on goods other than tea were now abolished and a short period of general quiet followed. However, by 1773 the East India Company had over seventeen million pounds of unsold tea stored in its English warehouses and was nearing bankruptcy. Sympathetically, the British government suddenly allowed the Company to export tea to it’s own agents in America at prices cheaper than those of smuggled tea. This action enraged many Philadelphia merchants who were nicely profiting by dealing in smuggled tea. Philadelphia passed a series of resolutions denouncing the scheme as “a violent attack upon the liberties of America.”

In December 1773, the famous “Tea Party” event took place in which an organized group dressed as Indians dumped overboard £15,000 worth of tea into Boston harbor. When this news
reached London, King George III was outraged and soon four new measures were enacted. On June 1, 1774 the port of Boston was closed and blockaded. Next, Council officials were now to be appointed by the King and town meetings were subjected to royal control. Third, anyone indicted for a capital offense in regard to enforcement of revenue laws could be removed to England or to another colony. And fourth, the quartering of Royal troops in town was legalized. To enforce these laws, General Gage was appointed Military Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

Boston, at this time, was the most active of all colonial ports. Shipbuilding, cod fishing, whaling, and distillation of molasses to manufacture rum were foremost. To survive, the port had to have free sailing access. Gage was instructed to compel “a full and absolute admission to the new law”. The effect upon Boston was immediate, universal, and disastrous. Warehouses were closed, the wharves deserted and shipworkers, carpenters, sailors, and clerks were thrown out of work. With starvation a real possibility, relief supplies, money, sheep, cattle, flour and other food were soon sent by other colonies and even Canada. Boston steadfastly refused to pay for the £15,000 worth of tea. Gage continued to build up his troops, but efforts to find local workmen to build barracks failed, entirely forcing importation of men from New York and Halifax. This move was countered by widespread sabotage; barges transporting bricks for the barracks were sunk, wagons of bricks overturned and straw for the soldiers’ beds burned.

On September 1, 1774, a force of Gage’s troops seized a provincial storage on Quarry Hill in Charlestown carrying off 250 barrels of gunpowder. News of this event spread rapidly with wild unfounded rumors of conflict. By the next day, 4,000 armed men from the countryside within thirty miles of Boston had crowded into Cambridge, with thousands of others moving in along the roads. Most soon returned home upon hearing that the rumors were false; however, this incident made Gage realize how vulnerable he and his men were to a concerted attack. A line of fortification was erected across the Neck south of Boston to “protect the citizenry,” further inflaming American suspicions.

Now the colonists began a concerted effort to secretly build up their own arms reserves. Gun running became a popular avocation. The Provincial Congress sitting in Concord (and latter in Cambridge) appropriated £15,627 for the purchase of military arms, powder, bullets, flints, and other supplies including food. The organization of regiments of “Minutemen” from one-fourth of the militia was accomplished. These were citizens who volunteered to be ready for military service at a minute’s notice. Three general officers were appointed to command all provincial forces, and a Committee of Safety was appointed to take charge after the dissolution of this Congress.

On September 5th, a Continental Congress met in Philadelphia with delegates from twelve of the
thirteen colonies. They prepared an address to the King, an address to the People of England, and a *Declaration of Rights*, again stating the grievances of the colonies including thirteen Acts of Parliament to which the Americans could not submit. These petitions availed nothing as neither King nor Parliament gave them the slightest heed. However, this Congress brought together for the first time the important leading men of the colonies to act in unison, paving the way for the next meeting of Congress in 1775 and a united action.

The early months of 1775 found the provincials rapidly collecting more munitions of war and drilling militia on most village greens in defiance of Gage's orders. Provincial raids were conducted to seize known guns, cannon, and ammunition. Violent opposition to the King's troops was commonplace. George III, spoiling for a fight, now wrote that “blows must decide whether they are subject to this country or independent.” Soldiers in Boston were increased to a force of some 10,000 men. In a final stroke, a new Fishery Act suddenly prevented access by colonist fishermen and whalers to the vital Grand Banks area.

**The Fight at the North Bridge**

By March, 1775, tensions in Boston were high. Thousands of men out of work loitered on street corners and spent their time observing troop actions. Secret reports were sent daily to Dr. Joseph Warren to be conveyed to the Committee of Safety. On April 15, troop actions caused Dr. Warren to suspect that an expedition was being prepared to go by boat across the Back Bay to East Cambridge and then by road to Lexington and Concord.

General Gage was indeed planning an expedition that was to leave secretly on the evening of April 18th in order to seize reported caches of arms and ammunition in Concord. They were also to arrest the patriot leaders John Hancock and Samuel Adams who had taken refuge in Lexington as guests of the Reverend Jonas Clarke. If Hancock and Adams were captured, they would have been sent to England and tried for treason.

However, word of the plan was leaked and Dr. Warren had the news before the expedition had barely started from the barracks. He sent for Paul Revere and William Dawes. Dawes arrived and was immediately dispatched to Lexington to warn Hancock and Samuel Adams, then ride on to Concord. Dawes managed to elude the guard at the Neck by mingling with the soldiers, then took the road to Roxbury, Cambridge, and on to Lexington.

Paul Revere was sent by another route to warn the countryside. On his return to Boston through Charlestown, Revere “…agreed with a Colonel Conant, and some other Gentlemen, that if the British went out by water, we would shew two lanthorns in the North Church Steeple; and if by land, one as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River,
or to git over Boston neck.”

Revere arrived at Warren's house in Boston, and after confirming the movement of the British troops, two lanterns were set in the steeple of the Old North Church. This arrangement was made so that Colonel Conant could be notified and then send word to Lexington and elsewhere if Revere should run into difficulty. Two friends then rowed Revere across the river to Charlestown where he was met by Conant and others having seen the signal. A horse was furnished and about eleven o'clock he was on his way.

Gage's expedition consisted of a reported 1600 to 1800 men. Lieutenant Colonel Francis Smith commanded the 10th Foot soldiers and Major John Pitcairn led the light infantry. They met at the foot of Boston Common, embarked in boats and crossed Back Bay to Lechmere Point where they were forced to wade ashore due to shallow water. There, they waited for supplies, and finally began their march to Concord about 2 a.m. on April 19, 1775.
Clarke's house. Dawes arrived a short time later and the two then set out for Concord where they were soon joined by Dr. Samuel Prescott. The three men continued alarming houses along the road. About halfway to Concord they were confronted by four British officers. Both Dawes and Prescott escaped, but Revere was captured and his fine horse confiscated. He was given another horse, then led back to near Lexington with other prisoners and released, after their horses were scattered. He walked to Clarke's house, met Hancock and Adams, then accompanied them to Burlington in a carriage.

The people in the villages surrounding Boston were fearful of a British attack searching for arms, so consequently they made preparations. By 1775, Concord had two companies of fifty Minutemen each. These were the strong, young, able-bodied men who could march. The rest were assigned to man the cannon. The Minutemen were called by the muster master to meet regularly for drill, and all the boys in town would turn out to watch.

But these villagers, farmers and storekeepers also had pressing duties at home—cows to milk, hay to get in, supplies to bring from Boston. Although they were perfectly willing to serve, they were "stiff-necked" individualists who considered it their right to decide when it was convenient to drill. Even the captain of one of the companies forgot to appear one day and went fishing for shad instead; this was considered so hilarious that he was ever after known as "Old Shad."

As the British soldiers marched along the roads through Somerville and Menotomy, their passing caused citizens to mount their horses and spread the alarm throughout the countryside. At Lexington, Captain Jonas Parker and his provincial militia had gathered on the village green that night. After standing around for an hour or so they were dismissed; then quickly reassembled at about four-thirty a.m. on the green after a report that the British troops were fast approaching. The site of the hundreds of British soldiers marching toward them was unnerving to this small force, but Parker bravely ordered his sixty or so men to stand fast: "Stand your ground! Don't fire unless fired upon! But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

Riding to the front of his approaching British soldiers, Major Pitcairn ordered the militia to "lay down your arms, you damned rebels and disperse!" Parker then ordered his men to disband, but they did so hesitantly and without laying down their weapons. Shots were then fired from the British ranks, who subsequently charged the fleeing militia. Parker and seven others were killed with ten more wounded, while the British lost only one man. *The first American blood had been fatally shed!*

When it was decided to collect and deposit military stores at Concord, Colonel James Barrett was appointed to superintend them and aid in their collection and manufacture. "Of the various committees chosen by the state, county, or town, for raising men, procuring provisions, etc., he
was usually a member.” He had accepted the office of Colonel of the regiment of militia organized in March, 1775, in spite of the fact that he was sixty-four years of age at the time. He had previously been chosen representative to the General Court, and was reelected each year until 1777. He was also a member of many of the county and state conventions held during that important period and a member of each of the Provincial Congresses. His brother, Stephen Barrett [80], our direct ancestor, had enlisted in the Minutemen three months earlier, but at the time was living in Paxton, some 30 miles southwest of Concord.

Concord had received the alarm in the early morning when Dawes rode in. Three companies of Minutemen, one led by Captain Nathan Barrett (son of Colonel James Barrett), had assembled on the town square. Colonel Barrett hurried home to continue the work of hiding arms and ammunition, since his house was the chief depository. Musket balls, flints, and cartridges were placed in barrels in the attic and covered with feathers. Powder was hidden in the woods, light cannon and muskets placed in furrows in the fields, then covered with earth.

About 7 a.m., British columns marched into Concord village and their men were stationed at the North Bridge including two nearby hills. Three light companies continued up the road toward Colonel Barrett’s farm. Meanwhile, the Minutemen from Concord and hundreds of provincials

From Paul Revere’s Ride by David Fischer
from other towns and villages had been gathering on nearby Punkatasset Hill. (Note Colonel Barrett’s farm at the far left in the preceding map).

Col. Barrett soon returned to his men, and in the village, British grenadiers began searching houses. Fires were set to a number of gun carriages, to the courthouse and also a blacksmith shop. The smoke from these fires alarmed the waiting militia, as they could imagine the entire village being burned. Rebecca Hubbard, the wife of Col. Barrett, “...was a woman of great energy, moral and intellectual worth.” The following account of the search of her home is from Harpers Magazine, 1875:

“Capt. Parsons, with the other three companies, proceeded to Col. Barrett’s, one mile and a half to the northwest, to destroy the stores there; they reached his home about eight a.m. just after Col. Barrett had left on his return to the rendezvous. Capt. Parsons said to Mrs. Barrett, ‘Our orders are to search your house and your brother’s from top to bottom.’ She was requested to provide refreshments for the soldiers... Mrs. Barrett was offered compensation for the refreshments, but she refused to take any, remarking, ‘We are commanded to feed our enemies.’ They threw some money into her lap, which she finally retained, saying, ‘This is the price of blood.’ ...She had concealed some musket balls, cartridges, and flints in casks in the attic and covered them with feathers; they were not discovered.”

In another account of this incident:

“Mrs. James Barrett knew that the soldiers would not overlook her feather barrels in the attic. She also knew that her family would be in great trouble should the soldiers discover the stores of ammunition hidden in the bottom of the barrels beneath a layer of feathers. Yet she calmly led the men upstairs, walked over to the barrels, saying, ‘These are just my feathers which I store to make featherbeds.’ Then adroitly flipping a handful of feathers into the air in the direction of those fine scarlet uniforms, she saved the day; for the soldiers were so busy brushing their coats that they did not linger to search any farther.”

After the council of officers and citizens on the hill had “...resolved to march into the centre of the town to defend their homes, or die in the attempt, ... Col. Barrett immediately gave orders to march by wheeling from the right.” His affidavit, written four days later, reads (in part):

“I, James Barrett, of Concord, colonel of a regiment of militia...do testify and say, that on Wednesday morning last, about daybreak, I was informed of the approach of a number of the regular troops to the town of Concord, where were some magazines belonging to the Province, where there was assembled some of the militia of this and the neighboring towns. I ordered them to march to the North Bridge, so called, which the regulars had passed and were taking up; I ordered said militia to march to said bridge and pass the same, but not to fire on the king’s troops, unless they were first fired upon. We advanced near said bridge, when the said troops fired upon our militia, and killed two men dead on the spot, and wounded several others, which was the first firing of guns in the
town of Concord. My detachment then returned the fire, which killed and wounded several of the king's troops.”

Historians record that in obedience to Barrett’s order, the Americans had not fired first. After the first British volley killed one of his men, Major Buttrick leaped into the air and fervently shouted, “Fire, fellow soldiers, for God’s sake, fire!”

Capt. Amos Barrett, cousin of Benjamin Barrett [40], also remembers the skirmish in his affidavit, recorded 50 years later in 1825:

“While we were on the hill by the bridge, there were 80 or 90 British came to the bridge and there made a halt. After a while they began to tear the plank off the bridge. Major Buttrick said if we were all of his mind, we would drive them away from the bridge—they should not tear that up. We all said we would go. We then were not loaded. We were all ordered to load, and had strict orders not to fire till they fired first, then to fire as fast as we could. We then marched on. Capt. Davis’ minute company marched first, then Capt. Allen’s minute company, the one that I was in next. We marched 2 deep. It was a long causeway being round by the river.

Capt. Davis had got, I believe, within 15 rods (about 80 yards) of the British when they fired 3 guns, one after the other. I see the balls strike to the river to the right of me—as soon as they fired them they fired on us. Their balls whistled well. We then was all ordered to fire that could fire and not kill our own men. It is strange that there wasn’t no more killed but they fired too high. Capt. Davis was killed and Mr. Hosmer and a number wounded.

“We soon drove them from the bridge. When I got over there was 2 lay dead and another almost dead. We did not follow them. There was 8 or 10 that was wounded and a running and hobbling about, looking back to see if we was after them. We then saw the whole body a coming out of town. We then was ordered to lay behind a wall that ran over a hill and when got high enough Major Battrick said he would give the word fire but they did not come quite so near as he expected before they halted. The commanding officer ordered the whole battalion to halt and officers was to the front march. The officers then marched to the front though we lay behind the wall about 200 of us with our guns cocked. Expecting evey minute to have the fire, our orders was if we fired, to fire 2 or 3 times and then retreat. If we had fired I believe we could kill almost every officer there was in the front but we had no orders to fire and there wasn’t a gun fired. They stayed about 10 minutes and then marched back and we after them. After awhile we found them a marching back towards Boston. We was soon after them. When we got about a mile and a half to a road that comes from Bedford and Billerica they was waylayed and a great many killed. When I got there, there was a great many lay dead and the road was bloody.”

This historical event was also remembered in a poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson, sung at the dedication of the Battle Monument on July 4, 1837, and whose first stanza is engraved on the Statue of the Minuteman, who is facing the bridge in defiance of the approaching British:

“By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
    Their flag to April’s breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

During their disorganized retreat to Lexington and Boston, the British continued to receive gunfire along the entire route, mostly from behind trees and walls. In the twenty hours that they were afoot they had marched some thirty-five miles, had fought continuously for half this distance, had had little to eat and had suffered heavy casualties. British losses were 73 killed, 174 wounded and 26 missing out of some 1800 men. The Americans, with some 3700 men sporadically engaged in the fighting lost 49 killed, 41 wounded, and 5 missing.

Three months later, George Washington assumed command of the Continental Army and a year later, on July 4, 1776, a Declaration of Independence was adopted. Many battles were fought as Washington drove the British from Boston, but he could not prevent the British from occupying New York City, capturing Fort Washington and finally occupying Philadelphia. It wasn’t until Oct 19, 1781 that General Washington won the decisive battle of the war by defeating General Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia, with the help of the French Navy. This all-important victory led to the Americans and British signing a preliminary peace treaty in Paris on November 30, 1782. The final peace treaty was signed on September 3, 1783; and two months later, the last of the British troops left New York City and returned home.

This war, which began by the armed resistance of the Minutemen at the North Bridge on April 19, 1775 resulted in the separation of the colonies from Great Britain, permitting America to develop its own way into its present greatness, free from the shackles of a distant government. Many of our Barrett ancestors were conspicuous participants in this decisive and historic action at Concord.
THE NEW FRONTIER

The Migration West

After the war of independence was won, people began heading for the western territories to find a piece of land of their own. Stories were soon sent back East that started the tide of emigration flowing. They told of land that raised a hundred bushels of corn to an acre; of hogs that grew wonderfully fat just rooting on acorns and beech nuts that the forests provided at no cost to the settler; of the poorest families who "here adorn their tables three times a day like a wedding feast." Men weary of fighting the rocks on thin-soiled hill farms in New England heard the call and headed west. So did men in the crowded cities who were tired to the bone of working for other men's pay with few prospects of getting ahead. Benjamin Barrett [40] and Stephen Barrett, sons of Stephen Barrett [80] were among them. They were true frontiersmen and forerunners of the pioneers that crossed the western plains on foot and in wagons 60 years later.

In 1789, Benjamin and his older brother Stephen with his wife, daughter and baby girl, gathered up their belongings, loaded them onto a horse-drawn wagon and began their journey westward, traveling on “The Old Connecticut Path.” This trail originated in Boston, wound its way through Worcester (near Paxton) and Springfield Mass. and ended up in Albany, New York. It can still be traced today by roughly following the Massachusetts Turnpike.

After crossing the Hudson River, the way west was difficult for these early travelers. There were no lines of covered wagons to follow along this westward route from Massachusetts into the interior of New York. And for hundreds of miles, stretching from Canada to Alabama, there was only one real break through the difficult mountain passes in the Appalachian Mountains: the valley where the Mohawk and the Hudson rivers meet.

For immigrants coming up the Hudson River to Albany from New York City, the travel was easy because nature had made the river deep, wide, and with little current. The Mohawk River, however, was dangerous in high water and impassable in low. There were parts of the river that boats could never get through; there were swirling rapids, foaming waterfalls and passages choked with rocks. Most of the trails crossing the mountains were just wide enough for a traveler on horseback, followed by a packhorse and perhaps two or three cattle. The only route for horse-drawn wagons was the Mohawk Trail that roughly followed the course of the Mohawk River. It began in Albany and wound its way through Utica and Syracuse, ending up in Buffalo. This trail can be approximately located on present day maps by tracing the path of the I90
freeway through the state of New York.

If the immigrant family had arrived by boat from New York city, they would hire a wagon and travel for seventeen miles over the rough trail to Schenectady, where the Mohawk became a little tamer. There they could hire a square-ended, flat-bottomed river boat with boatmen to pole them up the river. These boats were large enough to carry their belongings plus a couple of horses and a milk cow. At Little Falls, everyone had to get out while the boat was hauled around the waterfall. People of that village earned a good part of their living performing this service for the boatmen. From there, the backbreaking work of poling against the current began again. When the river became too small for the boat, another wagon was hired, and the westbound family continued again on a rutted dirt trail.

After a journey of several weeks, Benjamin and Stephen Barrett arrive in Whitestown, a village on the bank of the Mohawk River that had just been formed a year earlier. Whites Town was a large flat area boarding the south side of the Mohawk River just east of present-day Utica. The village of Utica wouldn’t be formed until 10 years later. This route would be greatly improved by the construction of the Erie Canal, which was finally completed in 1826.

The Erie Canal was a remarkable achievement and was the direct result of the efforts of De Witt Clinton, governor of New York. Clinton recognized the growing need for joining the eastern manufacturers with the growing population in the west, and providing a means for western farmers to grow crops and ship them to the eastern cities. At its completion, it was 363 miles
long and joined the town of Albany on the Hudson river with the town of Buffalo on Lake Erie; opening up the vast interior of America to thousands of new immigrants each year.

Just south of Whitestown, N.Y. was a new tract of land being opened to settlers called Paris, and it was here that Benjamin and his brother Stephen with his family settled in 1789 along with several other families including a Benjamin Barnes [82] with his family who arrived from Waterbury, Conn. just 3 days after the Barretts. One year later, these two families were joined together when Benjamin Barrett married Clarinda Barnes, eldest daughter of Benjamin Barnes. Benjamin Barnes was also a soldier in the Revolutionary War and was a descendant of Nathaniel Barnes (1st immigrant to America) who was made a freeman in Boston in 1677. The Barnes ancestry can be traced back to the early 1500’s in Dorset County, England.

The town of Paris, or Paris Hill, was formed from Whites Town in 1792, and on April 2nd, 1793, the first town meeting was held at the house of Captain Moses Foot. Among the town officers chosen were Benjamin Barnes, Assessor, and Stephen Barrett, Commissioner of Roads.

Benjamin Barrett [40] and Clarinda (Barnes) [41] had the following children in Paris Hill:

i) Stephen (Deacon)  
   b. 15 Nov 1791  
   d. 26 Oct 1877

ii) Benjamin  
    b. 17 Jan 1793  
    d.

iii) Clarinda  
     b. Mar 1795  
     d. 1816

iv) Oliver  
    b. 22 Jun 1798  
    d. 10 Jan 1873

v) Charles  
   b. 22 Sep 1790  
   d. 21 May 1864

vi) George  
    b. 1 Nov 1801  
    d. 10 Mar 1884

vii) Amos [20]  
     b. 8 Dec 1803  
     d. 30 Mar 1886

Shortly after the death of Stephen Barrett [80], Benjamin’s mother, Elizabeth, leaves Paxton, Mass. and joins her two sons in Paris Hill, NY, where she eventually dies on May 12, 1802. Two years later, Benjamin Barrett [40] and Benjamin Barnes [82] decide that the west is once again promising a better life, with cheap new land becoming available for settlers through enterprising land developers. Stephen remains behind, however, and later in 1810, he and his family move a few miles away to Sangerfield, N.Y., where he dies on Mar 21, 1832.

Western New York

The Holland Land Company was a stock corporation formed by six Dutch banking houses. Anxious to make investments in the new country where they had earlier made profitable loans, the banking houses joined together and followed other speculators into the land business. Early purchases included land in central New York and in northwestern Pennsylvania. After negotiations between New York and Massachusetts, lands in western New York became
available for purchase. By 1797, after the Seneca Indians have ceded most of their lands to the pressures of a developing nation, 3.3 million acres in New York west of the Genesee River had been purchased by various banking houses. These separate tracts were combined in a stock corporation and managed by the Holland Land Company, with an office established on the Purchase. The land was surveyed and divided up into townships and ranges. Each township was to be about six miles square depending on the topography of the land. Townships were further divided into lots, usually 36 or 64 in each township.

Although the Dutch planned to sell large tracts of land (at least half a township) to other speculators, most land was purchased in small amounts on credit by individual settlers. Settlers “articled” land, signing Articles of Agreement which outlined the terms under which they would purchase their land. Deeds were not given until the account was paid in full, usually specified within a time limit of 8 to 10 years. Some articles are recorded in the Land Tables with as little as 25 cents down. With settlements established, the Holland Land Co. hoped to attract more people to the Purchase. They tended to be lenient in the collection of payments due on accounts if the settler was living and working on his purchase.

One of these new settlements was named Pomfret (now a village in the township of Fredonia, N.Y.), lying on the Seneca Road near the shore of Lake Erie, midway between Buffalo N.Y. and Erie, Pennsylvania. Buffalo, situated at the end of the Mohawk trail, consisted of only a half-dozen small houses at that time and literally swarmed with Indians. It was to this wilderness that Benjamin Barrett, his wife Clarinda and seven children, together with Benjamin Barnes Sr. and his family journeyed in the summer of 1804.

An account by another settler who came a year later to this remote, frontier land is recorded in the History of Chautauqua County, N.Y.:

“Zattu Cushing came to Fredonia in February, 1805, bringing his family and goods with two ox-teams and sleds. He then had five children...They were three weeks in performing the journey. At Buffalo they started upon the ice, designing to go on the shore before dark; but night and a tempest came unexpectedly upon them. They feared to proceed, as there were points at which the water was not covered by the ice. They put the oxen upon the side to break off the winds, and covered themselves up on the sleds to pass the night.

“Having a dinner-horn, Mr. Cushing blew it at intervals, thinking it might be heard by some settler. About one o’clock, two men who heard the horn, came with lanterns, and piloted them ashore near Eighteen Mile creek. Before daylight the ice was so broken up as to have rendered escape impossible. He brought with him four cows; and among his goods were a barrel of salt and a large quantity of apple seeds. Two men came with him to assist him in chopping.”

The records of the Holland Land Co. show Benjamin Barrett buying 270 acres in lot 26 in
August of 1804 for $675. His down payment was $25.47. Benjamin Barnes Sr. bought 180 acres in the adjacent lot 27 for $450 with a down payment of $20. As early as Nov of 1805, Benjamin Barrett and eight others begin to “meet on the Lord’s days, to recommend the cause of Christ, and confirm each other in the faith”. In 1808 they organize the first Baptist Church at Fredonia which is believed to be the second church organized in Chautauqua county. This was followed by a Presbyterian Church which Benjamin Barnes Jr. and his brother Isaac helped organize in 1810. Benjamin and Clarinda have two more children while living in Pomfret:

viii) Jotham b. 1807 d. 1882
ix) Alonzo b. 21 Jan 1810 d. 21 Aug 1876

Frontier Life

Many of the early settlers were comparatively young men from the East and they were poor. Wages had been low and they had saved up little more than enough to buy a team and make the journey. They had heavily timbered lands to clear, and for a time had no sons able to help, nor the means of hiring help. Those with large families and grown sons were much more able to establish their farms within a few years. However, there was no demand for any little surplus of the products of their farms, except for that of the new-comers. There was little or no money—only a few goods to be bartered. The everyday lives of these early settlers (which includes the Barrett and Barnes families) are described below, as recorded in the History of Chautauqua Co., NY, published in 1875:

Early Dwellings

The settler’s first task was to clear an opening in the forest for the erection of their home which was simply a cabin made of logs. After clearing an area, trees of uniform size were selected and cut to the desired length to form a rectangular structure. The end of each log was saddled and notched as they were fitted into place so as to interlock and minimize the space between adjacent logs. When the desired one-story height was reached, the gables were then constructed on each end by gradually shortening the length of the next log on top, thus forming the pitch of the roof. Long poles were then attached from gable to gable at suitable intervals to form the roof structure. Overlapping sheets of bark were then attached and held down by additional heavy poles fastened at each end.

At one end of the building, an opening about 8 feet in length and 5 or 6 feet in height was cut out and a wall of stone laid for a fire-place using clay for mortar. Some of these early cabins were built with the chimney on the inside, starting with a framework of poles over the hearth. The chimney was then constructed on top of this structure by laying split sticks of timber in an overlapping manner and gradually reducing the opening as the chimney rose up the side of the wall and out the roof. As it was constructed, the inside of the chimney would be plastered with clay or mud together with chopped straw that would bind it together. This stick and clay chimney was far from being fire-proof, and the family would have to be
ready with a bucket of water to douse any unwanted flames. After cutting another opening for a door, split pieces for door posts were pinned to the ends of the logs using wooden pins. The opening was closed by a blanket until boards for a door could be obtained. The hinges and latch for the door would also be constructed of wood. The latch was raised from the outside by a string passing through the door and fastened to the latch inside. The safety of the family during the night was effected by drawing in the latch string.

Immigrants from a great distance brought no bedsteads with them. A substitute was made by boring holes in the walls in a corner of the cabin into which the ends of poles were fitted. This allowed a bed to be constructed by the use of two poles and a post, forming a rectangular frame that was attached to the wall. Windows were constructed in a similar manner, using oiled paper or glass panes when available.

At night time, lighting in the cabin was usually by means of huge logs that were kept burning. A kind of substitute for candles was sometimes prepared by taking a wooden stick ten or twelve inches long, wrapping around it a strip of cotton or linen cloth, then covering it with tallow, pressed on with the hand. Lamps were also prepared by dividing a large turnip in the middle, scraping out the insides down to the rind, then inserting a stick about three inches in length; in the center, so as to stand upright. A strip of linen or cotton cloth was then wrapped around it followed by melted lard or deer’s tallow poured into the shell.

Clearing Land

The lands in many parts of Chautauqua County were covered with a dense and heavy forest. To clear the soil of its timber required an amount of hard labor which few of the later generations of farmers could appreciate; or for that matter, ever undertake.

The first part of the clearing process was “under brushing”. The bushes and smallest saplings were cut down near the ground and piled in heaps. The trees were then felled, their bodies cut into lengths of 12 to 15 feet and then the foliage and small limbs thrown into piles. After the brush heaps and foliage piles had become thoroughly dry, they were burned. As a “good burn” was desirable, a dry time was chosen so that the brush and old leaves covering the ground would then be burned over and an abundant crop assured.

The next part of the process was “logging”, or log-rolling. This required the associated labor of a number of men, who would in turn, assist each other so that several acres would be logged in an afternoon, accompanied by a few gallons of whiskey. The neighbors, on invitation, would attend with their hand-spikes. These were strong poles, about six feet in length and flattened at the larger end in order to more easily be forced under or between the logs. Logs too heavy to be carried were drawn to a pile by a team (generally oxen) and rolled up onto the pile by means of skids; one end lying on the ground, the other on the heap. The heaps were then burned, and after scattering the ashes, the soil was ready for the seed.

Early Farming

The principal tool used for tilling the soil was the triangular harrow, usually called a drag. It consisted principally of two pieces of timber about five inches square and six feet long (which were hewed by an axe before there were mills for sawing) and put together in the form of the letter A. The drag was sometimes
made of a crotched tree, and needed no framing. The teeth were nearly double the size of those now used and bounced along over stubs, roots and stones, drawn by oxen often driven by boys. When the roots had become sufficiently brittle, a forerunner of the cast iron plow was then used to turn the soil.

Wheat was cut with a sickle, which was then a staple article of merchandise. In the old day-books and journals of the early merchants, under the names of scores of customers would be seen the charge, “to 1 Sickle” followed, in many cases by that other charge, “to 1 gallon Whisky”. This whisky was deemed by some to be as necessary in the harvesting operation as the sickle itself.

Grain was generally threshed by using a flail; i.e., a free swinging stick tied to the end of a long pole. There were no fanning-mills to separate the grain from the chaff, so after flailing, the mixture would be scooped into a riddle (a very coarse sieve) for separation. To “raise the wind”, a linen sheet, perhaps taken from the bed, was held at the corners by two men who gave it a sudden swing. As the riddle was shaken, the chaff would be blown away from the falling wheat. About ten bushels were thus cleaned in half a day.

Trade

Considering the low prices of farm produce, and the difficulty of converting it into cash, we can hardly imagine how either the settlers could buy the merchants’ goods, or how the merchants could sell enough to keep up their establishments. No wonder that, with hard labor and a rigid economy, the settlers were slow in paying for their lands.

Ashes were for many years the most important article of trade, being almost the only one which could be readily turned into cash. For some purposes, money must be had. Certain articles of merchandise could not be gotten in exchange for grain, or on credit, including taxes. To raise tax-money, farmers were sometimes obliged to sell grain and other products of their farms for prices which scarcely paid for their transportation to market. Ashes, however, afforded material relief.

Many a settler who had a large surplus of grain which he was unwilling to sell at the ruinously low prices offered, cut and burned timber for the ashes from which to get money to pay taxes and for other necessary uses. These ashes, and those from burned log heaps were sometimes drawn several miles over rough roads and exchanged for goods, or at a reduced price for cash, if cash must be had. Thus many of these early stores had an ashery where the lye of the ashes was boiled down to a red-hot consistency, resembling molten iron in a furnace, then dipped into smaller kettles and left to cool. The hardened product, known as black salts, was then broken into smaller pieces and placed into barrels and hauled to market where it would be further processed into pearl ash, a refined potash (potassium carbonate). This final product was quite valuable for use in fertilizers, soap, etc. and would be shipped to distant cities; even across the Atlantic.

Again, few goods were sold for cash. Business was done on the credit and barter system, not only by and with merchants, but between the people. Notes were made payable in grain, lumber, cattle and other commodities. Almost every country product, as well as some store goods, had a cash and a barter or credit price. It was this state of things that induced many, after struggling for years to improve a farm, to sell out without getting half the value of their improvements, and go on to a new piece of land.
The War of 1812

The War of 1812 had a devastating effect on the people in this area. Many were obliged to leave their farms and join the army, some of them serving two and three years. After peace returned, labor was again thrown upon the land and within a few years there was a large surplus of farm products which scarcely compensated for raising it. Also, during the war, double duties were placed on imports which encouraged home manufacturing and the creation of new businesses. When the period of high duties expired in the winter of 1816, the markets were again flooded with British goods, causing money to flow out of the country resulting in a 70% to 80% depreciation of the value of bank bills. In those days, all goods were priced in shillings and pence, although they were paid for in dollars and cents or by bartered goods.

No wonder that the books of the Holland Land Company showed so few and small credits to the settlers. These poor times lasted until the completion of the Erie canal in 1825, which then provided an accessible eastern market for the people of Chautauqua Co. and brought them permanent relief.

New Beginnings

A hundred miles west of Pomfret was a tract of land in northern Ohio called the Connecticut Western Reserve. The story of this land is the story of how America dealt with the numerous territorial claims on the vast land west of the original colonies and enabled an orderly transition from federal land into Congressionally controlled territories and then states. This became the basic framework for the westward settlement of the United States.

After the Americans won their war for independence, diplomats at the 1783 treaty table (including those from France, Britain and Spain), haggled over boundaries. The Americans, led by the astute Benjamin Franklin, won a territorial cession stretching from Spanish Florida in the south to British Canada in the north to Spanish Louisiana beyond the Mississippi River (Franklin had asked for Canada as well). The region they got was larger than most of Western Europe. But victory did not create a unified country. Many Europeans predicted failure for the fledging nation and believed the boundaries would soon change. The nation was, the British said, a tinderbox of contending forces. Even Americans were asking: can the Union hold?

The issue that threatened to pull the new nation apart was: who controlled the West—that is, the area beyond the Appalachians? The question pitted large states against small. Many states had long claimed a slice of the West, based on founding charters by Britain that granted "sea-to-sea" corridors that extended the northern and southern borders of each state from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean (wherever that was). Borders set by charters written at different times often overlapped, and the states for years had been arguing among themselves over territory. All claimants wanted more terrain to encourage population growth and to raise revenue from land sales. Some frontiersmen, like the Franklinites in North Carolina and the Vermonters, wanted to
form their own states. Support from abroad for their separatist movements raised the specter of renewed European influence in the United States. Smaller states with no western claims feared the lure of land would draw away their residents and tax base. Led by Maryland, they argued for the creation of a national domain under congressional control, with all states sharing in the profits. In the Continental Congress each state had one vote, so small states wielded as much power as the larger ones.

Connecticut's western claim, which was based on a 1662 charter from Britain to all land between the 41st and 42nd parallels, led to disputes with Pennsylvania regarding a section of land called the Wyoming Valley which lay just to the west of the Susquehanna River between these parallels. This dispute was finally settled by Congress and the land was awarded to Pennsylvania in 1772. However, Connecticut continued to claim all the land west of this disputed territory and quarrels between other states continued.

In 1784 Virginia broke the impasse by ceding to Congress its claim to territory east of the Mississippi River stretching from the Ohio River north to Canada, creating what would soon be called the Northwest Territory. Other states followed suit, and in 1786 Connecticut ceded to Congress their claim to the territory as well. However, due to the fact that a number of towns in Connecticut had been burned by the British during the Revolutionary War, the Federal Government compensated them by allowed them to keep a strip of land bordering lake Erie which became known as the Connecticut Western Reserve.
The sensitivity of the small states to a perceived imbalance with neighbors carried over to the Constitutional Convention of 1787. There, one delegate suggested that the country should be reorganized so that all states would be equal in size. As politicians argued, settlers poured west, encroaching on Indian lands, squatting or buying from states or land speculators. Indians were seen as obstacles and little thought was given to their idea that the land was for the use of all.

Finally, in 1787, the Continental Congress created the Northwest Ordinance which set an orderly course for national expansion. The Northwest Territory would evolve from a colony with a governor appointed by Congress, to self-government with elected assembly, and then to statehood (eventually 5 states) on an equal footing with the original 13 States. It provided for democratic rights by supporting public education, promising freedom of religion, and forbidding slavery—a clause that assured settlement by the Yankees.

In 1795, The Connecticut Land Company bought most of this Western Reserve for $1,200,000 and began to set up land offices, encouraging a new migration of settlers from Connecticut. In the same year, the Indians signed a treaty giving up all rights to permanently inhabit the region in exchange for the right to hunt and fish in this locality for a number of years. Finally, by an agreement between Connecticut and the U.S. government, the Western Reserve was attached to the Ohio territory in 1800, leading to eventual statehood for Ohio in 1803. The promise of a new frontier with better farmland, clear streams and a desirable place to build a community and raise a family would soon attract more and more settlers. This included our Barrett ancestors, who in the early 1800’s were scratching out a living along the shores of Lake Erie in Western New York.

In 1810, a new township was organized in Ashtabula County in the northwest corner of Ohio, halfway between the towns of Conneaut (then called Salem) and Ashtabula along the Seneca Road (also known as the Lake Trail or Lake Shore Path). It is located in the section defined by Range II, Township 13, in the northwest corner of The Connecticut Western Reserve bordering Lake Erie, as shown on the map that follows.

At the time, there were only 25 to 30 families living in the area. At the first town meeting, however, they found that they could not agree upon an appropriate name for the new town. Then a certain individual by the name of Kingsville (who was not a resident of the area) offered to give the settlers four gallons of whisky if they would honor him by bestowing his name upon the town. The proposition was agreed to and accordingly it was christened “Kingsville.”

Kingsville was in a vast wilderness at the time. During the hunting season, Indians would flock here, greatly outnumbering the early white settlers. They were for the most part friendly, but
they did like to intimidate the women and children. The woods were full of bear, wolves and other wild animals including a large species of wildcat that the settlers feared the most. The Indians trapped the beaver by cutting a hole in the beaver’s dam and then setting traps in the water around the hole. The unsuspecting animal would notice the drop in water height and then be caught in the traps while attempting to repair the breach. With the onset of the War of 1812, the Indians retreated further west and thus were not a problem when our ancestors arrived in Kingsville.

In 1814, Benjamin Barnes Jr., sells his land in Pomfret, N.Y. and heads west along the shore of Lake Erie. The 1816 tax records for Ashtabula County show that he paid taxes on 160 acres of land just north of the township of Kingsville. The History of Ashtabula County records that Amos Barrett [20] settled in Kingsville in 1817 and also mentions a Rev. Benj. Barnes (Jr.) who began preaching in Kingsville in 1814 and later was the first pastor of the Baptist Church in Kingsville in 1829. Benjamin Barnes Sr. [82] and his wife remain back in Pomfret however, where he dies in 1827 at the age of 82. His wife Jemima dies there 7 months later at the age of 79.

In August of 1819, Benjamin Barrett [40] sells 200 acres of his land in Pomfret to his son Stephen and a friend, who buys 161 acres of land along the Conneaut Creek just east of the
village of Kingsville. This land had been previously owned by Benjamin Barnes Jr. Thus it is in Kingsville, Ohio, that the Barrett’s begin to settle down, establish their roots, build their log cabins and and raise their families.

In spite of the many hardships, life in the woods for these early settlers had their moments of enjoyment at times. There were few settlers who in later life did not look back at these times as the happiest and most meaningful in their lives. They remembered the quiet scenes of nature, the deep solitude of the forest, the murmuring of the streams and the sounds of birds and other wildlife. There were also the social gatherings which now and then brought the scattered settlers together, bringing much joy into their otherwise solitary existence.

Benjamin Barrett dies in Kingsville in 1845 at the age of 85. His obituary states that he was a member of the Baptist church and that he had lived in Kingsville for 30 years, suggesting that he came to Kingsville in 1815. His wife Clarinda had died 6 years earlier at the age of 72. These early pioneers were indeed a hearty breed.
THE EDUCATORS

Amos Barrett [20] and Annis Mariah Brown [21]

Our ancestors were pious people, and this undoubtedly gave them the inner strength to cope with the hardships they faced. One can imagine the discipline and love that they had to develop and nurture within the family in order survive in the wilderness. Each child would have their appropriate chores before and after school, while the adults worked the fields and made their home more livable. Evening prayers would always give thanks for what they had.

Benjamin Barrett valued a good education and he instilled this desire into his children at an early age. In the Barrett family, home schooling supplemented the one room school house. Books, mainly the classics and the Bible, were constantly read to the children and they in turn would read and recite passages in the glow of a candle or light from the fireplace. This desire for knowledge, and the joy of sharing this knowledge with others, was a legacy that Benjamin’s children would inherit and pass down to their children and following generations.

In the early years, all schooling was done in a pioneer’s log cabin where the children from the surrounding farms would come to learn. In 1821, the first frame school house was built in the village of Kingsville and the teacher was a Miss Elizabeth Brown. Two years later, Elizabeth marries Oliver Barrett, son of Benjamin Barrett [40]; and on March 20, 1827, another son, Amos Barrett [20] marries Elizabeth’s sister, Annis Mariah Brown [21]. Annis was born in Fredonia, N.Y. (then called Pomfret) around 1808.

In spite of years of research, the parents of the Brown sisters has not yet been established. We have some clues, however. In her autobiography, Helen Barrett Montgomery (a granddaughter of Annis) refers to the parents as: “...the Browns and Greenes of Rhode Island.” The 1880 census confirms that R.I. was the birth place for the parents of Annis Mariah Brown and states that she was born in New York. But years of searching through every census record back through 1774, town records, birth and death records, books and family histories in print has failed to establish a connection to these Brown and Greene ancestors.

A review of the 1811 Pomfret assessment rolls show an Ebenezer Brown paying taxes on land 3 miles from Benjamin Barrett. That same year, we find a John B. M. Brown and a Josiah Brown (believed to be brothers) in Conneaut (then Salem), Ohio which is 6 to 8 miles from Kingsville.
In 1815, an Asa Brown appears on the Salem list of males 21 years and over, and in 1819 Asa is found to be paying taxes on land near Salem, originally owned by J. B. M. Brown. In 1820 Asa is again paying taxes on land around Salem; but in addition, he is paying taxes on 60 acres of land (again, originally owned by J. B. M. Brown) two miles from the Benjamin Barrett farm. This is also the first year Elias Brown, Roswell Brown and Luther Brown are shown paying taxes on nearby farms in Kingsville and Monroe townships. Land records for 1820 also show Amos Barrett (18 years old) back in Pomfret, N.Y. with an Ira Brown buying adjacent lots from the Holland Land Company. Amos was only 18 at the time, and his father continues to make payments on his land in Chautauqua Co. through 1823.

These and other records suggest that Asa is a brother of John B. M. Brown and Josiah Brown, and the father of Elias, Roswell, Luther, Ira, Elizabeth and Annis Mariah Brown [21]. These suggested relationships must be confirmed by future researchers.

Amos Barrett [20] and Annis Mariah Brown [21] were married on March 20, 1827 and they had six sons and four daughters; two of the daughters died in early childhood. They were:

i) Myron Erastus b. 28 Dec. 1827 d.
ii) Dr. Perry Gordon b. 27 Jul. 1830 d. 7 Jan 1900
iii) Rev. Adoniram Judson [10] b. 1 Apr. 1832 d. 20 Oct 1889
iv) Prof. Stephen Paley b. 7 Jun 1834 d.
v) Clarinda b. 7 Jul. 1835 d. 1 Aug 1836
vi) Capt. Clinton Samuel b. 12 Dec. 1836 d.
vii) Emily Lucinda b. 27 Jul. 1839 d.
viii) Susie Eliza b. 8 Oct 1841 d. 1 May 1927
ix) Adelaide b. 12 Apr. 1847 d. 25 Mar 1851
x) Prof. Albert Tennyson b. 12 Apr. 1847 d.

Amos Barrett was a farmer in the early years, then moved into the town of Kingsville and engaged in manufacturing and trading. The 1860 census lists him as a nurseryman, and in 1870 his occupation is listed as Fire Insurance Agent. From *Old Families, Concord, Mass.*: “He was strictly a temperate man, never using liquor or tobacco in any form, an honest and an upright citizen, beloved and respected by all his acquaintances.”

The couple worked diligently on bestowing the finest education possible upon their children. There was also a deep interest in the cause of education among the early inhabitants of Kingsville, and so the leading citizens set up a stock company for the purpose of erecting a higher institution of learning than the common school. They sold 60 shares of stock at $10 each for the erection of a 42 ft by 28 ft two-story building that was to become the Kingsville Academy when finished in 1836. The school burned down about 10 years later and a new one was erected in 1848 at a cost of $1325.
From 1848 to 1868, the average attendance at the Academy was more than 150 students. The school soon gained much notoriety for its excellence in education and at one time had as many as 225 students; many of whom came from far away and boarded in local houses for $1 per week. It was this school that the Barrett children attended.

One of the granddaughters, Helen Barrett Montgomery, recalls these early days based on stories her mother used to tell her:

“Grandfather Barrett did his part in the work of education. Every night the children were lined up along a crack and made to spell; there was instruction in the Bible, there were family prayers. These morning prayers were continued to the last, for I mind me of the time when a small grandson, kneeling with his cousins and his uncles and his aunts hopped nimbly from his knees and gave his grandfather a resounding slap on the most exposed part of him.

“There were two daughters. One of them was my Aunt Emily, and the other was my Aunt Susie. For anything that would help things along, the sisters were quite willing. In order to save shoe-leather, they walked barefoot to school, carrying their shoes. But they were less amenable to restrictions. My grandmother thought that curling the hair was worldly and she twisted it into tight braids. On the way to school Emily would unbraid her sister’s long locks and braid them again on the way home.

“There was another struggle over the new fashion of wearing pantalettes. These were strongly opposed by my grandparents. But the sisters, after leaving the house, would pin the forbidden garments into place, and grandmother never discovered these clandestine vanities. Parties were under suspicion. Reluctantly my grandmother allowed Emily to go to one but added, ‘Mother will be next door in the church praying for you.’”

Usually, the boys in their teens who pursued a higher education ranged the countryside until they could secure a district school to teach for the winter. A few terms of teaching and they had saved enough to start them in some school or college. Three of the Barrett boys did go to college, a forth to medical school and the other two into business. Dr. Perry Gordon received his Degree from the Medical College in Buffalo, N.Y. and served in the United States Army as a medical surgeon during the Civil War under the command of General Grant. Prof. Stephen P. Barrett graduated with a Masters degree from the University of Rochester and went on to become principal of several high schools. Prof. Albert Tennyson received the highest award given at the University of Rochester and became a Professor of Mathematics at the Mary Sharp College, the oldest women’s college in America. He also received the degree of L.L.D. from the Southwestern Baptist University in Tenn..

Amos and Annis Mariah Barrett continue to live in Kingsville, where later in their lives their grandchildren would often visit them. Helen Barrett Montgomery recalls in a letter:
“Grandmother Barrett had a busy day and she was liable to constant interruptions. So she used to retreat to a small outhouse for her daily season of prayer. I used to steal after her and stand outside the closed door where I could listen to her dear voice as she prayed for each of her family in turn.”

At their 50th wedding anniversary, it is noted in Old Families, Concord, Mass. that Amos sang “in a clear voice to his faithful wife” the following song—lyrics composed by C. W. Heywood and music written by his son Clinton:

Epithalamium Aureum [Golden Wedding Song]

I

Just fifty years ago, wife
You were my blooming bride;
I led you to the altar, wife,
My heart aglow with pride;
I thought you fairer than the dawn,
And purer than the snow;
But you, somehow, are dearer now
Than fifty years ago.
II

Since fifty years ago, wife,
Within our humble home
What changes have we seen, wife!
What sunshine and what gloom!
But still, through all the varying scenes
Of gladness and of woe,
Your love shone bright, with calmer light
Than fifty years ago.

V

Just fifty years ago, wife,
With faith in God’s goodwill,
We took each other’s hand, wife,
To climb life’s rugged hill;
Now we’ll go down the other side,
With feeble steps and slow,
While faith’s bright star beams brighter far
Than fifty years ago.

Annis Maria dies in Kingsville on Oct 15, 1882 at the age of 73. Amos dies four years later on March 30, 1886 at the age of 82. They are both buried in Kingsville’s Lulu Falls Cemetery. Further insight into their lives during the later years can be found in the stories of their grandchildren.


Adoniram (accent on the “i”) Judson Barrett is believed to have been named after a famous Baptist missionary named Adoniram Judson who lived from 1788 to 1850. His portrait hangs in the American Baptist Historical Society in Rochester, NY and his manuscripts take up 5 linear feet of shelf space.

In a letter written to his daughter Helen Maria, two weeks after his father Amos Barrett dies, Dr. A. J. Barrett remembers his boyhood growing up in Kingsville, as transcribed from the original letter by his son Storrs Barrows Barrett:

Rochester, N.Y.
April 15, 1886

My Dear Nellie:
The first school house I attended was a log school house. It was heated by an old fireplace in one end or side for it was nearly or quite square and the boys
would roll great logs of 4 ft wood in across the floor, and build the fire which would last all day. But this gave way to a frame house when I was about 4 years old, and a great box-stove that would take in wood 3 1/2 ft long and would make a terrible fire. This 4 ft stove was the one the Master used to open and run his long birch whips into to make them tough. He would run them under the hot ashes.

The inside of this school house was as follows: two rows of desks all around a slab with the sawed side up for seats, and legs stuck in, the bark side down, and the legs stuck up through (intended to be just through of course). These were behind the desks. Then for the infants there was a row of seats where the dots are made. Big scholars on the outside row around, chubs on the second row of desks and the kids on the front row without desks. These desks were of the rudest description. The feet would go right through and the big boys would delight in pulling the hair of those in front of them.

The Master sat in state in the Master’s desk with a 10 ft gad in his hands and woe to the luckless scamp that was caught pulling hair or throwing wads on the ceiling. The ceiling overhead was literally covered with paper pulp wads. Boys and girls would chew up paper till soft and then when the Master was not supposed to be looking, up went a wad and there it would stick and dry.

This school house was on the bank of the Conneaut Creek, or river. The bank was steep, about a hundred feet high and covered with trees and underbrush, and the flat was level from the base of the hill to the stream 10 rods maybe (160 ft) in places not two rods. At recess and noons the boys would pile down this bank. And then there were woods all about within sight of the school house, one eighth to 1/4 mile distant. The school house outside was a plain box painted red. This is a good representation of the old red school house as it was called.

The school I was attending when I had that talk with a school mate when about 13 years old was the old Kingsville Academy. We lived on the farm over south toward Kelloggsville 2 miles. I walked over every day and back every night taking my Johnny cake lunch (if Mother had time and strength to get it ready). I must be off by 8 and I remember once when Mother was sick and breakfast was not ready I went on without my breakfast, had no dinner and came home at 5 P. M. so hungry, but I mustn’t be late. I’d get a tardy mark, that was as bad as stealing almost.
We lived then in a log house like this a ladder to get up stairs or loft under the rafters where all the children slept except the two youngest in trundle-beds below. The road from home to the Academy was a succession of hills and valleys, and the walk was very wearisome. The Academy was a two story box structure, with a cupola and hall. It was painted white, heated with stoves. The road from our house to K. was for a third of the way by the side of a beech and maple woods.

Our house was a log house as I have said and had but one room, though in one end where Father’s and Mother’s bed was it was curtained off. The ladder went right up to the left of the chimney almost straight. Then up stairs was one room and our beds were on the floor. The floor up in the left were loose boards laid down, and we could peek down stairs through the cracks. It was a primitive way of living but we lived.

The town of Kingsville was just about as it is now: probably 500 in the village and 10 or 12 hundred in the township out side. The school house was called Academy or rather ‘Cademy. At chapel we all stood up around the room and read a verse apiece. Every Wednesday afternoon we had ‘torical exercises, speaking and compositions. Every boy scholar must speak every two weeks and hand in a composition every two weeks alternating. The girls were required to write their compositions, hand them in one week and read them next week after having been corrected.

Many years later, Helen Barrett Montgomery writes this narrative about her father’s early life in Kingsville, as published in his memorial service:

“The north-western portion of Ohio, the Western Reserve, was settled in the early part of this century by pioneers from Connecticut and Massachusetts, who brought with them the type of life distinctly New England. Wherever a cluster of rude log cabins broke the solitude of the forest, there also might be found the plain church, with its small steeple faithfully pointing upward, and the village school, with its ever open door. Full of privations and difficulties, yet with all eager, questioning, aspiring, and self-restrained was life in these new communities, amid whose influences and under whose training were reared some of the noblest sons and daughters of the Republic.

“In one of these pioneer settlements, Kingsville, he was born, in whose memory this simple sketch is written. The early days of his life were passed under conditions so different from those of the present that it is difficult to realize that they could have existed within such recent times. My father remembered well when, on the frontier, at least, there were no railroads, no telegraphs, no great cities, no daily papers; a time when wool was sheared and prepared, spun at a hand wheel, woven in a hand loom, colored and made into garments in each house; a time when flax was raised by each family, and from it was made the family supply of linen and of clothing; when there were no stoves or matches, a time when cooking was by the open fire-place and the brick oven, and when the
only light was the pine knot and the tallow dip; when the shoemaker came to the
house and the school teacher “boarded 'round”; money was scarce, so that
business was chiefly carried on by barter, and when, in fact, all life was keyed to
the brave and homely pitch of pioneer times.

“Yet that home which he remembered was a beautiful home; full of the light
of love and grace of courtesy, and glorified by a womanly presence that softened
every bare outline with nameless charm, and made the log house a very Bethany.
How he loved to tell of the long winter evenings when the great open fire-place,
filled with glowing logs, flooded the room with light; when mother sat at her
spinning wheel, and father, book in hand, gave out to his eager boys the hardest
words in Webster's Spelling Book, or gathered them about him to hear brave
stories of the Revolution in which his father fought, listen reverently to the Book
ever central in that home.

“These pioneer experiences, so diversified, touching life at so many points,
were a wonderful preparation too for his after services. It was here that he gained
that seemingly inexhaustible store of information about everyday trades and
occupations, and that loving acquaintance with the life of flower and tree and bird
and beast which made him able to enter into the thoughts and feelings of all
conditions of men, and furnished him with a wealth of homely and striking
illustrations. Here too the free life out-of-doors, the vigorous exercise, developed
in him that iron strength of sinew, that magnificent depth of chest which rendered
him strong for years of anxiety and care, and made those broad shoulders of his
able to carry lightly many burdens laid upon them.

“When my father was about twelve years old, a young man who was to exert a
very great influence upon him, took charge of the village school. The young
collegian, fresh from his eastern Alma Mater, inspired in the boys in his charge an
ambition for an education, and a desire to obtain it at whatever cost. After one of
the Professor's talks on the subject, my father was walking home along the shady
forest road with a school friend, and as they walked and talked he said, “I'll get to
college, if it takes till forty”. From this boyish resolve he never swerved, but
through several years of most discouraging work and waiting, bided his time. For
two years before starting to college, he worked in the harvest field in the summer,
and taught school winters; and during the last year of his life he met men and
women who spoke with gratitude of the influence upon their lives which he had
exerted, when but an inexperienced boy, teaching these country schools.

“At last, when he was eighteen years old, the glad day came,
and he set his
face toward the college just founded at Rochester. And so the old coach running
from Kingsville to Erie rumbled away, bearing the brave young form in
homespun gray, With mother's kiss warm upon his brow, and within his heart the
blessings of a noble father, who had little else to give his boy than faith and
honor, and the strong conviction that there were things of far more worth than
houses, or lands, or gold. Of the events of that journey to Rochester it is
impossible to speak at length in this brief sketch; but that night spent on the
streets of Erie, that run before day-break to catch the last boat down the lake to
Buffalo, the shelterless deck passage through all that bitter November day, the
cheerful endurance of hunger and cold, if so the sacred hoard in the little black
wallet might remain untouched, every detail of the pathetic, heroic little journey is
precious to those who love him.

“During his first year in college (the second of the course, since he entered
sophomore) he boarded himself in a little upper room on Prospect Street, denying
himself everything except the necessities of life, and eking out his meager
resources by any work which offered itself. At the opening of the Junior year there was an opportunity to teach in Little Falls, of which he availed himself most gladly, and spent a happy and successful year teaching, continuing meanwhile his own college studies, and saving the money which should take him through his Senior year. On his return he passed the examination on the work of the Junior year, and was graduated with high rank the following June.

“A summer spent at home, full of the anxious questioning of his own heart whether after all his education had fitted him for the work which he desired, and of the unkind taunts of those townsmen who all along had regarded the going to college as nonsense, was happily concluded by the offer of the position of principal of the academy in Nunda, N. Y.”

This academy was officially called the Nunda Literary Institute. The town of Nunda is located approximately 50 miles south of Rochester NY, and the academy (a private school) was housed in a frame building as part of a newly constructed Baptist Church built in 1843. A. J. Barrett soon gained prominence here after arriving in 1854 at the age of 22. He was also the Sunday School Superintendent for the Baptist Church.

His reign as principle of the academy for 5 years is warmly documented in the 1808—1909 Centennial History of the Town of Nunda. This history was written by Capt. H. W. Hand (Civil War Veteran) who had attended the academy and includes this glowing description of the school and praise for the Barrett regime:

“The sons of the Pioneers, most of them pioneers, furnished the students for this institution. Young men from 18 to 25 saw an opportunity in the opening of this institution to do something more congenial to their tastes than lumbering in winter and tilling stumpy land in summer. The very comforts of better dwellings with stoves instead of fire places, better furniture than slab benches; even improved farm implements, did not reconcile them to the thought of spending their entire lives on the farm. Nearly every other avocation demanded a better education than they possessed. The well equipped district school teacher, and even the sedate but cultured preacher, revealed their deficiencies and inspired ambition. The family physician fresh from the Medical College, with his physiological terms, made them feel as if they needed an introduction to themselves and their own anatomy. The “Institute” came to their very doors, and offered them refinement, knowledge, culture, the opportunity of being themselves teachers, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, if they were so inclined. The few years the Nunda Academy had been in existence had given them an intuition of what a few terms of schooling will do where only the advanced scholars are receiving the instruction of the college bred principal. Ambitious parents fostered the aspirations of their ambitious children, and when the Baptist clergyman came round to urge the attendance and patronage of “our” institution, that is going to add a hundred to the congregation.”

“The five years and more that A. Judson Barrett passed in Nunda, marked an eventful era in the lives of at least five hundred men and women, who were taught by him out of the abundance of a well fitted mind and heart, as well as a time of unusual school progress. Reared in a log cabin in Ohio, where pioneer conditions prevailed till a later day than in Western New York, inspired by a college bred...
teacher to be himself a collegian and inspire others, and so became a potent factor of helpfulness to those younger than himself, he was thus fitted by nature, by inclination, by education, to inspire and enthuse those with whom he came in contact. Especially was his early life and surroundings particularly adjusted to ministrations of kindliness towards those from country homes, with rusticity prominent, pronounced and dominant. While the village youth with better opportunities and bred by more refined tastes, but destitute of the essence of genuine refinement, estimated the rustic youth from the hills and the more distant woodland towns, as inferior to themselves. The teacher, however, judged them by their ability to learn, and their aspirations for mental achievements. He saw no occasion to sneer, he saw in them the genuine manhood and womanhood that needed but contact with right conditions to make them as refined in manners as they were vigorous in mind and body.”

A year later in 1855, a Miss Emily J. Barrows joins his staff as preceptress, together with his brother, Stephen Barrett. Another brother, Clinton Barrett, was also teaching at the school. They taught here successfully until May of 1859 when A.Judson Barrett and his staff decided to leave the school. In one of her letters, Helen Barrett Montgomery explains why: “My father believed in the old academias. He held that they had culture and religious values which were lacking in the public schools.” At Lowville, a lengthy lawsuit had resulted in the academy passing into the possession of the village, “...and it did not suit my father at all to be principal of the school under these altered conditions.”

The academy continues to operate for only one more term. Then in June of the following year, we learn that Judson and his preceptress, Miss Emily J. Barrows, are married in Ashtabula Co., Ohio; presumably in Kingsville. The story of Emily Julia Barrows and her life prior to her marriage can be found under the Barrows Ancestry.
In 1861, Judson is again appointed principal of the Kingsville Academy, and his brother Stephen joins him to help teach. Stephen gets married in 1862, receives a masters degree in 1864 from the University of Rochester, N.Y., and then goes on to become principal of several boys schools, Academies and a finally a public High School in Lincoln, Nebraska. Judson, however, remains Principal of the Kingsville Academy, and he and Emily begin to raise their family with the same religious values and appreciation for higher learning that his father and grandfather before had taught him.

Adoniram Judson Barrett [10] and Emily Julia Barrows [11] had the following children:

i) Helen Maria b. 31 Jul. 1861 d. 18 Oct 1934  
iii) Storrs Barrows b. 12 Aug 1864 d. 25 Nov 1937

In 1868, A. J. Barrett and his family move to Lowville, N.Y., “to give the academy of that place an impetus and position among the educational institutions of the State which it has never lost.” His daughter Helen continues in this eulogy from Old Time Memories, written for her mother’s memorial service:

“For the three years from 1868 to 1871 my father was principal of the academy in Lowville, N.Y. Here in addition to teaching French and Rhetoric my mother supervised the housekeeping for the large boarding department of the school, cared for her little children, and had energy enough to get up wonderful “entertainments” with reproductions of statuary, recitations, songs in costume, dialogues and tableaux. To my childish memory these school entertainments are far beyond the wildest dreams of present day producers. Can I ever forget when my little brother, with spangled wings fastened to his plump shoulders, was mysteriously, and as it seemed to be perilously, suspended in the air as an angel; or the wonderful statuary groups which she draped and christened and posed, and for which she made classic coiffures of cunningly plaited white twine? Was there ever anything quite so thrillingly lovely as the ‘pyramid of beauty’ in which some scores of us children, all in white, were arranged with flowery garlands and then heard the audience give a long sigh of delight as the curtain was drawn aside to reveal all our splendor? 

“Into such work my mother delighted to pour her taste and skill and marvelous vitality. I remember Jean Ingelow’s Songs of Seven, Auld Roben Grey, Jephthah’s Daughter, and Tennyson’s Enoch Arden as among the poems illustrated by tableaux or pantomime so successfully that she built up a great local reputation. For years after we came to Rochester we children used to play and dress up and give theatricals with the finery, wigs, tinseled fairy garments, tarletan angels wings, ermine robes and draw curtains that were part of these stage properties stored in big boxes in the attic.”

“As I look back on those strenuous days at the big boarding school for boys, I do not see how my mother was able to accomplish all that she did. She superintended all the housekeeping for the big family of thirty or more, taught some classes in school, was house-mother for all the restless, active boys, and had time and strength for church work and social life which she loved.”
Three years later the family moves to Rochester, N.Y. where Judson assumes control of the Collegiate Institute (a private school preparing boys for college) for the next three years. It is interesting to note the ethical and moral conscientness of the times, as reflected in the Commencement Exercises for his first year of tenure. It is hard to imagine young men of today giving speeches on intellectual subjects entitled: *The Incompatibility of Temper, The Utility of Forethought or True Manhood*, as announced in the *PROGRAME* below:

![Programme Image]

The hope of entering the Christian ministry had never been abandoned by Judson during all his twenty years of successful teaching, and when in 1874 the opportunity was offered of taking a course of study in the Theological Seminary while continuing his work as professor of Greek and Latin, he at once accepted it. On the completion of his work in the Seminary, he was called to the pastorate of the Lake Avenue Baptist Church in Rochester in 1876 where he served until his death on October 21, 1889. He had suffered a fatal heart attack and collapsed on the sidewalk while walking to church. He was only 57 years old.
Dr. Barrett was loved by all who came into contact with him, as expressed in the many tributes and eulogies at his memorial service:

“There are young men by the hundred scattered all over the world who are mourning to-day; his mission to them has been grander than earth can know.”

“The noblest man I ever knew is gone.”

“I can never forget Judson Barrett; his loyal helpfulness, his true yoke-fellowship in the ministry, will be ever a precious part of my life. His was a royal nature, manly, hopeful, sturdy, inspiring, grandly unselfish. He was one of God’s good gifts to the world.”

“The grand life Judson Barrett has lived is a magnificent legacy to all whom he blessed with his friendship. Was there ever a truer man? I thank God that I knew him.

But it is in the family letters that one finds the true love and adoration for this man—this father and husband. From Helen’s autobiography, we find the following passage about her father as she remembers her childhood:

“I loved both my parents with all the affection within me. But I am not quite sure that my mother’s authority was completely successful. She was obeyed because she belonged. My father, on the other hand, was adored. To this child God always looked like her father, and obedience to her father became the basis of submission to the will of God. There was reverence, there was fear, the right kind of fear, a dread of doing what was wrong in my father’s sight.”

Perhaps more revealing, however, are the letters that were written while he was alive. A wonderful example is found in a letter of encouragement from Emily to her husband on one of his many trips, where he is often invited to be the speaker at some special event. In it, one can feel the deep love between them; expressed with humility, appreciation and understanding:

Thursday morning

My dear Jay,

Your letter, written in that charming retreat among the leaves, ‘mid way amid heaven and earth’, has just reached me.

Surely some good angel was hovering near. It must have been the Spirit of all Charity that thinketh no evil and vaunteth not itself—for you have remembered only good of your weak and crossing (sic) Emma. Did ever a wife receive so loving and precious a token? Not many in all this world. I know and I believe there are many, many crabbed, sour hearted wives and brothers that would have been worthy of the praise so lavishly bestowed upon me—if the husband had been noble, generous, being like you. In the hands of a capricious, exacting, tyrannical husband, I should have been nervous, irritable and wicked. Yes ugly, for I have no sympathy or patience with a nature that seems what it is not, that gives
blandishments and smiles to the world and keeps it’s pent-up littleness and wrath
to be spent upon the helpless ones at home. Such a husband would have made a
termagant of me. You dear Jay have helped to develop the good. Bless you
darling husband for all your love and patience and sweet sympathy—that
condescends always to the little trials in my woman’s heart! If the best love of a
wife, pure and sweet and strong, can recompense you, then are you recompensed.

I know you are troubled dear Jay, harassed and perplexed. I read it in,
although you have not said it. Don’t worry over the address and don’t try to
commit it. Read it, unless you extemporize. Your reading will please her, I
know, and I do not fear but your address will be good. If you can hold yourself
in check when before the audience, as you do when reading to me, I have no fears
for the result. My greatest fear that you will feel dissatisfied and thus
disheartened. Don’t let it make you feel faint. I understand that feeling well...

Your faithful Emily.

After Judson’s death, Emily continues to be a guiding influence in the lives of her children,
grandchildren and her many friends. She continues on in her church work, takes an extended trip
through Europe and maintains correspondence with a list of 75 people in her worn address book.
On a trip to Canada in 1905, she is traveling with Mother Montgomery and writes home to Nellie
with the following observation about Canadian men:

“But the Canadian is not the bright, quick witted American—one finds that
out very soon. The women catch on, especially the young daughters, but there is
the same look in the boy’s eyes that is in the father’s—dull and unresponsive.

“Then how one wants to trim up the apple trees. They are filled with hard,
common, sour fruit, but could be grafted as they are young thrifty trees with
harvest apples that would prove a great attraction.”

A famous story is told of the time she takes her class of Sunday school pupils to a picnic on the
river; the boys were all around thirteen years old:

“The teacher’s name was ‘Emily’. She was seventy years young at the time;
and no regiment ever rallied around its captain more loyally than these boys
around their teacher.

“When their destination was reached, camp was pitched on the shore, and with
shouts of joy the boys scurried in every direction to gather wood for the fire; for
this was to be no cold lunch picnic, but a real dinner was to be cooked and served
on the spot. And so potatoes were roasted, sausages were fried, and all gotten
ready, ‘Emily’ directing and giving orders meanwhile. The members of the class
will not forget that banquet by the river.

“When dinner was over, and everything packed away, they started for a tramp;
and there was much to enjoy on that autumn day—the oak trees in their dark
brown cloaks, the red-stemmed bushes flashing here and there, a few venturesome
squirrels scampering up the trees. The boys would ask their teacher if she were
tired climbing up and down, but she always scorned the idea of being tired.

“Late in the afternoon they offered, as a special treat, to take her for a row on
the river. Of course she wanted to go. But in some way, in getting into the boat,
‘Emily’s foot slipped and she was in the water. With her presence of mind she grasped the side of the boat and held on. In the excitement the boat drifted out from shore, and they were in deep water.

“The frightened boys kept crying, ‘Hold on Mrs. Barrett! Hold on Mrs. Barrett!’ , and she answered in a calm, quiet voice. ‘I’m holding on boys, don’t be frightened; just row the boat in, we are all right.’ There was no look nor tone of fear, only perfect self-possession.

“But one boy said to his mother afterward, ‘Oh, mother, it was awful to see that face over the side of the boat.’

“They reached shore safely and the picnic was ended. All were eager, of course, to take her home, but she wouldn’t allow them to, as it would attract more attention and she wished to get home unobserved. On reaching the car she asked the motorman if she might ride in the front vestibule with him so no one would see her. Arriving home she went in the back way and upstairs, and was nearly in dry clothing before the family discovered her.”

“Mother Barrett,” as she was called by members of the church, passed away on March 4, 1915, at the age of 85. As with her husband before her, the memorial service was filled with glowing eulogies and tributes to her life:

“Mrs. Barrett always meant a great deal to me in my work as her pastor. She had that loyalty that is one of the finest gifts of the soul, and that optimism that was always contagious. No church task ever was so big that we could not depend on Mrs. Barrett’s backing to help make it a success; when she rose to speak we always knew that we would hear her voice on the optimistic side.

“Her mind was always a wonder to me, not only because of its keenness but because it never grew old. She approached new facts and new truths with the open-mindedness of youth. Many of the conversations that I have had with her along theological and religious lines have betokened a breadth of spirit and an activity of the mental life that have amazed me in one of her age.

“Her abounding eagerness to serve was another thing that impressed me from the first time I met her. The world is simply filled with people who have been blessed by her. It seems to me that one of the happiest things that could come with life would be the feeling that when we go we should have as many as she had who would miss us and feel that our life had blessed them.”

And in a remembrance by one of her Sunday school girls from days past, we have the following:

“The last day she spent on this earth was a bright, beautiful day, a promise of spring. It seemed as if the day had been made for her going, a day in which she would not find so great a contrast between the here and the there. She was so happy she could not keep still. She would say, ‘O, isn’t this a lovely day, and isn’t this lovely.’ Everything seemed to us as we look back that she had some knowledge of the happiness that was to be hers in a few hours.”

Finally, Helen recalls in her Old Time Memories, the love and strength in her parents that would also be displayed in her own life and that of her sister and brother:
“The marriage with my father proved one of those ideal unions that really seem made in Heaven. None of us children can ever remember hearing father speak to mother an irritable or ungenerous word, or anything in their life together that was not ideal. My mother’s love for him and dependence upon him were so much her life, that our first thought upon his sudden death was fear lest she too should die of a broken heart. But here the deep reserve strength of her character was revealed. In her unselfish devotion to her children she was able to face her life not only with fortitude but with cheerful, sunny acceptance that left no time for regret, or introspection, or morbid grief.”

Additional memories and insights into the lives of these two extraordinary people can be found in the stories of their children—Helen, Anne and Storrs—who all went on to become educators.

After graduating from Wellesley College in 1884, Helen began her career as a High School teacher in Rochester, NY, then a co-principal of the Wellesley Preparatory School. She later became a Social reformer, educator, women’s rights advocate and church leader. She received many honorary degrees from various Universities and traveled around the world to survey and report on Protestant foreign missions. She was a licensed Baptist minister in her father’s church and has many books to her credit, including a translation of the New Testament from the original Greek language. Her many accomplishments are documented in Who’s Who in America.
Anne also graduated from Wellesley College, and directly thereafter began teaching the children of cowboys and ranchers in a one-room school house in a little town in Colorado with less than 10 houses. After a year, she moves to New York City where she teaches music and German in a private girls school, before settling down with a school teacher and principal to raise a family.

Storrs became principal of Middlebury Academy in N.Y., then taught science in a New York High School. He went on to pursue a career in astronomy at the Yerkes Observatory in Wisconsin. Their stories are told in subsequent chapters...
HELEN MARIA BARRETT

EARLY LIFE

Helen Maria Barrett was born July 31, 1861 in Kingsville, Ohio. She would soon become known as just “Nellie.” Her father, Adoniram Judson Barrett, had just been appointed Principal of the Kingsville Academy, which he had attended in his youth. Her mother, Emily Julia Barrows, first met her future husband six years earlier at the Nunda Literary Institute when she joined his staff as preceptress.

No original letters are available regarding Helen’s early life, so documentation is dependent on her autobiography, Helen Barrett Montgomery. Her book, however, has been quoted quite extensively for other family members with her thoughts and love for them, rather than details of her own life. Appropriately, these thoughts are included in their stories. The reader is encouraged to read the early lives of her sister Anne and her brother Storrs, where their wonderful letters are quoted from the originals.

However, we have from her autobiography:

“I was the eldest child, and on the first day they cut a wisp of brown hair from my head. Seventy-three years later I could match that wisp with hair also brown. After eighteen months, my sister Annie arrived. She was named after a song, “Gentle Annie,” but she was the least gentle of our family. She had the snapping brown eyes and restless energy of our mother. Our family was complete when a brother, Storrs, arrived.”

When she was seven, her father takes a position as principal of the academy in Lowville N.Y. Soon thereafter, Helen recalls her best friend Alice and sister Annie:

“Here I met my first intimate friend, Alice Morrison and I had one supreme interest in common. It was the art of sliding down banisters, and I sought to exact from her a solemn promise that, whatever the future might have in store for us, we would always pursue this entrancing occupation. She refused to give the pledge and so serious was the quarrel that in tears I had no choice but to pick up my dolls and go home. On these occasions there was invariably a reconciliation, and we did not
long walk on opposite sides of the road. We had our secret societies with elaborate ceremonies at initiation and banquets of cream puffs, and, of course, there had to be a newspaper. It ran to just one issue and contained a serial entitled *Lillian Montgomery or Plans*, by Nellie Barrett. Curious that Montgomery, at a time when Nellie Barrett had yet to meet her husband.

“As children we were quite a handful. Annie and I would argue and when arguments failed, we raced round the dining-room table, Annie usually winning. On one occasion she caught me up and bit my shoulder.”

Helen was strong-willed as a child and sometimes required a reprimand from one of her parents. On these occasions, she soon learned which technique worked best to minimize the forthcoming scolding:

“Punishment was sometimes corporal. I sat on a trunk in the sewing-room while my mother went to select a peach switch. She returned to find her three year-old absorbed in a profound slumber. But the ruse did not work. The switching did not hurt very much, but I took the usual precautions. I yelled my loudest.

“I was stubborn and self-willed, passionate and unpleasant in many ways. The theory of my father was that children should be taught to obey—taught that lesson from the outset. As he was leading me through the garden one day en route for the peach switch, I said to him, “Won't you reason with me, papa?” and the remark had an effect on him. Reasoning was substituted for whipping.”

Her father was a teacher at home as well as at the Academy, and Helen recalls how he would instill his love for learning into all of his children:

“One day I heard my father saying to a student in algebra, "Let A equal B." I flew into a tantrum. It simply wasn't true, and I said that I wouldn't learn such stuff. With many tears and much stamping of feet, I was marched off to my room to think things over. Yet my father had interesting ways of getting information into our heads. We would creep into his bed in the morning and learn to count in Latin and would repeat the various declensions and conjugations so that when we came to the actual study of the language, *amo, amas, and amat* were familiar friends. So with the multiplication tables. And on walks we were shown the forms of trees and plants and told the names of rocks. There was a good deal more of boy scouting than sometimes we supposed.

After her father became pastorate of the Lake Avenue Baptist Church in Rochester, N.Y., Helen finds herself deeply immersed in the Baptist church, following in her father’s footsteps:

“At the age of fifteen I was thus the eldest daughter of a pastor, and from that day onwards this church became one of my reasons for existence. During my father's first winter, about one hundred and fifty new members were added to the church, including the pastor's three children. We were baptised by my father. One cloud darkens the remembrance of that moving experience. Candidates came before the deacons to be questioned as to their Christian experience. One old deacon put to me his unfailing enquiry, ‘My young sister, did you feel the burden of sin roll
away? ’ Those were his exact words to me, a child of fifteen growing up in a Christian home! Trembling, I answered, ‘ Yes, sir ’, and realized at once that I had told a lie in order to get into the church. It filled me with bitterness at the very moment when a gracious father was welcoming me into the household of faith.

“Sunday was a busy day, not only for the pastor but for his family. At ten-thirty o’clock there was church, followed by Sunday school where I taught a class of young boys. At three o’clock I walked two miles to the Lyell Avenue Mission Sunday school and taught a class of under-privileged boys. After a light supper, there was a young people’s meeting, and this was followed by the evening service, which the younger ones did not always attend.”

Helen is becoming older now and begins to plan for her future. The Barrett family has only limited income from the Church, but her father wants only the best for his children. A private, women’s Christian college would be the best, of course, but could he afford it. Also, was his daughter ready for the demanding entrance requirements? Then there would be the expense of clothes and other things, knowing that daughters of far richer families would be in attendance:

“In the late seventies I was far advanced in my ’teens and was beginning to consider what I was to make of this broadening and stimulating experience called life. Higher education for women, playfully satirized by Tennyson thirty years before in his poem The Princess, was now a fact, and I read with enthusiasm of a new college which was added at that time to this avenue for the pursuit of happiness. The college was Wellesley, founded in 1875. I wanted to go to Wellesley, and in the spring of 1880 my father gave his consent. Before I was fifteen I had read the required Latin, but my preparation needed to be rounded out and my father saw to it himself. I left the Livingston Park Seminary where I had been a student, and was put through a course of mathematics. During the spring and summer I put in a good deal of hard work. And there were also clothes to be considered. I helped my mother to get them ready, and was thus associated with both my parents in the great enterprise that lay ahead.”
WELLESLEY COLLEGE

Although Wellesley College was founded by Henry Fowle Durant in 1870, it wasn’t until the fall of 1875 that it first opened it’s doors. It is a privately controlled liberal arts school for women and is noted for its art and library collections as well as its science laboratories. Its mission statement is “to provide an excellent liberal arts education for women who will make a difference in the world.” Its present day enrollment is just over 600 students. Today’s total fees including tuition, activities, and room and board, add up to $41,030 per year.

Helen will now be exposed to four years of intense academic discipline, intellectual thoughts and sociopolitical ideas, and encouraged to go out into the world and make a difference. Her autobiography records these years:

“One of the things that I remember best about Wellesley is the beauty of its grounds. They were beautiful in any season. The regulations clearly laid down our duty to take a walk every day. That we sometimes fell from these high counsels of perfection I cannot doubt, and yet I recall many a long walk through snowy woodlands, through surrounding villages, to well-known historic sites.”

There were rules and regulations that governed most of their waking hours. In addition to their classes, there was required exercise, chapel, meals, quiet time for study and chores.

“The law is that you must exercise one hour every day in the open air whether you know your lessons or not, and you must work one hour, and attend chapel twice, and Bible class once, and silent time twice, and spend one hour in elegant leisure at dinner, so you see very little time is left unclaimed.

“In those early days students were required to do domestic work. I was assigned to housekeeping duties. I seeded raisins, peeled apples, sorted beans and, for one term at least, filled the lamps. Each girl brought her lamp to a room at the end of her floor and set it on a zinc-covered table. My impression is that we had both gas and kerosene, the latter being regarded as better for the eyes. Each girl had her own lamp and, if she were tidy, she cleaned the chimney and kept it shining. I liked domestic work and thought it a pity when it was given up. It made for a unified democracy.”

And there were also traditions. Each incoming class would decide upon their class colors, compose a class song, and select a tree that they would plant on the campus as their lasting symbol, on Tree Day:

“Tree day was a great anniversary. Our class selected the mountain ash. One of us wrote a song, beginning, "Fair boughs of mountain ash, all hail," and the professor of music supplied a tune that was supposed to be far above the usual line of class songs. The tune began on the lower slopes of Parnassus but, assisted by
difficult harmony, it suddenly soared to the heights of the keyboard, and sung by sixty untrained voices, it was something to be heard. Greet any old girl of the class of 1884 with the line, ‘Fair boughs of mountain ash, all hail,’ and she will laugh. For our ash trees never thrived. We planted them at reunions and they failed to make good. At last we moved the class stone of 1884 to a splendid tree near the main building, and on our forty-fifth anniversary basely substituted this counterfeit for the unsuccessful originals.”

Freshman Year

In September of 1880, Helen enters Wellesley College at the age of 19, after passing all of her entrance requirements. She has worked hard to get there, and will soon find that all work is not academic:

“My room-mate is named Birdie and is a short, thin girl sixteen years old who expects to enter sophomore. I guess I shall like her real well if she isn't too talented. The girls at my table are almost all seniors (we are seated by the alphabet) and they have political discussions which amuse me, make me angry and long to put in my oar, but as I am a freshman and my opinion is not asked, I have to control my political propensities and let them blunder. They are very nice girls at the table but they don't know much about politics. There are no servants to wait on the table so when there is anything needed the teacher requests some girl to get it. My work is washing dishes for thirty minutes a day. There are twelve of us on the lunch circle and we have real fun. There are four great tanks in a row with hot and cold water in each, and we wash the dishes with long-handled mops in the two end tanks, place them in the two middle tanks in clear hot water, then place them in racks to drain, and then wipe. There is no dirty water for we have all we want of clean, and we hardly wet our hands. I do not mind it in the least. It is not nearly so bad as dish-washing in a private family.”

Wellesley was very keen on their students learning the Greek language. Helen didn’t like the subject and felt she ought to spend her time on other pursuits. She writes to her father for sympathy, hoping he will convince the college that it really isn’t necessary after all:

“I had a talk with President Howard and she is very anxious that I shall take Greek. All were expected to take it on entering, but as you misunderstood why, I can take my degree without it, but etc. They are perfectly Greek crazy here and have argued most of the girls into taking it. Miss Howard said, ‘For one who is so fine a scholar as yourself, who has read so much Latin and mathematics, of course these studies will not be hard.’ I am afraid, you dear old Papa, that you drew me in such glowing colors that they will be disappointed in the reality. For I do find Livy [Titus Livius, Roman Historian, 59 BC to 17 AD] hard and have to study my mathematics too. Now I don't want Greek. I hope you will remain firm in your wish that I should not take it up. In your letter don't say anything about my wishes but just give the reasons as yours. If you have changed your mind and really want me to take Greek, why, I will, of course.”
Her father was adamant that he should not get involved and that this was her decision to make, in spite of her well-known wiles.

“I received your letter tonight and the long conflict is over. I have decided to take Greek, not because I want to, but merely for politic reasons. Miss Howard is so crazy over Greek and it will be for my advantage with her to comply with her wishes. Mr. Durant is the chief of this concern and he has eyes for none but the Greek scholars. You spoke of a Livy translation. If you can get one cheap I would like it for these few weeks anyway. I would be conscientious and only use it when pressed for time and unable to study. Send the key inside some other package so that those at the office cannot see it.”

It was not long before she found that she liked the obnoxious language and those who taught it, and we see her reading gaily through a play by Sophocles as if he were Shakespeare. Forty years later, after seeing how her bible students were not relating to the authorized King James version of the Bible, she would open up the Greek Testament and decide to make her own translation from the original into English. In her autobiography, Helen observes, “By submitting to her father’s wishes she found a more intimate approach to the Savior of mankind.”

Although Wellesley was hailed as a liberal college, it demanded that the students be well versed in a variety of subjects, including math and science:

“In geometry I stand with three other girls first, I think. We have just got to the sphere and have finished a page of problems. This one stuck the class except four of whom I was one : "What is the lateral surface of a right pentagonal pyramid whose base is inscribed in a circle whose radius is 6 yards, the slant height of the pyramid being 10 yards? What is the volume of this pyramid?" I worked three hours on this. Papa will see at once how long and puzzling an operation it is to find the side of the inscribed pentagon. My mind does not seem to be constituted to hold geometrical proofs. They slip from me very quickly.”

But it is politics and the social issues of the day that Helen is drawn to:

“November, 1880. Having a little time to spare on this election morning I can't resist writing. You ought to see Wellesley and the intense political spirit displayed yesterday and today. Three of the teachers went to Boston and brought back Garfield badges for all their table, and there is not a girl in the building but wears a badge of some sort. Last night there was one long procession through the corridors to see the decorations. Nearly all the doors were festooned in red, white and blue, and either had pictures of the presidential candidates fastened in the folds or their names in startling letters across it. The transoms were decorated in various styles and at intervals there were gorgeous banners extending clear across the hall-way, composed of red and blue shawls with white sheets. One girl had suspended from the ceiling a balloon made of a parasol from which was suspended a work basket looking very natural, and in the car was a ridiculous caricature of Hancock with fierce mustache holding the placard, 'Gone Up.'
“There were five or six of us making the rounds of the halls, and when we came to one room the occupant was putting up red draperies and pictures of Hancock. I said:

Why, Miss B-, is it possible? You a Handcock?
Yes, I am, and I’m a rebel too. See! And she pointed to a full red scarf around her waist.

How can you say that? said one of the girls, and immediately there rose a hubbub of voices and loud party talk, and amidst it all she stood back, her eyes fairly flashing, head back and general appearance that of the leader of a forlorn hope, as she said,

I’m a rebel! And you pull down my scarfs if you dare! A Southern girl is worth ten Yankees.

“Of course, her Secesh [Confederate] flags were gone in a minute. She still wears her blood red sash, however.

“Another Democrat had out a placard hurrahing for Hancock and abusing Garfield, and every good Republican that passed felt in duty bound to tear that placard down. But it was not very safe to do so for she stood on a table right under the transom inside the room and every girl that approached the door was powdered with chalk dust. She stayed on that table from seven in the evening until nine twenty, the time for silent hour.”

But along with these political arguments and debates come discussions of the social issues of the day, including the various reform movements. The girls relate to these issues in various ways, depending on their upbringing—especially by the depth of their religious beliefs. They slowly begin to form their own views of life and what is important. Helen is among them:

“Sunday. Professor Whiting—she teaches astronomy—asked us to go walking with her, and, of course we were only too glad to go. We four sauntered slowly toward Tupelo Point where we sat down on a rustic bench while Miss Whiting read to us a little story from the Christian Union called Summers in Huckleberry Cut by Jane Grey. It was a brief forceful account of the experience of two women in temperance work among the lowly. At times moving to laughter, again to tears, it told how two ladies, neither ‘strong-minded’ nor ‘reformers’ labored among men who were drunkards. Over us was the blue clear arch of the sky, about us the regal beauty of nature and surrounding us everywhere, the evidence of security and taste. We listened to a cry from out of the dark, a moan, a struggle, a wild wretched tumult with calls for help, and a tender, pitiful, sisterly, womanly answer, ‘We will.’ Deep down in my heart there was born a purpose that said, ‘Yes, Lord, when Thou dost call me.’

“After the reading we talked quietly together for a while, and I told of my little trial in working for my neighbor, how I had found that the power of much love for a few rough street boys, helped them to know of the love which enfolds all loves in its bosom, I told them of the little misspelled scrawly letters filled to the brim with love that I had received since I had been here, of the frank boyish avowals that they tried to be like the Savior, and of many little incidents connected with the mission at home.”
“My pen is poor,
My ink is pale,
My love for thee
Shall never fale."

Even as a freshman, Helen has already formed her own viewpoint in matters that are meaningful to her. She has to be careful, however, not to be too opinionated — as in this lecture on methods of teaching:

“James T. Fields was to lecture Monday evening on Goldsmith. Well, he came, he saw, he conquered so far as I am concerned. He spoke of lack of enthusiasm and of a receptive spirit. I felt like being careful how I give my unlearned, unseasoned criticism with such boldness and assurance hereafter. I feel more and more that a teachable mood is to be desired above everything, for it becomes easier and easier to say sharp things and to pick flaws instead of seeing the beauties that are everywhere waiting, waiting to be seen. I can see the belittling effects of letting the mind dwell on the deformities rather than the excellencies of life.”

Writing letters is a Barrett tradition and they are constantly flowing back and forth. They are often shared with other family members by writing a note or two and passing it on, round-robin style. As the loving big sister, Helen has plenty of thoughts and advice for her siblings, as in this letter to Storrs in his moment of self doubt:

“By the way, I have a little preachment for you. I have deduced from Anne's and Frankie's letters that you have withdrawn yourself from their literary diet. Is it so?
“I think I can see your dear old face with its ‘this world is hollow expression’ and hear you say as sometimes of old, ‘they don't want me, they never listen to what I say. I don't know half as much about history as Will and I'll stay away.’ I do so hope that you will not get into your shell and shut yourself in. I can't tell you how much I want my brother to be a man of power and to become this you must forget yourself. Just go into all the little enjoyments that come in your way and don't feel for pins in the carpet of your life.
“These little literary circles are so valuable in giving general information and culture and I want you to be such a well-read man. Don’t let yourself grow up with this sensitive spirit for it will surely make you unhappy. Go with Anne and ask questions, talk, air your ideas, expose your ignorance, learn. They all want you for they write so. Don't be touchy and easily discouraged, but get up your fighting qualities, make yourself felt. Be your own sunshiny lovable self with that little imp of sensitiveness punched into quiet”

At 19, Helen is already beginning to understand her own ambitions, strengths, weaknesses, and capabilities. We watch her inner character form as the months pass by, and can already guess at the direction her life will take:

“Don't you wish I could be a phenomenon in some direction? I do. Papa said before I came here that all he cared for was for me to maintain an average fair standing, but I feel sure he will be disappointed if I don't shine in some direction and
that doesn't seem to be my forte. I think though that if I had had the severe systematic continuous study that most of the girls have had I could hold my own with any of them. The only parts of me that have been systematically used are my thinking and arguing powers, and I find that there I can hold my own with any of them, so perhaps in the great outdoors I shall get on all right.

“I sometimes wish I had had another year's preparatory for I find that the girls who have had regular school drill have the advantage of me. Yet I don't know that I wish it either, for I keep a good standing in my class, and I will be one year ahead, and perhaps this ambition to be thought smart and to lead the class is not a good ambition after all. It's hard though to be willing to take an average place when one longs to be first.”

Her family wonders how she is getting along with the peer pressures and social differences that are bound to arise when students live together in the close environment of a private school. Helen assures them that she gets along just fine and can hold her own:

“In answer to Papa's dear worries about my dress etc., I will say I am dressed just as well as there is any necessity for, and look a good deal better than many of the other girls, even those who have more extensive wardrobes. My clothes are all neat, in good taste, and they fit me—a thing which New Englanders don't seem to consider of any importance—and I find that New England girls someway don't have near the style of western girls. I don't give my clothes a thought after I am dressed, for they are not conspicuous in any way, whether for elegance or plainness.

“About my gymnastic suit. I am glad that you have not done anything about it for I find that a good many of the girls get along without regular suits, and we only have regular gymnastics this term, and now it is nearly half over. I find that by removing my dress waist and corset (ssh! ) and wearing my blue flannel sack with my blue dress skirt I get along splendidly.”

“I was surprised the other day to find how much money some of the girls spend and yet think they are economical. There is Miss W-. Exclusive of tuition and music she has spent $125. It has gone in trips to Boston, shopping there, in books, fixings for her room, etc. She sends home accounts of her expenditures and her mother writes back that she is well satisfied—she knows these little expenses will come in, etc. Then Birdie has spent about $50 so far. Of course, these girls have their washing done and that counts up $10 or $15. I have not scrimped myself at all and yet I have only spent, exclusive of my carfare, $15, and out of that I have joined the missionary society, paid concert fund, etc.”

Her forte at political endeavors is quickly becoming evident. As the freshman class begins to organize itself, we find her strategizing behind the scenes and orchestrating her planned outcome. The opposition never knew what hit 'em. But she also shows her willingness to promote unity and embrace the majority:

“We have been having quite exciting times organizing the freshman class. We called a meeting to elect a committee to draw up a constitution to be presented to the faculty for approval. I did a little electioneering. A girl was anxious to run things who does not represent a very level–headed set in the class. I found out that she had a ticket all made out and intended to run in her own committee, having arranged with
other girls to second her motions. I went to one of her set and suggested that she open the meeting and call for nominations for chairwoman. She was very anxious to do so and evidently thought it was a move on my part to join their ranks. Meanwhile without telling my plans to anyone I arranged with Florence that she should immediately nominate this girl. Do you see what the effect of this was? Her plans were entirely broken up and while her forces were deciding what to do, our committee was up and elected. There were five in the committee and of these I nominated three—not personally—I was very quiet. After we had the majority we let them run the other two members.

“I guess we shall have a warm time over the Presidency but I try to promote unity by submitting gracefully and heartily to the decision of the majority. I talk unity and work in a quiet way for my candidate. My name is up quite prominently but I shan’t make one effort, for I don’t want the Presidency the first year—it will keep. One girl has a certain assurance about her and has impressed some of the girls with her knowledge of parliamentary rules. The truth is that she knows very little about rules of order. However, if she is elected, I shall of course support her.”

But there is more than fun and politics at Wellesley. There is also the more serious side of her education which can’t be ignored. In mathematics, she is very apprehensive at first; but as she works through the problems and finally masters it, she actually finds it interesting:

“We had a written review in Algebra of the term’s work so far and my paper did not have a mistake. The review embraced differentiation, logarithmic series, Taylor’s formula, binomial formula, indeterminate and partial differential coefficients and exponential equations. We had to develop the binomial and Taylor’s formula and adapt the Naperian logarithmic series to numerical computation and also perform several examples under each head. We are now taking up loci of equations and I find it like the lions in Pilgrims Progress. When I turned over the leaves and looked ahead, it looked so terrible with all the strange curves and figures that I fairly shivered, but when I really got to it, I find it the most interesting and easily mastered subject that we have yet met.”

Towards the end of her freshman year, Helen thinks about home and how much her parents mean to her. She writes to her mother:

“Dear Little Mama, may the returns of your birthday be as many as your own unselfish loving deeds have been. Touch the dear head lightly, Time; pass by softly, Years; in your flight come not near, Sorrow; leave her not, Peace and Happiness. As I remember the past, and think of the care, the trouble, the heartache I have caused you, always taking, and you always giving so freely, so patiently, I realize the depth and beauty of a life and love that has surrounded me so completely that sometimes I have not felt its presence.”

And to her father:

“The way that I like to think of you on your birthday, my dear Papa, is standing out among the flowers utterly lost in thought, but with such a warm and appreciative smile on your face that the buds start out and every plant blossoms just because it is so sure of your sympathy. I remember how you used to take your chair out before breakfast and sit before that hedge of sweet peas and think out your sermon. And I
remember how a sweetness and simplicity and purity as of the flowers themselves seemed to breathe from the sermons—so natural, so trustful, so true they were. Blessed old garden, with its dear old-fashioned flowers, heartsease and mignonette and lilacs and pinks and roses and forget-me-nots, to how many homes its blossoms have brought brightness and fragrance. Blessed Papa, to how many hearts he has given with his flowers, peace and hope and comfort.”

**Sophomore Year**

In her sophomore year, Helen is becoming quite comfortable with public debate and group discussion and finds that she thoroughly enjoys it. The class has hired barges for an all day outing to Lexington and Concord and they intend to pick out teachers that are “young and jolly” to accompany them. As they float along the canal, their chatter would sometimes turn into heated discussion, and that was when Helen would rise to the occasion:

“I enjoyed the discussion thoroughly for I could see that I had the best of them at every point, and as I was perfectly liberal toward their belief and didn't use the meat ax any, I think perhaps I may have done some good. It may be wrong but I do love argument. I feel just in my element. I sniff the battle from afar. But I have come round to Papa's view that argument simply as argument very seldom does any good. Unless both parties are anxious to learn something and are in a mood to accept truth wherever they find it, argument only strengthens the prejudices of both sides.”

The sophomore year also raises new ideas and ambitions for Helen, as she wonders what she wants to commit her life to. The exact nature of the work may vary, but the underlying cause is always the same—to do good for others:

“There are so many ways of doing good in the world and so much need in every direction that I feel bewildered in trying to decide in which way to turn my attention. When I hear about the South, it seems to me I must go there; when of the Indians, I don't see how I can stay away from them. And now the Mormons, they need teachers so much. I wish I could divide myself up and do work in every direction at once. It seems such a pity to drop my music so completely. But I have decided that I haven't the extra year to spend or the money either, for that matter. Florence and I are quite excited on the subject of studying medicine. We think of taking a medical course together and then hang out our shingles in partnership. Seriously I think that if educated women would become physicians, they might do a great deal of good.”

**Junior Year**

Wellesley has a policy of inviting the finest guest speakers they can find to lecture their students. This also includes guest ministers at their chapel. Of course, Helen wants to share the minister’s
Lyman Abbott was very interesting this morning at breakfast. His idea was that young men came to a theological seminary to learn a system of theology. He thinks this is a false view. If a young man's principles are not firmly enough grounded to stand discussion, the sooner he gets out of the ministry the better. If Dr. Abbott were president of a theological seminary he would, when Unitarianism was under consideration, have the principles of Unitarianism presented by the best thinker in the denomination, and with Catholicism the same. His boys should know fully what they had to meet, and their stand should be taken through intelligent conviction. I think he is right, don't you? The religious teacher should have met his foes for the first time before he meets them in practical life.

Wellesley has also been attracting international attention through the excellence of their programs and the beauty of their buildings and campus. Helen writes home to describe the reaction of some visitors from overseas on an inspection tour. She also mentions for the first time, her plans for what she wants to do after graduation:

Two ladies from France are here, sent out by the government to inspect the schools for girls in America. Wellesley was the first women's college they visited. They spent the day here and were perfectly carried away. One had been inspectress of schools for thirty years and had often planned how, if she could have things just as she wanted them, she would have a college, but her wildest dreams never reached Wellesley. After they had been shown round a while and it began to dawn on them, they both sat down and cried.

I had a long talk with Miss Freeman on my project of starting a preparatory school in Rochester and she thought the plan a very good one so long as there were no really fine preparatory schools for girls in the city. I do hope there won't anyone get ahead of me.

Helen’s letters home continue to reveal her innermost thoughts. Her religious upbringing has provided a solid basis for how she deals with life, and she is well aware when any vanity or self-pity might want to creep into her thoughts or demeanor. However, she still loves a good debate:

We had a class election last night and quite a hot conflict. We spent the whole evening and only succeeded in electing the president. Mary Emerson and I were the chief candidates but neither secured the office. By our constitution we are obliged to have five candidates nominated by scattering ballot and then these withdraw during the balloting. I have learned that they balloted for over an hour and that several times I was very near election, but neither party would yield enough to elect either Mary or me. So finally my party moved to unite on Minnie Young. I have been trying to feel happy over it. I know that it is for the best. I find that one of the hardest things for me is not to be glad and proud when I am honored, and depressed when I feel that I am overlooked.

I enjoy the work of argumentation very much. We have taken it in logic and now have it rhetorically—the use of various sorts of arguments, their arrangement, the organic parts of debate, the office of the positive and negative sides, preparation of the question, etc. It will be of great value to me if I ever care to debate.
Her observations on women’s clothing continues, and she longs for the day when she will be freed of the dictates of fashion:

“How nice one feels in the gymnastic suits so light and free and unconfined! If women wore a dress so healthful and light all the time we should be worth twice as much as we are now. We lift tons every year just in carrying about our clothes. I don't suppose the happy times will ever come when we can wear such a costume, but I long for the day. I don't wonder boys have so much surplus energy and spirits. So would girls if they had freedom to breathe and move as they wanted to.”

Senior Year

By her senior year, Helen has already been versed in the various reform movements and is putting her education into practice. She and her schoolmates, however, never miss the chance to have a little fun along the way:

“Charlotte and I went over to the Saturday Night Club for the working girls of South Natick. Charlotte read and I gave a temperance talk—both very well received. Ten of us went over to the prison to give an entertainment for the women. We were to rig up and give a sort of old folks' concert with readings interspersed. We had a real jolly time in the cars and imagine our horror on arriving at the station to find the prison van waiting for us. We climbed into the funereal black thing with its barred window, and such a gay party that van never took to the prison before. Everyone whom we passed on the way would turn around and stare at us with an expression which said, ‘So young and so depraved.’”

She ends her letters from Wellesley with an admonishment for the men of the country and their supposed lack of interest in politics. She wants to do something for the country, but the reader is reminded that women, then, were still not allowed to vote:

“We are now taking up the civil service reform in England as contrasted with our system, or lack of system. It seemed to me that I must get right up and do something to help this country. What are the gentlemen of the United States thinking of that they are not more interested in politics? Don't they know that indifference is the disgrace and death of republican institutions?
HELEN BARRETT AND WILLIAM A. MONTGOMERY

Early Marriage

After graduating in June of 1884, Helen returns to Rochester and within a few months has accepted a teaching position at the Rochester Free Academy. Her dream of opening her own preparatory school in Rochester for Wellesley–bound students has evidently not worked out. There is a compromise solution, however, and the following year she accepts a teaching position at the Wellesley Preparatory School in Philadelphia, PA, where she remains for the next two years.

During this three year period, she becomes acquainted with a man who has been a member of the Lake Ave. Baptist church since 1874, two years before her father became its pastor. His name is William A. Montgomery, a widower who is seven years older than she, but who shares her deep passion for the church. His wife, Clara, and first baby had died in 1881 during childbirth. That same year he founded the Montgomery Sunday School Class at the church and would have known the Barrett family when Helen was just a teenager. He taught this class for over forty years.

Will Montgomery was born in Rochester, NY in 1854 and had to leave school early due to the loss of his father’s business during the Civil War. He had an inquisitive mind, however, and became a well-read, self-educated businessman then employed by the Woodbury Engine Company as secretary and treasurer. Their acquaintance soon develops into a romance—then an engagement, and Helen finds herself in an awkward position, not knowing quite what to do. From her autobiography:

“While I was at Philadelphia, I came to the parting of the ways. My chosen career was teaching, and there was an idea that I might return to Wellesley as a member of the faculty. Trustees of two women’s colleges were considering my name for presidencies about to fall vacant, and I found that I could speak acceptably on the platform [she was 26 at the time.] My parents were anxious that I should proceed along these lines.

“I did not find the matter quite so simple as it seemed. William A. Montgomery was a business man, a junior member of the Woodbury Engine Company. He was a widower and seven years my senior, nor had he enjoyed opportunities of a formal education in the academic sense of the term. My parents were in great doubt whether our contemplated marriage would be a success. I wrote them:
‘I am at a loss to know what is best to be done. I shall wait before marrying until Anne is out of school, but unless you wish it very much I do not think I ought to wait much longer. I wish you could read a letter which Will wrote me this fall, it was so unselfish and noble. He spoke of your plans and ambitions and of my own hopes which seemed sacrificed to my love, and offered seriously to lengthen the engagement for five years. During this time I was to do what I could and would, and he would wait and make his life as strong and good as he could. Of course, I wrote him that I could not be happy in any such arrangement, and that I did not wish to try my wings in any such way. Will is in full sympathy with me intellectually. Much of the mental discipline which many gain in college he has acquired in business and I find that we are interested in the same questions.’"

This description of Will fitted him perfectly all through their subsequent marriage. He was a man of charming personality and fine mind. He was always in the background, supporting everything she did, allowing her to follow her passion and work for causes she believed in. Her parents’ doubt about the wisdom of the engagement did not diminish Helen’s love for them; in fact she feels quite the opposite, as in this letter to her mother:

“As I grow older I enter more and more deeply into your life, yours and papa’s. It is such a different love—the child’s and the woman’s. It was a very beautiful thought to me when I first noticed the character of my dear little mother and began to love her not merely because she was Mama but because Mama was lovely. So many years this conception of my mother as a person has been growing within me and every year I find it sweeter and better and dearer.”

Helen’s sister is hoping to spend the coming holiday with a Wellesley friend, but she doesn’t have enough money for the trip. Helen would like to help, but she doesn’t have the funds either and shares her disappointment in a letter to Will. She receives the following reply:

“I have a scheme. At Christmas, I should avail myself of the privilege of making you a gift. I claim that as a right. Now, I am very anxious that this gift shall be pleasing to you. At the same time, I know that way down deep in your heart you would much rather give than receive. You said that possibly we might be peculiar in our ideas. Now, dear, let's be peculiar just here. Let me send you $25.00—about the amount I should probably spend at Christmas—and then you can send it to Anne and make her visit a possibility.”

Notice how Will truly understands his bride to be, and how he is able to help out with no attention called to himself. As Helen informs Anne of the good news, she adds her own thoughts on the matter, giving further insight into her character:

“Wasn’t it lovely of Will to think of it? After all, little sister, it is the only way to keep money, or land, or talent, or happiness—give it away. If only everyone had
studied the divine arithmetic, what a world it would be.”

As the wedding approaches, Will and Helen spend more and more time together, discussing their hopes and dreams and their future life together. They both agree to dedicate their lives to God’s work:

“I wish I could tell you just how blessed a talk we had together. I am growing more and more anxious that my life may be given without reserve to God’s service. As Will said, if we start out with the purpose of always doing the very highest thing we know, we must have a great deal of courage and honest conviction, for it would often be a hard thing to choose. Before he went away he knelt down with me and together we consecrated our lives to God’s work in the world, promising to make this work our first thought and asking for His strength to keep us unspotted from the world. Life seemed so grand and beautiful as we rose from our knees.

“How wonderfully good God has been to me! First, he put my passionate, wayward little feet into the dearest home where wise and tender hands slowly guided me into a happy life. I can see how otherwise I might have been a most unhappy and unlovely woman. Then He gave me the very best educational advantages, letting me come into contact with great men and women. Then I have had such beautiful friends and so much kindness shown to me, and last of all God has led my heart where I shall be helped and sympathized with in every high aspiration and unselfish purpose. I’d like to preach a sermon on ‘The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth and the time of the singing of birds is here.’

Helen’s renewed dedication to her Christian life has caused her to reflect more on how to go about doing God’s work. One Sunday, after a “red hot Baptist sermon on close communion, baptism, church government and all the rest of it,” she writes:

“I knew the man wasn’t doing one bit of honest self-sacrificing Christian work, and was just starving his soul attitudinizing before Truth spelled with a big T, when if he lived the truths he knew, it would put a new ring in his voice, a new color in his life.

“I tell you this Christian faith of ours is all shopworn being handed over the counter and mussed and creased and discussed. We want to get it off the counter and cut into coats to cover the naked. My own soul is sick with theory—I’m getting so I don’t care how or when or where or whether the Pentateuch wrote Moses or Moses, the Pentateuch. There is good news, the gospel, the love of God, the life of Jesus, and here am I, sinful and selfish and blind as a bat—for the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. I know enough things now to make me a saint if I lived ’em. I’m going to live more and talk less.”

But of course, she doesn’t talk less. She becomes one of the most sought after speakers of her time. Helen and Will are married on Sept. 6, 1887, and true to their vows, Helen embarks on a remarkable career as an educator, social reformer, women’s rights advocate and church leader. Her husband lovingly supports her throughout her life’s work, knowing that he is helping to do God’s service through her. It was during her lifetime that such issues as woman suffrage and prohibition
were fought through to constitutional changes. Her life was closely related to the fight for women's opportunity in the field of education and for the right of the educated woman to have a place of influence in the community at large as well as in the home.

Helen’s first priority remains with her church, the Lake Avenue Baptist Church. There, she organizes a women's Bible class which she continues to teach for forty-four years, along side her husband’s men’s class. The women in her class (eventually over 200 members) will later become her most ardent supporters in her social reform work. In 1892, the church licenses her to preach, which she does on many occasions, standing in the same pulpit that her father had occupied for 13 years before he died.

She soon becomes active in the work of women's clubs, including the Ethical Club, which had been organized by women from various churches of the city for the discussion of topics along moral, ethical, and practical lines; the Wednesday Morning Club, with a purely social objective; and later, the College Woman's Club, at first a study and social club but later joining other women's clubs in a program for civic improvement and in mobilizing public opinion for better things in Rochester—specifically, for promoting higher education for women.

But there is something missing in their lives—or else, there is a situation that we know nothing about. Helen and Will decide to adopt a five year old girl named Edith Emma, with an unknown [to us] last name. Edith was born on February 2, 1890, and since her family always celebrated her birthday on July 3rd, it is assumed by the family that this is when she was adopted by the Montgomery's in 1895. Her children never knew that their mother had been adopted until after they were grown. They learned that one of Edith’s brothers had somehow been able to contact her and that she also had at least one sister.

We have no letters during this time period, so little is known about Edith’s early upbringing. We do know that the Montgomery’s had live-in help who also cared for Edith while her mother was away much of the time. This was, of course, in addition to the two grandmothers. When Edith was 13 or 14, she was sent to the Walnut Hill School, located just a few miles from Wellesley College. This school was originally co-founded by Florence Bigelow, Helen Barrett’s roommate at Wellesley. It is a private boarding school for girls to help prepare them for college—in particular, Wellesley College. And it was at Wellesley that Edith met and became engaged to George Franklin Simson. Humphrey Simson, one of his sons, tells of his father’s early life:

“My father was born in February of 1888, a month after his father had died of malaria. At four years of age, he was delivering newspapers. He was a carpenter’s helper on the locks on the Erie Canal. After high school he worked in a shoe store for two years to get enough money for one year of college. During his freshman
year he waited on tables at the two Inns in Williamstown [MA] as well as doing yard work for the college.

“His big money came in the summer at the end of the college year. He and his room mate, George Sickles, bought furniture from the seniors, and spent the summer refurbishing it. They then sold it to the incoming freshmen. At that time the students had to supply some of their own furniture. He was a good hard working businessman, and did not have to work after his junior year.

“He was also a romanticist. He asked mother to the Senior Prom at Williams [College]. He planned a romantic horse and carriage ride to South Williamstown, after the dance, to propose marriage. He did not know that the horse he hired was also used to pull the milkman’s wagon. As a result, all the way from Williamstown to South Williamstown, the horse stopped in front of every house. Every house on both sides of the road. Mother told me she was so tired she said yes, just to get back to the hotel and to bed.”

Helen B. Montgomery and Susan B. Anthony

Susan B. Anthony was born in 1820 to a Quaker family who believed in the equality of men and women, and who supported major reforms such as antislavery and temperance—the campaign to abolish alcoholic beverages. Through her temperance work, Anthony became increasingly aware that women did not have the same rights as men. In 1851, she met Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a leader of the women’s rights movement. The two women became close friends and coworkers. Soon Anthony devoted herself completely to women’s rights and became a leader of the movement. She supported dress reform and, for a time, wore bloomers, which became a symbol of the women’s rights movement. She also worked in support of equal educational opportunities and property rights for women.

Before and during the Civil War (1861-1865), Anthony and Stanton supported abolitionism. After the war, however, they broke away from those who had been involved in the abolitionist movement. Many of these people showed little interest in woman suffrage and supported the 15th amendment to the Constitution of the United States. This amendment gave the vote to black men, but not to women. In 1869, Anthony and Stanton formed the National Woman Suffrage Association and worked for a woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution.

From 1868 to 1870, Anthony published a weekly journal, The Revolution, which demanded equal rights for women. In 1872, she voted in the presidential election and was arrested and fined $100 for voting illegally. Anthony never paid the fine, but no further action was taken against her. From 1881 to 1886, Anthony and Stanton co-edited three volumes of a book called History of Woman Suffrage. In 1890, the National Woman Suffrage Association united with the American Woman Suffrage Association and formed the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Anthony served as president of the group from 1892 until 1900.
By 1893, Susan B. Anthony is now in her early 70’s and needs new leadership to help in her work. Helen Montgomery has made a strong impression on her and the other first-generation feminist leaders, and they turn to Helen to lead a key new organization—the Women's Educational and Industrial Union (WEIU). Helen’s presidency of the WEIU from 1893 to 1911 enabled her to exert broad influence in the city’s social and political affairs.

Like the WEIUs in Boston, Buffalo, and other cities, the Rochester WEIU was instrumental in redirecting the domestic feminism of the women's literary clubs from their cultural focus to the political and social reform issues. The members of the board were some of the most prominent women in Rochester. Most of them were not radicals. It would have been impossible for Helen to unite them around the cause of suffrage; but with Anthony's support and under Helen’s leadership, they built one of the most influential Progressive Era organizations in the city.

But Helen is also being noticed by Baptist Church leaders, especially those in the Woman’s Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. On one occasion, she has traveled to Fitchburg, MA to address their state convention, and Helen’s mother receives this note of thanks from their corresponding secretary:

Woman’s Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

Mrs. N. M. Waterbury, Home Cor. Sec.
Newton Centre, Mass.
Nov. 1, 1895
My dear Mrs. Barrett,

We are sending your dear daughter back to you with such a feeling of thankfulness to her, and to you and Mr. Montgomery for sparing her to us. I cannot begin to tell you what a blessing and inspiration she has been, and now I do hope she will not be all worn out, so that you will say “no” next time. She took cold in some way and I have given her more work than I ought, but everybody wanted to hear her and we cannot have her very often. So please forgive me and take comfort in the thought that you have such a daughter whom everybody delights to hear. She will tell you all about the meeting except her own part and that seemed to me to be my little mission. I have listened to her again and again during the past two weeks with increasing admiration and thankfulness and I think I never heard so beautiful, so wonderful an address as the one she gave at Fitchburg last Tuesday at the state convention. God spoke through her to us all, and we all felt His presence.

It has been such a real pleasure to have her with us for a while, and we all love her from the small boy up. I do want her to come again sometime and next time I think you must plan to come too and help to take care of her.

With kindest regards to Mr. Montgomery and love to you and the dear subject of this epistle.

Yours Sincerely,
On November 20, 1896, Helen speaks at a reception in honor of Anthony. At the head table, sponsored by the Rochester Political Equality club, Helen sits with Anthony, the Rev. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Mariana W. Chapman, president of the State Suffrage Association, and other notable feminists. The event came at the conclusion of the state suffrage convention, which met in Rochester that year. Helen spoke briefly on “Woman Suffrage in the Home,” and her remarks offered clear insight into her views on suffrage and the woman’s sphere. She noted that the misperception of most women “that those who are fighting for political equality are strong minded universally” was the movement's chief impediment. Against this misconception, she asserted: “Our conventions are made up of home women, and this movement is a woman’s movement. One effect of the movement will be to bring the state into the home, and then again the home into the state.”

What she articulated was domestic feminism. She believed there was a difference between women’s work and men’s work, but she also believed there was women’s work to be done outside the home. For the sake of home and family, the state needed the maternal gifts and skills that only women had to offer.

In 1898, Helen once again shared the platform with Anthony at the dedication of a new building for the Young Women’s Christian Association (YWCA) in Rochester. The YWCA movement began in Boston in 1866 and rapidly spread nationwide. Its goal was to protect and promote “virtuous womanhood” among country girls moving to the city—an evangelical response to the effects of industrialism and urbanization on young women who worked away from home. The YWCA attempted to provide a wholesome, evangelical, homelike atmosphere where young, single women could find fellowship, recreation, self-cultivation, culture, and support.

Anthony used this occasion to give a rousing suffrage address. In her view, the essential problem for women was an absence of political power. “Women have not a single power to make the laws that govern these conditions to prevent these miseries among humanity,” she said. She believed that women would purify politics. If women could vote, she said, they would “give us a clean, honest administration.”

In contrast to Anthony’s demand for women’s political power through the ballot, Helen emphasized the more traditional view that women’s power rested in their moral influence. “We have been taught to think that men of wealth, the bankers, and the millionaires of the earth, the great statesmen and the politicians are the people who have the greatest influence in the world, but it is a mistake; the young girls are the great but unconscious power in the world.” While she agreed with Anthony’s call
for the ballot, she believed women already had a great wealth of unrealized power—the power of moral influence. For Helen, the YWCA was important because it offered working-class women protection from the corrupting powers of city life.

Rochester School Board

A week after Anthony and Helen spoke from the YWCA platform, the trustees of the University of Rochester voted to make the university coeducational if the women of the city could raise the substantial sum of $100,000 for the university ($1.4 million in today's dollars). Characteristic of her aggressive approach, Anthony immediately pressed for more than the trustees had offered. She thought there should be women on the board of trustees and the faculty. Nevertheless, she and the other leaders of the WEIU immediately contacted the city’s women’s clubs and started plans to raise the money and prepare the women students for their entrance examinations.

The Rochester women decide to call a mass meeting to “arouse a strong university sentiment throughout...the city.” Helen thought they had an opportunity to promote the university and help it to “unify the whole city intellectually.” Before one important rally, Anthony slips Helen a note:
Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery  
Rochester – N.Y.

Speak the highest truth that comes to you—there are always people—at least one—in your audience to whom it will be a blessing.  
There are plenty to utter the things known to the many—  
With hope for all truth—and faith and expectation in H.B.M.

Your loving friend & coworker

Susan B. Anthony  
17 Madison [?]  
Rochester – N.Y.

May 28, 1899

In spite of the efforts of 25 women’s clubs, the fund raising did not go well. The University of Rochester came late to coeducation, and by the late 1890s there was a backlash against women in many other schools where women had been admitted. Most colleges and universities considered the education of men their real business and their first priority. The entrance of women was at first a distraction. Later, as women became successful scholars, they became a threat to male students, educators, and even administrators.

In November of 1899, Susan B. Anthony and all of the city’s leading women’s organizations supported Helen’s bid to become the first woman ever elected to the school board. The passage of the Dow Law in 1898, which reformed the school board, created an opportunity for Rochester’s women. Anthony invited representatives of seventy-three women's organizations to form a Local Council of Women. Forty-seven groups representing more than 4,000 women responded to the invitation, and thirty-four groups sent delegates to the organizational meeting. Although the council initially declined to name a candidate or call for the election of a woman, they eventually did both, and they made Helen their candidate. Her opposition was primarily the local politicians and those who profited financially by the keeping the schools under their control.

In an editorial in the Post Express of October, 1899, it was pointed out that the influence of the Women's Union led to the introduction of sewing and manual training, to the establishment of vacation schools, and to the teaching of art and the placing of pictures in the public schools. The Union, it was said, had not hesitated to bear the expense involved until the city was convinced of the need of those innovations. Mrs. Montgomery, it was added, was the life and inspiration of this work and her example was a powerful incentive to other noble and high-minded women.

Another editorial, this one from the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, dated November 5, 1899, said:
“This city should have a woman like Mrs. Montgomery on the school board... She is peculiarly qualified for the place irrespective of the fact that she is a woman. She has more than culture, more than good, practical sense, more than a woman's tender heart and fine tact; she has both the knowledge and the experience in educational systems and methods which are required in one who is to assist in the management of so great a trust as the schools of Rochester. She has breadth of mind, earnestness of purpose, energy in execution and high ideals, all of which will be placed at the disposal of our school system if she is elected.”

Understandably, some people charged that Helen’s candidacy was “an entering wedge in favor of woman suffrage.” Anthony, of course, pressed the women’s clubs to make Montgomery’s candidacy a suffrage issue. The Local Council of Women, however, did not want this to become a suffrage issue. They passed a compromise resolution that put forth a list of recommended candidates, including Helen.

Helen arrived late, to the applause of the women of the council, and presented a statement, which the council adopted as its official platform in regard to her candidacy for the school board. Her speech epitomized the ideology of domestic feminism. She took the maternal values of “True Womanhood” and transformed them into reasons why women should become insurgents in the public sphere. She argued that women had a “special fitness” for the work that the school board demanded, a “gift of administration.” Furthermore, in her view, caring for the “health, instruction, comfort, culture, and well being of children was the “province of women.” Domesticity and motherhood, she claimed, made women especially fitted for school administration. “Their home life, their intimate association with children, their sympathy with the child’s needs and desires” made women particularly suited to the work of the school board. “The mother's point of view is too wise and comprehensive to be unrepresented on the school board,” she said. A woman would not represent a political party; she would represent “the home.”

Helen was elected by a substantial majority. She was the first women ever elected to a public office in that city. Less than a week later, the club women of Rochester welcomed the delegates of the New York State Federation of Women’s Clubs to the city for their annual convention. The Rochester women’s clubs distributed printed programs of the event to delegates and guests. The programs were distributed in envelopes, and the envelopes bore Anthony’s picture in the upper left-hand corner and Helen’s in the lower right hand corner. It was a tribute to Helen’s growing stature among the women of Rochester.

Although they finally achieved coeducation at the University of Rochester, it only lasted from 1900 to 1909. Discrimination against the women students was prevalent throughout the University, and finally the women’s college was moved into a separate building—the Susan B. Anthony Memorial Building. The colleges for men and women at the University of Rochester remained separated this
Helen served on the Board for ten years, during which time she was instrumental in effecting the implementation of many Progressive reforms—including the introduction of kindergartens, vocational training and health education. During this time, she also helped to pioneer the use of schools as community social centers in poorer neighborhoods, starting with Public School No.14 in Rochester in 1907. To this day she is still honored by a grade school in Rochester, N.Y. that carries her name: School 50–Helen Barrett Montgomery.

The effort for women’s equality cost the aging Anthony dearly. She suffered from a possible stroke, and it left her gravely ill for a week. She required a doctor’s care for more than a month. That illness was the beginning of the long decline that led ultimately to her death. Susan B. Anthony passed away on March 13, 1906, 14 years before the 19th amendment to the U.S. Constitution became law, giving women for the first time the right to vote. In Anthony’s biography, Ida Harper notes that Helen was “now the most prominent woman of the city.”

And from Kendal P. Mobley’s dissertation for his Doctor of Theology degree, written in 2004, we have this intelligent insight into these two pioneering women:

“Helen Barrett Montgomery and Susan B. Anthony were feminists and allies, yet they were different in many ways. Anthony, a veteran of the antebellum [before the Civil War] feminist movement and an architect of the liberal feminist strategy, believed that the ballot was the key to women’s political power. She advocated for women's rights as citizens in terms of liberal, democratic political theory, although she affirmed the Victorian values of True Womanhood and could articulate the feminist cause in the language of domestic feminism whenever the occasion required it.

“Montgomery was a second-generation domestic feminist. In many respects, her more conservative approach was possible because of the victories achieved by Anthony’s more militant generation. Montgomery’s feminism was reformist rather than radical. While she supported women’s suffrage and believed women had rights as citizens to share political power, she emphasized the value to society of women’s moral influence. She did not question the validity of the idea of separate spheres for men and women. Instead, she argued that the limits of woman’s sphere were too narrow, and in her theory and practice she conceptualized a woman’s sphere that was in fact limitless. Like many other Progressives, she believed that the moral influence of True Womanhood and the values of the Victorian home ought to be extended throughout the state and the society.”

Helen has turned 40 now and she and her mother have been busy canning. Helen loved to cook, for it was undoubtedly a welcome interlude in her busy schedule. Taking a rest, she writes a letter to her brother Storrs, recalling some of the past as well as observations on the present—and with wit and wonderful expression:
“Did I ever tell you of the old farmer, Mr. Bronson of Penfield, and his description of Jenny Lind’s singing? He waxed so eloquent in his recollection, puckered up his withered red apple cheeks to whistle ‘Comin’ thro’ the rye’ and then sat down on the piano stool and executed ‘Land of the Leal with one finger. ‘I paid six dollars for my ticket,’ he said, ‘got it off a policeman and never grudged one cent of it. Old Corinthian Hall was crowded right up to the door, and how she did sing with a kind of takin’ way, too, that drewed your heart right out. So simple too—she seemed to forget all about herself and done the hardest things so easy. One of the numbers was an encore, ’I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.’ The house got still as death and when she dropped from way up in the sky to one of them deep soft notes, old Judge D., who sat up in front, forgot everything around him and said right out in his deep voice, ‘Oh, my God,’ solemn as a prayer, and the house was so still they all heard him.’”

“Have you read Chimmie Fadden? If you haven't we will send it to you. Will and I giggled vulgar giggles over the coarse little Bowery boy, much to Anne's disgust. She reads the book with the same enjoyment with which she regarded our gambols when you and I in college days went to the circus in Utica hand in hand, sat on the benches, chucked peanuts into the pockets of the man in front of us, and were gloriously dirty and happy. I fear my spirit will need much mangling and long flapping on the clotheslines set up along the Styx before Virgil could allow that the earthy stains were quite cleansed away.

“Papa's chair had a look of patient dignity in adversity that went to my heart, and I did the dear old thing up and sent it to Anne rejoicing. All of us children have been rocked in it many a time, it was a sort of harbor for storm-tossed mariners, and it ought not to end its days in an attic. Mother and I are quite alone, and the canning mania possesses us—tomatoes, peaches, plums, crab-apples have all been done. I shall put up more tomatoes and make some grape-juice, also pickles.

“I weigh several pounds more than I did and am looking pretty well though my face is getting into the crackle-ware department. Edith says, ‘Mama, you've got lots of little cracks on your face,’ and I tell her they will grow bigger and bigger. I'm past the half-way house, and have waved good-by to youth over the hill. Middle-age is holding out her hand to me, and she is rather a nice body after you know her—but I always did like the saucy little body called youth.”

Here was an irresistible woman who was wanted wherever leadership was vacant. Susan B. Anthony had been persistent in her endeavors to nominate her as leader of the suffragists. The New York Federation of Clubs heard her deliver a speech extempor, and next morning she was chosen president of the Federation. To quote her husband: “Young Nellie Bryan rode out to the West and captured the convention.” Said she, “Now I've got to stir my stumps and show that it was not a big mistake.”

She gave lectures on history, Greek, French, Italian, English, American; on municipal progress; on Dante, Savonarola, Napoleon, Mohammed, Socrates, Joan of Arc. She presided over the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. In the midst of it all, she had to determine what, of all the things to be done, was the best worth doing. In the end, she dedicates herself to her denomination and its foreign missions.
Women’s Foreign Missions

Helen continues to be in constant demand for speaking engagements, and her audiences include many of the prominent people of the time. In 1900, there was held in New York what was described as an ecumenical conference—a great get-together of the churches throughout the world. Helen and Lucy Waterbury would be speaking representing the Baptist church. Helen’s mother was also in attendance, and sends this glowing report to Robert and Anne:

18 East 31st

My dear Children [Robert & Anne]

You are wanting to hear from the scat of what I know. Well, everything is lovely. Nellie captured her audience in Carnegie Hall as she captures every audience, only more so. She came the last, after a good many failures in the women to make themselves heard, Mrs. Joseph Cook among them. There were bright exceptions, as the audience could not have so patiently waited. Nellie followed Miss. Lilivati Singh, a converted Hindu woman, a Ph.D. and President of Lucknow College, a most wonderful woman. She dresses in her native dress and speaks English like the most cultured American, without any foreign accent, even English. She was cheered & cheered and responded by singing a native song so plaintive and sweet that tears filled ones eyes. Her tones were so pure, and her singing most cultured. To hold and keep the audience when she left it was no mean task!

But her [Nellie’s] appearance was most charming! She wore a handsome dinner dress, with a dressy bonnet, and stood a moment as if to gather herself, laying her manuscript on the table. Her voice floated out, filling the hall and her speech was witty, logical, convincing, beautiful! They cheered and cheered, but of course she did not appear to smile and bow. Mrs. Ellis and I think no speaker has received such a cheer save Miss Singh. If only you could all have heard her. How glad I am I could hear her. When the audience was dismissed, the people on the platform crowded about her. One gentleman said it was the finest missionary address I ever heard, and multitudes thanked her for it. She was announced as member of the Woman’s Bap. For Mission Board and the Baptist women are swelling with pride over their representatives. Mrs. Waterbury did beautifully, in fact we have not had any failures. I think Mrs. Waterbury knew her women.

One gentleman the next day, a man some like Papa said [to her] I want to thank you for your address and if you will allow it, I want to thank you for your dress. I am tired of the prevailing habit of wearing black. Mr. Jamison who taught with Papa in Nunda said, I wrote my wife she seemed transfigured as she spoke, and Sarah Stilson, an old pupil, said every one said as she finished, the best yet. We knew she would do well, but this effort surpassed everything I ever knew her to do. She wrote every word after coming to New York, on Tuesday and Wednesday, when left alone a few hours each day. The Tribune reporter asked her for her manuscript but she had given it to some woman who said it had gone to the general committee and if Nellie wanted she must get it. The reporter was very gentlemanly but Nellie did not make an effort to get it as I think she should have done. Uncle Clint found us after her speech. We go to see him Sunday afternoon. Nellie dines tonight with Mrs. Rockefeller, lunches today with some college class mate. She goes to Rochester
Wed. Dr.------ asked her to speak at his church Wednesday night, but she must go to get the rebate on her ticket. Gov. Northern of Georgia alluded to Nellie by name on Friday evening. I clip & send you save it. I go to Susie’s by Thursday, I think. I have been well and am having such a good time.

Love all around,

Mamma

Send to Storrs & Ida,

And in a letter to Storrs, she adds the same glowing tribute:

“I enclose a letter from Mrs. Joseph Cook that Mrs. Waterbury sent me! Mrs. W. says she hugs herself when ever she thinks of Nellie’s speech. Mrs. W. was sitting in a box with Mrs. Rockefeller and near her sat ex-president Harrison and his wife and Helen Gould and plenty of New York Society girls in evidence everywhere. She watched their faces and heard their comments. Miss Singh was interesting, a new voice from a far off land, but when Nellie stepped upon the platform, here was one of themselves faultlessly dressed, beautiful, and most fascinating in her earnestness. ‘There was no address that stirred the Council more than hers,’ she said. I have been at a Union Comm. meeting and there is but one expression from all. The address is to be printed in pamphlet form for general distribution by the different Boards. Nellie has been invited to attend the Northfield meetings. Mrs. W. does not know whether she will accept or not.’”

Lucy Waterbury has become a friend and partner with Helen in her missionary work. Besides being secretary of the Woman’s Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, she was chairman of the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions from 1902 to 1929. In this position she developed a series of textbooks for use by women's study groups and by a network of some 30 summer schools of missionary studies. In 1908 she founded Everyland, a missionary magazine for children that she edited until 1920. She resigned as secretary of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society upon her marriage to Henry W. Peabody in 1906 and concentrates on publishing missionary textbooks for study by groups of women throughout the country. Helen begins to write for them.

In 1906 she completes her first book, which deals with the interactions between the white man and the natives in the South Sea Islands. Her book had a remarkable sale. A few years later, Helen is asked by Lucy to tackle another subject—the story of the past 50 years of women's missions throughout the Orient. Based on the reports and experiences of the Society’s missionaries, Helen writes a new book entitled *Western Women in Eastern Lands*, published by The Macmillan Co. in 1910. Lucy later recalls the event:

“‘When I went through the manuscript with the author I hazarded the opinion that here was a best seller. I was right. In six weeks the public bought 50,000 copies,
and the effect of the book was astonishing. Within its pages an immense number of Americans found a release for their latent but definite desire to be of value in the world around them. In the slang of our day the book was dynamite. Helen had found a great theme. There were the wrongs of women in the East, accentuated by the teachings of religions out of accord with the claims of life. There was the irresistible appeal of Eastern women to the mind and heart of women in the West.”

Her book describes the various cultures and religious beliefs and how they affect the women in each society. She found oppression everywhere, and she believed that the missionary work could help “hundreds of thousands of women [who] are seeking the uplift of oppressed womanhood and the betterment of social conditions in the most needy places of the world...” From her book, we have the following example of her first-hand observations, which apparently have not changed one wit a century later:

“Turning to Moslem [sic] lands, we find a hundred million women living beneath the Crescent. Here, too, it is but just to confine our survey to Moslem ideals and not to instances of marked injustice or evil. The darkest blot upon the prophet Mohammed is the low appreciation of womanhood that led him to embed in the Koran itself legislation that affronts the intellect and heart of womanhood. In the fourth Surah of the Koran we read: ‘Men shall have preeminence over women because of the advantages in which God has caused the one to excel the other, and for that which they expend of their substance in maintaining their wives. The honest women are obedient, careful, in the absence of their husbands, for that God preserveth them by committing them to the care and protection of the men. But those whose perverseness ye shall be apprehensive of, rebuke, and remove them into separate apartments, and chastise them.’

“It is easy to see how teachings like these would work out into practice among a people who regard every word of the Koran as inspired, and who follow faithfully all the duties laid down by their religion. The injunctions of the Koran, the practices of Mohammed, and the comments of the great theologians all agree to debase the status of women.”

The women’s missionary movement was catching the attention of the Christian world. Fundraising luncheons were constantly held to raise donations and Helen was in the thick of it. She soon embarked on a national tour promoting Protestant women’s mission work, and through her efforts helped to raise $1 million dollars, much of which went to establish Christian women’s colleges in Asia. One time, within a two month period, she delivered 197 speeches, and it was said that never had society in New York been so interested in a religious cause. Women of prominence like Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Helen Gould, and Mrs. John Pierpont Morgan gave their support, and the case as presented by Helen was so persuasive, “as to be unanswerable.”

One of her friends from the Lake Avenue Baptist church recalls thirty yeas later, the first time she saw and heard Helen speak:

“There was a great missionary rally in Baltimore, and I had my first glimpse of
Helen Barrett Montgomery... Mrs. Montgomery was accompanied by Mrs. H. W. Peabody, and they made a wonderful team. Here were ambassadors of Christ whose personalities were radiant with faith in His message to mankind. Mrs. Peabody maintained the queenly bearing of one who is conscious of responsibilities beyond the usual claims of life. Mrs. Montgomery had long held the view that an exponent of foreign missions should present to her audience just as attractive an appearance as possible. After thirty years, I still remember the hat she wore. It was a small toque, and resting against her dark hair, swept a flame-colored feather. Tall and perfectly at ease with herself, she did not need to be assertive. She was a brilliant speaker, she was assured of what it was she stood for, and she was completely confident of the truth she was telling. There was in Mrs. Montgomery an intimacy with others that won over her audiences.

The Central Committee, under Lucy Peabody’s direction, now wants another book for 1914 — a book based on first hand impressions. They feel that Helen is clearly the person to write it; and she is available. She had been ill, however, but emerged from the hospital in better physical condition than before. Her enthusiasm was unabated, and for years she had wanted to see with her own eyes the missionary enterprises which she had studied in the records and written about.

During the autumn of 1913, the International Council of the Churches was planning a meeting in Holland, and Lucy Peabody was a member. It occurred to her that, with Helen, she might combine this meeting with a trip around the world to gather material for the proposed book. Furthermore, she had a daughter, Norma, who with Helen’s daughter, Edith (who was 23 at the time), “were quite willing to act as chaperons for their mothers.” They would “combine a good deal of work with a certain amount of sightseeing.”

However, there was just one person, who in these matters had always to be consulted. He was Helen's husband...

Will Montgomery

Helen Montgomery was able to do what she did only because her husband was a total partner in the endeavors in which she gave her brilliant mind. He rejoiced in her ability, gloriéd in the opportunities which came to her, happily supported her in every possible way, and cheered her on in every struggle. “Together they were a host, who through their home life, in their church, and in all good community enterprises, continually made an impact upon the city for the things that were wholesome and which undergirded the work of the kingdom of God.” Though Will shared her deep devotion, he made her enthusiasm more effective by balancing it with his own wise judgment.

After the dissolution of the Woodbury Engine Company in the 1890s, Will formed a partnership
with Edmund Venor and entered into the shoe manufacturing field under the firm name of Venor & Montgomery. Later, in 1910, Will sold his share and began looking for an opportunity to invest his capital in a new business. He was eager to find some man with an invention which he could back, and so help pioneer some new enterprise. He became deeply interested in a young man who claimed that he had a “starter” for automobiles, an idea which at that time was unheard of. A partnership was formed, leading to the establishment of The North East Electric Company. Soon, design work, experiments and prototypes leading to the perfection of the invention were undertaken. From Helen’s diary of June 15, 1910, we read: “Today, Will witnessed Mr. Halbleit’s application for a wonderful new patent to start an auto without the necessity of cranking.” This was indeed a revolutionary new idea with mass appeal.

Will’s capital, however, is now totally tied up and there is no income from the business until a product is sold. Month after month pass, and new capital has to be raised as the financial situation in their home becomes more desperate. They have to sell their large house and grand piano, give up the maid, and move into a flat in a double house where Helen now does her own work. They don’t complain, however, for they both have complete faith in the outcome.

That same year, Lake Avenue Baptist Church acquires a new Pastor who soon learns of the Montgomery’s financial situation, as Will struggles to make his business succeed. From Helen’s biography, the Pastor recalls the devotion of the Montgomery’s to the church, as reflected in their yearly pledge:

“As pastor, when our every-member canvass was held—the first year after this experience of theirs began, I found that Mr. Montgomery’s pledge card had been returned for the same amount which he had previously given, when he had been in [the shoe] business. I took occasion to say to him, casually, that I hoped he did not feel that it was necessary, during the period when he was off salary, for him to give as heavily as he had. He lightly turned my remark aside, saying that he thought he would let the amount stand as it was.

“By the next year, however, when the annual canvass came around, he had been living on borrowed money for at least eight months. The business men of the city were freely predicting that everything he had put in the venture would be lost and the business be a failure. Again he returned the joint card for the same amount. I went to him that time seriously and urged him not to do it. I shall never forget his reply, when he said, ‘Pastor, I may have to cut this, I expect I will. But you may be sure that if I cut it, it will be the last thing that I cut, not the first.’”

Fortunately, the tide turns shortly after that and he never did cut his pledge; in fact, he was successful enough after that to be able to greatly increase it. The little concern which had begun in a back room soon developed and began furnishing electric starters for Dodge, Chrysler, Willis-Knight, Packard, and Mack truck.
Then in 1923, with Will still at its head, the company takes on the development of a new product—the electric typewriter. The first power-operated machine of practical value had been invented in 1914 by James Fields Smathers of Kansas City, Missouri. With the intervention of World War I, however, it wasn’t until 1920 that he produced a successful advanced model which he then turned over a few years later to the Northeast Electric Company in Rochester for further development. The machine originally had been designed to operate from a power-driven line shaft, similar to that for sewing machines in a large tailoring plant of that era. This method of driving was immediately found to be impractical, because it eliminated the flexibility and portability of the typewriter. The Northeast Electric Company decided to undertake the development of a motor to be self-contained in the power base. The original idea in developing the so called “Electromatic” drive was to make a power unit for all kinds of typewriters. They actually built and sold 2500 of these power units to a typewriter company, where they were assembled on ordinary typewriters and marketed.

However, when an electrical drive was put on an existing typewriter, it soon became apparent that the result was not an optimal solution. The decision was made by North East to design a typewriter with a self-contained power source, and it was at this time that the Electromatic typewriter came into being with its own department, along side the starter motor business. In 1928, a new turn of events occurred. The North East Electric Company was bought out by General Motors Corporation, becoming known as the Rochester Products Division of General Motors. Will decides, however, that he does not want to transfer ownership of the Electromatic department to General Motors. Instead, he heads up a new company, known as Electromatic Typewriters, Inc.

Two years later, on March 4, 1930, the first model of Electromatic's new machine is completed. Sadly, Will was ill at the time—and four months later, on July 10, 1930, he dies at his home in Rochester. Will Montgomery would never know that his latest company would be bought out three years later by a division of IBM, and that their Electromatic Typewriter would later become known as the popular IBM Electric Typewriter.

Will was truly a man of vision. But also, a philanthropist who contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to literary and educational institutes including the Baptist Education Society.

Round the World Tour

Meanwhile, back in 1913, other things were happening. Lucy Peabody was wondering what Will’s response would be to Helen taking a worldwide tour. He had his own business to run, and certainly could not join her for that length of time. “Would he agree to Helen going abroad and would he make it possible for her to undertake the trip?” Will was a man of simple and straightforward unselfishness: “When I married Helen Barrett,” he said to her, “I realized that she had ability and
training to do what I could never do. I resolved, therefore, never to interfere with any call that might come to her in the line of her work, so if Helen cares to go, I will help her in every possible way. I shall not be alone, as I shall have my mother and hers to look after me in our home.” This loyalty was the foundation of Helen’s career.

The big day has arrived, and on November 4, 1913, Helen and her daughter Edith leave on the 9:45 p.m. train for New York City. Will has come down to the station to see them off, and Helen notes in her diary: “Seemed to me I could not go off & leave Will.” George Simson, Ida’s fiancé, arrives from Philadelphia the next evening to see them to their boat the following morning, where they are met by other friends and well-wishers, and “scores of letters, posies, etc.” Lucy Peabody and her daughter, Norma, join them on board and within a few hours, they begin their journey. Evidently all the stewards, waiters and nearly all the passengers are German.

The crossing of the Atlantic begins with beautiful weather, but later they all become ill during the eight day trip, with four days of rough seas. After landing at Cherbourg, France, they take the train to Paris for two days of sightseeing. Edith records their first day in her diary, and it soon becomes obvious that they are in for some good times:

“It was horrible to get up this morning. I was so tired with only three hours sleep, but coffee in enormous pink ringed cups & hot milk, rolls and flat pats of butter was cheering. By nine thirty, we were on our way to the Gare Nord with our trunks & bags, where we left all but our small bags. Then we came to the Hotel Louvois. It is a lovely place, small & quiet and very pretty with a park & fountain opposite. In the morning, we walked to the opera house and to the Magazin de Lafayette to buy necessaries. Of course I was tempted at once and bought a beautiful green & black silk sweater with black cuffs & collars.

“For lunch, we had hor d’oeuvre of sardines, ripe olives etc, then little fried smelts strung on a steel skewer & delicious Lyonnaise potatoes; veal cutlet & cress; cheese & rolls; grapes. Everyone was drinking red wine & water mixed & always washed their grapes in their glasses.

“After lunch Mother & I went in Cook’s automobile for three hours and drove all around Paris seeing most of the sights and the Latin Quarter. We went into Notre Dame Cathedral, the Pantheon, and Saint Chapelle of Louis XI in the Palais de Justice. The day was perfect for riding, clear & cold & we had a splendid chance to see the street life—little boys in socks & black aprons & belts, boys in smocks & women with vegetable carts; priests, nuns, and women with fancy shoes and beautiful furs.

“Norma gave us tea at the Rumpelmayer on the Rue de Rivoli near the Place de Vendome. All the chic of Paris go there. Then we wandered slowly back & visited the toy shop to buy Norma a doll for her collection. For dinner we had soup & turbot; fried chicken, chop & cress; a nice salad of leaves, ice cream & fruit. Everything tastes delicious. The dining room is pretty and some very attractive French girls interested us during dinner.

“Tomorrow, we leave early for Bruges.”
On one occasion, Edith records that she and her mother counted 22 plates for their 8 course meal at one hotel. In the morning they catch the eight o’clock train for Bruges:

“It rained dismally all day and the peasants in the roads were going about in capes with hoods & wooden shoes. The country was beautiful with bare woods carp’ed with red brown leaves and straight canals lined with tall trimmed trees. Most of the forest trees had great clumps of mistletoe like huge wasps nests. The cottages were mostly plaster with mossy roofs and tiny walled gardens, or the house & stables together forming a courtyard where chrysanthemums were still growing. Moss grows over the walls & roofs making them a soft combination of reds & greens. The trees in the fields are trimmed to the top like the feathery ones in Coorts’ pictures.

“As we neared Belgium, the houses changed from plaster to brick and from one story to two story narrow houses with neat closed-in yards & the inevitable mossy roof. Once in a while we saw a stately stone chateau standing in a clearing in the woods, or a solid windmill with four red sails quietly turning round and round. At seven, we reached Bruges & went to the Hotel Flandre. Our rooms looked over the court with graveled walks and bare trees and ivied walls. We could see the kitchen with the blue porcelain stove and Dutch dishes. The moonlight flooded the garden & gleamed on the quaint roofs and the chimes from the belfry came to us with such charming melodies that we had to go out and walk around the town.

“The streets are adorable, narrow and cobblestoned with moss growing between the stones and over the solid walls of the old houses. Every few steps gave us a vista of curved wall with a gas lamp lighting some dark corner, and against the sky looked three beautiful towers above the pointed roofs of the houses. Not an animal or vehicle in sight, only quiet canals reflecting towers and sleeping swans and low bridges. We sat on a bench in a square to listen to the chimes before we went home.”

After arriving in the Hague, Helen and Lucy attend the conferences for the next four days and Edith and Norma do a lot of sightseeing. Helen does spend time with them each day, however, and on one occasion they saw the Queen of Holland ride by, dressed in white ermine and sitting in a bright red velvet carriage. “We stood right by her wheel so we could see her smile as she bowed right & left.” They also visit some of the famous attractions:

“As usual Mother and I didn’t get up until late so we merely wandered about the shops until after luncheon when Norma arrived. The prison of Gevangenpoort is just opposite the hotel and we went there. It was a dark cold place full of small rooms with grating for a window and the stone stairs led to rooms all on different levels. One room was full of instruments of torture, scaffolds, thumbscrews and racks. One room had a hole in the ceiling thru which water fell on the prisoner’s head a drop at a time till by the end of a day he was quite insane. We also saw the room where Cornelius De Witt was ill and drew the picture of his house on the wall, and the room where he and his brothers were trapped. We saw the women’s room with the racks where the women were stretched.”

The convention is now over and the plan is for Mrs. Peabody and the two girls to head through the
Swiss Alps for Milan, Italy, then Florence and onto Rome. Helen will join them in Rome after attending several days of conferences in London and Paris. After lots of sightseeing and some shopping in Naples (“We bought gloves in the arcade, sixteen pairs for fifteen dollars; long white kid, short white kid, tans, blacks & silks!”) they board a boat and set sail for Egypt across the Mediterranean sea.

In Cairo, while Helen and Lucy visit Mission schools, Edith and Norma ride camels up the hill to see the pyramids. “They were lots of fun to ride and the motion was quite pleasant.” Lucy recalls later that “Helen was no spoilsport. She remembered the days when she had been as young as our two girls and she gave them a good time.”

“Mother and Mrs. Peabody left at seven for Assiut and at nine Norma and I started with Ibraim for the tombs of the Kings. We wore our pith hats and green veils and even then the sun was very dazzling. We took the boat to the other side of the river and got nice white donkeys and rode till eleven along a white road in between hills of red granite rocks. We saw the tombs of the Kings with the paintings and then went back to Cook’s rest house for lunch. Then we rode to Queen Hatsu’s Temple and the Ramesseum and back thru the fields of lentils with blue blossoms where the people were hoeing and the donkeys and camels were lying in the dust. We saw herds of darling little white and black goats and lambs, and the wells to carry water up from the irrigation canals. We left for Cairo at 6:10 and Mother met us at Assiut.”

From there they travel back to Cairo and Port Said, board a large boat and steam down the Suez Canal to the Red Sea, skirting the coast of Africa and head out across the Arabian Sea to the island of Sri Lanka (then known as Ceylon). The trip is not without fun, however, and the reader must wonder what George Simson is up to back home:

“Everyone was hidden in a stateroom fixing costumes. Norma and I wore our [Jalabiya] with veil and fez so we had nothing to fix. Several of the people in the first cabin dressed up. Norma sat at our table. Mr. Rose had on pajamas all covered with articles of toilet needed on a voyage. Mr. Brown had on the cooks clothes. Mr. Rose said Mr. Brown was to take Norma for the march and he would take me, and there was no way out of it. After dinner, we served coffee on deck in our Turkish cups which the steward had fixed on a table for us. The deck was enclosed with flags and lighted with all colors and tables of cold meats and ices and torten were in the corner. The second class passengers were invited for the dancing, so the grand march was very impressive. There were more of them and their costumes were much more clever. Everyone laughed most of the time because the midgets were in the procession and they were so cunning beside us clumsy folk. Two of the littlest ones were dressed in pink tights and did some boxing for us. They looked like adorable little pink cherubs.”

Landing at Colombo, they travel the country side for a couple of days, and Edith observes: “It seemed to be tub day for the children as, all along the way we saw little fat brownies sitting in tin
tubs while their mothers poured water over them. One cunning little fellow was standing up in the
tub and pouring water over his own head.” But it is in Madura, India, where the real sights begin
for these young graduates of Wellesley and Vassar:

“We had tea in the bungalow with a punka [large ceiling fan] waving back and
forth over our heads. After tea, Mrs. Wallace took Norma and me to the Temple,
one of the greatest of South India. In the first court were hundreds of men weaving
wreaths of jasmine flowers and roses to be bought and put on the gods and there
were brilliant cerise and red and yellow paints and toys and baskets and jewelry.
The Temple is enormous with several courts, tanks, and pillars, and pilgrims lying
around. It was very dirty, especially where the sacred cows had wandered and
parrots were screeching. Everything was being fixed for the sunset worship, and the
oil cups were being filled. We saw pilgrims walking around and around the shrines
and burning paper prayers to the gods and widows in dirty white with shaved heads
and ashes on their foreheads. We saw the anklets and bracelets and ear and nose
rings. The little baby girls were having bracelets put on and crying piteously while
the man worked them over their hands. They never must come off, so they have to
be very small.

“After the Temple, we walked thru the tailors bazaar to get our carriage. It was
a narrow passageway, and on one side the natives bought the cloth and on the other
side the tailors sewed it into garments. They had sewing machines sitting on the
ground and were working in light so dim that we could hardly see to walk thru the
bazaar. We went to the palace and saw the great court, but it was getting dark. Then
we drove out, past the Rajah’s garden, and back for dinner. We had quite a dinner
party of missionaries. Norma & Mother & I slept in one room upstairs and had a
dressing room, and a bathroom with a stone floor, and to bathe one stands and dips
water out of a small stone tub and pours it on. Then the water runs off the floor thru
a small hole in the junction of floor & wall. We kept our lantern going all night as
we didn’t want a cobra wandering. There are snakes around, but they are not often
seen.

They continue to visit Mission compounds and are hosted each night by missionaries wherever they
go. Although arrangements for their stay were mostly handled by the hosts, several times they
found themselves sitting up all night in hotel lobbies. Communication was by wire, or by letters
that they would pick up in each major city at Cook’s Travel. That is where they would also pick up
money wired to them, for there were no ATM’s in those days.

Thirty years earlier, Lucy Peabody had been a missionary in India, as had been her deceased
husband. She knew the country and its people well, and offers these insights from Helen’s
biography:

“As we traveled from place to place, Helen and I addressed gatherings of Indian
women, and any opinion we may have had of our prestige as orators was subject to
the interest aroused by our daughters. It was by these Western girls of their own
age—these recent graduates from college—that the girls of the East were chiefly
fascinated. Experience may utter its message, but youth translates it into the
language of youth. Each generation speaks to itself in its own terms and is responsible for what it says.

“Our train arrived in the small hours of the morning. Sleepy and tired with the long journey in the heat, we found a queer little carriage awaiting us. We were driven through the darkness to some gates and they were opened. Beyond, was a door from which shone a light. It was held aloft by one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, young and smiling, and to me she has ever been ‘the lady of the lamp.’ At four o’clock we had tea, toast, and talk. Dr. Scudder wasted no words. She wanted a medical college for Indian girls, and this urgent suggestion—after all, there were a hundred million women in southern India without any medical attention worth the name—was added forthwith to my assignments. Dr. Scudder has her medical college. Hundreds of Indian women are practicing as doctors. And Dr. Scudder, like Helen herself, is a graduate of an American university. What Helen did, night after night, was to keep up her elaborate notes of everything that she saw and heard. She studied the villages, the girls’ high schools, and the work of missionaries among married women in the zenanas.”

In Bangladesh they visit a hospital and a Leper asylum, and learn of a small boy chief protected by one of the missionaries because his relatives want to kill him so that they can get his position for their son. In Bombay, their host suggests that they take carriages to go see Zankabai, a Hindu widow who lets pilgrims come to her house and she feeds them. Edith describes the event:

“We were already dressed for a reception, but we got carriages and started out. We had to go thru the bazaars and I never saw such a mixture of people. Parsis with shiny hats and Hindus and Jews and Moslems and Arabs. The women had such lovely delicate colored, very thin saris on and the Mohammedan ladies were entirely covered with white garments.

“The entrance to Zankebais was thru a narrow opening between shops and down a narrow crooked and dirty street. At one corner was a large house entirely covered with carving in front of which were six or seven women sitting in a circle, some of them wailing, while the others watched us. A baby was dead in the house and the women took turns so that the wailing shouldn’t stop for a minute. Farther on the street got dirtier and at Zankebais, the steps were filthy with water and every disgusting thing, and the dreadfu smell nearly made Mother sick. The porch was full of men lying on mats asleep and inside it was crowded with naked and ragged men and women. We couldn’t see into the Temple as the service was going on.”

In contrast, when they visit Delhi, she writes of visiting the beautiful Taj Mahal at sunset. “It is a wonderful building with such marvelous marble carved screens and walls of creamy ivory marble, inset with flowers and designs of precious stones, agate, emerald, ruby, etc. Then the next day, she writes;

“We saw his leper asylum where we saw the worst cases. Lepers are restless and wandering people and the only thing to keep them from going in the bazaars is the gardens which they love. The govt. can’t shut them up because the natives say they are not criminals but merely unfortunates, so they continually go around and marry and spread the disease.
“We went to the Central prison which Col. Hudson has worked up to a wonderful reformatory with great gardens and factories. He won’t let the prisoners sleep in their cells, but they have to sleep on barred open halls. This keeps them from contracting tuberculosis.”

They are in Allahabad, and the next day they travel to the river Ganges to witness the most amazing sights of their trip:

“Below the fort the beach of sand was probably a mile wide and thronged with pilgrims. In one group, we saw holy men covered with ashes, their hair tied in sunburnt knots and carefully painting their faces with ashes with the aid of a looking glass. They were flattered to have their pictures taken by Norma and straightened up and posed for her. All the people who came by fell to the ground and worshiped them. One fine person stood holding a bow and arrow pointed at the sun so as to be ready to kill the devil when he appeared.

“There must have been thousands of men and women on the beach going to bathe at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna rivers, the most holy place in India. There were children dressed in yellow and painted to look like gods and men who swung on hooks over fires and great bazaars.

“We took a boat and were rowed out to see the bathing. Whole boatloads of men and women were going out and all would plunge in the water bathing their selves and washing their clothes. The women’s thin saris clung to them, and their heads were shaved for sacrifice. Holy men sat in booths on boats with a god beside them and a banner floating above. They rowed around and around.

“One poor woman was weeping loudly because she had seen her childhood friends and had to go back to her husband. She was hanging on to his knees and he was petting her on the head.

“Dr. Lucas met us and took us to see the man on the bed of nails. He was an old man completely covered with a saffron powder even his beard. He was blind, but his face was very nice. The bed of nails was a fake, as the nails were too blunt to stick in much, and the chief weight of his body came on a thick blanket folded under him. At first he wouldn’t let Norma take his picture and his companion held a cloth in front of him but a rupee persuaded him and he was quite affable. Dr. Lucas rebuked him for using language to us that is used toward coolies. He could speak fairly good English for he had been to the mission school.

“We saw the burning ghat with three funeral pyres burning and a body wrapped in white and cover with red stuff to show it was a female was propped up so its feet were in the Ganges. Those who die in Benares go directly to heaven so Hindus save money all their lives that they may go to Benares to die. Those who die of smallpox are not burned but are thrown into the river and destroyed by fishes. Europeans in Banaras never eat fish, and we didn’t either. “Afterward, we went to the Temples in the narrowest and dirtiest alleys. We saw the gods and were proudly shown the linga covered with flowers. We shopped in the bazaar and saw the most beautiful Banaras silks and gold cloth and brocades. We bought several scarfs and dresses. We were petrified in one street when a man came racing along yelling and howling with blood spurting from the back of his neck. The guide said he was a bad man and everyone was trying to kill him. He sounded quite terrified, and we were too. We would never have been alive in India if it weren’t for the English government. This day has seemed to show more real heathenism than we have seen anywhere before, and we were glad to get back to the station for a nice comforting
dinner with the fish course left out.

Lucy Peabody recalls her memories of India and how their culture clashes with Western values:

“I cannot agree that we were intolerant to religions other than our own. We saw something of Buddhism in Burma and compared its results favorably with the influence of Islam, wielded by threat of the sword, and of Hinduism, both keeping women in slavery. Nothing will alter the shock that is usually felt by those who see for the first time the rites paid to the sacred river Ganges. It is needless to enter into details, and in Calcutta we had quite an adventure. We visited the great temple of Maha-Luksmi with its goddess decorated by skulls, a goddess with double arms and a frightful face. We went to the "holy ground" drenched with the sacrifice of sheep, goats, and lambs sacrificed to the goddess of blood. As we were leaving, the priests angrily surrounded our car and told us that we would not be allowed to leave unless we paid a large sum of money. We were alarmed, and with reason, especially for the girls, and we instructed our young driver to back slowly towards the gates while we threw silver at the priests who ran to pick it up while we escaped. What, we asked ourselves, is the use of saying that there is no difference between this kind of thing and what we had been seeing of missions at Madura and Vellore?”

They travel on through Burma and Malaysia, then the cities of Singapore, Hong Kong and Shanghai in China. The inspection of mission schools continues, and in China, like India, the locals want the missionaries and the women of America to help them form a college for women. Helen’s work never seems to be done, for at the end of the day in Shanghai, she writes in her diary, “Went at night to see red light district.”

From there they travel to Japan, and at one of the girls’ school they are given a traditional Japanese tea ceremony:

“We were served tea by the matron who teaches domestic science and etiquette. Her room had a little alcove with a poem hung and in front of it a bronze bowl with a branch of cherry blossoms.

“We sat on soft cushions around the fire box and learned to bow so as to keep the body flat, and watch the ceremonial tea. The teach Hakada San(?) did everything by rule. When we rose, she made so many prescribed movements and bowed so many times before pushing the tea bowl to us. Every article was brought in separately, the bronze water beaker, the bamboo dipper which balanced on top, the tea brush, canister, and bowl. The crepe silk handkerchief was folded in the proper manner and the water gave the right musical tinkle as it was poured. The green tea powder was measured into the bowl, the boiling water dipped on to it, and then the whip beat into a foaming green drink. After turning the bowl three times it was handed to the guest who bowed low, raised the bowl to her forehead, turned it three times and took three sips and a half. The half sip should take in all that is left and be sucked in with a big noise. The bowl is handed back, rinsed, wiped and turned so that the next guest has a clean spot for drinking. The ceremony should take a full half hour for each guest. Of course the tea is cold but not very unpleasant.”
In Yokohama, they attend a church service in the morning, and later that day the Pastor, Helen, Edith and other influential church members are invited to dinner at one of their homes, and one gets the feeling that this missionary work is not without its perks:

“At four-thirty, Dr. and Mrs. Mabie and Dr. Deering and I left on the 4:30 express for Tokio [Helen would join them later]. We got there about 5:30 and after a long trolley ride and many changes, we arrived at Dr. Nitobe’s. His house is a beautiful mixture of the East and the West. The garden was full of maples and pines and cherries with stone walks and a stone lantern. The house is of unstained wood with very large windows and when we entered, two little maids put white over slips on our shoes according to Japanese style, so our shoes wouldn’t bring dust into the house. This kept the polished floors beautiful, clean and unscratched. Miss Hartstone of Miss Tsuda’s school and her cousin were there, also Dr. Reed and Dr. Nitobes daughter. We went up on the house top to look over the city, and the men had leopard skins to put around them. It was just sunset and the cherry trees were a brighter pink and we could see Fujisan in the distance. We had a most delightful time and both Dr. and Mrs. Nitobe were lovely.”

Mothers and daughters finally arrive back in New York in early June, 1914, after a brief stopover in Honolulu. They have been gone from home for over seven months in an exhausting journey around the world, a trip that the daughters will never forget. In January of the following year, Helen’s report on the missions, entitled The King’s Highway, is published and it soon sells more than 160,000 copies. In her life time, she will write eight books addressing her religion and the importance of Missions in foreign lands to help educate women.

Her Baptist World

In 1914, Helen becomes president of the Woman’s American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, an office she holds until 1924. In this position, she sought to increase access to education and health care for women and children. In 1915 she, along with two other prominent women of faith, founded the World Wide Guild, the purpose of which was to encourage young women to pursue missionary work. She also presides over the National Federation of Women’s Boards of Foreign Missions from 1917 to 1918, while at the same time achieving a Master of Arts degree from Brown University.

Her real leadership achievement, however, comes in 1921, when she becomes the first woman to be elected president of the Northern Baptist Association at a convention in Des Moines, Iowa. The Northern Baptist Association had a membership of 1,500,000 Baptist in thirty-four states and the previous year they had distributed $12,500,000 for missionary and educational purposes. Of the 1,140 delegates who voted at the convention, Helen received all but 201 of their votes.

When one reads her diaries, she seems to be gone from home most of the time, attending
conventions, giving speeches and promoting her causes. When she returns home, many times in the early morning hours after taking the night coach, there are 50 or so letters to be answered before she leaves the following day for another commitment. On top of all of this, she is writing another book — and not just any old book...

It had occurred to her years earlier, while teaching underprivileged boys in her Sunday School class, that the bible she was using could not communicate the message in a language the boys could understand. She tried other versions, but still she found no translation that met the needs of a busy Sunday School teacher, young people or foreigners. Shortly after her return from her trip around the world, she began doing something about it. She began translating the entire New Testament into plain english for the common man, translating directly from the original Greek text found on available manuscripts. She spent nine years on this undertaking, and finally her book, *Centenary Translation of the New Testament*, was published in 1924 by the American Baptist Publication Society on it’s hundredth anniversary. Many years later, the editor of the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* wrote the following:

“It is surprising that no one, so far as I have read obituary notices, and noticed, has alluded to Mrs., Montgomery's translation of the Greek New Testament into English. Why Is this? Perhaps two reasons, Mrs. Montgomery was so outstanding in philanthropic works that few thought of her a scholar. Again, her New Testament was published by a denominational society, the American Baptist publication Society. The translation is thought probably to be sectarian, which it is not. I cannot speak with authority in such a matter. Both as one somewhat familiar with her Greek Testament and with half a dozen or more English translations, it is my impression that Mrs. Montgomery made a translation worthy to stand among the best half-dozen. Anyone reading it will be astonished probably at the work, research and technical learning back of it, while its lucid English, catching the spirit of many passages, perhaps especially certain narratives, make it a delight to read. It also opens up many obscure passages. Significantly Professor H. T. Robertson, America’s most outstanding, N. T. Greek Scholar, observed: “It remained for a woman to translate the Greek tenses correctly.

“Mrs. Montgomery was brought up a Greek. Her father before entering the pastorate was a teacher of high standing. He taught Helen Greek when she was a child. Her “Centenary Translation of the New Testament” as it is called, will long be a vade mecum on many a table, specially for women, and will prove among all her books, Mrs. Montgomery's most enduring monument.”

Helen’s achievements did not go unnoticed. In 1922 she was awarded two honorary degrees: a Doctor of Laws from Denison University and a Doctor of Humane Letters from Franklin College. Three years later, in 1925, Wellesley College awarded her *honoris causa* the degree of Doctor of Laws. In the fifty years since Wellesley opened its doors, the college had bestowed this honorary degree on only four other woman — and one of those thus honored was the French scientist, Madame Curie who won the Nobel prize in physics in 1903 for her work in discovering the elements radium and polonium. Helen’s accomplishments are further listed in Vol. 18, 1934-1935,
After Will’s death, Helen’s health begins to fail, as recalled later by one of her church friends in her tribute to Helen:

“What good and sympathetic companions to each other Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery must have been! It is no wonder that one of her good friends told me that Mrs. Montgomery’s health was failing noticeably after the death of Mr. Montgomery. She herself told me that she had a queer feeling when she had so much to tell to “Will,” as she called him, and realized that he was there no longer with her. When she took me to his cemetery some years later, she seemed to fondle the tree that was planted beside his grave and seemed to find it very hard to leave there.”

She spends much of her time in St. Petersburg, Florida, living with her brother Storrs and visiting with her old friend, Lucy Peabody. They are still working on missionary projects.

Helen dies a few years later at the home of her daughter, Edith (Mrs. George F. Simson) in Summit, New Jersey on October 19, 1934 at the age of 73. She ensured that her good works would
continue after her death, however, for her will left over $450,000 (close to $7,000,000 in today’s dollars) to more than 80 institutions; including colleges, churches, missions and hospitals. The Rev. Albert Beaven, pastor of the Lake Avenue Baptist Church, recalls their generosity in his tribute to the Montgomerys:

“The will which Mr. Montgomery had made before his death, and which in large measure Mrs. Montgomery attempted to carry through in her stewardship of the money left her, is one of the most interesting commentaries on the doctrine of Christian stewardship that I have ever seen. Almost every cause in the Baptist denomination, and innumerable causes in the city and throughout the world which had to do with the enlightenment, education, uplift, and spiritual empowerment of men were remembered.

“The benediction of those two lives falls today with constant blessing upon the church of which they were members. Even in the days of prosperity they could never be selfish with their money. For years, even after prosperity arrived, they had no automobile. Every time money was set aside to buy one, they found a new cause to which they wanted to give it. Not until Mr. Montgomery's physical weakness led his physicians to demand that he have the convenience of a car did he actually purchase one. They were infinitely more thrilled by the joy of giving than by anything they spent on themselves. They represented the incarnation of Christian generosity. The city of Rochester and the Lake Avenue Baptist Church will be influenced for generations to come by the courage, the devotion, the loyalty, and the deep sincerity of these two great personalities; and the tribute to Mrs. Montgomery embodied in this volume could hardly be adequate were not her beloved husband and Christian coworker clearly seen as one of the great factors supplementing her own spiritual and intellectual contribution.”

Helen did not fear death. Her Christian faith saw to that. Many years before, when her sister-in-law Ida lost her baby, Helen expresses in a letter her deepest inner beliefs on life and death:

“How swiftly our little years are flying, and how silently faces we have loved long since disappear from our sides in the mysterious journey. The most beautiful thing about death seems to me the clear light that it sheds on relative values of things. All at once we know the inexorable and noble laws of life, how little time we have and what after all is worthwhile. It is worth seeing the vision seen if one has to see it through tears, and hearing the music even if all pleasant little sounds must be hushed to hear it.”

Edith and her husband, George Franklin Simson, were married on 23 Sep 1915, shortly after Edith’s return from her 7 month journey around the world. He is the son of Volney Simson and Martha Harriet Moss and was born on 19 Jan 1888. George had a career with Bethlehem Steel in their New York office, beginning as a salesman. He dies on 7 Feb 1949 at the age of 61. Edith, however, is able to enjoy her children and grandchildren for many more years. Finally, she too passes away in December of 1982, and is remembered in this letter from her son Humphrey to his Aunt Emily:
“December was upon us and we were getting ready to have most of the family here for Christmas, when we received sad news. The doctor told us that mother did not have long to live. Posie and I went to see her most everyday. She slept most of the time. On Dec. 29, in the afternoon, Posie went to see her. She again was asleep. Posie sat next to her and held her hand. A short while later she very quietly passed away. She would have been 93 in February.”

Edith Montgomery and George Simson were survived by their three sons:

William Montgomery Simson, the eldest, was born on 27 Sep 1916 but died on 24 Sep 1933 at the age of 16 from encephalitis, after returning home from the Chicago World’s Fair. His father had also contracted the disease, but is one of the very few who survived.

George Moss Simson, the middle son, was born on 3 Nov 1920. He marries Jane Feuchtwanger, b. 22 Apr 1923, on 3 September 1949 at Summit NJ. George was a small business man who unfortunately dies on 18 Apr 1999, after developing cancer. They have three children:

i)  Paul Simson, b. 10 May 1951, who marries Christine Nelson, b. 12 Feb 1953, on 19 Jul 1975. They have one child, Philip George Simson, b. 5 Jun 1981.


Humphrey Barrett Simson, the youngest son, was born on 7 Jul 1924. Like his father, he also attended Williams College where he also meets his future wife. Her name is Rosalie (Posie) Van Zandt, b. 24 Mar 1925, and she is a hit with his dad. They are married two years later on July 3, 1948, and Humphrey recalls:

“She wanted a husband that came home every night about 6, to a cottage with white picket fence and roses. Instead she got a man that got into long distance ocean sail boat racing [including the annual race to Bermuda] and cruising (she would go by 747 where ever, and then we would cruise for several weeks). A man that flew his own twin engine plane...and that formed a Partnership dealing in special financial situations.”

Humphrey and Posie have four children:

i) Deborah Gale Simson, b. 20 Jul 1952, who marries James Nicholson. They have three children: Michael Barns Nicholson, b. 8 Nov 1976; Megan Van
Zandt Nicholson, b. 5 Nov 1978, d. 29 Mar 1985; and Brian Matthew Nicholson, b. 27 Feb 1981. Michael marries Molly Elizabeth Olson on 6 Apr 2002 and they have one child, Claire, b. 15 Oct 2002. Debbie is a doctor and James is a lawyer.

ii) George Barrett (Barry) Simson, b. 11 Jul 1954, who marries Jennifer McVey Clarke, b. 3 Oct 1957, on 20 Feb 1982. They have two children: Elizabeth Barrett Simson, b. 3 Apr 1987; and Heather McVey Simson, b. 4 Oct 1989. Barry is with Hartford Financial management and he and Jennifer are presently divorced. Like his father, Barry also loves sailing in his 38 foot sail boat.

iii) Ann Louise Simson, b. 10 Sep 1956, marries John Winthrop Watkins, b. 3 Oct 1954, on 15 Sep 1979. They have three children: John Winthrop Watkins [Jr.], b. 28 Nov 1987; Thomas Simson Watkins, b. 17 Jul 1989; and David Barrett Watkins, b. 1 Oct 1993. John is in senior management with Chase Manhattan and Ann is a banker. Keeping up with the family, they sail in their 46 foot yawl.

iv) Nancy Montgomery Simson, b. 4 Jun 1963. She is not married and is trained as a profusionist; i.e., one who operates the heart-lung machine during surgery.

Humphrey and Posie are actively retired in Stuart, Florida.
ANNE LOUISE BARRETT

EARLY LIFE

Anne Louise Barrett was born February 20, 1863 in Kingsville, Ohio. Her father, Adoniram Judson Barrett was principal of the Kingsville Academy and the son of Amos Barrett who had helped pioneer the town beginning in 1817. Her mother, Emily Julia Barrows was born on the farm of her father, John Thomas Storrs Barrows in Trenton, New York. He was married to Sylvia Trumbull who later took over the farm after he died. Anne had an older sister, Helen (Nellie) Maria Barrett, and a younger brother, Storrs Barrows Barrett.

This story of her life is primarily based on her letters which are in the possession of Richard M. Hughes of Glendora, CA. Many other letters documenting the lives of other family members are in the possession of Kathleen and David Barrett Williams of Williams Bay, WI.

The letters of Anne Barrett span nearly her entire lifetime. As one studies these letters, it soon becomes apparent that they exist only because she is away from her family much of the time, even in her early childhood. The winters in Rochester are very harsh, family members are often sick and contagious diseases can spread rapidly in the city. There were no antibiotics for pneumonia or vaccinations for diphtheria in those days, so grandmother’s house on the farm became a safe haven for the children during these periods. Her letters start when she was but six years old:

Nov. 30, 1869
Kingsville, Ohio

My Dear Papa and Mama,
    I am here at my dear Grandpas and I am so happy I think I will stay all winter. Grandma lets me set the table and wipe the dishes, and says I can help her a great deal. And then Grandpa hears me read and spell every evening. And Grandma gives me nice new milk to drink every night and morning. I went to church today with Auntie and saw Ella and Hattie. They were real glad to see me. I am going to see them and Fanny Wallace tomorrow.

    Auntie bought me a new hat and a circle comb in Erie. How is Nellie and Story? I wish they would write me a letter. I want to see you all very much but I am not homesick at all. I sew on patch work every night.

    But I am so tired I will not write any more now. So good by. Here is a kiss from your loving

Anne Barrett
I hope you will appreciate this effort of Anne’s. She has labored very hard on it, and has done it all herself. Mother thinks she is about perfect. [Amos Barrett]

Her parents, sister and brother are living in Lowville, NY at this time where, in 1868, her father had become principal of a respected old Academy (Lowville is located about 45 miles north of the Barrow’s farm in South Trenton). The family is living in a mansion on the Academy grounds that has been provided for their use by a wealthy benefactress. No explanation is given for Anne’s separation from her family during this period of time and it is assumed it is for health reasons. Anne remains with her grandparents in Kingsville through the winter, and the early religious influence of the Barrett grandparents are apparent in the next two letters, also written when she was still 6 years old:

Dec 12, 1869

My dear Papa and Mama and sister Nellie

I thought you would like to hear from me again by this time and so I write you a few lines to let you know how happy I am—And yet I cannot tell half for it is more than tongue can tell I believe. I should never want to leave Grandpa and Grandma if you were so near that I could go and see you every day. But O! dear I suppose that will never be in this world, but perhaps we shall be all together by and by in Heaven and I guess we shall for Grandpa says that all good people and good little children go to Heaven when they die and I mean to try very hard to be good. Grandma says I help her a good deal and she would hardly know how to get along without me. I intend to make you a visit, but I cannot tell now when it will be. Perhaps it will not be till next summer but I shall come some time. I was very glad to get your good letter. It made me very happy although I was about as happy as I could be before. I hope you will write every week I guess I can’t write any more now. Goodby with a loving kiss for you all.

from Annie L Barrett
Many years later, Storrs Barrows Barrett writes on the face of this letter: “Annie’s grandmother was almost morbidly religious. Her talks to Annie are reflected in her letters.”

Dec 24, 1869
Kingsville

My Dear Good Papa

How glad I was to get your dear precious letter. How I wish I could see you all today. How does dear Nellie and Story get along. Dear Mama don’t let her work too hard. I think I could help her a little if I was there. I shall be very glad to get a present, but I want you to give some to the Missionaries. I am helping Grandma a great deal. I have ironed four aprons and made a plate of cookies and a pie for Christmas at home. Fannie Wallace made me a visit last Monday. Our Sabbath School Festival occurs on Friday evening here is a kiss for every one.

Annie

Annie is as hearty as a little Roc- She would like to see you all, but appears happy and cheerful. What she has written you about going to Missionaries, is entirely original with herself—

Father [Amos Barrett]

In 1871, the Barrett family returns to Rochester, N.Y. where Anne’s father assumes control of the Collegiate Institute, a private school preparing boys for college. Three years later Anne is back in Kingsville with her grandparents. She is now 11 years old and seems to be doing quite well in geography:

Kingsville
Sunday 29th [March], 1874

Dear folks at home

Last night I received the check for my trunk and was very glad to get it because I got all my calico dresses soiled and had to wear my blue dress while Auntie King was washing them. I would look every day to see if it didn’t come (my trunk) & was quite disappointed because it didn’t come. I was afraid it was lost on the way (the check came from Uncle Rush in a letter) & I expect my trunk tomorrow. There is about one foot of snow on the ground & it is snowing very fine and as fast as I ever saw it and Grandpa thinks we will have Sleighing right along. Why dont you write about the weather I want to know? I made two pies yesterday & one is eaten up all but two pieces (there was eight pieces. Grandpa & I ate two apiece when we come home from church). (small ones) I wore some old sock of Grandpa’s to church because my rubbers wern’t mates. The Calla has got a bud & a leaf is coming isn’t that nice? & Grandma gave me a little sprig of her coral plant and I have got it in a half of a coconut shell with holes through the sides & a little humming bird cactus and they are growing nicely. tell Nora to wait & I will write her next week.

A few days last week Grandma did not feel as well but is quite well yesterday
& today her head felt very clear yesterday [sic]. Well, I guess I will say good bye from your

Little chicken
Annie L Barrette
Kingsville, Ohio
Ashtabula County
United States
North America
Western Continent

Anne also spends the next winter on the farm, but three years later, we find in A. J. Barrett’s diary, the entry: “January 18, 1878— Anne came from school at 12 today sick. Tried not to have her go in the morning. Mama washed her feet...and slept with her during the night.”

Two days later, we read in the diary: “Sent for Dr. Stoddard early this morning. He called morning and again at evening. Rheumatic [fever]. Hopes to cure it.” The entries in the diary continue with daily updates on her condition and the fact that she is completely bedridden. Her brother Storrs is sent off to Grandmother Barrow’s farm in South Trenton, where Grandfather Barrows had died in March of the previous year. There seems to be confusion as to the nature of her illness, however:

Feb. 10, 1878
Rochester

Dear Storri—

Anne is no worse this morning. We hope a little better. But it is real Diphtheria and you ought not to have kissed her. If you begin to feel sick-with sore throat or any chilliness, you had better start for home. Use a little alcohol in water as a gargle. Hope you and Grandma are having a nice visit. Feel a little tired this morning but shall sleep some today. No news since you left.

Good bye—Mamma

Anne’s condition, as described in the diary over the next three months, do indeed support the Rheumatic fever diagnosis. A family member or outside help watches over her every night and it is a month before she is allowed to even sit up in bed for a few minutes. In early March she is allowed to sit up for 2 hours and take 2 or 3 steps while being held. In the middle of April, Anne is taken to the farm in South Trenton to be cared for by her Grandmother Barrows. Finally, on
April 30, 14 weeks after she first became sick, we read in her father’s diary, “Letter from Anne—all well.”

In late October of 1879 it is decided that Anne should stay the winter with her Auntie Warner (Emily Barrett) in Philadelphia who is in the process of moving into a new home. It is a large, 3-story house with two kitchens, a large dinning room and parlor, two bedrooms on the second floor and two on the 3rd. Anne will be staying with her aunt in one of the 3rd floor rooms and her cousin Harley in the other.

From her letters, she is meeting many new relatives, evidently on the Warner side. Harley is in school and Anne writes home to her father requesting her algebra book. She also pleads with her father:

“Papa, can’t you give me a dollar if I read The History of England by Charles Dickens instead of The History of Italy, because I am learning a good deal from C. H. E. and I have not the other one here. When I get home, if you don’t get a shower of dates I’m mistaken.”

There is undoubtedly a lot of home schooling in the Barrett family. Anne has her books for Latin and she is also studying music and painting. Her letters display a little homesickness, and yet a recognition that this is how it must be. In March of 1880 she has just turned 17 and the deep love she feels for her family, especially her father, is revealed in this letter to him:

“Here is a big big hug & kiss from ‘little Annie’ & I send myself to wish you a happy birthday. Yesterday in getting cord for the frame I walked nearly 2 miles, but I wanted it to match for ‘Brainy’ is fastidious & tasty about colors. It is for your study table, so that you can see me & I can watch you study.

“I thank you ever so much for your letter but don’t know as I deserve such approbation. Oh how I wish I could give one big jump and land in your lap. I never shall be too big to sit in My Papa’s lap, if I could only get there I would Ba-la-la! to my heart’s content & be happy.”

In May, we first learn of Anne’s health problems and the underlying concerns that probably explain her absence from home during the winter months for so many years:

“Aunt Susie & I went downtown Thursday in a hard rain & got the flowers for my hat & went to Dr. Gleasons. I had not been feeling first rate, had had that pain somewhat in my chest. The Dr. said it was a good deal the weather, but wanted to know if I had not been eating sugar or starch but I told him no. He did not think it serious at all but told me to take some of the rheumatic medicine he gave me & only once in a while though, & he said I must not take off my winter flannels. Maybe I could take off the drawers in very hot weather but I don’t know what I shall do. I get so warm & I can’t wear muslin dresses with red flannel dresses. I think I shall have to talk to him again.

“He said there was no reason why I should not be a strong healthy young
woman & outgrow my rheumatism if I only would diet until my stomach got strong & he did not put any if or ands with it, but said it as a fact.”

[In 1932, her brother Storrs wrote on the front of this letter: “She did diet, precisely as Dr. Gleason prescribed, heroically for several years and became a strong healthy woman.”]

A year later, Anne is back in Rochester attending High School and she writes to her brother Storrs who is away at school:

“I’ve only cried twice at High School! Are not you proud of your sister...you ought to be if you are not. I get along very nicely tho don’t have to study so very hard. I am getting acquainted with a good many girls.”

In May of 1882 we learn in a letter to Storrs (who is in Colorado at the time with his cousin Harley Warner) that Anne, like her sister Helen, will also be going to Wellesley, a prestigious women’s college outside of Boston, Mass., providing that she can get ready in time. She will only be taking Latin at her High School; the rest she will study at home. She has to be proficient in Latin grammar and numerous books of the classical period including the Iliad, Caesar, Cicero and Virgil. She must know basic mathematics including decimal fractions, compound numbers, square and cube root, the metric system, algebra through involution, radicals, quadratic equations, ratio, proportion, arithmetical and geometrical progression and plane geometry. Finally she must have taken the prescribed courses in modern geography, physical geography, English grammar and English composition. She will be expected to take both French and German in her first year. Her father helps her to prepare for the examinations.

By mid June, the final High School examinations are over and Anne has passed. Again, to her brother she writes:

“Lew did not pass his examinations—is it not too bad—there were 13 others that did not pass—it was a very hard examination and some or most of the questions were on topics that Lew has never taken up. Now he is going to study on questions instead of reading any one work through. I’m sorry but it can’t be helped & he feels badly enough over it.

“Do you know I am entered at Wellesley as full Scientific freshman—just think of it—your little sister a freshman in college in September.”

Nellie has come home for the summer and Anne writes to Storrs about their vacation adventures:

“Nellie and I had a very pleasant time at Kingsville. We went Wed. the 12th and came home Friday the 21st. We went to tea to Mrs. Stewarts—Fida & Mary said they thought you were splendid & Fida said you were her Boy. We went to Cousin Maria’s to tea, also to Aunt Mate’s, and Thursday went to the lake, had a lovely time. I went in bathing and could swim quite nicely considering the large
waves & I swam on my back too. I have been so lame from throwing stones or rather skipping them in the lake.

I wish you could be here now. Florence Bigelow from Natick is here now and Charlotte Conaut was to have come but could not finally. I know you would like Florence; she is only 18 and very nice.

“At 6 o’clock Monday Mr. Yeoman came over to breakfast with us and immediately after we started in a double seated, covered, two horse rig which was very easy to ride in. We drove nearly 20 miles to Braddock Bay [on the southern shore of Lake Ontario], reached there before nine and ‘put up’ at a farm house other wise called Hotel. We rested in the old fashioned sitting room—Florence and I took a nap. Then we went rowing on the lake.

“At 12:30 we had dinner, a real old fashioned country dinner. Every thing put on the table before we sat down. We had quite a bill of fare—stewed chicken, ham, mashed potatoes, green peas, berry pie, molasses & sugar cookies, coffee, tea, cheese.

“We had supper at 5:30 in the afternoon, went rowing at 7, started home by moonlight and reached here about 10. Mr. Yeoman bought some stick candy and when we had eaten all we could we gave it to little youngsters we met along the roadside.”

On a second trip that summer to Braddock Bay (now a state park) they take the train to reach there, but return by another route:

We went out rowing after supper which we had in the grove and staid out until the steamer came in the moonlight—[it] was perfect. I never enjoyed being out on the water any more than that night. We sang in the rowboat and as the steamer did not come ‘till half past nine we had a long row & it was so lovely.

“And when on the steamer it was just as lovely and I was so glad it looked pretty for I wanted Florence to see it. I never saw the river look any prettier—the shadows were so beautifully reflected in the water. We reached home about 11:30 & were pretty tired.”

On the back of this letter to Storrs, Anne’s father adds a humorous note which ends this chapter in Anne’s life and starts a new one:

My Dear Boy.

How I’d like to be with you today. It is beautiful and how we’d talk over the future as well as the past. I have had an interesting experience with chickens. I had two hens come off at the same time with 23 chicks, but Knight’s cats have reduced them to just two. Can’t make Mrs. K. believe her cat eats chicks:

‘My cat, she no like shickens no more.’
I saw the cat pounce upon them and catch them, but it is no difference.

‘My cat—she no like shickens. She goes away from home not all no more.’

If I had your little rifle here I’d give her the belly ache.
But goodbye. Give some attention to books if you can.

Papa
WELLESLEY COLLEGE

At the age of nineteen and one half, Anne arrives on the campus of Wellesley College, where she will spend the better part of the next 5 years. She has enrolled in the Scientific Course with a study of music which extends the normal 4 year course to 5. She is still considered a member of the Class of ‘86 even though she won’t graduate until June of 1887.

Freshman Year

Anne is just getting settled into the college routine and writes her first letter to her brother Storrs on Sept 7, 1882:

“Now that I am safely housed at Wellesley I will endeavor to write you a short letter. It is just growing dark and I have lit the gas on purpose to write you. Supper is only just over and we shall have Chapel soon and prayer meeting. I believe after that I am a little mixed but in a few days I shall be all straightened out.

“I am happy as can be and know I shall like it ever so much. The college is so full that quite a number of the girls board in the village (there are 115 in the freshman class). I am charmed with everything and the building fully equals my expectations. There are so many pretty girls—some are beautiful. I wish you could see some of them.
“We recite in geometry Saturday and do you know I have been over the first book that they take. In Robinson’s they call it plane geometry but in Olney they call it Solid. Isn’t it nice I shall feel easier in my first recitation?”

In October, an historical figure finds his way into one of her letters:

“We have had some tricycles here belonging to Mr. Dewey of Boston who is at work arranging the library (the Dewey decimal system had been created only 6 years earlier). Two or three of the teachers were riding around on them and I went with them a page [sic] just for fun & helped them mount & pushed them up hill when they were too tired to push them up themselves.

“One night Mr Dewey took the tricycles into the gymnasium and showed the girls how to use them & let some of them try them. I guess he is going to let the girls have the use of them. They are used quite generally in England by ladies he says.”

The school has hired a new director for the gymnasium and they are installing a new system of gymnastics for the girls patterned after one developed by the Harvard gymnasium:

“We have begun our gymnastics now and it is going to be splendid. We have to obey orders I can tell you and have strict military discipline. Miss Hill gives the signal by drum and drums for us to march in by. You don’t know how nice the girls look marching. We are to march in, take our places, go thru some light gymnastics and then are divided into squads for practice on the different machines, &c.

“There are chest weights, vaulting bars, parallel bars, rings suspended from the ceiling & machines for developing any part of the body. I can’t begin to mention every thing.”

They also give gymnastic performances and Anne describes how she was in one of the dumb-bell quartets while Nellie was in the Indian Clubs. For additional exercise, each class has their own boat for rowing on the lake:

“It is painted plain white on the outside and green on the inside. It is to have yellow cushions and a canvass cover. Our class crew will be the ‘Swell’ crew (if I may be allowed the expression).”

In late October Anne learns of the death of her Grandmother Barrett and to her brother she writes:

“Doesn’t it seem sad to think of the Kingsville home? I cannot realize that Grandma is gone. Kingsville will never be the same again.”

Her letters do not mention this sad event again. Her Christian faith gives her the peace that comes to the believer. Besides, there is too much activity in school to allow her to dwell on it. Dignitaries, lecturers, writers, ministers and professional musicians are constantly visiting the
campus and being presented to the students to further their education. One such visitor had a title that Anne was especially impressed by:

Sir Richard Temple Bar:
Late Governor of Bombay
Lieutenant Governor of Bengal
Finance Minister of India

On another occasion, Nellie remembers in her autobiography the following event that happened to Anne as the freshman class was waiting table for a group of visiting scholars:

“On the tree-day frolic of 1883, the class of 1886 appeared in baby dresses, with their hair hanging and baby caps adorning their heads. Anne was changing the plates at Miss Freeman’s table, where a number of notables were seated, among them Oliver Wendell Holmes.

‘My dear,’ said he, looking at her infant attire, ‘you remind me of my first love’.”

Christmas of ‘82 finds the Barrett family separated for the first time over the holidays. Storrs is still in Colorado and Anne and Nellie have decided to stay at the college to earn extra money. They feel that the expense of going home cannot be justified at this time and Anne’s letters reflect her loneliness as the other girls excitedly head for home. She feels her parents will also be quite lonely.

School has become fairly routine now, but Anne finds that she hardly has any free time to herself with all of the activities of the Shakespeare Society, the Beethoven Society, the nightly prayer meetings, the constant lectures, the one hour mandatory exercise outside each day, the Sunday sermons in the chapel, and of course her own washing and cleaning plus the other duties she has assumed. This is all in addition to the study and preparation for her classes in Mathematics, German, Music, Chemistry, Ethics and Bible. Anne has become a favorite of Miss Freeman, Wellesley’s president, and earns extra income by tidying up Miss Freeman’s room, making her bed, and in general mothering her. Anne adores her.

It is April now and Anne and Nellie have again remained at Wellesley over the Easter vacation, doing office work and other administrative duties. Anne’s letter to Storrs continues to express her longing to see her brother again:
“I just wish we could have the chance to spend our Sundays with you. I imagine we should appreciate them more than we used to. I don’t think we know how much we think of one another until we are separated and it also needs separation to show how very well we can get along without some other people who before seemed quite necessary. Do you see what I mean? How blind we are sometimes.”

She returns to Rochester for the summer, taking a well deserved rest before once again facing the rigors of College in September.

**Sophomore Year**

Money has always been scarce in the Barrett household. Rev Barrett augments his income by performing marriage ceremonies for $10. Budgets are made and accounts are closely watched. Anne and Nellie are very concerned that their expenses are too great for their father and they do everything that they can to minimized them. Clothes are constantly being mended or altered to lend some resemblance to the fashion of the day. They do not feel intimidated by some of the other girls who wear fashionable clothes and silk dresses from Paris.

With the start of the new term, Anne has broached the subject of vocal lessons with her parents. Anne knows that the extra cost would be a financial strain on the family. However, she (and others) feel that with proper training, she could develop her voice into respectable singing quality. With the love and wisdom of maturity, her mother consoles her:

My dear little Daughter,

About the music—$75.00 seems very small to me if by spending it, you can have your voice. You want your voice when you leave College if ever. Now the real question is whether Mr. Morse can help you. If he cannot develop your voice, then you do not want him. If he can, then you do want him. The instrumental (piano) is fine, but the voice is finer and to me I would rather you would drop the instrumental than the vocal if you can develop your voice as I think you can.

Say you try Mr. Morse one term. See what you can do. By that time you can tell whether Mr. Morse is the teacher you want or not. If your voice can be brought out in the middle register so that it does not seem weak, then it is all I want.

Talk with Mr. Morse and tell him you do not want to waste time or money and he ought to be able to tell at the end of one term, I should think. Take two lessons a week and give yourself all the time you can. This is my look at the situation.

Papa seemed to think your plan a good one, but he says do what you think is best. Don’t look at the money but look at you health, your other work, yourself and do what you want to--what your judgment says is best. There is no need for
worry. We can climb this hill, I know.
Now good bye. Be happy and do the best you can for yourself.

Lovingly, Mamma

In March of 1884, Anne writes home about the lovely time she had on her birthday. Her friends have remembered her with little gifts, and even the housekeepers have made little figures out of peanuts and dressed them with cloth and hair. Miss Freeman has also remembered her with a little leather-bound book called “The Happy Year” in which she had inscribed, “To my little Freshman at the beginning of a happy year.”

Anne’s letters brim with happiness and she talks about the wonderful friends and teachers she has, including one morning when she awakens:

“I cannot describe to you the loveliness that greeted us Wednesday morning. I never saw anything so beautiful. During the night a pure white snow had clothed everything anew. The pines were resplendent in ermine dresses, soft & warm. The delicate branches of the other trees were clothed in dresses trimmed with exquisite embroidery & lace work and the lake was one dazzling white meadow of snow. The view across the lake from our window was marvelous. I wish you could have seen it.

“When the sun came out the beautiful picture vanished, but it will always remain a picture in my mind.”

For the two-week Easter break, Anne decides to visit her Grandmother Barrows on her farm in South Trenton. The fare from Wellesley to Utica, N.Y. is $6.00 while the board at Wellesley is $10.00 per week, so she feels she has made a good choice:

“I left Wellesley 8 o’clock Thursday morning and when I reached Utica found Grandma there to meet me [at the station]. She said the going was so bad we could not go home until morning but would stay all night at Mrs. Putnam’s. There was nothing to do but stay and we had a very pleasant time.

“Merrit came for us about quarter of ten. The roads were very bad. We rode on the ‘bobs’ and part of the way the drifts were so deep that we had to go in the fields and part of the way we were dragged through mud a foot deep (more or less). At times we had difficulty to keep our seats. I was pretty tired by the time we reached home & glad to get out. I don’t wonder now that Grandma preferred coming by daylight.”

The summer again finds the Barrett children home for a rest on the farm; sleeping, eating, chatting and being adored and cared for by Grandmother Barrows. Her chicks are home to roost for a while and she need not worry anymore.
Junior Year

As the daughters of a Baptist minister, Anne and Nellie have a strong belief in their faith and bring to each Sunday sermon a background of theology, insight and knowledge of the Bible resulting from a lifetime of immersion in their father’s weekly struggle to develop his thoughts into a meaningful and inspirational message for his congregation each Sunday. Thus, as the visiting ministers would appear each Sunday at Wellesley (or ministers at other churches) they would listen attentively, absorbing the message, understanding how each point was developed and presented and then, perhaps unconsciously, compare it to how their father would have delivered the same sermon. In their Bible study courses, they would routinely be given a title for a sermon and asked to develop the message, using the scriptures to support it and present it to the class.

In a letter written by Anne when she was 21, we have a fine example of the depth of her religiosity and how she would share these sermons with her parents. This marvelous summary of a sermon was written right after the service, entirely from memory and without notes:

Wellesley College
October 19, 1884

Dear Ones All,

I think had better write about the sermon first before I become tired. Dr. Withers of Boston preached this morning. He only came this morning and went immediately after service. He is from Boston as you probably know and used to be in Philadelphia.

He is tall, slight—without being thin—gray hair—fine face and figure—speaks some like a Philadelphian and some like a Bostonian. His manner, though peculiar in some respects, is on the whole very pleasing. He has a full voice when he lets it out—speaks very rapidly—entirely extemporaneously—only headings on a small card. He read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah and made some comments as he read. We did not put our sins on Christ: he bore them Himself. It pleased the Lord to bruise him (for our iniquities). Our sins were upon him, &c.

His text was Matthew 17:2, really 1-8. Subject: “The Transfiguration of Christ”.

Christ’s life full of sorrow, full of shadow. Do we realize what an exact picture was given 600 years before his life in Isaiah 5:3. Christ’s life began in shadow, born in a manger, cradled with the oxen of the stall, his mother a poor peasant woman, so humble that no place was made for her even at such a sacred time. As he grew up—hated of his own brethren who were jealous of him as he became famous. “He came unto his own and his own received Him not”. He the pure one and holy who never injured anyone, who spoke only to bless men who hated him even while he blessed them.

Despised and rejected of men—had not where to lay his head—He who owned the world and knew He owned it yet had not where to lay His head! In the moments of his greatest need all his friends forsook him and fled. We in our youth and strength do not feel the need of others. We say, I can go alone, I do not need anyone, but when we draw near the end where we go into the valley we want
those we love to be near: nothing worse to me than to die away from home. In Europe, as I saw stones marking graves of Americans who had died away from home, I said God grant that I may die surrounded by those who love me, by those who know me—who I am, what I want.

But Christ in the hour of his agony in the garden, left alone by his disciples who fell asleep. On the cross they all forsook him and fled. We often think that Peter was the only one who fled but the Bible says they all forsook him. Not one disciple by him in his need. Even God’s face was withdrawn from him and we have the cry, such as the world has not seen since or before, “My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me!”

But we must not think Christ’s life was all dark. People made a great mistake in always representing Christ as the suffering Saviour. European art represents Christ always with the crown of thorns on his brow. In many pictures the expression is meek, cowed. There is little satisfaction in looking at them to me. Always pictured a suffering, never as the triumphant Saviour. Even the hymns of the early Christians are of the same kind. There was glory in his life—grandeur.

Even as a babe in the manger Angels worshipped him. The wise men from heathen lands guided by a little star came many miles probably to worship him. What is it to worship—to come together as we are this morning? Oh no. Worship is the bowing of one to a supreme being, the pouring out of the heart in praise and adoration. They worshipped a mere babe. A man not a thousand miles from here said to me I don’t see anything to worship in Jesus Christ, but the wise men worshipped him as a mere babe. The angels of God, all the angels of God worshipped him. The devils worshipped him. There was glory in his life. We have seen what Christ was on earth—let us see what he is now.

In Rev. 1:12-19 we read &. Immanuel, majestic, &c. If the Christian Church had fewer representations of Christ as meek—suffering, and more of him as glorious—triumphant risen, we should have been stronger.

It is to one of the glories of Christ’s life that I wish to call your attention this morning: The Transfiguration of Christ (Read first few verses in Math. 17)

Three main points to which I ask your attention:

1.) The glory of the Transfiguration was the disclosure of Christ himself (his light & glory)
2.) Condition of this disclosure. (I think)
3.) Practical applications of this disclosure.
   (I am not at all sure that I have stated these three points as he did but I took no notes so cannot exactly remember the wording)

(1) Moses when he came down from the mountain after he had talked with God, his face did shine, but it was the light of the stars—a borrowed light—it came from the presence of the Lord. When the temple was finished, the beautiful temple, the style of the heavenly &c., &c., &c. (I can’t remember) When the cloud of glory filled the temple it came down from above—it was not a part of the temple.

When Peter was in prison, a disciple of the Lord under the greatest humiliation in prison, the glory of the Lord filled the prison, an angel stood by his side. But the glory that filled the prison was not Peter’s glory—did not proceed from Peter. The glory which transfigured Christ’s face was not reflected glory, not a glory which came from the cloud, for the cloud dimmed the brightness. For
when it had passed they saw Jesus only as he actually was. But It was himself—a disclosure of himself. He only opened the windows and let out the light of himself who is the glory & light. I am the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Every man whether he will or no receives of this light. Heaven so near the earth, only on the top of the mountain they were, yet heaven & earth met.

Moses & Elias talked with Christ about his decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem. They are interested in heaven in what we are interested on earth. Moses and Elias tho’ dead for thousands of years. They were themselves & were called Moses and Elias. People often ask & question whether we know each other in heaven? Mr Moody the other day said if people would stop inquiring whether they should know their friends in heaven & begin to know them better on earth it would be more important (not his exact words).

We shall be ourselves—in heaven Moses and Elias were known & called by name, so we shall be. The vail between heaven & earth very thin. Our body prevents our spirit’s from acting. When the body wears out & we say a man is nervous it is not himself that is tired, it is that his body cannot support his Spirit. His mind is too active for his body. What might not our Spirits hear & see if not bound by the body. Some have lived such lives of prayer so near to heaven that their Spiritual senses become very acute & they can hear the rustling behind the thin veil that separates heaven from earth.

(2) The Conditions for this Disclosure:
As he prayed the fashion of his countenance was changed. The disciples did not see as much as they might. They were heavy with sleep—trying to keep awake. I used to think that meant sound asleep as people go to sleep nowadays. And if the disciples want to sleep at the Transfiguration, no wonder people go to sleep now. But they were full of sleep, trying to keep awake. Might better have gone to sleep & awakened fresh. Some Christian churches always trying to keep awake, never wide awake. The disciples probably missed a good deal by being heavy with sleep.

Prayer does change the countenance. Have not all of us someone, who as they grew older & richer in the Christian life, prayed so often--not repeated prayers, no that is not praying—not read prayers—not went through the form—no, but poured out their souls in real prayer to God from their closets. And have we not seen father’s face take on a different expression of such peace, such joy. They speak of study of art changing the face—perhaps sometimes but not giving it the expression it wears as a result of communication with God &c., &c., &c.

(3) The place does not matter. It was a bare mountain, lonely, desolate maybe. A religious meeting is not a gathering of people unless the spirit of God be present. The beautiful surroundings, music & a fine sermon do not make a religious meeting. A bare room with one at your side with the Holy Spirit present is one. The glory of Christ can be revealed in the lowliest place.

We ourselves may be transfigured, not alone in the glory of Christ, but we may ourselves be glorified. We may take of this light of Christ so that others may see the glory. We may take of this light & light another’s pathway. Some Christians live so far from Christ that the light they reflect is so little that no one can tell that they have any. Like the planets of the solar system, those nearest the sun are the brightest & when we get to Neptune he is so far off we can not see him.
There. I can’t write any more. I have not written a word as he said it but I cannot help it. I have strung it out enough. I felt when I came out that I had been seeing visions. I went into a recitation room so I would not be interrupted & wrote what I could remember on a block. I did not feel like talking to anybody. I wanted to be by myself. You won’t get any adequate idea of the sermon but it lifted me into a higher plane. I felt as though I had been transfigured myself.

Your loving Anne

But all is not serious work at Wellesley, especially when there are events to be celebrated by 300 or so girls and a chance to have fun:

“Friday you know was Halloween & I imagine the teachers thought it would be best to allow the girls some fun in a legitimate way so as to prevent any such time as there was last year. So it was passed around that there was going to be no talking in the dining room Friday night at dinner. Every table agreed & for two or three days beforehand, floating rumors would reach our ears that different tables were going to do this, that & the other. Miss Dunlap invited all her table to her room after dinner & it was evident from different things that the teachers were at the bottom of it all.

“As it was Miss McCoy’s birthday, our table contributed money for flowers—10 cents a piece. Then I thought it would be nice to have those German bon-bons or mattos [posies] that snap. Mr. Bibelow bought them for us in Boston & that made .03 a piece extra.

“Our end of the table decided to change about & play each other. So Gertrude Staples and I changed dresses. She wore my brown dress & I wore her black Jersey and wine-colored skirt. Willietta & Nannie changed, Gertrude & Helen. It was wonderful how much we made Nannie look like Willie. She had her hair up high with the ends for bangs & Willie had her hair smooth. We took each others places at table & acted as much as we could like the girls we represented.

“Gertrude & I vied with each other in going after things to make it natural. I tried to walk like Gertrude (you know she takes long steps & goes so much more slowly than I). And she in turn imitated me & dashed after bread like a blue streak, etc. Lots of the girls spoke to Gertrude [Staples] & told her I took her off exactly. It was the strangest meal—nothing but laughing in that immense dinning room. Everything had to be done by motions.

“The whole dining room was a gay scene. Every table was in costume I think, except Miss Freeman’s & Miss Knox’s table had a row of lighted tapers down the center and the girls were dressed in Grecian style; i.e., white robes (of white sheets I imagine). The effect was very pretty. One of the tables appeared as nuns, & at some of the tables there were Indians. A great many had their hair powdered. At Tillie’s table, one half represented ladies, the other half wore their hair & neck dressing like gentlemen with powdered hair. I can’t begin to tell what they all did for I could not see them all.”

The coming presidential election was a hot topic for discussion at the campus. Grover Cleveland, the Democratic Party nominee was running against the Republican candidate James Blaine, who had been previously implicated in a financial scandal. Many Republicans were outraged when
he was nominate and withdrew from the convention, calling themselves “mugwumps”. Although good political issues were available to both parties, the campaign of 1884 became engrossed in scandalous personal stories. The Wellesley girls had previously taken a secret election vote and Blaine had won handily. It should be remembered that at this time in history, women were not allowed to vote and this must have been a hot topic for the educated girls of Wellesley College. Anne’s sister Nellie was soon going to fight for this privilege and become a prominent member of the Women’s Sufferage movement.

When the first unofficial returns are announced, Anne cannot believe it, and she exclaims in her letter home:

“I have not given up all hope yet! I cannot believe that Cleveland is elected! If there has been fraud I hope it will be found out. There has been such excitement at the college. I will write you more about it Sunday.

“I feel disgraced if Cleveland is elected, but is there not hope that N.Y. will be for Blaine when the official count is announced? I feel like disowning the democratic girls, who dare to hurrah for Cleveland, as members of this college. I wish I could be home and talk things over with you. I would whack Lem good for daring to vote for Cleveland as I suppose he did.”

Personal expenses continue to weigh heavily on Anne. She knows how hard her father and mother work to enable her to go to Wellesley. She accounts for every penny spent and tries her best to figure out ways to limit the costs that eventually her parent’s have to pay. In a December 7, 1884 letter to her parents she writes:

“I am going [to] Boston tomorrow. Shall have Nellie Mean’s ticket so it will only cost 84 cents for both ways. Eight of us girls have clubbed together and shall get one of those 100 trip tickets. Two of the girls are to take double shares so it will make it the same as though ten girls bought it. We shall each have five trips to Boston and return for $1.78. Perhaps you think me extravagant but I have had to go to Boston twice already this year & it is embarrassing to try to get someone else’s ticket every time.

“I can sell my tickets easily if I don’t want them & it is so much nicer to pay .34 for round trip than .68 for the same. I guess you will think my notions are becoming extravagant, but it does seem positively necessary that I go to Boston to see about my hat and I want to get a few little things.”

In January of 1885, Professor Horsford takes his students to the Electrical Exhibition in Boston. It was only five years prior to this that Thomas A. Edison was able to keep an incandescent light burning for over 24 hours:

“Saturday afternoon our class and the other students in the physics class & quantitative analysis class went into the Electrical Exhibition in Boston. Prof Horsford gave us the tickets—was it not splendid of him. We had our dinner given us at the college at four o’clock and went in on the 5:00 train. We had a
very pleasant time.

“The Exhibition was not as large as we expected it would be but we saw a
great many interesting things. The gentlemen were very kind to explain the
machines. Miss Whiting had informed them that we were coming & so we
received a good deal of attention.

“Saw a phonograph and the dynamos which supplied the electricity etc. I
can’t begin to tell you the different things. The sight was pretty—so many
electric lights of all kinds—it made the scene very brilliant.”

Music, of course, was a major part of Anne’s life and she attended every concert she could. At
one concert, however, Anne is distracted by the looks of a noted artist, who Emily Williams
(Storrs Barrett’s daughter) recalled as being associated with her first piano teacher:

“In the evening I went to the piano recital given by Miss Fannie Bloomfield, a
Jewess. She had wonderful execution; all her selections were brilliant—
calculated to show off her execution. She looked as though she had practiced
herself to death and she was laced so I don’t see how she could play. I did not
enjoy it so much on that account. I could but look at her poor waist. They said
she had a terrible headache and her fingers were cracked by practice so she had to
wear court plaster [adhesive tape] on some of them. Prof Heill said we know
nothing about practice here. In Germany he had practiced so that his fingers had
bled.”

In February, the snow is still covering the ground and the means for transportation adjusts
accordingly, as demonstrated by these hitch-hikers:

“Gertrude Brown, Nannie, Jessie Munger and I went down on the 3:15 coach
on the bob (sled). Prof Hersford and Mrs Durant were in the coach and had the
door opened so they could watch the two bobs which were hitched on behind.
Our bob upset going up Simpson hill but he went slow enough so we could hitch
on again and then all went safe. It was splendid. The air was so fresh.

“We waited around near the depot for a chance to ride back for Mr. Daly was
not going back for some time. The teacher Miss Darling and some sophomores
had the other bob. They got a real spruce looking young man with a cutter
[sleigh] to take them up to the lodge. We had our eye on him too but he would
did not take two.

“Soon however Mr. Bigelow that has the livery stable came along & took us
up to the lodge. We coasted down Simpson Hill and just as we were nicely
started Gertrude Matlock and another girl with two young men and a bob
appeared just at the time. We went like the wind it was so icy & did not tip over.
We were so afraid we could because they were looking on & one of our reins had
come loose.

“Just after that Mademoiselle Fie came along in a cutter from the depot and
we went clear up to the door. We had such a nice time.”

The days flow by and Anne’s letters are filled with the details of college, the teachers and her
friends. Expenses are a constant subject, but she also continues to seek advice from her parents
ranging from clothing to her school work:
“Papa I have taken quite a new kind of subject for me—for my essay: ‘The Relation of Reading to Thought’. If you can give me any ideas I wish you would. I have some on it of course but I presume I can find little or nothing in the library. I don’t want much help only a new way of looking at the subject, perhaps—something that perhaps would not occur to me. I want to do it myself, but I want as much help as one gets usually in reading up for an essay.”

Although Anne seems to excel in her studies, she appears to be working every minute of the day preparing for the constant examinations, recitations, essays and debates plus the rigors of physics and botany. In May she confides to her brother:

“I feel heavy hearted this morning and I cannot explain why! In History the weighed-down feeling amounted almost to a pain. I reason with myself in vain. I know nothing has happened and I have no particular reason to fear anything will. Isn’t it strange. I shall get over it I presume in a little while but I do not understand it. I ought to study my German now but I do not feel like it. I must however soon.”

And a little later:

“I have just been to the Dr. & she gave me some medicine to take every fifteen minutes & I am going to bed & have my dinner sent up. She thinks I am just nervously at the end of my rope & need a little let-up, a few hours of rest & quiet so I am not going to German but shall rest.”

At this point in her letter, the handwriting becomes scrawled across the page, the sentences trailing downwards as if she doesn’t have the strength to hold the pen any longer:

“Don’t say anything to Papa or Mama— it is nothing. I have only had so many dif. things on hand lately that I’m tired—”

As her final examinations approach, Anne receives a letter from her mother reminding her that they are going to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary on June 14 and couldn’t Anne come and be with them. This of course starts a whole flurry of letters. Anne of course wants to but it would be right in the middle of her examinations. She talks to Miss Freeman and learns that she could postpone the five examinations until next fall. That would mean, however, that she would have this burden hanging over her head all summer. Papa writes and he thinks he could somehow find the money for the trip but then he starts listing the probable expenses that would be due by the end of the school year. In the end, Anne remains at Wellesley and soon appreciates the wisdom of her choice: “Hurrah! The exams are finally over! Ba-la-la-la!”

The peace and serenity of grandmother Barrows’ farm are waiting for her...
In early October of 1885, Anne and her classmates take a day-long journey back into history. At 8:00 in the morning, they board 5 two-seated covered carriages and head off for Concord:

“How we did enjoy the drive though the roads bordered with changing foliage. Everyone stared at the long line of carriages full of girls. The first thing of interest was the great Elm under which the ladies set tables with bread & butter and coffee for the Minute Men the day before the battle. We next came to an old inn, Pequoid House, founded or built in 1771. The horses were watered there—it was in the town of Wayland.

“Next we stopped at Walden Pond, saw the site of Thoreau’s hut where he lived on an average expenditure of $1.09 a month. The water of the pond was of the loveliest clear green. I never saw water however so clean an transparent—it was wonderful.

“I got a stone from the pond & some asters from the site of the hut. In fact all day I was insatiable getting something from every place if it were only a blade of grass. I have numberless things in press all of which I mean to place in my new scrap book when I get it.”

They continue on to the homes and graves of Emerson and Hawthorne and then on into Concord and the Hillside Cemetery (of interest is the fact that she did not mention or evidently realize that her Barrett ancestors were buried there). They had lunch at Wright’s Tavern, “where Major Pitcairn stirred his brandy and swore he’d stir the blood of the rebels before night.” They continued on to the Old North bridge where she again did not realize that a distant relative, Colonel James Barrett, was in command of the Provincial troops at this bridge when the first forcible resistance was made to British aggression:

“We went to the old North Bridge over Concord river where the battle was fought. Saw the statue of the Minute Man on the American side and the stone marking the graves of the two nameless British soldiers who were killed in the skirmish.”

In later years, Nellie would recognize the connection between her family and the Barrett’s of the Revolutionary War period and subsequently became a member of the D. A. R.

A month earlier, when Anne had first returned to school, she complained of a severe pain on the side of her face extending down to her shoulder. She consults her parents and the school doctor, but in spite of medication, the pain persists. It wasn’t until mid October after her trip to Concord that it is determined that one of her teeth have become infected. The local dentist is afraid to pull it, however, since he might damage the adjacent teeth. Her friend Gertrude Bigelow knows of a dentist in the nearby town of Natick:

“I never suffered quite so much in all my life but it is all over now and I am all right. You see the tooth had wedged its way between the two teeth on either side
and as Dr Walter said it was almost impossible to pull it without danger of loosening the teeth on either side. The space was very small. I expected to take something but he thought I’d better not, so I did not.

“He pulled the first time long and steadily & it would not come. Then he filed the teeth on either side & tried again & it broke off in two pieces & then he filed again. The last time after a long and steady pull it came, all except a little piece of the root. By that time I was pretty much exhausted & laughed and cried all in one breath.”

There has been no mention in Anne’s letters of any young men courting her, or any of the other girls for that matter. Anne and Nellie have several times teased Storrs about girls and in one letter Anne sends him a 4-leaf clover to put in his shoe and warns that the next girl he shakes hands with will be his future wife: “So be careful who you shake hands with.”

In the same letter, she talks about a forthcoming Sunday School picnic and wishes that Storrs was with her to take her out rowing on the lake. “I guess the boys don’t like me”, she sighs.

Then, in a letter written to her sister in December of 1885, Anne detects an apparent suitor—but not for her:

“I had a letter from Emerson the day after Thanksgiving. He asked me to send him ‘Nellie’s address’ and then added, ‘Do you think she would be vexed if I should call her Nellie instead of My dear Miss Barrett? I want to know her and love her as I do her sister and I am afraid I never shall if I am compelled to be so formal. Here I ought not to use the word ‘love’. A young man can only ‘like’ his lady friends. What petty, shallow, convolutional things we young men have to be!’

“I sent him your address and told him that I was sure you would not be vexed for you did not like to be formal any better than I did and he had occasion to know I was not very formal. Now you won’t be vexed will you Nannie, dear?”

[Many years later, on the front of this letter, Storrs writes: “Who is Emerson?”]

After spending the Christmas with her parents in Rochester, Anne returns to Wellesley, refreshed and ready to work hard to prepare for her mid-term examinations. In a letter written January 31, 1886, she recalls the examinations, feeling that she has done fairly well. German was always easy for her, Modern History was troublesome, Mental Science (Psychology) “was not bad.”

“...and the Bible was very nice, all but the last question which was to account for Wellesley College as an institution for the higher education of women. Begin with the nineteenth century and trace causes backward showing that certain links in the chain are found in the narrative we have studied.”

In February, Anne begins a new semester but contemplates the fact that her classmates will be graduating in June while she must return for another year to complete her 5 year Scientific course with a minor in music. The constant letter writing to so many people is also becoming a
chore for her. In a February letter to her sister Nellie, she tells of her predicament:

“I have begun Political Economy and I think I shall like it very much. I could not take Astronomy as it is finished by the Spring term and gives place to Geology. I guess I will take it next year as it does not take over time.

“I almost wish I were not coming back next year. I am tired of study and I cannot bear to think of coming back without all the girls of our class. I shall miss them so.

“I cannot keep Jay or Nellie Kinnear answered up. I no sooner write than I get an answer by return mail! After mailing since before Thanksgiving until the middle of Jan, I wrote Nellie K. and within a week (perhaps two) received an answer. It is certainly discouraging.”

On one of Anne’s many trips to Mrs. Bigelow’s in Natick, she learns a new method for washing clothes which she shares with her mother:

“The way Mrs Bigelow told me was as follows as near as I can remember. A pound of soap shaved and put in 2/3 of a boiler of water. When it has come to a boil and soap is all dissolved, put in 2 1/2 tablespoonfuls of kerosine oil and then put in the cleanest of the clothes and let boil ten minutes. Take out & put in the rest and let boil 1/2 hour. Rinse thoroughly & dry.”

“Mrs Bigelow had just been trying it the morning I got there. She superintended the girl & saw that it was done just right and she said her clothes had not looked so white this year. She said after they came out she looked them over and half rubbed a few things like shirt-bands, etc., but some stains came out that had been in a long time and would not come out.”

Towards the end of February, Miss Connan decides to have a representation of the English House of Commons. Her Constitutional History classes were to furnish the speakers and she invites the members of the history department and the seniors to constitute the rest of the house. The gymnasium is laid out with benches, platforms, etc. replicating the actual arrangement in London. There is a gallery for visitors, a speaker’s platform, seats for the Independents, seats for the Liberals and seats for the Conservatives. The teacher and students had previously held meetings to arrange the preliminaries, form the parties and provide the necessary instructions. A “programme” had been prepared, stating the bill to be introduced (Notice of Bill to Abolish Lord Lieutenancy) and the speakers to be heard from (pro & con) followed by question and division. The participants were all dressed in costume:

“Can you imagine me when I was dressed? First let me say that I got a large round sunglass about 2 inches in diameter. When I came home (from Mrs Bigelow’s) I made a frame for it out of pasteboard and blackened it with shoe-blacking. It made a fine eyeglass. I wore the light high hat, a high standing collar, the shirt and black necktie, the white vest & blue coat (all borrowed from Will Bigelow). The moustache was fastened on by a wire and court plaster.

“I had a cane—wore my watch and guard. My hair parted on the side flowed in long straggling locks over my shoulders from under my high hat. A
large silk handkerchief (white) stuffed in one side of my vest & my eye glass
completed my costume.

“It went off beautifully. I wish you could have heard Isabel Darlington—it
was wonderful. I never saw any man as handsome as he was and her voice,
gestures, manner and speech were all wonderful. It was no play speech.”

By the end of April, Anne’s letters are dominated by the talk of clothes and what she should
wear to the Wellesley College Eighth Annual Commencement to occur on June, 22, 1886.
Colors, fabrics, style, number of buttons on the gloves, collars, etc., etc. The girls from New
York prefer certain other styles and this is all discussed in great detail. Over the next two
months, everything is worked out and the day for her graduating class arrives. Nellie has been
able to attend and Anne has convinced several young men to also attend. She was delighted that
they met the approval of her classmates.

On the commencement program, there are 8 degrees given in the Five years’ Courses with
Music, 43 degrees in the Four Years’ Courses and 4 Graduates of the School of Music. Anne is
listed with 15 others as Members of the Class of ’86 in the Five Years’ Courses with Music or
Art. This is all that remains of the original 115 freshman students.

Grandma Barrow’s farm again beckons her; but this time, Anne has a little mixup on the way and
we have this amusing account of her journey:

South Trenton
July 18 - 1886

Dear Ones All:

Yesterday at six o’clock you were doubtless saying—“she is in Trenton by
this time—riding toward the farm”. It was natural you should think so, yes, it
was perfectly natural but it was not true never-the-less. Did you ever get left?
Well I did yesterday. “The leave-er left.” Yes, that sounds well!

Sat there in the depot and let the train go! Without even trying to get on
board! Yes, oh yes, all of that! Now exclaim “The idea! How absurd! What
was the child thinking of! Why didn’t she ask someone!” If I had asked you
what road I should take from Utica to Trenton you would have said “Utica and
Black River R.”! That is what I tho’! If I had asked what track, “The farther
one” you would have replied. That was the delusion I labored under. I can give
you the benefit of my experience and perhaps you won’t get left. Don’t wait for a
U.B.R.R. car for you never will see one! Don’t wait around in the vain hope of
seeing a train back down on the farthest track, for they never back! When you see
a train come steaming into the depot on the first track, never mind from what
direction—marked “Rome Watertown and Ogdensburg” rush for it!—Keep hold
of it! don’t let it go!—If you stay on that train you will reach Trenton.

The roads have changed hands, combined,—anything you wish to call it! Of
course I had not heard of it! I’d not been left if I had! I had looked at the clock, it
was nearly time for the train. I fastened my eyes on a train up the track, “always” on the last track, and I wondered why it did not back down. I had not my watch on and the face of the clock was indistinct in the distance. I saw the “Rome Watertown &c” train steam out of the depot? Oh yes, North! Oh yes the man said it was going North. Ogdensburg and Watertown are north I thought; but this road used to start at Rome. Now it must start at Utica. Finally I walked down to see what time it was. 6:15! Yes—and the Trenton train was to go at 5:50! Left. Yes, left.

“Is thee any other train to Trenton to-night?”

“No.”

Tomorrow is Sunday—a dollar and some change in my purse. Pleasant prospect! Happy restful feeling! Depot men:

“Have to go to some hotel.” (Unlucky girl)

“Couldn’t I drive out?”

“Cost you ten dollars or so.”

“Couldn’t I find a farmer going?”

“Saturday night—they have all gone. Besides it is haying.”

“Where can I telephone?”

“In the dining room is a public telephone.”

The young man at the telephone was gentlemanly and he was humane. I told him how it was. He advised me to go to a hotel. Thought there was an eight o’clock train in the morning which stopped at Trenton Falls. I told him I did not have money enough to stay at a hotel. I sent a telephone (telegram) to Grandma but first he telephoned to a livery stable for me and inquired terms &c. to drive out to South Trenton immediately. “Single carriage $3.00”—“doubling $5.00”.

I asked him to order a single carriage for me. He said on my asking him that it would be perfectly safe & he’d ask for a good driver &c. I telephoned to Grandma that I had missed the train and would drive out immediately. The driver was a middle aged man about 55 I guess, an uneducated old fellow. He drove and in about two hours he stopped at The Forest House & asked the landlord if he had business in S. Trenton—if he’d drive the rest of the way. I demurred at first. I thought the other man might be drunk, but I found he was acquainted with Grandma and all of us had lived in S. Trenton. His name was White, Grandma said. He drove the rest of the way, the other man stopping to get his supper.

We got the mail—my postal and two papers. You think perhaps I was glad to find myself in S.T., how glad do you think I was to find myself at Grandma’s door. Dear old lady she had been up to Trenton to the train and no one got off! But she received the telephone soon after she got back. By mistake someway when the telephone reached her it was signed Mrs Barrett. Grandma got the money and I paid Mr White and came in. I could hardly believe I was here. I still have my ticket to Trenton. I’ll send it to you but you can’t get a trunk checked on it for mine has been checked on it once.

I shall always remember how gentlemanly and kind that young man was. When I said I had not money enough to stay at a hotel he said I could go and send it to him implying he would make it right with the landlord. But he thought it was best for me to drive out I think. After those bluff gate men, he was a relief to poor distracted me. Not that I acted “wild like”, but I did not feel calm inside. But I was bound I’d not stay in Utica over Sunday. Grandma said I could have stayed at some hotel and telephoned her and she could have sent for me Sunday morning & paid the hotel bill for me. I did not think of that but it was better to do as I did. We started from Utica about quarter of seven and got there about nine, a
little before I guess.

I will write more as I think things over—I am very glad I came—I think it will do Grandma good. Dena (housekeeper) seems to please Grandma very much and seems happy. Good bye. I hope you are having a good Sunday. I sleep in the South room down stairs. Have had a nap to-day. John (farm hand) got my trunk this morning. I am glad I “got here”. Love to you all.

Ever yours lovingly,

Anne

P.S.

This morning Grandma said she heard an old hen cackling but she could not find her eggs. I went out and found a nest of seven. This afternoon John came in with eight he found in the snow. Then Dena was not going to be beaten and she went out & found a nest of twenty one, 39 eggs in all to-day—3 from the hen house. Grandma was glad to find that the hens are laying. She has had so few eggs lately.

Final Year

The letters of the fifth year immediately begin with an accounting of the classes, the teachers, the absence of old friends and how hard the work will be. Mrs. Bigelow cautions Anne not to work so hard; perhaps she should take a year off for domestic duties. Her own daughter Florence (Nellie’s friend) had started out at Wellesley when she was only 16, and after completing the 5 year course, she feels completely worn out. Anne is wondering if she should drop vocal and continue only with instrumental. She is not sure about her new vocal teacher and writes home:

“I saw Mr. Morse today and will begin my lessons Friday. I don’t know anything against the man morally but I don’t feel the greatest respect for him as a man, but I will try and improve even if he is not an inspiration!”

Her father, who is used to tending to the worries of his children, smoothing out their wrinkles and easing their concerns, firmly writes back:

“I said (to Mama) I am satisfied with whatever you and Mama decide to be best. My first impression was ‘better let vocal go for awhile and devote attention to piano’. But Mama felt disappointed not to have you go on and so I said let Mama decide the matter.

“As to Mr. M.’s moral character, I do not know and whatever it is I am not worried over his influence over my Little Anne. He wouldn’t get more than just one step over the line of propriety before he’d think he heard something. The echoes would last him all day and (he) wouldn’t be able to distinguish between a graven and a semi-demi-graven. So you can do just as you think best, just as you feel inclined to do.

“I don’t want you to work hard this year. I don’t want you to break down
physically this year and come out with a permanently impaired constitution. Take it easy—enjoy it all you can—talk with Miss Freeman about your next year’s work.”

On Sept. 21, 1886, Anne relates another one of her many adventures to “Papa, Mama and Story.”

“I will begin with yesterday morning. First, neither Nannie or I heard anything until the breakfast bell roused us from our slumbers. Of course we were both late to breakfast. I did not care for I do not by this year to keep up my reputation of never being late to breakfast. It is too much of a strain. I dressed however in six minutes!

About ten o’clock I thought I’d go to Natick in the afternoon and then I said why not go this morning at 11:48. I did my domestic work and started for Music Hall & practiced an hour or so and then go from there to the station. When I reached Music Hall I said it looks so much like rain I guess I won’t walk (I had planned to walk finally) but will go immediately & perhaps I can catch the train that goes some time after ten. So I got my music & started.

It looked so cloudy that I stopped at Simpson to get an umbrella. I did not find the girls, however and so got no umbrella. But he who hesitates is lost—likewise, he who tarries. So I was fated to get within two or three minutes walk of the station and to see the train pull out of the station and go whizzing past me. ‘Wait from half past ten until 11:48?’—not much.

I resolutely turned my face & feet back over the way I had come and struck out for Natick. I tho’t every minute it would rain so to vary the program and hasten my arrival at Natick. I kept dropping music and my beloved ‘King Lear’ in the dusty road. I was only about 40 minutes going over when I reached the house. Hannah (the maid) appeared at the back door. ‘Yes, they were all in Boston but Miss Margie would be home to dinner and I might have dinner with Miss Margie’, she said.

Tired—I certainly was, so I walked in and made myself at home. I curled up in a big arm chair in the bay window and took the Alantic’s and Century’s in my lap and read until Margie came. She is such a dear little girl.

“We two had our dinner in state. Margie taking her Mama’s place and I, Mr Bigelow’s. She presided with dignity as you may well imagine.”

Towards the end of November, Anne’s father writes that he is a little under the weather; but clearly delights in making fun of it, revealing his wonderful sense of humor. He also indicates that any suitors for his daughter will have to pass muster in his eyes:

My dear Little Anne,

How papa would like to have his little puss puss in his lap tonight. You see I am not at church tonight. I have been on the sick list since Thursday. I preached this morning or rather talked in a familiar way but said there would be no fourth service today. I am much better but feeling very uncomfortable. I have a sort of mixture in equal parts of Tonsillitis, Laryngitis, Pharyngitis, Bronchitis, Nasalingus, Fusilnigus, Snortilites, squezz-i-noze-y, make it red-y raw-y-shin-y with clear complications of ophthalmic aqua and thoracic demoralization. I dont think this is all that ails me for there are neuralgic target shooting going on within
hearing distance every little while. New York Central R.R. would save money to have me to sit on the cow catcher. I carry such a head light that the track would be thoroughly illuminated for miles ahead of the train.

Well, I’ve to say something to relieve the incubus of this stuffy, fluffy, pumpkiny feelin in my head.

Well, Anne, there is a bit of news—Anne Wayte is to be married soon to somebody in Minneapolis, a Sunday School Superintendent. [They] Clearly say she marries well, so the Anne’s go. Well they have not got mine yet, and no ordinary S. S. Supt. can walk over the course can he Anne? “Not if the Court know herself and she thinks she does”.

Glad you are going to Ann Arbor with Miss Freeman. It is an honor that few girls have and which all might covet in vain. Will is splendid and Nellie is superb and it is a lovely state of things. No jealousies, no envying, no petty flings and selfish narrowness. It is the ideal family life—to live to make others happy.

Good by, love to the Bigelows, the puss girl. I wish this world was full of such.

Affectionately,

Papa

The Reverend’s affection for his daughters continues to be expressed in his letters:

“How much we enjoy in thinking of you two girls—blessed little treasures—noble girls. May God pour into your lives the richest blessings of his grace. Very few parents are so highly blessed as we are, dear blessed daughters. The Lord enfold you to his bosom of love and protection.”

Anne and Nellie spend Christmas at home in Rochester and one can imagine the gayity and love that must have been felt and expressed in that household. The Christmas presents have been talked about for months before between the family members, relatives and friends. Mostly they are handmade little personal items that they can afford to buy the basic materials and make into pin holders, little bags, embroidered “pongee” (thin silk) for the bureau, toiletry articles, etc. Ideas for color, design and wrapping are exchanged in letters weeks before.

With Christmas over, Anne returns to Wellesley, taking the sleeper train overnight. Many of the Wellesley girls board the train at various stops along the way and they are soon sharing coaches and adjacent sleeping berths with their friends.

By the end of January, 1887 the term examinations are in full swing and the joy of the holidays is now just a memory, as every spare moment is spent in preparation for the examinations. At the same time, Anne’s aunt, Emily Warner, is writing to Anne’s father from Fuita, Colorado with a suggestion that Anne could come out there and teach school for a while after graduation:

“What are Anne’s plans after she graduates? Is she going to teach? Would she for a moment entertain the idea of coming here? We live you know 12 miles from the Junction (Grand Junction) & it is not much of a town—no liquor can be
sold on the place so there is no rowdy element such as is usual in new towns & seems to make them boom—but there is quite a farming community around here—they have built a $5,000 brick school house, looking of course to the future for needing it.”

Auntie Warner then goes on to explain that she is on the school board and that the others would trust her to hire. They don’t have enough pupils for a full time teacher (which pays $60 per month) but she feels that Anne could make expenses by tutoring pupils, especially in music. She also admits that she and her son Harley could use some companionship:

“If she should come I should want her to come as early in the summer as possible & go with us into the mountains till Sept. This will give her rest & recreation during the heated (summer) term. I have a saddle & plenty of horses etc.”

The mid-term examinations are finally over, but the letters that follow show clearly that Anne is worn out. All she wants to do is sleep and rest. Her head hurts and she finds it very difficult to study. She gets herself excused from recitations and other school events, and comments in a letter that her doctor thought she showed “unusual common sense.”

On February, 23, Anne writes home from Natick, where she is visiting. After describing how poorly she has been feeling, she tells her parents that Florence and Mrs. Bigelow think she should drop her instrumental music and take the rest of the year as easily as possible. Mrs. Bigelow is very concerned about Anne, and on the same day she writes to Anne’s mother:

“Anne sits beside me writing home and will allow me to add a note. I have been suggesting something quite different from what she has planned for next year. She has thought of teaching and I advise her to go home and take charge of housekeeping and in that way resting her head & her mother’s at the same time. This brain tire is something to be attended to. Five years hard work at Wellesley is something which requires a rest and change of work. Annie’s head is now very tired. I think she mite not be able to work very hard the remainder of the year. Then cooking and planning house work would be a great change and give her a very different kind of occupation from teaching.”

Anne’s mother apparently agrees with a need for rest, but doesn’t feel that home is the place to find it. She writes to her daughter Nellie:

“Anne should give up the instrumental music and leave out all the sermons, prayer meetings, lectures, everything that she could—to be out of doors as much as possible—and in every way relieve her head.

“If she had some place where the duties were not heavy, she would be happier and better than at home. I wish she might have a year of rest, but where can she get it. The farm would be too lonely and isolated. It would do for a little while but not for long. Auntie Warner’s letter will come in here, but we cannot have her
undertake that. It will arrange itself, no doubt. I hope she will get through without any serious nervous trouble.”

But Anne begins to have thoughts of her own on the subject, and in March she writes from Wellesley to her “dear House People”:

“I have been thinking over the Colorado matter. You have never told me exactly what Auntie Warner said and I have never seen her letter but it seems to me I’d better go. I should like to know if the prospects were good in regard to getting music scholars, for I should want to be able to pay my own way.

“You think it all over. As far as I see now it seems best for me to go. Write what you think.”

On the Easter break, Anne travels to her grandmother Barrow’s farm where she visits with her brother Storrs for a week. They make their plans for the coming summer at the farm, including the possibility of renting a piano. Grandma is worried about how tired Storrs looks and feels that school is bad for his health. Anne agrees, and finds in their conversations that he doesn’t seem to be much for small talk. “I wish I might exchange some of my loquacity for some of his reticence,” she writes.

Anne is also firming up her plans for teaching in Fruita, Colorado for one year, starting in the fall. She knows her Grandmother will be very disappointed if she goes so far away, but at the same time she is looking forward to the adventure. She begins hatching her plans, and to her parents she writes:

“Suppose I have decided on Colorado—then this is what I propose as a plan. When College is out I will come directly here without going home. I shall see Papa in May and perhaps Nellie will be at Commencement. Then for what it would cost me to go home Mama could come down onto the farm and see me and get a little rest. If Story succeeds in getting the piano, I could keep up my practice—Story could practice and I could help him in voice lessons perhaps.

“Then I could take as many music pupils as I could get. They could come to the house. In that way Story and I could be with Grandma until into September. We could play tennis and get out-of-doors exercise and then Grandma would feel better about my going to Colorado.

“She could be told I was going west to visit Aunt Susie, Tillie and others and finally it could come out that Auntie wanted me to stay in Colorado and teach music. I think then if I could occasionally send her a small check she would be reconciled to my being away.

Anne also meets Grandma Barrows’ new hired hand, Rob. She doesn’t speak much about him at first, but later she begins noticing him more in her letters:

“Robert is quite agreeable company. He has had quite a good education—has taught school. He is very fond of reading and talks intelligently on almost any ordinary topic. I
notice too he looks up the pronunciation of words and their meanings as he reads. He speaks correctly too. Another thing too, [he] is very particular when he comes in to have no odor of the barn around. He takes off his overalls and rubber boots, also his blouse, and puts on his slippers. He washes his hands with a nail brush also and in so many ways is particular about his person. He does all the little things about the wood, water &c. and consults Grandma. I really think he is the man for her.”

The hired hand’s name is Robert L. Hughes; and unknown to either of them, Robert and Anne will become married 8 years later.

Anne returns to Wellesley, and in June, 1887, she receives a Bachelor of Science degree in the Five Year course with Music. The list of courses completed is a testimony to her hard work and the broad education she received: German (IV), French, Math (II), Music (II), Chemistry, Astronomy, Physics, Ethics, Bible (IV), Literature (III), English and Rhetoric Composition (II), Logic, Piano (II), Geology, Botany, and Vocal Music (II). In later years, after Anne’s death, her sister Helen Barrett Montgomery would establish “The Anne Louise Barrett Fund” in Anne’s memory, which to this day yields an income of about $1,000 per year to a selected student, awarded for study in musical theory, composition or the history of music.
COLORADO

After a summer spent on the farm, Storrs returns to his studies at the University of Rochester and Anne boards a train for Fruita, Colorado. On September 18, 1887, she writes:

“Of course the scenery was very fine and we took an observation car when we were passing through Grand Canyon. The narrow gauge cars and the swaying when going round abrupt corners made me a little car sick.

“Finally we reached Fruita. There is no station and no telegraph office but the mail man takes the mail right from the train. They had not received my telegram which was probably never sent.

“I walked up with the mailman—it was still dark and the stars were shining. Auntie came part way to meet me. She was not sure I would come, but come out I did.”

A week later Anne writes back home describing her new surroundings:

“Of course you want to know how I like the country &c. It can be made and will be I believe (when the system of imagination is perfected) a very beautiful as well as fertile valley. As it is now when one first looks at it, it seems desolate as Auntie wrote. There are very few trees, except young ones just set out. Along the river [the Grand River] there are trees and we can see them. The cultivated fields look green where the second crop of oats is springing up, but there are no lawns—a light colored adobe soil, with sage brush and grease root prevails. But the grand old mountains surround us and the rare blending of colors on their rocky sides make up for want of much in the nearer scenery.

“The play of light and shadow and mist across them is wonderfully beautiful—the sunsets too being a constant delight. As the sun sinks out of sight the higher ones reflect its light while others silently sink into purple shadow—dim yet beautiful.”

In preparation for her new position as schoolteacher, Anne meets with the County Superintendent and gets a temporary certificate that obliges her to be present at the next quarterly examination in November.

“You have to stand pretty high in everything to get a first grade certificate and of course I must get first grade for the sake of the College as well as for my own sake.”

Her school is located in a nice brick building which is shared with the local Church and Sunday School. The school classroom is on the east side of the building, which is at the top of the sketch shown below (“This is a rude draft and would hardly be accepted as an architect’s plan but perhaps you can get some idea from it”) she explains.
After her first week of teaching, Anne is beginning to feel quite like an old teacher:

“I like the scholars and I guess they like me from what I hear. I shall tell you about them individually after a while. But this letter will be long enough and I have not the courage to attempt any lengthy description. Some are very bright, some very stupid, but I feel sorry for the stupid ones and shall take extra pains with them.”

She has 32 students of all ages and teaches continuously from 9 to 4 with a one hour lunch break. Her oldest student is a girl of 18 who is beginning Latin and studying Algebra and Physical Geography. Anne is also starting to give music lessons for $.75 for three-quarters of an hour.

The school has limited resources, so Anne begins writing home and to her sister Nellie for books in reading, arithmetic, grammar, geography, spelling and history. In addition she is requesting books for herself so that she can prepare for the upcoming Teacher’s Examination. The Superintendent has given her a set of questions to help her prepare:

“They are no joke, and seem to go to quite a depth. They calmly ask to describe a telephone, a telescope, etc. I try to take a little time every day so as not to be rushed at the task. But until after Christmas or rather until the first of December, you must be contented with fewer letters:”
Anne begins to recognize that some of her students find it difficult to meet their school obligations due to the demands put on them to help out at home. She tries to accommodate the situation and do the best she can:

“The children all live at quite a distance and I cannot expect they will all come every day but the attendance is good. When any stay away they have a good reason usually. The boys have to stay out and help round up cattle, etc. One of my boys who was behind the others because he had been to school so little had just gotten such a nice start and was ambitions to go ahead, when he was taken out again to help with the cattle in the mountains.

“Two little girls who are cousins (each ten years old) had their work to do before school while Mrs Osburn was on the range. One day they were late and their brothers too. I told them they must try and get to school on time. The next day the whole six of them were there some time before school opened. Later in the day Flossie told me they got up before daylight and got the work done so they could be on time. When I found out that those two little things had to get up, get breakfast, do the work, back the lunch pails for six and walk a mile and a half or two miles to school, I told them I would excuse them if they were late.”

The ranchers and their families have never been exposed to the refined ways of the East, so once again Anne writes home for help:

“I want to give them some talks on Etiquette. I wish you would send me that little book, ‘Don’t’. I could quote from that and they would not feel that I meant anything personal. One of the older girls said she wished I would give them some such talks—they needed them and she had no way of finding out what was proper.”

This devotion to her students is having a pleasing effect on the children and is noticed by others;

“Today in Sunday School Mrs Osburn gave me the most point-blank compliment I ever received. I was introduced to her. She said she was glad to see me—the children were so in love with me—and she thought she should be too. She said the children thought me perfection.”

Anne’s instinctive love and special way with children was recognized early in her life, as in this very special letter to Anne from her sister Nellie, years earlier:

“I must tell you a good joke at my own expense. F... had been expatiating on her sister's two girls, Mary and Martha, and it was plain to see where her heart lay. 'Everyone likes Mary but they just love Martha,' she said. ‘Well, just as it was with you and Anne, you know.’

“I took this smasher between the eyes without a wince. I think that she was perfectly right. From the baby days, little brown bird, when you cooed and cuddled Papa's stern hand into submission while contumelious and rebellious, I was deservedly spanked. To this present day, when all the babies will go to you 'spontaneous' while I am making up my mind how to plan the first approaches, so
it has been.”

Her music students are also doing quite well, and the parents are especially pleased when their child performs a song in Sunday School. Anne’s voice is also improving:

“My voice grows stronger, I think. I am the singer out here you see. Wish I could have sung as well before I left Wellesley.”

But it is not all work for Anne. This easterner, a minister’s daughter, a recent graduate from a prominent women’s college, is now beginning to experience a whole new western lifestyle:

“After school Friday night I took my first horseback ride. Of course I did not have a fiery stud but a sensible, little, lazy dark gray pony with black mane and tail. I wore Auntie’s habit and it fitted me very well indeed. Before we came back I made the horse canter (or rather Uncle did) and I kept my seat very well. I was not a bit frightened. I was not lame the next day either, for which I was thankful.”

The stately buildings and beautiful campus of Wellesley seem a long way off, now. The land in Fruita is hot and dusty in the summer, and in winter the adobe soil becomes a thick mud in which she finds her shoes buried over their tops and her dress splattered; especially when the wooden planks end in front of the church. For several weeks now, she has been anticipating a box of clothes from her parents, and on November 2nd, it arrives with great delight:

“The beautiful box reached me yesterday. Mr Mahony went to the Junction and I sent by him. Such fun as Auntie & I had last night unpacking it. Yes, indeed! Everything was there and more than everything. The darling muff is a beauty, and I am overwhelmed by the splendor of the wrap & bonnet with it. How much did it all cost? Perfect fit. I love ‘enchanting’—the bonnet. Riding habit best fit of any dress I’ve got—makes me look so slim!!! Wish I could write long letter—can’t. Mail will go soon. Candy and peaches—apples. Oh My!! Christmas!!

“Dresses lovely. Auntie likes hers so much. Think mine a beauty. Kiss for Nellie. German dictionary—all ‘hunky’. Little cap—jaunty as can be. Music book a perfect treasure. Oh I am as happy as a clam!!! Who was the perfumery for—ba-la-la. Drawing patterns will be so nice for my class. Wore Mama’s shawl—felt as if I were hugging her. Mats so pretty in the bureau. Creton just the thing.

“Think I’d rather have white undervests. I perspire so & if I wear the red I stain my underwaists. The red ones are very pretty tho. Send bill please.”

As usual, the family shares Anne’s letters, and on the back of the letter above is written a note by her father and one by her mother:

“This letter has just arrived. It is unique and quite a gusher.” (Father)
“Dear Anne. She does enjoy nice things. I think the box paid after all the abominable express charge. Bring this letter with you” (Mother)

In mid November, Anne is still studying hard for her exams while at the same time trying her best to teach her scholars. She now has 36 students and is expecting 14 more. There are also rumors of a good many others. She wants her Auntie Warner to help out part time. She now has 22 classes and has to teach every minute with no time between classes:

“I have a cowboy who has just entered school. He knew his letters in their order and that was all. He is 16 years old. He says he has never lived in a house more than a year or so in his whole life. He rides to school on a horse—wears his ‘schapps’ but leaves them over his saddle. Story will tell you what ‘schapps’ are. If I were to characterize them I should say they were leather pants without any seat!”

She also adds this remark, a reminder of her days at Wellesley:

“I shall not wear my new wrap till everyone has their winter things. I don’t want anyone to copy!”

By November 27, Anne has completed her examinations and is hoping that she will receive a first grade certificate. To do so she must score an average of ninety in eight of the branches in which she is tested and not below 75% in any one of them. (Two weeks later we learn that she did indeed receive a First Grade teaching certificate.) She is now on the board of directors for the Library Association and is treasurer of the Sunday School. In addition, she now has 47 students and there is talk of another room and an assistant:

“There are not seats enough so we have to seat them in chairs from the other room. There will have to be something done soon.

“I must close for I want a good night’s rest preparatory to tomorrow’s siege. I don’t know what I shall do with all the new pupils. Stand them up in corners, I guess. I don’t know where else to put them.”

Christmas is fast approaching and Anne is preparing the students for a Christmas program. The children have never taken part in anything of the kind and are very much excited over it. She sends Nellie a postal order to buy Bibles for some of her students with their names to be inscribed. She also writes her father for small gifts she can give as rewards:

“...send some of those little blank note books for 3 cents apiece. The children here are so delighted with anything to work on. I suppose those little red pencils would about make them wild.”

Amid all of this excitement, however, Anne’s thoughts are returning to home and those she loves and cares most about:
“It would be delightful to be with you in person as I am in spirit. But you must let your imagination help you out. If you look sharp you will see tomorrow morning a little figure strangely like that of a ‘school marm’ curled up in Brainy’s lap, or standing by the dear Grandma’s side smoothing the pretty grey curls, or perhaps you’ll see me at the piano singing to the little mother. I can’t say just where she’ll be but she will be there with many a loving wish for each of you all, but with no gifts in her hands.”

In this letter also she asks how each one is doing, how the church is going, admonishing how each one should take care of themselves and also hoping that Nellie’s new husband, Will Montgomery, would not work so hard:

“I’m afraid he’ll break down. I’ll make money enough for the family if you’ll only give me time.”

In early January, 1888, Grandmother Barrows takes ill and is taken to Rochester. Since the only form of communication in or out of Fruita is by letter, news of the events back home are delayed by days. Anne learns of her illness and writes to her on January 6:

“Story’s letter enclosing Rob’s came this morning and I was very glad to get both. Isn’t it nice that you have left the old farm in such good hands. Robert seems to have a real interest in everything and will keep things up as well as though you were there. I want to see you so much, my darling Grandma. I do see you as memory paints you sewing in the old arm chair at the farm. Is it not blessed that we can remember—memory and the pleasures it brings, no one can take away.”

On January 12, Grandmother Barrows passes away. Her body is returned to South Trenton and buried in the Storrs/Barrows family plot in the Olde Barneveld Cemetery. Three days later, Anne still doesn’t realize that her Grandmother is finally gone, as expressed in this poignant letter to her parents:

“Mama’s last postal extinguished the last spark of hope which I had cherished of the dear Grandma’s recovery; and in such pain we could not wish her to live and suffer. It is hard to imagine her so changed from the Grandma of last summer: working so busily for our comfort as she had done every summer since I can remember. The old farm stands desolate and cold in the winter light as I think of it: the light within it grown suddenly dim. I can’t bear to think of it passing into stranger hands—the poor old empty ‘nest’. It makes me cry to think of the forsaken ‘northroom’ and the desolate sitting room. I am almost sorry we changed the parlor last summer, it doesn’t seem so much like Grandma. That old kitchen floor—the old red cupboard—everything is Grandma and I can’t bear to think of it’s all being changed.

“I suppose we should miss Grandma all the more to go there but I love the house just as it is. Grandma seemed so strong. I thought she would live a good many years yet. I was going to do so many things for her and now she’ll never need them.”
Life moves on, and Anne soon finds herself caught up in her new, western life. Harley (Anne’s cousin) comes down from the ranch in the mountains every now and then to visit her. She describes him as tall, broad shouldered, and with a black mustache. The first time she saw him, after she had arrived, she remarks in one of her letters:

“He is just the same old Harley, I guess. I only saw him such a very short time but it was long enough to tell.”

But she likes him and he enjoys her company:

“Harley took me for a horseback ride. We rode in all over seven miles and a half. I enjoyed it thoroughly. It was the third time I had been on the saddle. We ran a race; i.e., let the horses run. We went pretty fast but I was not one bit afraid. We cantered a good share of the time. I learned to get the motion of the horse much better than I did the first two times.

“Of course part of the time I would lose the motion of the horse then I’d go up and down like a sack of meal. I expect to ride a good deal this Spring now that I have more time.”

Anne is feeling in wonderful health in spite of the stress of teaching and the cold of winter (30 degrees below zero). She no longer has intestinal or arthritic pain and is caught up in the local social life. She also wants to bring wholesome fun and her religious values into the lives of the students:

“Last week on Wednesday evening my Sunday school class had a pleasant time at the school house. I told each boy they might invite a girl, so the gathering would only number about 22. All the boys but one brought a girl and they did have a gay time. We played games and by way of refreshment auntie baked a plain cake in an immense dripping pan and I frosted it with chocolate. It was very nice and each one had a big piece.

“Three of the boys had a three seated wagon and two horses to bring their girls to and fro. They made quite a jolly load. Fred and Mollie came horse back, rode off in fine style. Those living nearer walked. The boys who had the wagon brought me home and just as they left me at the door, Charlie said, ‘We’ve had more fun since you came to the Valley than we ever had before.’”

The school year is about half over now, and Anne is thinking about what she wants to do at the end of the term. Should she return home for a rest? Should she take a position with one of her Wellesley school mates in New York giving private academic instruction to young students? Perhaps a position to sing in some church. Or, should she remain here for another year and take an excursion to Salt Lake City and California over the summer?

There is talk that Harley may go to Rochester next year. Anne thinks he is anxious to get his money out of his horses and be ready to go into some business. He has now given up tobacco on his own and Anne and Auntie Warner are thrilled:
“On the range nearly everyone uses tobacco both for smoking and chewing. Harley was no exception, and used it very freely. I am so happy that he has given up both. He is the kind of a boy whom it would do no good to preach to about any such habit.”

And in the same letter, written on Feb. 5, 1888, we find this sad note:

“I wrote you, you remember about my cowboy—the one who could not read or write. He died last week, poor boy and it seems sad, especially as he had no care whatever and worked when he was too sick to work. A little boy 12 years old was the only one to do anything for him and he had pneumonia and should have had the most careful attention. They moved him from the cabin to the hospital in the Junction but he only lived a few days.”

Anne has been away from home for a long time and she is feeling more and more that she should return home for a while to be with her parents:

“If I come home for next year I want to stay at home and not go away to teach. If I went away you would not see much more of me than you do now, except at vacations. I am ready for a year’s change. Six years straight pull is long enough. I am perfectly well now and I want to keep so. I shall want to stay in the mountains more than a week or two—i.e., if I am to be at home with you next year. It costs a good deal to get here and now I am here I may as well have a real experience of mountain life, and camp life.”

The weeks pass by and Anne is anxious for the school term to end. She has so many different plans—wanting to go here, do that, experience this. She talks of how the townspeople are getting anxious that she may be leaving. She feels she is a part of this little town now, which is starting to grow. There is even talk of building a train depot:

“We are all getting inflated with majestic pride for we see a prospect of a town with ten houses perhaps. At present there are eight. Fruita proper would not look much like a village to you—South Trenton is large compared with it. But we are awaiting a boom!

“Friday was Arbor day here so we did not have any school. They met at the school house and planted trees and dug post holes for a fence about the school house. It was a beautiful day and they all seemed to have a good time.

“The ladies brought lunch and all ate informally. Lemonade was made too and the children and young people named the trees and talked nonsense, ate candy, etc. One tree was named Anne Louise after me; one Harley, etc. They drew gravel, too, for a gravel walk: improvements will come in time, in many ways.”

By mid May, the school term has ended and her plans have still not been settled. Her brother Storrs wants her to see and experience everything she can while she is in the west. There is still talk of an excursion to Salt Lake City and California. Anne learns that her father’s eyesight is bothering him and the Church has given him a one year leave of absence during which he and
her mother plan to travel. She is worried about her father and she is becoming homesick. Adding to her sorrow is the fact that the letters don’t seem to come as often as they used to, due partly to the fact that her parents are now traveling to Washington D.C. She is hurt and feeling a little sorry for herself:

“Friday I began looking for my letter for it used to come always on Friday but lately oftener comes on Saturday. Saturday I awaited the mail with the utmost confidence—nothing but papers. Resigned expression—well it will be nice to have it Sunday morning.

“This morning absolute surety—but alas—another disappointed hope. Then my mouth grew straight (at the thought of) going home right away if they were all forgetting me. Auntie suggested I would better stay away if they did not care enough about me to write. My decision was reversed that way, so I may get so resolute that I hire out for another year. They all coax me to come back and I shall give in if I am not thought of pretty soon.

“I suppose Nennie (Nellie) has her hands too full even to think of me. She has hardly written me one letter this year. She used to write to Pumpkin Seed no matter how much she had to do, but a year is a good while. Perhaps she will have gotten used to doing without me by the time I get home.”

The excursion to Salt Lake City and California is now planned to begin on July 5, 1888. Meanwhile, Harley and his friends are planning a camping and fishing trip up in the mountains and Anne and her Auntie Warner are going along. She learns from Harley that her pony Jennings has a pretty little colt which she has not yet seen. With much anticipation, she takes off on this back country adventure, and two weeks later she writes this wonderful long letter which has been copied in its entirety:

Salt Wash Cañon
June 18, 1888

Dear Papa and Mama;

I sent you a hurried scrawl this morning which could hardly be dignified by the name of letter and now I will try and give you an account of everything since I last wrote. If I could but make myself write every day it would be so much better in every way for you would get more detail and I should not have to write so much at one time.

A week ago Monday, I sent my last letters I believe and there is much to tell between then and now—but it may be difficult to remember the exact sequence of events. I can hardly remember when I wrote you last but I remember I told you about riding Queen. It seems to me that I also told you of Scissors the big grey mare that I next rode. I did not know so much of her then as I do now; I’d rather ride her than any other horse I’ve been on, I believe. She is as easy as a rocking chair, and has been the best cattle horse on the range. She knows the business thoroughly. She is so strong, gentle and yet ready to go, so sure-footed that it is a pleasure to climb about the mountains on her back.

Tuesday, I think it was we all went out riding, Auntie riding Queen, Mary riding Heck and I riding Scissors for the first time. It seems to me I remember of explaining that she is called scissors because of the brand on her thigh of “X” scissors, a famous California brand. We call her “Shears” sometimes. I wish you
June 17th 1888

Just here in my letter I looked up and saw some one nearing the cabin on horseback and recognized Mr Wagner. Of course I could not go on with my letter and there has been no good time since. I sent you a hurried letter by Harley and did not think far enough ahead to have this ready to send Friday by Mr Wagner. I will begin back where I left off and make a complete chronicle so far as possible as I do not keep a diary anymore and want some record of my first experience in the Rocky Mts.

Wednesday we got the mail for the first time since leaving Fruita and it was a great pleasure. I got Mama’s letter, one from Flo, some circulars in regard to the Excursion, a letter from Mr. Stone the county sup’t with other particulars in regard to it. A letter from Tillie &c. It seemed like a feast. Our little fawn, Charlie, took to the lower cabin as we could not leave it here when we took our trip to Roan Creek. Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday are the days which we were camping. We intended to be home early Sunday morning but you will hear later how it happened we were delayed.

We started over the divide to Roan Creek Thursday morning. I rode Queen, Auntie, Puss; Mary, Scissors; Harley, Frisky; and Charlie, Bird or Fishes (he has two names). Dan and Mary’s horse, Charlie, we took as pack horses. We camped on top at the Spring by the quaking aspens. You wonder when you saw our pack horses with the frying pans and coffee pot artistically hung on the outside. As the pack saddle was broken the packs were simply roped on and did look so comical. The skillets rattling against the brush and the coffee pot jingling musically against them. We built a fire; i.e. the boys did—fried a skillet full of cold meat which we happened to have and brought along and baked some flapjacks. How good everything tasted. Coffee sweetened but without milk which we drank from tin cups (only three cups among the five). Old Indian tepee poles leaned against a tree near by, the first ones I had ever seen. They are long straight poles about 40 ft long which the Indians used for tent poles and which they carried by letting them drag along the ground each side of their ponies. I mean to bring one home if I can.

After dinner we started on, reaching Roan Creek about four. We went up stream a ways and found a good place to camp. Then we started out and caught enough trout for supper. The creek is a beautiful stream—as pebbly, clear and fascinating as trout streams generally are. In the many curves and windings we found now and then deep hollows where the fish love to congregate. If we had only had scientific trapings for catching them we could have caught any number for the stream was full of them, the great speckled beauties. We had only ordinary hooks baited with grasshoppers which we had to catch with hard labor. I caught three that night and in all we had enough for supper. It was fun to watch the boys cook our supper over the camp fire and then to all sit down on one of our blankets—around our skillet of fish—each help himself to pancake (a thick sort of
biscuit baked in a skillet before the fire) and trout with his fingers using anything for a napkin he could find. We sat around the fire and sang. When the sun sank behind the tall mountain the air grew suddenly chill and the glowing camp fire was grateful indeed. I put on Harley’s old overcoat which enveloped me completely. How they all laughed at my funny appearance.

When we got ready to retire—the big wagon sheet was spread on the ground and the bedding unpacked—I guess it was the first time I had ever slept under the stars and I lay awake some time watching the deep blue so studded with its myriad lamps. The air was so pure that the stars looked more brilliant than I’ve ever seen them at home, it seemed to me. I watched the stars of Leo Major, the big sickle, slowly drop behind the mountain top. I pointed out those constellations which I knew to Mary as she had studied them only on the charts and not from the sky. It was so cold next morning I dreaded to get up—we slept in our dresses but had taken off some of our other clothing. The boys built the fire so we retired to the willow and dressed and then soon got warm hugging the camp fire.

We had an early start and fished all day. We had fish for every meal—and how good they tasted. We had flapjacks, buttered without a knife. I learned to turn one after it had been turned once. I was afraid to try one the first time for fear it would land on the ground and be wasted. It would not do to waste any flour for we did not bring as much as the boys supposed we had. We caught all the trout we wanted to eat but it was provoking not to have better bait. Some of them would look at our poor grasshoppers so scornfully and lie so tantalizingly under the surface of the water. Our flour began to give out so we decided to start Saturday afternoon, camp on top overnight so as to break the journey in two parts, then get home in time for a late breakfast Sunday.

Saturday morning we were not very successful but caught enough for dinner. We had so little flour that we thought best to save it for supper and have trout straight for dinner. We had twenty trout for dinner for the five of us—no bread but good coffee. Charlie, Mary and I started out hunting just before we reached camp. Charlie shot an old doe seven times and it is remarkable how many shots it takes to make a deer fall. She ran on with seven big cartridges in her and finally dropped dead but over a rim rock where we could not get her. You can imagine how disappointed we were and how disappointed they were at camp for they had heard the shots and knew Charlie was a very sure shot so they had their mouths all fixed for a good venison steak. How I did enjoy going on the hunt though I was riding Scissors and Mary, Charlie (the horse we had packed). We went over some pretty rough country but the air was so crisp I did enjoy it.

When we got back to camp the boys cooked our six trout and some flapjacks and we made out a supper—oh we cooked up some of the bacon too. Everything tasted splendidous, we were so hungry. It was cold that night I can tell you away up on top. About three AM, I felt so crowded and uncomfortable (as I had slept in all my clothes and Harley’s overcoat beside) and was all wound up in my overcoat, that I got up built up the fire from the embers and sat down. I warmed some tea too and drank it. As soon as it was light I awoke Charlie as he & I were to go out and see if we could bring in some venison for our breakfast. Things were beginning to look serious unless we got something to eat into our larder. It was Sunday morning and it seemed strange to be hunting but I did not think it wrong as it was necessary. I helped Charlie, as it was a good deal for Puss who was much frightened when he shot and started for camp but I was there on Scissors and went after her. I finally caught her but had hard work to make her
follow me. I held on to her, though, and finally got her back to Charlie. My own was lame for some time from her pulling.

The first buck Charlie shot at got away in the brush. I forgot to tell you that I saw a band of livetoe deer and I never saw any thing more graceful than that band of livetoe bounding over the hill. They saw us and got away before we could get a good shot at them. We saw them once again. In all I saw 22 deer that Sunday. The old buck we finally shot was walking leisurely along and did not see us. Charlie got down from his horse and crept along under cover of the oak brush until he got within good range. He shot the old fellow seven times and had to follow him some distance to get that many shots at him. I followed with the horses and saw the buck when he turned around and finally fell. It is marvelous how they can run when they have been so mortally wounded. The seven shots all hit him. One through the lungs, one thro’ the heart, two in the face two in the fore legs. Charley dressed him and then packed him on his horse in front of him. The buck before he was dressed must have weighed 250 lbs. and it was all Charlie could do to get him up on to the saddle.

It was eight o’clock when we reached camp. We found it deserted. Harley, Mary & Auntie it seems had gone to look for the saddle horses. They soon returned but the saddle horses had quietly taken to the trail as the tracks showed and gone home. There we were with five people five saddles bedding etc and only two horses. Charlie got on Scissors, came home, found the horses and got back about three o’clock bringing flour &c. for dinner. We cooked some venison, flapjacks, coffee &c. and then started for home. We got here about five o’clock. The men from the lower camp were here and had brought us some strawberries. How delicious they were.

Monday little happened. Auntie washed, the boys went on a hard ride to the coal gulch and we straightened up the cabin & rested. In the evening we played croquet. Joshua Bowman and his friend came down & played. Mr. Bowman is a handsome fellow but has little or no moral character. I am civil of course but have little to do with him. Tuesday was an eventful day. Story wanted me to do and see everything so I do. Tuesday I branded two calves—threw one of them all alone, put the ear marks on & everything. Mary branded one too. Harley was surprised I know, he did not think we would do it when it came to the point. It was no worse or harder rather to do it than to sit by and see it done. I wrote letters also Tuesday. We took a long ride also Tuesday.

Tuesday morning we got up at 4:15 as the boys wanted to go ahead of a roundup of a thousand steers that was being held just below. We got their breakfast for them and also saw the roundup go by. It was in the afternoon we branded the calves. One of the calves I branded was a thoroughbred black, a Z bar (Z—) the other a Texas, —X (bar x).

Wednesday Mary went away. Harley had to go to Fruita and she thought she ought to go home. Charlie & I went seven miles with them and then went up the mountain after horses. It was the roughest trail I had then been up. When we got part way up I got off and waited while Charlie went on—he said my little pony would get too tired if he went over the whole of it. When he got back he said he was glad I did not try to go. I could not have gone far if I had started. I forgot to tell you I ride little Princess, a colt of Jennings. He is the prettiest little horse I ever saw. He had never had a lady’s saddle on before that morning but he is such a gentle little fellow. He is dark brown & you have no idea how small he is. But in spite of his size he is strong enough to carry either Charlie or Harley. He is full of life and ambitious to be ahead—he can get there and keep there too. I feel no
more fear when I am on horse back, even if the horse is running, than I do sitting here. I feel so secure in my saddle. It does not tire me anymore to ride either. Don’t you worry about me, little Mama. Charlie & Harley are both splendid horsemen and know the mountains as I do our back yard. They would not take me into any danger for anything and I feel so well. I am as brown as a nut with red cheeks, a splendid appetite, and hardly know what it is to feel tired. This trip will be worth thousands of dollars to me in health alone.

Thursday Mr. Wagner came in the afternoon. Friday Charlie went to Salt Creek and Auntie, Mr. Wagner & I spent the day among the cedars on the mountain side. We took our dinner there, read aloud and crocheted. Auntie and I did the crocheting. Saturday we all went out horse back. Charlie stopped again (seven miles down) to hunt the horses we went for before but did not find while the rest of us went on three miles to the Boone Cabin to get our mail. Hot! hotter, hottest. How the sun was reflected from the sides of the cañon. We got our mail. I got Mama’s letter and also one from cousin Helen in California. She wrote such a nice letter and has already exerted herself to see about a room &c. that I think after all I’d better go even if I stay but a short time. Auntie does not yet know whether she can go or not. I got a postal from Lou, Friday & several other papers & letters.

We started back as soon as we had eaten some bread & apricot sauce. Mr Wagner rode back with us as far as the place Charlie was to wait for us, three miles up the cañon and then he went on down to Fruita. Auntie rode Scissors, I rode Princes, Mr Wagner’s horse was Topsy & Charlie rode Glassy. It was a very hot ride and a long and dusty one. I was thirsty and tired when we got home but even a twenty mile ride did not tire me out. It was more than twenty, though they only call it ten to the Boone camp. I think it is more, but beside that we helped drive the horses Charlie got off the mountain and corral them and so rode a great deal more heading them—they were so bound to slip past us and go to the mountain again.

Saturday we went to the corral and drove the horses up on the hill or rather mountain with the other horses. I saw my little Jennings and her colt. I have named the colt Hazel. You see I begin to talk of my stock on the range. When we got home I did some washing and then about half past five went out hunting. I am determined to kill a deer before I come home. We only saw one and Charlie killed that but he made me take the first shot at it. He said I made a good line shot and would have hit it if I had aimed six inches lower. I was 200 yards away at the least. Charlie followed the doe up on foot and I mounted alone and took his horse up to him. He rode Dandy and I rode little Prince. In the morning we rode the same horses. We got home about dark. We were out of venison and so wanted to kill a deer very much. Harley has not yet returned but we expect him this evening. Mary’s little brother who was in school (ten years old) is coming with him. It has been very hot today even up here among the mountains and I doubt not the day has been a scorcher in the valley.

We got the mail again this morning—a Mr. Wilbur brought it up. I got Mama’s letter with the church report. I think the report is wonderful. I am so very glad. I got a letter from Helen Merrill and what do you think—she has recommended me to Miss North to fill a vacancy in the school where she (Helen) is teaching in New York City. I don’t know particulars but suppose a letter from Miss North (She is Miss McCoy’s sister-in-law) is waiting me now in Fruita as Helen said she would write me that day. The idea that Helen would think I know enough. Of course I can tell nothing until I hear from Miss North. How long a
journey is it to New York? If the salary were good and I could be within ten hours ride from home you might think it best for me to accept. From a mild western life to a New York City school marm. Ba-la-la.

I shall do exactly as you think best and will let you know as soon as I know. I had such a nice letter from cousin Helen I think I’d better go to Cal. after all (I guess I have already said as much). I shall make but a short stay in California and stop only a few days at a place along the way so you may expect to see me the last of July or first of August. Then won’t we be joyful! I do long to see your dear loving faces and I know you will be glad to see me so plump and tanned. I hope I shall not lose either before I reach home. You may perhaps feel inclined to cage me for a short time until the western tan shall have disappeared—but then! Ba-la-la.

What did they want Nellie to come on early for? Am glad Mrs Latourette has such nice children. It was a blessing that she lost but the one wasn’t it? Poor Mrs Bigler, her cup will be fuller than ever of trouble wont it! If I only could help you entertain the delegates motherie dear. I’m glad you think I could help you though if I were with you. If you could have a good rest among these vast quiet mountains how I should rejoice. I mean to spend some part of every year among the mountains and so keep well and strong. I have really a superabundance of life I feel so well. My whole body seems to be in harmony and my spirit with my body. You see I have no love affair to break my heart over and can simply enjoy myself free from care. And think of all the pleasure of the summer at the end of which the glad homecoming—God willing.

This letter is spinning on at a fearful rate. I have said nothing about my ticket. The rate from Buffalo is $88 round trip. Wouldn’t it be better to get the ticket from there? It is $55 from Grand Junction to California & return. I might get rates from Denver east I don’t know. I have my orders but have not yet had them cashed. I shall have $222. If I only had the thirty I lost by not teaching the last two weeks. But I was not well enough and so won’t regret stopping. There is some coming from Effie’s music lessons—about ten dollars which will pay the bill at Gibbons & Stone. Mary has paid as she went along. I have some in my purse, I don’t know how much but not a great deal. I don’t think I ought to pay out more than $125 at the most to go to California & home if I stay there only a week, so I can have enough to pay Sibley. I shall not sell Jennings & her colt just yet. They are surely worth double what I gave for Jennings or will be by fall. They will be little more profitable if I keep them on the range a year or so. Harley & Charley will look after them for me. I think I shall do very well if out of this year’s work I get a trip to California, a visit to a lot of relatives, a summer in the mountains, pay 112 dollars on a note deed, have stock on the range at the end of the year worth at least $80. If I teach next year I’ll earn more to help you with & won’t have as many outings myself. I’ll close this & if I have time write more. I think I can have opportunity to send this to Fruita tomorrow.

Good bye. with love to you--and all from your loving

Anne

Hug Hug Hug Hug Hug Hug
Papa Mama Nellie Will Story Lem

One can’t help thinking of that frail young girl who graduated from Wellesley College just a year ago. Her whole life up to that time had been immersed in theology, fine literature, music and academia. But she was also plagued with ill health a lot of the time. Now, here she is in robust
health, living some of the same life that her grandparents must have experienced on the frontier. Perhaps Colorado was a way that she could relive the stories she must have heard in her Grandmother’s kitchen as a little girl.

Anne now has her own stories to tell; for it was only a little more than 10 years earlier that General Custer had been killed in the battle of Little Bighorn, 450 miles north of Fruita. It was there that Crazy Horse surrendered a year later and the Sioux became wards of the government, soon following the buffalo in their disappearance from the plains of the West. Just twelve years earlier, only 250 miles away, Wild Bill Hickok had been shot in the back in Cheyenne, Wyoming holding a “Dead Man’s Hand” (aces and eights). And only seven years earlier, Wyatt Earp and Doc. Holliday had fought the gang of murderers and cattle rustlers in a shoot out at the OK Coral in Tombstone, Arizona. Anne has now been a part of this fading era of the Wild West.

This chapter of outdoor life is coming to an end for her, however. She has received a letter from a Miss North offering her a job teaching German in a private school in New York City. The job pays $450 a year with board and washing which Anne considers “quite a bait”. She is torn between the planned excursion to California, the prospect of a quiet year at home, or a new teaching career in the city. After much discussion, Anne finally asks her parents to decide what is best. It is finally decided that she should accept the teaching position.

Anne cancels her trip to Salt Lake City and California and convinces her Auntie Warner to accompany her back to Kingsville, Ohio where they are planning a family reunion. She plans on bringing a pair of antlers back home from the two deer that she shot. Taking the train, they stop in Lincoln Nebraska to visit her Uncle and then proceed to Rock Island, Illinois to visit one of Anne’s old college chums. Not to pass up an opportunity, on July 17th they board a river boat steamer and head up the Mississippi for a one week voyage:

“I have never enjoyed a trip more than this one up the Mississippi in many ways. I did not dream the banks were so beautiful and the islands are just enchanting. The boat is a very nice one and we are so nicely entertained. They set an excellent table and the three girls in the kitchen keep everything done in good order.

“I am learning how they raft logs down the Mississippi. I have never had an experience at all like this one and I will tell you about our trip when I see you.”

“I am beginning to feel a little anxious over my duties in the Fall but I know it is of little use to worry.”

They return by train to Rock Island and soon reach Kingsville where the family has gathered. She must have been the center of attention after eight months out West; telling her stories about the school children, describing her horse and colt, the ruggedness of the ranch, the beauty of the mountains and finally how she shot those two deer whose antlers she proudly displays.
By early September, Anne has returned to her parent’s home in Rochester where she has only a few weeks to rest up and prepare for a very different life in the big city.

[Footnote]

In September of 2005, Connie and I took a vacation trip to Colorado to retrace the steps of Anne and her brother Storrs, as described in their letters. We started by spending 3 nights in a B&B in Fruita, Colorado. In the late afternoon on our first day of arrival, we visited the City Hall and library where we were to meet with the head of the Historical Society the next day. Everyone referred to this building as the "Old School House", but this was not the school house we were after. This one had been built in 1912 and we soon learned that the original school house that Anne had taught in had been torn down in 1935. It had been located just in front of the building we were in and is now just a large lawn.

The next morning we met with the head of the Fruita Historical Society and were soon reading all kinds of school histories, confirming that the original school building was completed in mid 1887 and that Anne Barrett was the first teacher. The original school rooms soon began to fill up with new students and they had to add additional class rooms upstairs with two more teachers. After Anne left in September of 1888, the school continued to grow, and by 1894 they had to add a second school building to the first (the original building is the one on the left in the picture below).
We also had copies of Anne's letters and wanted to figure out just where the Warner house had been located. We remembered that it was late the first night she arrived in Fruita and that she had walked with the mail man up the road from the train to the post office where Auntie Warner came down to greet her. From her descriptions, we knew within a block or so just where the buildings had been located.

In researching the history of the local post office, we learned that the original house that housed the first post office was still standing and we noted the address. Back on the streets we found it, three blocks west of the old school house. We went back to the historian’s office and found a 1914 plat map of the town of Fruita which we carefully studied. After locating the school house and the post office, suddenly this funny little shape of a house stood out and it was an exact match for Anne's drawing in one of her letters. It was just across the street from the original post office in a direct line towards the old school building. Everything fitted her descriptions and we knew we had the right location. The house, however, had been torn down in the 20's and replaced with another small building. That is why we couldn’t find it at first.

On the last night, we purposely drove a short distance out of town to experience the sunset that Anne had written about. Just as she had described over a hundred years earlier, the surrounding mountains were beautiful as the sun set, with their deepening red and orange colors touched by purple shadows in the fading light.
NEW YORK CITY

A new chapter in Anne’s life is beginning; but before she heads for New York City in September of 1888, she revisits her old Alma Mater for a reunion of classmates and teachers. Anne soon finds many of her old classmates and friends, among them Professor Horsford:

“...he took me about and showed me the electric lights in the Library and Reading Room. Then he took me to The Parlor. Words fail in describing that room. Prof. has had it fitted up for the use of the Faculty. No expense has been spared and the room is something unique. The ceiling was covered first with canvas and then with gold leaf, then painted, decorated by Italian Artists of the highest rank. The part above the eye line is also of gold, with decoration and reliefs. I don’t know how to explain or describe but it is exquisite. The Reception last night was for the opening of that room.

“In the [following] afternoon we talked and I washed my hair preparory to the evening reception. Florence and Minnie wore their Paris dresses and I wore my black silk with the light vest. It looked very pretty.”

Such a change for this 25 year old who just two months earlier had been riding the ranges and mountains of Colorado, eating fresh-killed venison and trout, with pan-fried flour cakes and coffee for supper.

On Sept. 27th, she arrives in the Grand Central depot by train, takes the elevated rail up 3rd Ave to 120th St, then the cable cars to 1961 Madison Ave: “... my journey’s end”. One can just imagine the excitement and noise of the traffic and people, even to this well-traveled young lady. If one cannot imagine this scene from a different era, the following wonderful description from her sister’s autobiography may help:

“In the fashionable parts of Fairmount Park we met a stream of carriages which, without exaggeration, followed each other so closely as to be continuous. There were all shapes and styles and sizes. Trim little box buggies containing happy young men and pretty young ladies—English-looking dog-carts with footmen perched up behind—elegant carriages with horses glittering with silver, coachmen and footmen resplendent in livery and people gorgeous in costume. Some of these coachmen had on the glove-fitting buff breeches, top boots and brassy coats of the English pictures. They seemed absurd to me. Others were dressed more sensibly in ordinary dark livery.

“But the people in these carriages—the majestic mamas with large arms and very tight sleeves, the elegant young ladies so gracefully posed, the grave looking men whose money had purchased all this folly and whose expression seemed to say that this riding out was a duty they owed their families—with hardly an exception these people seemed to be bored and unhappy.
“It was pleasant to see the modest little one-horse rigs containing father and mother and a chick or two stowed away in front, all having such a good time. And the fine old family rigs—how good they looked, to be sure. The substantial team of horses, the keen prosperous proprietor driving them instead of sitting behind a betogged mummy of a coachman, then the happy informal look on the occupants of the carriage—it was comfort versus display, and I said, give me comfort every time.”

Anne soon meets Miss Barnes, one of her fellow teachers, and since her employer, Miss North, has not yet returned in time for dinner, they dine alone:

“Bella, the colored woman stood during dinner ready to supply all our wants. As my room was not quite ready for use I slept in Helen’s room on the fourth floor but my things are all in my room, where I am now sitting, on the third floor. My trunk came and it was so heavy the man would not carry it up.”

Anne resolves the problem by unpacking downstairs and carrying bundles of clothing up to her room.

The school is a four-story brownstone building only blocks away from the bridge that joins Manhattan with the Bronx. It is a private school and caters to pupils who’s parents seek a classical education for their children. The teachers live in the building, taking their meals together with Bella watching over them.

One of the first things Anne must do is try and recruit as many new pupils as possible. She begins by visiting parents of students that were there last year but had dropped out. Anne confides to her own parents that the prior teacher did not love the children and thus the dissatisfaction.

After Church, she and Miss Barnes head out on the streets of New York, hoping to find new prospects to teach:

“In the afternoon we went out thinking to go to visit some Sunday School. Miss Barnes wanted to go to a mission school so we started for one Miss North had heard about. We were going along some street off 2nd Ave, I don't know what number it was, when we saw a sign that attracted our attention. It said, ‘Mission School, &c.’

“We went up a flight of stairs (i.e., outside steps) and what do you think we found? An old gray-haired man, three pretty young girls about 15 and about three little children. They were trying to sing, the old man leading in his quavering voice. Surprised to see us they certainly were and the singing almost ceased. I don’t know what came next, but I remember I started up and asked the young girls some questions and (then) I started out to get some children to come in who were down at the corner whom the gray haired man could not seem to lure in.

“They all came nearly and then we sang. I took the lead, picked out some
Anne and Miss Barnes continue foraging the streets for other children and find seven or eight after several expeditions. The gray-haired man seemed very earnest about the school but Anne could tell he had no knack for managing children. He was also paying part of the rent out of his own pocket:

“He has held on five months. I shall not go regularly for too much would fall on my shoulders, but I shall try to get others interested.”

On Oct 1, 1888, the first day of school begins. Anne has a primary room with 10 children and her German department has 15 students and she is pleased at how things are going:

“I dreaded to-day somewhat yet have gone through it nicely. My little children are lovely little things from wealthy homes and they are as prettily dressed and look as sweet as peaches.”

They also have 4 children that board in the school:

“They are nice children and very prettily behaved. Their happiest home is at the school for their own home is unhappy.”

She is especially pleased at how nicely the German classes have begun:

“Yesterday I met all the German department and although the books had not yet come I gave dictation exercises to the advanced classes to show them how little they really knew however much they might think they knew. To-day three of the German classes came to recite. I found I could talk without any hesitation and did not feel afraid—began them all at the first lessons in pronunciation. They seem to have had little practice in speaking and as I had had a good deal of practice at W. (Wellesley) I felt quite at home and talked away in great shape.”

Anne soon develops a routine including daily walks in the park with the children. She writes to her parents about each child, their names, nick names and mannerisms. One child, with large blue eyes and golden curls to her waist, had evidently been a discipline problem to her:

“I had two times with her to make her mind but have had no trouble since. One time she gave way in the knees and would not stand until after being held firmly by the arms for a few minutes. The next time she did not mind me and I took hold of her and told her to come into the aisle and stand up. She was limp but I was strong enough to keep her up.

“She looked up into my face almost ready to cry yet with a determined look and said over and over in the funniest little voice, ‘You can’t hold me long, you
can’t—you can’t hold me long, you can’t,’ &c. I simply held her up and did not smile and silenced the children’s rather audible smiles. She stood up and I have not had any trouble since.”

At the end of each day, the teachers gather around the evening dinner table, and through their conversations, differences in personality and mannerisms soon become evident. Anne recalls a remark made by Margie:

“She (Margie) is very matter of fact and takes things so literally that it’s a temptation to answer her questions with some absurdity to see if she will really take your words literally. Something was said about philosophy in our conversation and Margie, seized with one of her inquisitive tones, turned to Miss Barnes with, ‘What is Philosophy, Miss Barnes?’

‘Looking down your throat with a candle’, soberly answered Miss Barnes.

‘Oh! I thought that was physiology’, was the innocent remark.”

The November presidential elections are nearing and there is much debate on the street corners. Parades pass by at night and the children are excited by the noise and fireworks. Anne is writing to her parents and expressing her views on the subject:

“The election will then be over (when they receive the letter) and we will be reasonably sure of the result. I am so anxious, but which ever way it goes it is best. If Cleveland does get it we have still to be humiliated as a nation and taught that the nation that forgets God shall be brought low.”

A few nights later there is great celebration in the streets:

“Wouldn’t Papa’s Republican soul rejoice were he here to-night. There has been a Republican parade and fireworks, &c. More enthusiasm than we heard before election even. The songs are so hearty and sung with such a vim. ‘Grover’s in the cold, cold ground’ is sung and sung, with variations which seem to create great laughter and cheers if we can judge from the sounds we hear coming from 125th street in front of the Republican Club building. ‘Bye Baby Free trade’ seems a favorite also. I wish I had some one to take me out. I’d like to be in it. Lillie and Margie are such energetic Republicans. We are in no danger of forgetting that Harrison is elected.”

Later that month, Anne learns that Grandmother Barrow’s farm has been sold:

“How very desolate it must have seemed at Trenton to Story. I think he had a very hard task. Why did Robert go so soon and why didn’t Story go somewhere else when they left—it must have seemed so inexpressibly sad. I cannot realize yet that it is no longer ours. I never want to see it after it is changed.”

Anne fills her days with activity whenever she is free from her duties at the school. They rotate supervising the live-in girls, making sure they do their studies, clean their rooms, etc. She has
found a church and Sunday School she likes very much and makes many new friends. She enjoys going to concerts, critiquing the singers and players. In early January of 1889, she writes to her parents, confiding about what happened last Sunday:

“Now what I am going to write please do not read aloud to anyone. I especially request this and later will tell you why. In church of course I sang and I noticed that a lady or so in front turned her head as if to see who was singing. Then in Sunday School I sang again when the School was singing ‘I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.’ When we had finished singing, a lady standing near me came and said, ‘I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your singing this morning in church. I could not do anything but listen.’

“Then cousin Hattie introduced me to a lady who sings in the chorus choir of the church, not in the quartette, and she spoke of my singing, and cousin Hattie came to me so excited and said she was wild over my voice and I must begin lessons right away.

“She introduced me to the lady organist whom she regards as authority on these matters and she said she would write me a letter of introduction to a Mr. Bristol whom she said had a large percentage of the salaried singers.”

Anne of course is thrilled. She has always wanted to sing in a more professional manner and within a week she has signed up with Mr. Bristol at $80 a quarter (his special low rate). Her voice is still bothered at times by catarrh and her aunt wants her to see a throat specialist. She does want so much to sing in the church.

As in Colorado, the question of what to do during the coming summer and the following year is the subject of much letter writing. Anne’s first thought is that she would like to teach in New York for 2 years since it would be good experience and she enjoys the work. Professional singing is always in the back of her mind but she’s not sure she could do it. Towards the end of January, her sister Nellie writes that she and Storrs could stay with her during the summer. She has located a pupil for Anne to teach German. On January 27, Anne writes back:

“I was very glad to get your letter. I think it is a very fine opportunity to earn something this summer. If I decide to do that you see I can refuse all invitations to visit with good reason and we can be together all summer.

“If Story can be in Rochester too, we could all study and work together and have a grand time. It seems to be we could afford to keep a good German girl and Ellen too. Story and I would not think of staying with you all that time without helping with the expense. If Story wants to study up his German he can do it with me this summer and we’ll all study French and ‘everything’.”

But a week later, we have this pitiful little letter, again to her sister, scrawled out in pencil:

New York
1961 (Madison Avenue)
Dear Nennie:

I can’t write you a letter to-night but will if possible before they forward the one from New Orleans. That will tell you that I have been sick—am nearly well &c. but I don’t feel equal to telling you all over about it to-night.

Wish you were here—Anne wants to see you. She homesick when she sick. Lots of people good to her—lots of flowers &c. Sore throat backache headache and ‘Herpes Zosta’ or something like that in my mouth & nose. Comes from some nervous disturbance don’t know where. This letter incoherent—Little girl she very tired but gettin better fast—

Goodbye darling—

Love to Will & Storrs

Ever yours, Anne

The true extent of Anne’s illness is revealed in a letter marked “private”, that she writes to her parents 5 days later:

“I am sick again in bed but so much better to-day that I shall ask the doctor when I may get up. I know you would rather know all about it than be told I was not feeling very well and so did not write. You remember I told you I went back into school Feb. 7 and taught that Thursday and Friday, though my face did not present a very pretty appearance. The following week I taught all five days.

“Tuesday night I noticed when I took off my shoes and stockings that my leg was puffed out just at the top of my shoe—as I remember Mama’s used to be. Then I had felt that lameness in my chest which I thought was old rheumatism come to disturb my peace. Wednesday morning before school I went to see Dr. Carman at his office, told him about my former rheumatism, my heart trouble, etc. I think I mentioned the swelling but I don’t know that he heard me.

“He gave me a new remedy for rheumatism which does not have a bad effect in the stomach as it is not soluble until it reaches the intestines.”

The swelling continues to get worse over the next few days, and when finally she can no longer get dressed, she calls the doctor:

“Dr. Carman came Saturday morning, said he was glad I had not gone out it would have been risky—ordered me to bed—said he could not tell the cause of the bloating until he had examined the urine. The flesh dented and I asked him if I had dropsy. He said dropsy was only a symptom, it might come from kidney trouble, it might come from stomach trouble, or it might be heart trouble.

“When he came Sunday morning he said it was acute inflammation of the kidneys. Ordered hot flax seed poultices for my back, and milk and Vichy water for my sole food, every two hours. The doctor said the test showed presence of uric acid, and so no doubt the pains in my shoulder &c were due to rheumatism.”

And to her brother Storrs, she confides 5 days later:

“I have not been one bit well for several weeks. At first I feared a return of the
trouble of last year but there seems to be no present danger of that. My heart
gives me the most trouble. I can’t go about fast, &c. I am under Dr. Carman’s
care and so am all right. I don’t say much to Mama about my heart troubling me
for it might worry her. So you need not send her this letter.”

By February 25th the doctor is still seeing her every day and is very cautious, taking
urine samples and not letting her downstairs from her room yet. Anne is very cautious
too, afraid that if she takes a cold she would be sick all over again. Mother Barrett is also
concerned and feels the whole thing could have been prevented:

“We are glad Anne is as well as she is, but we think the Dr. might have
prevented it if he had only looked her over a little more thoroughly when she
called him to see her in the first place.
“He must have known then there was too much acid in the blood, or she would
not have had such a face. Then when she went to see him, and told him of her
swollen feet, he still did not give her the attention she needed. Poor little girl!”

The doctor now advises that it would be best for Anne to go home and spend a few weeks with
her sister Nellie where she will be taken good care of. By the end of the first week in March,
Anne follows his advice and returns to Rochester. She spends almost six weeks there,
recuperating under Nellie’s constant care and attention, and then returns to New York:

“I left Rochester Tuesday night by the Rome and Watertown. It saved me in
the fare but it was so very long—nearly eighteen hours. I can come by the ‘Flyer’
in about nine!
“I reached 1961 [Madison Avenue] just as the morning session closed and met
all my children in a body. Amy saw me first and reached toward me with a
scream and all the rest followed—such a hugging and kissing as wen’t [sic] on
right there in the street. I can’t imagine what the people must have thought.
“The children escorted me in a body to the third floor. Every one seemed glad
to have me back and it seemed good to see everyone, especially Helen.”

Anne’s life is soon back in order. She resumes her vocal lessons and makes new friends at her
church and Sunday School. When the school year ends in June, she returns to Rochester for the
summer with her family. This of course explains the absence of letters for this time period. By
September she is back in New York, continuing her teaching which she has grown very fond of.
She enjoys the students a great deal and they in turn respond to her love.

On October 20, 1889, while walking to church, Anne’s father collapses on the sidewalk and dies
from a heart attack. Anne quickly returns to Rochester for the funeral. Her brother Storrs could
not leave his new position as Principal of Middlebury Academy in Wyoming, New York, so after
the funeral Anne writes to him from Rochester telling him about it:

“Nellie spoke wonderfully Monday night though it was not fully reported.
She will write it up for the Baptist Monthly & for the memorial volume. Dr.
Strong spoke beautifully with more than his usual power. The house was full. Ellen and Elizabeth went to prayer meeting last night and said the room was full to overflowing, and Dr. Patterson spoke so beautifully. The subject was ‘Treasures in Heaven’. Next Sunday he will take for his lead the verse Papa would have preached from that last Sunday Evening had he lived. He told them he wanted to do everything that Papa had planned to do in so far as he could."

Returning to New York, Anne continues to grieve for her beloved father. In a letter to her mother, she recalls a moment of the funeral service that had touched her so:

“I have been sitting with my pen in my hand some few minutes, with my heart and mind so full that it seemed as if I must wait before I could say anything. I went to church and as I walked down the aisle they were singing, ‘holy, holy, holy’—it was almost more than I could bear. It sounded so like what we listened to that day, when we were trying to ride in the chariot of prayer, while Papa’s deserted earthly house of this tabernacle lay before us.”

It is now February, 1890 and Anne’s letters to her brother reflect her feelings that she still doesn’t know what to do with her life. She doesn’t like the boarding school atmosphere anymore and wants to be more on her own. She is even talking to Storrs about the two of them starting up a school, “on our own hook.” They even talk about going out west where, “the field there is wide and offers many inducements.” She would also like to travel to Germany and immerse herself in the language.

Every now and then she gets a letter from Robert Hughes, and in one of her letters to Storrs she comments and wonders:

“I had a nice letter from Rob the other day. He writes a good letter and is improving in every way. Do you think there is any harm in writing him occasionally? He certainly writes a very readable letter and is a great deal better than lots of fellows of better social position. I simply mean do you think it compromises me in the least to write him an occasional friendly letter? (Don’t send this on to R.)”

She also receives a letter from her cousin Harley (in beautiful handwriting) from Salt Lake City. It must have been especially rewarding for her and it did please her so much to read it. He writes:

“I think we ought to live nearer together for you seem like a sister to me and have done more that anyone else for me spiritually—for all I could ask would be to be as good a Christian as you are but I think I am growing better every day & certainly stronger in the faith.”

Anne feels her father would have been very pleased at the way Harley is now engrossed in church work. Sadly, Harley was shot to death a year later in Salt Lake City, having never been married (see page 239 for conflicting accounts of his death.)
She and Storrs continue to plan their summer, which varies from summer school at Lake George to musical advantages on Martha’s Vineyard. On the back of one of Anne’s letter forwarded to Storrs, are written Mother Barrett’s thoughts and insight regarding both her daughter and herself:

“I send you this letter from Anne. Have you written Laura to find out anything about the school she mentioned? Anne will worry some I am afraid, though she need not. Dear little girl. If I had money I would have her take lessons again. I wish she could economize in some way.

“Did I write you that she had sent me a very pretty cup and saucer that she painted herself. It is the second piece she has painted. She takes two lessons a week from the teacher who comes to the school. She may just as well use some of her time for herself, as to give it away as she does.

“We are all made in that plan. We give ourselves to others in ways that do no special good. That is, I can see that I have done it. When by thinking a little more of what was best for myself, I might have made myself more valuable every way.”

In April, the uncertainty continues. There is now talk that Storrs should go to Germany for the summer (it would be good for his salary). Anne wants to give her “not quite $200” to Storrs to enable it to happen. She feels that she ought to come home for the summer and spend it with her mother. She could earn and save money for another time. She’ll wait and go when they can all go, since it would not cost as much to live in Germany as it would here. She writes to her mother:

“I should not mope if I stayed at home. Tell Storrs I know I should not and if only he would go to Germany & let me help him to go I should be so happy.”

Mother Barrett sends the letter on to Storrs, adding a note on the back that again reminds us of her deep, religious faith:

“I send on Anne’s letter. She may have written you the same, but it will bear repeating. I wish you and Anne and I could go and spend a year. Or if we could go together and you come back for school! But I do not see that we can. Nellie thinks another year we may. I expect Nellie will strike something while she is away. Hear of just the place for you and Anne. I do not worry. What is best will be. You are both the Lord’s children and will not be guided amiss, however it may seem to us.”

In May, Anne learns of a teaching opportunity in Rochester from a college friend who evidently is trying to have Anne join her on the staff. Anne has serious doubts about it, and in a letter to her parents, she becomes more and more convinced that this offer is not right for her; except, maybe, if a certain business arrangement was made:

“Your letter came this morning and gave me as it were plenty to think about. As you say there are plenty of cons but there are also pros as I can see. At first I thought it was a chance I ought to seize but as I thought it over I was not as sure. Here I am with three years experience and in the habit of getting $450 with board and washing. Now three hundred without either board or washing and two dollars
each week for car fare looks small.

“'I could not think of undertaking the French—while I might be able to do it, the worry would be too great. I’d much rather take some mathematics. The more I think of it the more I think I would better stay here than do that, for the vacations are long and the worry now comparatively little.

“I might better stay with Nellie & do Ellen’s work and in that way earn my board, paint some on china & have a music pupil or two. I should make really more than to work every day from 9-1 and at the end of the year have nothing left to speak of. The more I think of it the more I am inclined not to get into it. I don’t know Sylvia Foote or her methods and it seems to me it would be risky.

“Now, if you all think I am acting rashly & throwing up a good thing don’t hesitate to say so. I thought perhaps I could give voice lessons & let the piano lessons go.

“As much as I want to be at home I’d rather stay in New York than have to go out every morning rain or shine away up to Alexander St. The more I think of it the more convinced I am that it is not what I want. What I need is to shake off responsibility, not to take a bigger one.

“Write immediately what you think. I shall write Miss Foote that I think I would not possibly take as small a salary as that. Of course if it were a success and I were a partner, I might make a good deal more.”

The decision is finally made and in early June, Anne says good by to her fellow teachers, pupils and church friends in New York City and returns to Rochester to live with her mother. She will especially miss the minister and his wife whom she has grown very fond of. Continuing the teaching job is not what she wanted.

She plans a summer of rest and fun with Storrs, after which Storrs returns to the Academy in the town of Wyoming, not far from Rochester. There are no family letters to document the following 5 years, but from the Annals of the Class of ’86, found in the Wellesley College Archives, we find these bits of news;

182 Fulton Ave Rochester, N.Y.

Nov. 3, 1890

To dear Prof. Horsford and ‘86, Greeting.—With “The Boys’ League” as my special church work, voice lessons and German as recreation, and domestic work enough to keep my hand in, my days go by and bring me health and happiness, my only pretensions to wealth.

Loyally,

Anne Louise Barrett

182 Fulton Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

Jan 21, 1891

Dear Prof. Horsford and Girls of ‘86,—The Souvenir is a perfect gem. As to the class census, I have meditated upon it, and reached the conclusion that it is a help to see oneself classified and written out in black and white.

There is no longer room for doubt—I am not married, and as for hopes I have
none, except “to find my horse.”

Drop a passing tear for you classmate.

Anne L. Barrett

Fulton Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

Nov. 22, 1891

Dear Professor Horsford and Girls of ’86,—I have never been busier, happier, nor more contented than I am this year. I teach mornings in a private school and in the afternoon am preparing three girls for college, which work I enjoy most thoroughly. With work comes health and good spirits: nicht wahr?

Affectionately,

Anne L. Barrett

DeLand, Fla.

Jan. 11, 1894

My Dear Girls:—It will seem strange to read a copy of the Annals and find no greeting from Professor Horsford. It can never be quite the same, but I am glad we are to have at least a yearly letter.

I am still in Florida, teaching German and History. Many pleasant things come to me and I am happy in my work. What more can one want?

With a “Happy New Year” to you all,

I am affectionately yours,

Anne L. Barrett

DeLand, Fla.

Dec., 1894

Dear Girls:—I am still in DeLand, in the condition of a small hen trying to brood a big brood of chickens. My family grows faster than I do—but I am happy over the new comers and am very content in my work. I miss my College friends in spite of the lovely friendships I have formed since.

Lovingly,

Anne L. Barrett

Sometime during this period, letters must have flowed back and forth between Anne and Robert L. Hughes, the former farm hand, since we now are about to learn that they are to be married. Unfortunately, no letters between them have been preserved. We can only imagine the courtship by mail between Anne in Florida and Robert at the University of Chicago. Their summers were undoubtedly spent together in Rochester, since Robert has evidently made a good impression on the family by the time Nellie announces their engagement to her college friends in April of 1895.

The story of their marriage and future life continues under the Hughes Ancestry.
STORRS BARROWS BARRETT

EARLY LIFE

Storrs Barrows Barrett, the third and last child of Adoniram Judson Barrett and Emily Julia Barrows, was born in Kingsville, Ohio, Aug. 12, 1864. In 1868, his family moves to Lowville, N.Y. where his father takes charge of the Academy there. The following year, we find Storrs visiting his grandparents on their farm in South Trenton, N.Y., 40 miles south of Lowville. He is now four and one half, and since he obviously cannot write, his grandfather is writing a letter home for him to his sisters, Nellie and Annie, . There are three of these wonderful little booklets (approximately 2 1/2 by 4 inches) containing 12 or so pages of hand-cut paper that have been painstakingly bound together with thread:

Grandfather Barrows, as the scribe, is relating the thoughts and adventures of Storrs:

Tuesday April the 6th 1869

Remorseless time, Fierce Spirit of the hour glass and scythe. Ah what powers can stay him in his silent course, or melt his iron heart to pity...On, still on, he presses and forever.

Time knows not the weight of sleep, or weariness. I speak of time because it has thrown five & sixty winters over the head of my grandfather. I, a mear youth, sixty years his junior, employ that Grand Sire to assist me as scribe in this
volume. Time has cramped his fingers, and the writing may appear not as it was once! Yet relying on your generosity to pass lightly over the inaccurate angles of the work.

To my dear sisters I dedicate this little book. Believing that they will secure my Diary with thankfulness and thank our Grandfather for his assistance in committing my thoughts to paper.

This day I have been to mill—old Dolly wended her way to Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown took me down below the flour in his mill and showed me the large water wheel. My sisters what a sight. What a noise that huge big wheel made whilst performing its revolutions. I shall near forget that water wheel, young as I am. That early impression will be lasting in memory.

I would gladly have lingered longer but my business alone apologized for the short stay. I had other fish to fry! So I departed.

I have been with Charley assisting in hauling out manure. We are happy indeed whilst trudging ore the field where corn used to grow.

I am preparing for a fine crop of corn this coming year. I think however that I shall let my Grandfather manage my farm this year. Snow is all gone in some places on my fields. But we manage to get on the snow arround the fences.

April 7th

This has been a happy day. Life with this day leaves no strings behind. Visiting & given to visiting is the order of this day. I can hardly express my heart felt tumblings that I am not in Dixy’s Land.

My cows are amongst the best. My lambs are young but daily a growing—my hens up to the 8th of April has given since the first of Jan 1869, 50 dozen of eggs. I carried to the store today ten dozen—25 cents I recvd for the equivalent. Good night.

April the 8 Thursday

Glorious indeed does old Sol give us his rays with splendor—Doubly happy has been my exisstance this day. I have visited Mary Gouge & her family. I've played all day. Grand Pa went to Trenton to get the can mended.

I rec’d a letter from my loving Ma Ma. How eager I listened to its reading. I would like to gratify my Ma Ma’s wishes with reference to my right hand thumb—but Ma Ma how very many older heads than mine are wedded to larger vices, and have not decision sufficient to refrain. Behold the wine biber, the opium chewer, the smoker, the tobacco chewer, the snuff taker, who for years indulge to their damage—and shame—who become maniacs and fiends, murderers and demons.

I have no fears of the many ills caused by the pernicious habit of indulging in the vices to which I allude. I dearly love my thumb. I dearly love to twine my fingers in my Grand Father’s hair. Would you, my dear Ma Ma, deprive your white headed son from enjoyment so frivolous as this. Pardon Ma Ma but longer, a little longer, may I cling to my propensity.

I visited with my Grandma at Mrs John P. Garretts. There Mrs Corneilia Isaac all day long cheered my fancy by exhibiting a lot of toys that she had procured for a grab bag but did not use them. Corneilia & I rooled [sic] on the carpet. We played Boo Boo. We played on the piano. We sang 3 little kittens.

I with my Granny was invited to a sugar party at Mrs. H. W. Garretts. We
went and stood as does the warren (milk cow), to our plates of snow the sweet syrup was poured on the snow. “We licked (mo)lasses we did—what’s gooder.” Welcome every invitation to sugar parties. I me in for indulgance—I ignore pork and candy.

I went over with my Grand Mother to Mrs John E. Jones. That part of Ma Ma’s letter appertaining to Mrs Jones was copied by my Grand Father and Mrs Jones read the sayings of Ma Ma.

We found Mrs Jones had a little Grandson. The cunningest little baby that ever I did see—Mrs Sutton—lay on the bed with a beautiful night gear on his crown. I whistled to the little dear in order to make him open his eyes. He did so and oh how cunning. Yet he is mortal I know by the little square piece of dimity (cotton cloth) that his Granny held to the stove in order to receive the needed warmth before placing in durance vile (long imprisonment).

Mrs Jones says that she would like much to go to Lowville but can not at present on account of the before mentioned little one. After the middle of May, she now knows of no impediment in the way of visiting Lowville.

Takeing in to consideration every thing appertaining to the journey, she will ask the penal sum of one dollar per day & expences found. She would like to see Lowville, it may be her future home, etc.

But at present she must attend to her daughter’s wants—just so Ma—who can observe the carefull ant and not provide for future want. I go in for the care of cunning babies.

I am delighted, Sat April 10th, with runing on the crust such times (snow). And I am so fat & black and healthy. Don’t talk to me of poetassie (mediocre poetry), give liberty and fresh milk & eggs.

Good by sisters, from

STORY

And three weeks later:

April 28, 1869
To my sister Nellie
Lowvill

From your brother Storrs Barrows Barrett at South Trenton. I left Loville at 12 am with my Grand Ma. We came verry slow over the frail Rail Road. At Trenton Depot we found old Dolly, Buggy & my dear beloved Grand Pa. I was very glad to get sight of his old Phis (face). We were soon on board wending our way to my farm.

I found all things in different order from what I left. I frowned some what when I found my calf was remooved from where I left it. I slept with cousin Laurie. Slept soundly. I do not suck my thumb now.

April 29th

I went to South Trenton, took my G. Pa & old Dolly. I found many friends at the village. I had an invitation to imbibe in a few sticks of candy but I ignore the vile composition.

I go in for eggs—I do—I love the soft boiled Biddies’ deposite. The nice new
warm milk—I grow in statue & mind—daily. I feel that mustaches is starting on
my upper lip. Soon I may expect my face covered with a nice beard.

I went for oats. I sowed with a tin pail with my G. Pa. —the oats—I was
some what fatigued at night fall—but soon as the evening shades prevailed I
threw my self on the couch with Laurie and such dreams I had were refreshing.

I was awakened this morning by my Grand Pa. He came to my bed upstairs.
He told me to look on the floor. I did so, when what was my astonishment to
behold one of my little lambs in the room. I tell you Nellie that I very soon was
on the floor with my dear little pet lamb.

I took corn from my Grand Father’s hand and fed the little pet and I went
down stairs & little Lammy followed me crying, Ma Ma—he wanted more corn.
Then I went into the kitchen—I opened the door & my dear little lamb went out
and ran and found its mother.

After brakefast I directed Charley to harness the horses & hitch before the
stone bout. And as I was captain of said bout I took my seat in the bow (and)
ordered the driver to stand on the stearn.

Once in the field Charley unhitched from the bout & fastened to the 40 tooth
harrow. I directed my G. Pa to prepare the grass seed for sowing. I followed in
the wake of the old Gent—that old country gentleman. He sowed—I followed. I
talked & walked and such a time as we had. Was all pleasantness, peace &
sunshine.

In the afternoon I set Charley at plowing. I followed to see that it was well
done. Old Dolly was rather notional, but by dent of perseverance she succomed
to the furrow and drew to advantage. My Grand Ma went to South Trenton. I did
not wish to go & was excused. The sword is dry. The plow runs hard.

Our hens are famous for eggs—about 70 dozen since the 1st of Jan. I send my
milk to the factory—I pay 250 cts per cow. We have sold 100 cheeses for 20 cts
per lb. My cows are looking rather thin. My Grand father was rather short of
hay. I intend not to have it occur again. I will keep less stock or have more hay.

The mice ruined by knawing eleven apple trees. I wish that they had let them
alone.

May 1st 1869

Rather cloudy this morning. I was sick in the night. I had the stomach ache.
Laurie took or assisted me up and after a movement, I was convelecent. I slept
rather late in the morning but when I arouse and made my toilet was well again.

Aunty Storrs and I are the best of friends I go there & she comes to my
house. Grand Ma set one of my hens to lay—put 13 eggs under her wings. May
she hatch 13 chicks. I ate to many raisins yesterday, that what the matter was.

Snow is entirely disappeared, and my cows are grazing nicely. Eddie Jones is
a clerk in the store of Wm P. Jones in South Trenton. Milton Brown has desolved
partnership & he goes in to Utica—John Mills has a fortune of a number of
thousand of dollars fell to him by an Uncle who was very wealthy. So goes the
world. Some are born to fortunes.

I think that no mortal enjoys a hapier life than I do. I have nought on earth to
disturbe my fancy or to check my enjoyment. I have enough and to spare. I am
constantly on my farm. I have bought a little we bit of a pig of Dudley W.
Rhodes for which my G.Pa paid 5 dollars for me. I shall make a tall pig of him by
fall.

Tell Louie that I shall send Laura up there to make a visit ths fall and let her
see the place.
My hens are displaying quite an aspect this spring. Nellie’s cow is giving good milk and I am much pleased with her.

I send this diary by my Grand Ma to be delivered to my Mama at Trenton Depot. So good by from your brother.

STORY

And finally:

To my sister Miss Annie Barrett

From her only brother Storrs Barrows Barrett
May first, 1869
South Trenton, N.Y.

My Dear Sister Annie,

I write you a daily account of my wanderings. A sort of diary yet in many particulars come short of all my dooings.

May 1st is a cold chilly day. Thermometer at 33°. Rainy drizzling time. I am confined within doors and to me it is a prison. It is true that my aged Grand Parents do all with in their power to amuse me. Yet I deeply feel the want of out dor exercise. I want to be at my barn attending to my stock, etc.

Yet as I am obleiged [sic] to submit to the powers that be, I cooly as possible retire.

May the 2nd

This is an other day of confinement on account of the weather. I am free to acknowledge my fraility and long for old Sol to show his good old face again. I must not tease my Grand Ma. For she is very kind and every thing she says to me I must directly mind. Oh dear, how lonely to be so confined. Oh dear G. Ma I wish I had some rasins. You shall have some my boy. Here, say that you love them. Yes Mam, I will Grany Ma.

May 3rd

Oh this is a glorious day. Rain is over, snow on hills all gone. I have today been with my G. Pa to South Trenton. I talked & received 3 sticks of candy for my share of the spoils. I took my boots, had them taped and coped (covered). I am as good as new for muddy rodes or slippy streets.

May the 4th

Emily Vinecomb or rather Mrs Hughe Edwards has received an eleven pound hen to electrify the household alter (henhouse?). To day I have been visiting. I am a constant travling peped (full of pep?) poping into evy Bo Peep entry & social bye place.
May 5th

Beautifull is the morning sun. I am oph (off) to S. Trenton. Went with my G. Pa. Come with my G. Ma, but I stopted to see Sarah Garrett and I stayed and sent my G. Ma home. Well, well. Sarah Garrett & Caty Saveage came home with me & such a time had we. Oh it is good for brethren to dwell in peace & pleasantness.

Heard from Mr Mallery. He is convylecent. Mrs Emily Vinesome Edwards is not as well this morning. Aunty Storrs is with her.

We have a fire in the large stove. White frost this morning. My little lambs follow my Grand Pa into the house & such a time I have in feeding them with corn. They eat corn from my hand.

My Grand Pa carried 7 1/2 doz of (eggs) to the store which make 82 dozen of eggs since the first day of January.

I have finished plowing for my corn. I shall plant about 2 acres of corn & half an acre of potatoes. By the by, speaking of potatoes, they are worth only 25 cents a bushel in Utica & here we can not sell them at all. Many farmers are feeding them to their stock.

May the 6th

A beautifull morning. I sleep with Laurie and this morning I rose a little out of sorts. I think that I played rather to hard yesterday. But before breakfast, I was all right & comley (comely).

Yesterday I saw in the paper the death of Perry Phileo by suicide. He married Miss Pierce, Rev B. Pierce daughter of Trenton Falls. Mrs Anie E. Jones says that she will be at Lowville some time next week. Either Thursday, Friday or Saturday. She can not tell which day. She says that she will find Bostwick Hall and that you may not trouble yourself about being at the depot. She wants to give you a good weeks work—is why she goes so early. I send the dog Fido or his photograph.

Laurie has got a letter written to Louie she will send next week and tell how we all are. I am going this morning with my G. P. to S. Trenton. Mr. Benjamin Fowler & family are living in S. Trenton. All well.

Miss Libbie Jones that was, has the pretiest little boy baby that ever was introduced into society. Good by.

From your brother

STORY

Storrs, as with his sisters before him, continues to visit his grandparents as he grows up, usually staying on the farm in South Trenton during the summer time. In June of 1878, when he is not quite 14, Anne writes to him and admonishes:

“Mama says you must be careful about being in the sun as the warm weather comes on, & wants you to sit down & read a little after dinner before going out to work.”

Her father also expresses his thoughts on the back of Anne’s letter:
“My Dear Little boy—Papa would like to see you very much. Don’t work too hard or too long at a time. I shall want to have you ready to do some tall old studying this fall.

“I am taking good care of your chickens. I had 42 hatch and all are alive but one. He flew into the cellar and ate some rat poison and killed himself.”

After three months of healthy farm life, Storrs returns to Rochester and enters high school. Storrs has a favorite cousin named Harley who is his same age and is the son of Rush Warner and Emily Lucinda Barrett. The Warners live in Grand Junction, Colorado and have a ranch outside of Gunnison where his Uncle is the president of a business called “The Gunnison Transfer Company.” They are a wholesale and retail dealer for hay, grain, feed and coal. They also do a “General Forwarding, Storage and Commission Business”. Gunnison and Grand Junction are approximately 115 miles apart and are joined by a railroad.

Auntie Warner is very close to Storrs’s father and mother, and every now and then she comes to Rochester with her son Harley to visit them. It is probably on one of these visits that the notion of Storrs someday going out West with his cousin Harley for a year first begins to germinate. Storrs had always been considered a little frail, and his grandmothers would constantly encourage him to visit them so that they could fatten him up a little, get him some outdoor exercise and try and reduce the stress of his school studies. A trip out West would probably do him good. This was five years before his sister Anne would take an 8 month teaching job in Fruita, a little town just outside of Grand Junction, Colorado.
COLORADO

The first inkling we get about a pending adventure is in a letter from Seth Cook, written on Feb. 8, 1881 to Storrs who is in Rochester N.Y. at the time. Seth is Storr’s roommate at Brockport, a high school in the town of Brockport, located about 15 miles east of Rochester. This high school was undoubtedly chosen by A. J. Barrett for its academic merits. Seth and Storrs are both in the Greek clan, including a Miss East, who Storrs later remembers as the most remarkable scholar he had ever known. She always got a 100% in her Greek exercises and this encouraged Storrs to get his algebra done a week ahead of time so that he could devote more time to his Greek. Seth has a cold and is evidently under the care of two of his classmates, writing:

“Your humble servant is afflicted as usual with a severe cold and sore throat.

The Misses Pike are in their element suggesting remedies and preparing all sorts of delicious doses. The last is linseed oil and molasses.”

He goes on to tell the grade standings announced at the graduation exercise for the junior class which Storrs evidently didn’t attend. Miss East, of course, stood 100% in Greek. Storrs stood 95% in Greek, 92% in Latin and 92% in Algebra. Evidently the idea of leaving school and traveling to the West has been shared with his friends, for Seth concludes in his letter:

“This afternoon we register and draw books. I am now a high and mighty Senior B, and won’t the small boys look at me with awe and reverence.

“I suppose your head is full of romantic ideas about life in Colorado. Remember and be merciful to the poor Red-men, and don’t kill them unless compelled to as a means of self defense. The first scalp you take, send to me. Come up if you can before you leave Rochester. Write and let me know your condition physically, mentally and morally.”

But whatever plans Storrs had for going out West, they were evidently put on hold until the following year—for we find him back at Brockport for the 1881 school term [Feb. to Feb.]. Then in a notation written in 1923 by Storrs on the front of a letter, we find: “I left normal school at Brockport at end of January 1882 to go West with Harley”. There are no details about what happened next, only that Storrs and Harley helped bring a car load of horses from Chicago to Rush Warner’s ranch in Gunnison, Colorado in March of 1882. Storrs and Harley were both just 17 at the time.

Just two years earlier, Gunnison was on the outskirts of Ute Indian territory and the government at the time was trying to remove them to a new reservation so as to open up the Grand Valley to
new settlers from the east. The Tabeguache band (also called Uncompahgre) lived in the valleys of the Gunnison and Uncompahgre Rivers while the Grand River Utes (also called Parianuche) lived along the present-day Colorado River.

Gunnison was quickly becoming a booming frontier town, with people anxious to enter the reservation and take possession of the most desirable locations. From a local newspaper, we have this account by Geo.. A. Root:

“About the middle of May in 1880 here was a long row of tents stretching along the east bank of the Gunnison river. Every night the bright camp fires that burned in front of these temporary abodes, made a handsome panorama. There were at least 500 persons camping immediately west of town, and it was thought there would be a thousand within a couple of weeks. A visitor who arrived in the town about this time counted fifteen hundred wagons between Pueblo and Gunnison, most of them from Missouri and all headed for Gunnison.

“On April 21 there were forty-five buildings and thirty-eight tents on the town site. Less than a month later there were over a hundred...

“The previous winter was a severe one in the Gunnison country. The road for a dozen miles east of us was lined with the carcasses of animals that perished...

“There were more worthless dogs lying around Gunnison that spring than in any other town of its size. A Gunnison editor wrote: ‘We would modestly suggest to the marshal that there ought to be an early decline in bologna sausage.’ He also wrote: ‘If there is anything that will make a minister swear or think cuss words, it is the continual braying of a hundred burros at all hours of the night when people want to sleep. The music these long eared animals have been making here the past two or three weeks has been of the most hideous nature. The yelping of a thousand worthless dogs would be an improvement over the sounds we have been listening to from the burros.’”
The first letter we have to Storrs in Colorado is from Nellie at Wellesley College, written to both “Story” and Harley on March 19, 1882. She and her roommates have thoroughly enjoyed a letter from Storrs and Harley [which we don’t have] and the stories they had to tell, including Storrs’ distracted efforts to shake hands with an army of aunts, cousins, and uncles, all at the same time. She tells Storrs that she has put his picture in her album beside two of the prettiest girls she could find:

‘I can’t forbear telling Story of the impression he made on my roommate. You know she is a young lady much given to studying character and very acute therein. So she compared this picture with the one you had taken at Furman’s four years ago. She said, ‘how plainly you can see the changes in character which have taken place between these two pictures’. I remarked that just for the curiosity of the thing I would like to have her mention a few of the changes which had taken place, as I felt pretty well acquainted with the young man in question & would like to see how near she came to the truth.

‘She said ‘the first one has more sweetness(!) of expression, the last one more strength’. (Pretty rough on you about the sweetness, but I assured her that you had lost none of your pristine sugarness but that you firmly repressed it so that none of it appeared on the surface). ‘Then’, she continued, ‘the first has a more poetical expression, the second a more practical’. I smiled lightly and again assured her that you had deep furrows of poetry hidden under the iron mask of the last picture.

![Story](image1)

![Storrs and Harley Warner](image2)
“Then we got all your pictures and placed them in a row, beginning with Storrs the wrathful and insulted, who is made to stand with his sisters in a white dress (Oh ignoble costume); next, Storrs the triumphant, the satisfied, upon his fiery walking horse; then Story, with the frank, pleasant smile in his boy face (that is my favorite); after this the dignified youth who sits in a stile with his cousin while both stare fixedly and grimly into space; last, Storrs the bold Western explorer, taken when just about to enter the war path.”

We can imagine what a kick Harley got out of this letter and the ribbing Storrs received. Anne and Nellie always enjoyed this friendly banter, and Anne, in another letter reminds him of one of the girls back home:

“I got (Mettie’s) picture and enclose mine with it. She said she sent it chiefly to have it framed as you described. She said one Sunday when she was over you asked her if she would ‘give you her picture to keep the rats away’ & she did not know as you really wanted it but as she was going out of the yard you were at the window & she called to you & said ‘yes’ and supposed if you did want it you would know what she meant, but afterwards when you said no more about it she tho’t you must have only been in fun—she seemed very glad to let you have one.”

The first letter we have from the tenderfoot cowboy shows how surprisingly fast Storrs has accommodated to the western ways and he seems to relish their language:

Gunnison Colo.
April 16th, 82

Poor but anxious parents, likewise sister & all inquiring friends.

Having at last gained time to communicate to my long neglected parents, I will endeavor to truthfully state my experiences for the past two weeks. I have just got back from church, the first time in two weeks that I have went. I received Mama’s letter last night. I came around the corner humming, “Oh! Where is my boy to night?”, when Uncle handed me the letter & the first words that I saw were those I had been singing; something of a coincidence.

“My boy” was back in Gunnison a week ago today late in the afternoon. It was Uncle’s ranche [sic] that I went to watch, which is about eighteen miles from G. Uncle had not got here & as there was nothing much for me to do here, I thought I would go up there & stay a few days.

We started with a team & two or three men for the coal pit, the boy who was going on to the ranche & our provisions which consisted of bacon, ham, 25 lb sack flour, six cans tomatoes, can baking powder, sack beans, lard, maple syrup, common syrup & four or five big cans of coffee & some salt.

I borrowed a shot-gun & the other fellow had one. His name is Crepps. When we got there we found the cabin all right & no one in it. We had heard that it was jumped, the man that Uncle had hired to stay there having left about the first of March which gave the jumpers a chance. We got there about noon & one of the coal men made some pancakes consisting of half a quart of flour to tablespoonful of B.P.

After dinner H. (Harley) took the men to the Castle Mountain coal bank 2 m.
farther on & came down in the morning [Sunday]. After he went up to the coal bank Sat. two men came around & ordered us out. They said that Warner had deserted the ranche & it was not his any more. We told them they would have to wait till tomorrow when the team came down so they went off.

After they had gone I cut “cross lots” over to the coal bank road & caught Harley half way up there & asked him what we should do about it. The man that was with Harley told us to stay as we had got peaceable possession. So we staid. We had pancakes, syrup & ham for supper. we were both inexperienced in the culinary art & made rather poor cooks. You must excuse this hastily written letter for if I don’t get it done today I am afraid you would not get it till next week. You see that we are living in Auntie’s house & Uncle has the key & he stays up town till about my bed time & when I get in he has the desk so you see it is almost impossible to write a letter.

Well to come back to camp life, on Monday we were all afire. We got out our guns & cleaned them but found but one barrel in each one of them would go off. We found an old fashioned Sharps rifle there that a company of Frenchmen, who built a barn there, had left & gone to Canada, so Harley gave it to me. We did not have any cartridges for it though & when Harley came down from the coal bank he brought us down a large bulldog revolver (like the one that Guiteau shot Garfield with) but it had no cartridges with it. It was a self cocking one, like those we saw at McCulloch’s, Papa. So with four shooting irons, only two barrels could be shot off. But Harley promised to send some cartridges for the rifle & revolver up from G. so we considered ourselves well armed.

Monday passed & no jumpers. We did not both go out of the house at once all the week, that is, not five rods away. They are going to have a town there & had jumped eighty acres of our ranche. On Tuesday we thought we were going to get it sure. Two men came up the road & drove a stake near our house & then came directly for it. One of us got near the guns & the other staid by the door, but alas! for our hopes of an adventure, they turned out to be friends having had their claim jumped by the ravenous town-sitters.

We went up & looked at their stake after they had gone. It read as follows:

Notis

I the undersind Clame by right of Preemption the foloing discribt land as my preemption in Towns 15

P. J. Smith

By Wednesday we got used to watching & took everything cool. I made biscuit twice which were pronounced to be excellent not only by myself but by my pard. We baked beans once & would have cooked jack rabbits & sage hens only we could not get any. I went hunting several times & succeeded in scaring up some last month’s wolf tracks on the snow & one rabbit, which was too far off to shoot. I am a little mad about the jack rabbits. I been around here & G. lots of times & have not seen but one rabbit. I could do better out East.

I walked up to the coal bank, owned by Warner & Co., & went into the mine. They have only three men working it now. They showed me all over it & as it was the first one I was ever in it was quite interesting. I think I won’t be a miner.

I can’t find my release. Will you please send me another as I may go down to
Grand Junction in a week or two & may need it. I don’t hardly expect to go though. We are at work now hauling stone for Uncle’s building for the horses. He has taken the agency for the Studebaker wagons & wants room for that.

I helped the surveyor survey the lots for it. I think I should like that kind of work. I hauled lumber yesterday. I am driving a pair of Uncle’s mules now. Their names are “Mandy & Rhody” & are just as gentle, but need a good deal of black snake (drawing of a whip inserted in the text) to make them go. When they have a hard load to pull & you tell them to “git” they just dig their toes in the sand & hang there till the load comes.

I have hauled brick one day & stone two. I drove a pair of Uncle’s new mares drawing stone. Their names are Lucille & Lulu. I have shortened them to Lucy (cause she is pretty & gentle) & Lu. The’re just the nicest team that was ever, worked right there every time you want them to pull. Uncle has sold one pair for $750. I guess he got nine or ten for one he left in Denver, a full blooded three year old.

St. Chofour (?). Did you get the paper describing them? I think I will send my white drawers home by mail to be washed. The sand or rather wind is blowing terribly & the sand is being blown into everybody’s eyes, ears & clothes. Yesterday the wind was in the west & every five minutes a whirlwind would start up & go through the town flying, taking papers, tin cans &c way up in the air. It took the (dust) up in a column as high as a thousand feet.

Mr. Cooper is here from Phila. I don’t think my laundry work has cost very much as I have not had anything washed since I left R. I have bought breeches here, a pair of good stout overalls & a pair to wear under them that are stout & yet good looking. I have about seventy five cents left, have had that ever since the first three days, that & no more.

Uncle has just come in & tells me that Mama is in Kingsville & that Harley has a package for me. I will write to Mama a postal—won’t have time for anything more. I am boarding with a family next door to the G. J. Co. A lot of us board there. There are four old maids there & pretty good old maids they are & not so old either. They are milliners.

I went with my mules the first of the week with Hugh Fielding, one of Uncles men—a carpenter—to a saw mill about ten miles west in a cañon for slabs. Hugh is going to build Uncle’s barn and I shall probably have considerable to say about him so hold him in mind, also Ed & Lee, two darkies in the employ of Mr. Warner. I never have seen the true darky till now, that is in talk, manner & customs.

We have a nephew of Bayard Taylor’s, driving an express team for Mr. Harper, the old hunter. Maybe Uncle will send me up to his ranche with a mule team to help make an irrigating ditch. The ranchmen are going to club together & make it.

Our minister did not have a very rousing sermon, neither was it particularly interesting. His daughter plays at the organ but she was late & so he started one that nobody knew & after singing two lines, changed the tune & when any one came in he would waltz up the aisle & hand him a book & polka back singing at the top of his voice all the time. I staid to Sunday school of course & it was the same there. They handed the books around, three or four to a seat & you could take your choice. They had about fifty there.

I do wish we had a live minister. You may know what he is when I tell you that he came over from the Presbyterians & the only good he is to us is that he counts one more in the census of the Baptists. Uncle wants the ink stand now to
take up to his office so I’ll have to close. Will write soon again. I’ll send some of my drawings that I made with a pencil an inch long at the ranche. We did not have any paper & had to try two or three days before we could get the pencil.

Good By

S. B. Barrett

Storrs continues to write home and many times he includes sketches, such as the following from an April 23rd 1882 letter to his father:

In May, Storrs receives another letter from his sister Anne, who has obviously kept up with his chronicles:

“My dear old brother—Is his blessed old nose all blistered & are him all blistered up like an Indian—him ought to have some of his sister’s ‘Benzoated Oxide of Zinc’ ointment.”

Anne also keeps watch over his morals in this far away place:

“I was glad that you and Will did not accept the invitation Sunday. I knew my brothers would not—you must try and help the church and be real missionaries.”

It is not clear if this is the Will who will later marry Nellie. In another letter from Anne, written June 25, 1882, she mentions Will again:

“I suppose you are working away in the little church in Gunnison. You must do all you can. Will seems to have stepped in to his accustomed place as librarian. Has he found young ladies to help him paste in labels & arrange the books or are young ladies scarce?
“Did Harley injure his fingers seriously? When he wrote me he said he had
hurt them.

“I am so glad Auntie has reached Gunnison. It will seem so much more like home.”

Five months after arriving in Colorado, Storrs receives another letter from his friend Seth:

“I was very glad to hear from you, at last. I had begun to think that you had either been scalped or else had forgotten old Seth. I was much interested in your account of the trip and your subsequent experience. Am glad to hear you are enjoying yourself so well and hope you will not murder any of the poor Red-men from mere excess of animal spirits. Your account of the trouble with the jumpers, and the coolness with which you spoke of those terrible fire-arms made my blood run cold. For my sake don’t shed any innocent blood. Your story of the lynching makes me tremble for your safety. Don’t do any stealing except under cover of darkness, and you will be safe.

“Your drawing of the festive mule is pronounced by all a work of high art, especially the ears. At first we thought you had had your photograph taken and sent us, but finally concluded the ears were too small.”

We learn through the family letters that Storrs is alone much of the time on the ranch during the summer and his family is worried about him: “What if he should become sick?” But Storrs evidently survives it, and finally in December, he and Harley make the decision to move from the ranch outside of Gunnison into the town of Grand Junction. It is the beginning of winter in
the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, and only the young and daring (some would say foolish) would undertake a 115 mile journey over primitive mountain roads by horse and wagon with the promise of snow on the ground. The reader can follow the map above as he or she reads of the great adventure of these two young boys who have just turned 18:

Dec. 28th 82

Dear Ones All,

Here at last & glad of it. Will give you a little description of my journey & begin with

Chapter I

About two days before starting on our (anticipated) pleasure trip, we commenced looking up our loose property, gettin our wagons in shape & creating confusion generally. We were to start on Saturday & on Thursday made a flying trip to the Ranch & back to get my blankets, cooking outfit, &c.

On Friday we packed our trunks & wagons, finished picking up our traps (personal belongings) & “got away with” numerous articles that no one had a perfect title to. We took three wagons & six animals. Harley took his Normans (a breed of horse) for wheelers & a big pair of mules for leaders & took a “trail” wagon, which, you may know, is a second wagon drawn behind the “lead” wagon. I took the little mules & a small wagon.

We packed our household goods in Harley’s lead—our hay in the trail & the grain & provisions in my wagon. 12 o’clock Saturday saw the two festive freighters “pull out” from the corral in high spirits. We made seven miles that afternoon & camped at the “Lone Fisherman’s” cabin which is deserted. It consists of a long tow log shanty with no doors nor windows. There were three rooms—two of which we used as stables & the other for our own use. We spread our oil cloth & cooked supper in high style, for had we not milk, & oatmeal all ready cooked & had we not three pies & a can full of cookies & fried cakes?

We undressed in civilized fashion & slept soundly over a bearskin robe, three single & one double blanket & under one heavy double California blanket & two first class double woolen blankets. We dressed to the tune of 15 deg. below zero in the morning & nearly froze before our fire would start. The high bluffs surrounding us kept off all of the sun’s heat & it was ten o’clock before the sun shone on us & the cold abated.

We got started at eleven—no sooner on account of having to change our harnesses considerably. We put Harley’s near horse in the lead in place of the near mule so as to drive with a perk line which the horse Kitty was broken to. I think I have explained how we drive with a “jerk line” —if I have not I will now.

We attach a long strap to the bit of the near “leader” of the team whether driving fours, sixes or eights—the other end of the strap is held by the driver who rides the near “wheeler”. A jerk on the strap makes the leader “gee” & a pull makes her “haw”.

We struck one of the worst hills I have ever seen. It went right straight up. I think it leaned a little towards us if anything. Will give you a graphic representation of it. We could hardly get up it with our almost empty wagons. We camped at four o’clock at a spring about 21 miles from Gunnison.

It was six miles up “fourteen mile hill” & was the last place we could find water at for 8 miles or more. The hill we were on was fourteen miles long of
steady upgrade & rather steep too. We made a sagebrush fire & slept in our hay wagon. Did not take our clothes off that night I can tell you, except our coats & boots. Tied our teams to the wagons. Could hear the coyotes howl around on the hills that morning.

Chapter II
Misery—

It snowed some that night. We got up at five & started at a quarter past eight and passed through the first toll gate with $1.25 less in our pockets & drove all day up hill & down, rather tedious with the snow on the ground. But that was but child's play to what we were to come to.

That night we camped on a high bluff overlooking the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River. It was quite a picturesque looking place—above us the bluff, still higher the graded wagon road winding in & out of the hills in the ascent, the stream looking like a thread beneath us & the steep bank opposite with a further background of distant mountains impressed even my careless eye.

We had a fine spring of water & plenty of wood, two blessings of a freighter's life which one could hardly appreciate in New York where every mile of road passes over a stream of some kind.

Our two dogs Fatty & Fossil got lost today. Fossil caught up with us in the afternoon but we thought Fatty had gone back to Gunnison. In the morning he had caught up with us though, but was a very tired dog. It had snowed in the night but it was not very cold. We woke up rather late, so ate a cold breakfast & started at a quarter past eight. It took us about a quarter of an hour to reach the top of the bluff when we were struck by Oh! such a biting wind, it seemed to chill us to the marrow.

Shortly it began to snow & snow & snow. It is hardly necessary to state that our spirits fell. Up hill & down hill we went, walking when we could which was not often for we had to stick to our wagons on the hills. It kept on snowing, two inches, four inches, six & eight. We drooped like two sick chickens.

After awhile we made willow creek & a toll gate which bled us to the amount of ten dollars & fifty cents. This was at eleven. We started on up the bluff of the creek & when we got on the mesa again it was tenfold worse than before. Our spirits sank clear down & finally oozed out entirely. Managed to freeze my toe & ears some but that was not bad.

We were to make Kline's Ranche at night thirteen miles from the toll gate. A regular blizzard was in operation. It would be almost impossible to make it over such terrible roads & hills as we had to drive over and to camp in the storm without water, shelter for our teams & ourselves & maybe without wood, was a prospect dreary.

About noon we came to a fork in the road. We both thought best to take the left hand road. Lucky it was for us that we did so for on going over a little hill we found ourselves in front of an old deserted stage barn where the relays had been kept for the Lake City Stage. We were in luck then & camped there the rest of the day, but the spring was all frozen up & we had to melt snow which was about a foot deep on the level. The doors & windows & floors had been taken away & only the log frame was left, but we were thankful for even that.

I was ill prepared for such weather. I forgot to get any mittens before I left & had only one warm glove. My overshoes were packed away & my big hat (was)
in the big wagon. Our camp fire cheered us considerably & in the morning we started out in better mood. It had stopped snowing & an empty wagon that went alone before us broke the road. We, of course, had found out that the left hand road led only to the stage barn & we retraced our steps.

At two o’clock we reached Kline’s or Cimarron Creek. It seemed good to see the railroad again. After feeding we started on. There is a six mile hill west of Cimarron called Squaw Creek hill. We were to go four miles of it & camp at a cabin that was deserted. About two miles up we struck the worst little hill we had come to. We could not make it to save our lives with the snow on (the ground) so deep. So we started back to Cimarron, had a good supper & got a bed & started back in the morning to the wagons. We had to stand our stock out all night which was the worst of it. We found the night before that we had got on to an old Indian trail & that the right road was lower down on the ravine, so we pulled our wagons around & got started aright & then it was hard enough.

We got started at about half past ten, stopped for dinner at the deserted cabin we should have staid at that night and then pushed on for Montrose, 18 miles away. Got there at half past eight P.M., were pretty cold but happy, for Montrose is on the Uncompahgre River & is supposed to be in a warmer climate.

There was no snow there at night. Our pies & cookies were all gone & “batching” did not have many charms for us weary ones so we struck for a restaurant. Montrose consists of a single street of houses flanked by a few odd shanties on either side & a railroad. The soil is a whitish looking clay soil which grows tremendous clumps of sagebrush & greasewood, which are full of these little cotton tail rabbits. No grass, no flowers, no stones, no anything but mud & sagebrush. But they can raise everything here—it is about the same climate as Grand Junction so I will not say much about it for you have probably read all about it in our newspapers, & I mean to send you some more as quick as I can get them.

Next morning we started for Delta which is 24 miles from Montrose down at the junction of the Uncompahgre and Gunnison rivers. Made her in fine shape & had a good square supper. We laid over in Delta the next day to recruit our teams for the next day’s journey for we had to make thirty miles without water. We bought a saddle of venison at 5 cents a lb. & sent it home to Auntie. I forgot to mention that during the night at Montrose it snowed several inches. There was no snow at Delta when we got there but the next day there was two or three inches again. It seems to follow us up so as to spoil all our enjoyment.

We were up early on our thirty mile day & got started at a little past eight. We had to ford the Uncompahgre & the Gunnison. About half past seven P.M. we made Kannah Creek after a cold cheerless ride. Slept in a ranchman’s house who told us interesting stories of 76 lb. watermelons raised on his ranche, & other wonder-giving facts which he supposed we would swallow with tenderfoot relish.

At eleven o’clock A.M. we started on for Grand Junction 15 miles on Christmas morning. Felt rather hilarious at the prospect & when we finally reached the summit of a hill & the Grand Valley lay before us with the little town showing in the center, we cheered “some few”. We forded the Grand before we got to town which reminded me of Christians sinking in crossing the dark river. It is quite a river to ford. I believe Harley’s ranch is not far from the ford, not more than a mile & I was heartily glad when I got there.

Our journey is ended. Altogether we have had a dreary time & a very hard trip for the horses. The mules thrived under it. We have reached our “Mecca” & are content to stay here & we have solemnly vowed that if we are ever caught
with a team on that range again it will be with six horses & a light buggy. They worried considerably about us in Gunnison. They asked a man who was going down on the cars to inquire about us at Montrose & Delta but he could hear nothing of us though we had passed through before he came.

But the journey is ended & we are in the promised land. Requiescat in pace [may they rest in peace].

Yours Truly, Storrs B. Barrett

A week later, he receives a letter from one of the men back at the ranch who evidently had been impressed by the appetite of Storrs and Harley. The man has a new border now who is even more impressive:

J.B. Parch was an old man who had charge of Uncle Rush’s Norman horses. Harley & I & Partch brought the carload of horses from Chicago March 1882...S.B.B.(note by Storrs on letter)

“Your fame as a pancake eater is far thron in the shade tho new border can take the cake from the lone and wel renouned three of former days. I am awair with what sadness this will be recieved but one can not always wair the champeons belt you wore it long and nobly but you ar beeton in a time and amount race and must retire into oblivion in the presance of the new competitor had I the genious of an artist I would atempt to picture him bravley at actin the largest stacks with the most entir confidence and when reinforsemnt arive nothing danted he still continues to wage war untill the syrup can drain slowley and the cake baker grows red in the fase and the batter low in the dish and he filled to the teath then he quietley sits back from the table and sais I dont want no more but as I am no artist I will wate for the mention of this wonderful boy.”

In March of 1883, Seth again writes to his old friend and roommate:

“I suppose you are quite a westerner by this time. I hope you’ll not get sick of studying altogether. Boys sometimes do, but I want you to come back and settle down to school work once more. Don’t get ways of people out there. I don’t suppose there is any danger of your being influenced toward the wrong, but after all we can’t be too watchful of ourselves.”
By October of 1883, Storrs is planning on returning home. He evidently is broke, as most young men are, and is trying to figure out how he is going to get the train fare for the trip back home. His father writes to him:

“As to the time of your starting we leave that to you. You know what you desire to accomplish and we only want to have your matured judgement carried out. A week or two would not make much difference. But in two weeks perhaps you could earn half enough to come home and money is quite a consideration with us. So we want you to carry out your own plans. Only come just as soon as you possibly can consistant with your own interests.

“As to the blankets, I think you better sell them if you can get 1/2 price for them. The expense of freight home will be heavy and if you can dispose of them there I should say do it. Perhaps they are not worn much, and it would be a sacrifice to do this. Use your own judgement in all things.

“You never told me whether you got the watch. If you can sell that, do it and I’ll get you a better one. Turn everything into money you can.”

Storrs returns home before Christmas, and after the holidays, he resumes his classes at Brockport.

[Footnote]

On our vacation trip to Colorado in 2005, Connie and I retraced the trip that Harley and Storrs made from the Warner ranch north of Gunnison to Grand Junction, only we did it backwards. We were armed with a copy of Storrs’ letter, old historical maps plus modern topographical maps on which I had marked the most likely route they had taken.

We began locating and photographing every place that Storrs mentioned in his letter and had great fun looking for traces of the old Salt Lake Wagon Road on which they traveled. We looked for each creek and crossing place, and finally where they would spend each night freezing. It is amazing to us that his mileage estimates were so accurate. We would drive the estimated distance (calculated in
reverse) and sure enough, there was the top of the hill, or the little creek that one would simply pass by if you weren't looking for it. The names are actually the same today, if you look carefully for the marker. Storrs spelled every name correctly, even Uncompahgre. I can't even pronounce it.

For each of their presumed campsites, we would stop and hike around the area, find traces of the old road and then review Storrs’ letter as he described his surroundings. We would take into account the time of day, which cliffs would be casting shadows and then finally locate the approximate spot where they were in December of 1882.

On arriving in Gunnison, we met with old timers at the Gunnison Pioneer Museum, but they didn't know anything about the Castle Mountain Coal Bank that was mentioned in one of the old letters. I had previously printed out a topo map of the area and felt I knew approximately where the mine was and where Storrs spent that summer keeping the claim jumpers off of his Uncle's property. In those days, property belonged to whoever was occupying it—otherwise it was assumed that it was abandoned. The photograph of Gunnison in 1882 on page 225 was found hanging on the wall in the museum. Notice the Gunnison Transfer Company sign which was his uncle’s place of business.

Anyway, following the descriptions in Storrs’ letter, we traveled 18 miles north of the center of town; the last two miles on a dirt road. And what should we find—an old deserted mining town called Baldwin, with a few shacks still standing. The area, however, had been fenced off by a developer and we couldn’t drive onto the property. Rereading the letter, Storrs described how they would go up the hill to the mine about 2 miles away. If one of these shacks was where Storrs had spent the summer, our topographic map showed that the mine could be just on the other side of the hill.

We went back down the road a couple of miles to a fork and then took the road on the other side of the hill. About 2 miles up this dirt road we found two outcroppings of coal on the east side of the hill and stopped to take pictures. I got out of the car, and as I focused the camera and studied the coal pits, I suddenly noticed a craggy mountain peak visible in a notch in the hillside. The topo map soon confirmed that this was the distinctive rock formation of Castle Mountain in the distance. Just like in a treasure tale, all the clues fell into place and we knew this had to be it. Everything now made sense. Warner's cabin was one of the first of many that grew into the little mining town of Baldwin and furnished the coal for
Rush Warner’s Gunnison Transfer Company.

Back in Grand Junction, we met with the curator of the Loyd Files Research Library and found many articles about early life in Colorado. The more we read the more amazed we became. We found a copy of an 1881–1882 diary kept by George Crawford, a politician who in 1861 had been elected governor of Kansas. The election, however, was later declared illegal. Crawford remained in politics and 10 years later was appointed United States commissioner under President Grant to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

During his career in government, Crawford came to recognized the promise of Colorado as a gateway to the west. So when the Ute Indian Reservation was thrown open to settlement in the early 1880s, he purchased several sections of land at the junction of the Grand River (later called the Colorado River) and the Gunnison River. He planned on building a town there which he would name Grand Junction.

In the diary entries for early May of 1881, Crawford begins traveling west by train with a small group of men to survey and lay out the town he envisioned. After reaching Pueblo, Colorado, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad headed up the mountain pass until it reached just beyond Poncha Springs. From there it was by stage coach with 6 horses each, over the summit at Marshal’s pass and down the dusty and treacherous road to Gunnison. Then much to our surprise, on the 21st of May we find the name Rush Warner in his diary— then 3 days later the entry, “Warner and son Harley”. Evidently, Crawford had met Rush at his Gunnison Transfer Co. and was eager to see his coal mine and assess the potential wealth of minerals in the area. And since Rush and his son Harley were familiar with the valley below, Crawford engaged them to accompany him to help locate and stake out the town of Grand Junction. Their names continue to be mentioned throughout his 1881 diary. For Harley’s efforts, Crawford deeds over to him a quarter section of land (160 acres) towards the end of September the same year. This land is presently within the town limits of Grand Junction near the Colorado River and is worth millions today.

It wasn’t until August of 1882 that the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad finally blasted a narrow path along the steep cliffs of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison for a narrow gauge railroad linking the town of Gunnison to the valley below—a feat previously considered impossible. The train museum in Gunnison has many historical pictures of this effort, depicting the inherent dangers of a railroad carved
out of these steep canyon walls. Accidents were common, bridges would wash out, and trains would go over the side and plunge to the river below. A spur was also run up to the mining town of Baldwin and the surrounding cattle ranches.

Three months later, the first engine arrives in Grand Junction, finally providing railroad communications with the outside world. From Robert McLeod’s book, *A Valley So Grand*, “The sight of this, the first train in the valley, caused much rejoicing among the people. It was like the arrival of an army sent to relieve a beleaguered city.” A month later, on Christmas day, two weary young men from a ranch in Gunnison ford the Grand River with their three wagons and head for a newly acquired ranch close by. The population of Grand Junction at that time was 524.

In August of 1883, Harley sells his quarter section of land and the next month Rush and Emily Warner buy a whole block of land in a new tract that was to become the town of Fruita. This town, situated eleven miles west of Grand Junction, was officially formed in 1884 by W. W. Pabor, who had just published a book called *Colorado as an Agricultural State*. He immediately began planting orchards and experimenting with all kind of fruit; especially peaches, apricots and grapes. The fruit trees, however, were eventually destroyed in 1915 due to a disease and were never replaced.

By 1885, the Warners have moved into their new house on one of the town lots that they owned and then sell their other 23 lots on the block. Ten of the lots bordered the Fruita town square and today they are small retail stores. In April of 1886, Harley gets the deed to a full section of land (640 acres) just outside the town of Fruita where he plans to raise horses. This was the ranch that Anne mentioned so often in her letters from the Warner home in Fruita a year later. And guess what—Big Salt Creek runs right smack through the middle of it. We drove as far as we could up Salt Creek Wash, retracing Anne’s horseback rides, deer hunting expeditions and overnight camping trips, as described in her letters.

In his copy of *Old Families of Concord, Mass.*, Storrs wrote the following entry (c.1930) next to Rush Warner’s name: “Son John Harley Warner, shot Salt Lake City 1891, unmarried”. This entry has always intrigued me, so I asked the curator at the Museum of Western Colorado to look into possible local records of his death. A month later, she sent me material which made a very perplexing story. The Salt Lake Tribune, on March 6, 1891 carried the following obituary:
Died: Warner – In Salt Lake City, March 5th, suddenly of heart trouble, J. H. Warner, aged about 25 years. The deceased was the only son of Mr. Rush Warner, manager of the Equitable Life Insurance Company. The young man left the office about 3 p.m., saying he was not feeling very well, went home, lay down on the bed without removing his clothing, and died in a few minutes. He was a quiet young man, the idol of his parents, and much beloved by many friends, to whom his death will be a great shock.

The curator also sent me a copy from the Utah State History/Burials Data Base:

Burial Information: Warner, J. Harley

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Field</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Birth</td>
<td>0/0/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death</td>
<td>3/5/1891</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burial</td>
<td>3/5/1891</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Place of Birth</td>
<td>United States</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Place of Death</td>
<td>Salt Lake City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cause of Death</td>
<td>[blank]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grave Location</td>
<td>Salt lake City Cemetery, Mt. OL--CEMT--</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Source</td>
<td>Sexton Records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comments</td>
<td>[blank]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

What does one make of all of this? How can a person die in the afternoon and be buried that same day with no doctor signing a death certificate or a family member providing vital information to the undertaker. Since Emily Warner was living in Massachusetts at the time (reason unknown), was Rush Warner simply too traumatized by the event? Why was there no funeral and who provided the information about a heart attack to the newspaper? The Barrett family would have spared no expense in providing a decent burial. Did Storrs learn later that his best friend had been shot and killed and that no one could admit it at the time?

In a taped interview with Emily Williams in the late1970s, as she reviewed Old Families of Concord and read her father’s notation, she commented: “Well, that doesn’t tell if he committed suicide or if it was an accident... I knew there was some[thing]....”

There is a mystery here, but I leave it up to some future researcher to figure out what really happened.
Two years later, in March of 1885, Storrs enters the University of Rochester. His father sends him $10 for tuition, $1 to keep for himself, and hopes Storrs will join his old fraternity—which he does. Soon, the lessons of academic life are rapidly being absorbed by Storrs, as in this letter to his sister Anne who is attending Wellesley College at the time:

“I shall be interested in knowing to what school of thought your instructor belongs. If she has not already warned you against herself, I feel it incumbent upon myself to do so. My plea to the student is to hold himself in perfect balance—continually suggesting to himself that this dictum just given by the teacher may not be right, and continually testing it by such facts as he may have in mind. Political economy, of all subjects, can have a greater variety of diseases and can catch them oftener than any other science.

“If your teacher be of the classical school, I warn you against eliminating humanity from the question—tho’ I lean myself rather to this side. If she be of the Ely school, I warn you against letting your sympathies warp your critical ability. The class as a whole will be entirely swung over to the teacher’s side—they will think her thoughts. Far better for the student if he can hold himself level in such a tide. He will learn much more of both sides if he takes and supports the other side, unpopular though it may be, provided this be not done through mere mulishness.”

Into his third year of college, Storrs plans a short visit to Grandma’s farm:

Rochester N.Y
Oct 19, 1887

Dear Grandma;

Kill the fatted calf and half your hen roost—I am going to make a descent upon the farm Monday Noon—if my plans do not fail.

I am going to Union College at Schenectady (is that spelled right Dena?) Friday morning on the seven A.M. train to stay over Sunday and on my way back I am going to stop over a day with you.

Tell Robert to crack an oat each day for Prince and tell Dena to put on her best ribbon and longest gown and sweetest smile Monday—and you—why bless your heart—put on a white cap and meet me at the door. I guess you need not meet me at Trenton for I may not be able to come & can walk anyway unless it is muddy & rainy. Don’t be disappointed if I can’t come but brace yourself for a good hug when I do come.

Story

fried cakes pies cookies
onions pigs chicken
popcorn pumpkin
Whoopla I’m coming
In May, 1889, we learn in a letter to Storrs by his father that Storrs has been chosen to give the Commencement Oration for his graduating class. His father of course is very proud and gives him much advice on preparing for the event. As usual, he tempers his advice by the familiar phrases:

“"My dear boy, I don’t write to make you do what you don’t want to do. I don’t want you to write the oration because I want you to or because you think I’ll feel badly if you don’t. I want you to follow your best judgement and I shall feel all right.”

Storrs graduates with a Bachelor of Arts degree. During the next two years he is principal of Middlebury Academy in Wyoming, New York. During his second year of tenure, Storrs receives a letter from a young lady by the name of Ida Clark, in response to a letter he has written. She is the daughter of Laura Colby and Orlando Clark who are living in Conneaut, Ohio, where Ida was born on April 12, 1870. Ida also has a sister, Celia, born Aug. 29, 1873.

Ida used to take piano lessons from Storrs’ Aunt Susie Barrett who lived in Kingsville, about six miles from Conneaut. As Storrs visited his grandparents during the summers, he became acquainted with Ida through the recitals she would give at Aunt Susie’s house. Auntie Warner would also attend these recitals, and Ida and her sister Celia became very close to these sisters, especially to Aunt Susie. Aunt Susie never married, but had a live-in house keeper they called Vic (Victoria Crowther) who remained with her throughout her life and was in her will.

In Ida’s first letter, written March 1, 1891, she addresses him as “Dear friend Storrs.”

“"Your letter of acknowledgment was rec’d. I am glad if my picture helped to raise for a moment the cares of the teacher for I know they can not be very light, and the memories of Kingsville are so much more pleasant. I am very often reminded of them and especially do some of the recitals remind me of dear little Emma (Auntie Warner) when some piece is played that she used to play so much.

“"I am enjoying my work here (Oberlin, Ohio) and find plenty to do. It would give me much pleasure to hear from you occasionally for—permit me to say it—your letters are always so interesting and original. I am aware that that sounds as if I had much previous knowledge. I have as witnesses this letter of yours and the memory of one written to Vic, Celia and I, although that was ‘dictated’.

“"If this letter proves a burden, please tell me so ‘frankly’ and believe me your friend—Ida Clark.”

Around this same time, we learn that Auntie Warner’s only son Harley has died in Salt Lake City. The family is devastated, especially Storrs who had been such a good friend. Auntie Warner, who was living in Berlin, Mass. at the time, was also having difficulty dealing with the sad event, so she has asked her sister, Aunt Susie, to come live closer to her. This means a complete disruption of Aunt Susie’s life in Kingsville, and in a May 4th letter to her “Darling
Ida” (who is away at school at Oberlin College), Aunt Susie writes:

“I have had so many changes of plan in regard to going away that I feel like saying nothing more until I know. It has been impossible to tell just what was best as Mrs. Warner’s letters have varied so in their tone—according as she was able, or not, to put her sorrow out of sight.

“The one letter which made me feel so terrible and that I must go to her has been followed by two or three others, some protesting against my coming until Fall, and others telling me I must not make a sacrifice in coming, &c, until I have become almost bewildered to know what to do. This has been one reason for my not writing you. I wanted to make a final decision first. I will not say now what I think I will do, only that I have delayed going for a time & shall probably be here when you come home.

“And Celia, poor child—I was almost alarmed to see how she felt when she knew I was going. She wept so incessantly and so long that I feared she would be Ill.”

Aunt Susie does eventually move to Newton Centre, Mass., and she and Vic return to the house in Kingsville now and then during the summers. In June of 1891, Storrs replies to Ida’s letter, addressing her as “My dear Miss Clark.”

“A relief from the cares of a school demands a celebration of some sort and I have determined to set aside today as a sort of epistolary Fourth in which to display my profound gratitude for a vacation. There will be no mental fireworks however, nothing explosive—so that you need have no fears in reading the letter.

“There’s a prospect just opened up to me of visiting Kingsville this summer, and in view of this prospect, letter writing seems tame enough, for I shall no doubt see you there and tell you in a minute what takes me an hour to write.”

He continues on, showing a remarkable insight into the scientific wonders that are just emerging from inventors like Thomas A. Edison:

“What wonderful times are in store for us when everyone has a phonograph and when we have only to sit down and talk off a letter, mail it, and our friend sits down to his machine and hears voice & modulation.

“Another advantage will be that a person can sit down to breakfast and eat in comfort while the phonograph is reading to him the morning paper.”

“It may interest you to know that I have resigned my position here though unanimously reelected. I am desirous of doing department work rather than general work of the kind at Wyoming. I have nearly decided to take a postgraduate course in Chemistry & Physics as they are most natural to me (I don’t know just what this expression means, but you can guess at what I meant).”

Then, four weeks later, Storrs returns to his grandparent’s home in Kingsville as a suitor and writes this wonderful letter to Ida six miles away:

Kingsville, Ohio
July 21, 1891
Dear Ida:

Should the kind Fate that presides over my destiny so will it, I propose taking that horseback ride on Thursday, while the moon is still good, subject to the following conditions:

1.) That it does not rain;
2.) That I can get a horse;
3.) That I don’t fall off at the outset;
4.) That Aunt Susie will let me;
5.) That my “haying” is all done;
6.) That nothing else breaks the “continuity of the concatenation of fortuitous circumstances” by which I hope to attain my purpose.

Don’t be alarmed then if you should see on the hereinbeforementioned Thursday eve, a solitary horseman winding slowly o’er the lea—it is only your humble servant.

The horse which I am to mount is at present moment resting quietly on his humble bed of straw little dreaming of the honor about to be bestowed on him next Thursday; the moon too, peacefully riding at anchor in the sky above, is swelling up larger and larger with “majestic pride” at the thought of piloting me safe home.

Adieu,

Storrs B.

Notice that he has to get around the protective arms of his Aunt Susie, where the Clark girls would often stay for a week at a time. Five days later, they are secretly engaged. The knight on horseback has won the fair lady in a record four months. Their marriage, however, would not occur for more than seven years later due to their individual pursuit of goals and aspirations.

The following day, Storrs again writes to Ida, and in his letter we find a gentle man who is just beginning to find direction in his life:

Kingsville, Ohio
July 27, 1891

My dearest Ida:

Just twenty four hours ago I was taking leave of the dearest girl in all the world, and now I greet her again for a half hour’s visit.

It has been hard all day to realize my good fortune and yet I have thought of nothing else. Vague plans that never dared present themselves before, have been taking shape—new aspirations, firmed resolves, renewed determinations for leading a higher life—have kept rolling in upon me until bewildered. I can only say, I know not of the future. I only know that she loves me and that I would do anything in the wide world for her.

This morning I wakened early; it was not yet light. A robin was singing exultantly and my heart joined in with him. There is to me something beautiful in those morning & evening songs of the robins. Surely, if there is worship among the birds, the robins are the choristers, with their praise service of the morning and their evening song of thanksgiving for another day of life and hard work.
then I heard a mourning dove—the Jeremiah—the weeping prophet of the birds—and it filled me with forebodings of coming sorrow, yet welcome joy and pain—they must both come, both have their mission, neither of them need control the heart’s happiness. And so the morning came on, the robin’s song ceased, the little ones were fed, the morning blended with the growing hum of a busy life as, one by one, God’s creatures, small and great, took up their burden. The sun’s rays struggled through the morning clouds and it was day.

Dear heart, does it not speak to you of the day dawn of love wherein all melody and all discord melt into wonderful harmony, and where morning promises not the still quiet of a life of idleness, but the grand chorus of an active life guided by love.

Yours, in very truth

Storrs

Storrs returns to a new job in Palmyra N.Y. where he begins teaching high school science. In a letter dated Sept. 20, 1891, we first learn of his interest in astronomy:

“I have become an earnest searcher of the heavens lately. Mr. Leach’s house has a portion of it flat—large enough for two or three persons. I go up there and work out the constellations. You won’t think me frivolous if I sometimes wonder if you too are looking out up to the wonderful beauties above us.”

And towards the end of the letter, he questions:

“Dearest, do you still love me? If you do not, here is my epitaph:

“Here lies the body of poor old Storrs,
Of living he lost the knack;
His girl soon found him the prince of bores,
And so she gave him the sack.”

“Or this:

“A Roman nose and two large feet,
Two eyes in color queer;
Were his, who for a maiden sweet,
Lies low in this here bier.”

Storrs has also become a Sunday school teacher, and in November he writes this humorous account of a special occasion at the church:

“Bible day was observed today and we had music and recitations galore. Some little folks from the primary department sang together with charming disregard for the key. Two boys spoke pieces—jerking out a bow before they had fairly faced the audience and bursting forth with their burden of rhythm like a high head of water from a faucet just turned on—another jerk of the head turned off the oratorical spigot and they hurtled off the stage with an actual sigh of relief. A congregation always breathes freer when a boy succeeds in passing through
such an ordeal safely.

“They tell me that even Homer nodded occasionally, and I am not ashamed therefore to confess that I too am subject to nods and will nod detain you long with a nodd letter, but nod an adieu to an adorable and very dear Veilchen [violet].”

His letters continue to express the feelings of a young man in love, but invariable slide into amusing observations filled with wit. In this letter of November 29, 1891, he is wondering to himself how he should express his love, then relates a couple of stories about his social life in the boarding house:

“What shall I tell my beautiful Hearts ease today? That I love her? She knows that already. That I’d like to see her? That is also an old story. My particular desire just at present is that I might stand by her side as she sits at the little melodeon, and pass my hand lightly over her cheek as once I did. And then she would cease playing & take my hand into both her own, & my cup of happiness would fill to the brim. And to think that those big beautiful blue eyes will light up for me as for no else in all the world and that I—just poor I—have the power to make them kindle!

“The little Ma’amelle here made havoc at the dinner table today by one of those child-like remarks which have slain their thousands. Miss Peek sits at one end of the table and I at the other. When Mrs. Leach brought on the dessert, Miss Peek said she was not ready for hers yet, and Miss Ethel cries out, ‘I know why—she’s been watching Professor.’

“The silence, ‘that came like a poultice to heal the blows of sound’, was broken only by the fitful clatter of our forks as we dove into the mincemeat. To deny the reason given—which could have been truthfully done—would only have exaggerated matters, and so we spent the remaining moments of the meal in silence, busily devising schemes for the utter destruction of the genus ‘kid’.

“A china wedding took place last night. I chipped in with a lot of others and a tea set was bought. When I saw it displayed at the wedding, I nearly—well, I vowed never to ‘go it blind’ any more. It was the homeliest set ever made. But otherwise I had a very pleasant time. I have not been out to many social gatherings, so I massed my forces—got together all my stories and fired them point blank at the enemy.

“I told Kingsville stories, Colorado stories, college stories and teacher’s stories—and was glad it was Saturday night and we had, as a consequence, to get home early, for my stock of lies was getting low. A more prudent man would have saved them and doled them out three at a time & then they would have lasted a whole year—but I am not a prudent man, am I dearest?”

It is now April of 1892, and Storrs continues to relate his adventures and misadventures, but ends this letter on a sombering note:

“After a week of lawful and enforced idleness, I emerge from the Institute tired out and mad. If I were to condemn a man to the most horrible punishment known, it would be to send him straight to a Teacher’s Institute where they were discussing topics that he cared nothing about but to which he was nevertheless
required to listen. If you were familiar with New York Institutes, I should go on and criticise and tell you how I would do it, but it would be dry to you.

“You will be more interested to know that leap-year is not entirely disregarded here as evidenced by the fact that tomorrow evening I am to be taken to hear a ‘female elocutionist’ by a young lady! Did I ever tell you of the grand blunder I made one night last winter? I will tell you now.

“I met one evening at a social gathering a young lady—a Miss Johnson—with whom I talked on every imaginable subject, the conversation finally drifting to elocution; whereupon I began to air my opinions about ‘female elocutionists’ and the miseries they inflict. I was going further into detail when someone stepped up and began to talk to Miss Johnson about her elocution............

“Weeks passed by—I became a well man again. Meantime the wretched affair had got all over town. Finally an elocutionist came to town and I took Miss Johnson by way of reparation. She has retaliated by asking me to go with her to hear a Miss Samson (who is her cousin) on Monday. Miss Johnson is a very pleasant girl but in poor health and quite lame. Her father is one of the wealthy men of the town.

“I have not told you yet of the Institute from its social side. Most of our teachers boarded at one place, and as the principal went home every night, I was the only man to look after all those creatures—a hard place to fill, think you? You may be assured I rose to the occasion. At the teacher’s social, my collar button gave way—and my collar, I may say, rose high above the occasion—but my friends piloted me out after awhile.

“One of the teachers in the academy at Newark is a Miss Horton with whom I was very much pleased. She teaches geology and we are to get up an excursion of our two classes & go to Rochester to see the collections at the University.

“We visited the State Asylum for feeble minded women on Friday. They had a lot of girls who marched, sang, danced, & went through gymnastic exercises very finely—but oh, the pitifully vacant faces, the hopelessness, the sickness, the suffering on the faces of the older women was terrible and it seemed as if a great mountain-weight was lifted from me when we were again out of sight and sound of the horrors within those splendid buildings. It seemed so cheering to meet pleasant, happy human beings, to hear the birds sing and all nature respond to the impulses of an awakening spring as if there were no such thing as sin and its horrid progeny of insanity.”

In September of 1892, Ida follows in the footsteps of Nellie and Anne, and enters Wellesley College in Mass. But in a letter written to Storrs that same month, she expresses doubts about whether she will like it there and perhaps that she should have continued at Oberlin College in Ohio instead. Storrs reminds her that it was her own idea to go to Wellesley and that she will soon make friends there:

“I’m glad that you don’t feel that you have to ‘gush’ over Wellesley for my sake. Whatever you write to anybody else, you must write the absolute truth to me—else where shall our confidence begin?

“I believe you when you say that the college is almost ideal but at the same time I do not care greatly should you find it preferable at Oberlin. It is your own idea, you know, this Wellesley business. And you are not to stay there for anyone’s sake except your own sweet will, and mine, which is the same thing.”
We also learn that Ida’s father is straining financially with both Ida and Celia in college at the same time. Ida is thinking about teaching for a year next summer to relieve expenses, but Storrs is against it. He is willing to wait four years for her, but the thought of another year separated is too much for him.

“I have been revolving plans all summer but I have hesitated saying anything because they are so vague. But perhaps I should unfold. My present pet scheme is this: I hope to obtain a situation next year which will bring me in a thousand dollars. What I would delight to do would be to pay your expenses at Wellesley next year.

“I think I understand matters at home quite perfectly. I do not entirely sympathize with you father’s views of the object of an education, and yet I know that the draught on his income must be considerable for both girls away at the same time; besides the fact that Celia, of course, is to receive the same opportunity as you.

“What I want to do is this—to relieve your father of all college expenses that we may be brought together without unnecessary delays.”

Somehow things are resolved, for Ida remains at Wellesley and Storrs decides to go for a graduate degree in science at the University of Chicago. On December 18, 1892, he writes to Ida:

“I have decided upon my course. It is to be astronomy, mainly in its physical aspects. I have been worrying over a decision for weeks but came to a conclusion on Monday. Sometimes it seems to me wrong that I did not ask you your advice. I am a little appalled when I think that I did not. But it was not on account of lack of thought of you. I asked no one’s advice except one professor. It seemed to me that no one at home nor you were in position to know which was better for me. I knew my own inclinations and powers better than anybody else. I have been quite happy since my decision was made and am impatient for next term to come that I may start in with all my energies.

“This term most of my work has been in geology. Astro-physics is an almost entirely new phase of astronomical work. It consists very largely in photographing the sun, stars and nebulae, and in research work with the spectroscope. If I am to teach astronomy it probably will make little difference whether I had that or geology or any other of the sciences, but if I am connected with some observatory it might locate me in some out-of-the-way place or not.

“I wish that you would write me at once how you feel about my work. It is not too late yet for me to change my course. I am in hopes however that you will be glad over my choice.

“My chances for working in the big observatory will be good when it gets to running. Prof. Hale is the only one in the United States or in America who is doing this work and there are only two in Europe. So you can see that it is a new departure—one nevertheless which promises great results.”

Evidently, some of the ideas of the women’s rights movement that are frequently expressed at Wellesley has been absorbed by Ida and subsequently repeated to Storrs in her letters. Storrs
quickly meets the challenge, as any sensible man would do:

“Say, next time we travel together you may take charge of my ticket & check the baggage and run the whole thing. Anything to keep you from having any feeling on the matter. No—neither shall I be scared if you became a woman’s rights woman for I should very calmly obliterate all traces of such tendencies during our honey-moon. I shouldn’t have the slightest compunctions in the matter. Of course, my dear, you understand that we two are to (be) one, and I am to be that one! No sputtering back now, remember.

“Seriously, my darling ole blue eyes, if I thought you were to become a ranter, I should be somewhat alarmed. If you were to be that mild sort of woman’s rights woman, a representative of whom is my oldest sister, it wouldn’t be enough to hurt your usefulness very much, nor to make you bubble over more than once a year. The only trouble with women is (I am now high up on my lecture platform) that they get a single idea into their heads which, after its insertion, finding plenty of spare room to grow in, develops a fungoid growth to the detriment of every other would-be occupant.

“That’s the trouble with very many of these W.C.T.U. women. They are cranks without any capacity of appreciation for the good work of others not in their special line of benevolence. A lot of sanctimonious roman-nosed old hens with a telltale pucker at the corners of their mouths. That’s all right—you needn’t sniff and apply the argumentum ad ‘hominem’. I’m discussing the women just at present—some day I’ll go for the men—hard too.”

In a letter written on April 3, 1893, Storrs finds himself at peace with his academic studies, as well as defender of the West:

“Today we plunge into the vortex again—another twelve weeks long pull, but somehow I do not dread starting in as I used to do. There used to be the daily strain of recitation and the prodding of one’s conscience to make him work over some lesson that his heart was not in. That is all done away with now and I am Happy.

“I caught young Mrs. Hale kissing Professor Hale today—and an immediate wild longing came over me to quit this mad business—bequit you from your school and settle down. From your last letter, however, I fear me that that will never happen. You are too much wedded to your beloved East. But why oh why did you make an unprovoked attack upon my beloved Chicago? The East is worn out—effete—the West is aggressive—democratic—dusty. We have the biggest, the largest, the grandest, the most extensive, the heaviest, the broadest and deepest chip on our shoulder there ever was in the world and we dare the universe knock it off!”

Storrs is becoming good friends with Prof. Hale, including his wife and their family. They often have him over for meals and their kindness to him is expressed in his letters. In July of 1893, we first learn in the letters of the plans for the Yerkes Observatory. He remembers later in life, how in the winter of 1893, the lake was frozen over earlier than usual and he and Prof. Hale laid out the plans for the Observatory.
“Prof. Hale and I go to Lake Geneva, Wis. tomorrow. It is about 75 miles from here & is the site of the Yerkes Observatory. We are going to locate the North & South line. I am delighted to go—both on account of going with Hale & on account of the trip.”

Also in July, we find him sitting under a tree on the shore of Lake Michigan, enjoying the scene before him and reminiscing about his boyhood on the farm in Trenton. He remembers the maple tree under who’s shade he used to spend the summer, where many of his boyhood battles were fought. He recalls the sweet smell of half-cured hay and the little pond in the pasture. Then his thoughts turn philosophical, as he attempts to reason out his religious beliefs to Ida:

“I do wonder sometimes if it is true that, ‘He prayeth well who loveth well, all things great and small’. To me there seems more of worship, more of communication with God in a morning like this than in a hundred services of the usual kind. At such times as these the non-essentials of our creeds fade away—all the narrowness—the petty jealousies and bickerings disappear until the doctrine of damnation is forgotten in the glories of a Father’s love.

“This is not a statement of my creed. I do not know that I could make one now, but it is not in entire harmony with my own church. It seems foolish to suppose that while every thing else is subject to development, religion must be fixed in the form given it by Calvin hundreds of years ago. Nor can I believe that God gave us reason for us to stultify. You as an inborn scholar and thinker will not be disturbed by what I say, and what I have told you of my thoughts few others know. Do not doubt my sincerity—my daily prayer is that I may know the truth—that every faculty of my mind shall be open to the truth whether it conflicts with my previous opinions or not, & that I may have humility.”

This bit of philosophy from a preacher’s son was probably a complete surprise to Ida and didn’t at all fit in with her Baptist beliefs. We do not have her response to Storr’s religious views, but evidently it stirred things up quite a bit with a lot of questions on her part. A week later, Storr’s painfully searches his innermost beliefs and tries to explain to Ida his newly expressed feelings on the subject:

“I know that I was not very ‘specifically specific’ in my last midweek letter. I do not know that I can be. I have no clear idea of what I wrote, but my impression is that it was a plea for holding everything, nearly, tentatively & for liberty to question.

“I shrink from writing out my beliefs. I shrink from every attempt at attacking old faiths. But to you I owe it as a duty—you have a right to know. In a positive way, my creed is short. I believe in God the Father, Maker of Heaven and Earth. A loving Father.

“I do not at present believe in the divinity of Christ—except that he partook of the divine nature as we all do, only his was of a far greater degree. This then throws out the Atonement. You will see that this throws me in with the Unitarians.

“I have troubled over these things since my Junior year in college, but most of the time declaring that I would believe even if I did not. I can not do even this
any longer. I have wronged you in not telling you of this before. To myself, thinking only of myself, I have said, ‘I do not care what she believes—I do not greatly care—because it makes but little difference.’

“But now as I look from the orthodox standpoint, I can see how terrible such a position as mine would seem. Hell, from my standpoint, is nothing so long as I love God & my fellow man; from other’s standpoint, I am sure to go there. So you see, those differences between us seem light to me; but to you, they may be appalling.

“Dear Ida, do not think too harshly of me for what I have written. I know that I have pained you—perhaps my old faith may come back but I can not hope that it will. I am not sure that I want it to come back. That I will be cut off from many of my old friends, I know. But even if the worst should come, still I can not say, ‘for her sake, I will believe what I cannot believe’.

“Do what you think for the best for you. You are and shall be blameless in my eyes—a pure white flower that has blessed me more than I deserve.”

Ida’s letters are filled with school activity and dwell on the literary and musical performances she has attended. She talks about readings and recitals, museums and outings, and everything a fine liberal arts student would want. Unlike Storrs, she is focused on her college life and really doesn’t relate to him—talk to him—as he does to her. They seem to be quite the opposite of each other, as in this opening paragraph of a letter on March 31, 1895:

“My dearest Storrs—Wish’t I was home and you were too. What would we be doing now at five o’clock? I should not have been to the Old South Church and sat in the ‘dim religious light’ of that magnificent church with the multitudinous carvings and beautiful windows. I think I rather like the twilight which was so deep that as I went in out of the sunlight.... etc. etc.”

The poor fellow is not mentioned again in the rest of the letter. In contrast, we have this little ditty from Storrs, written on July 12, 1895:

“My Dearest Hon
Here is your man
Now have your fun
And when it’s done
Come on the run
To the waiting one
For whom there’s none
So fit to stun
As she who won
This lonely son
Of
A
Gun
Storrs’
Ida is just not ready to settle down to marriage. Her thoughts keep wavering between her Wellesley life and a career in teaching, versus a married life with Storrs—as in this letter written Feb. 2, 1896:

“Cannot you come on here and be a sort of comfort, refuge and support during these trying mid-years? Be a plan where I can bury my head on your shoulder and forget everything else but the one important fact that you really do love me a little. Isn’t it strange how the temperature changes? During the vacations it seem as though the end of Man or (me in particular and you) is to get married and “live happily ever after”. When I get back here and feel the thirst for study and a different tide of sentiment, I find myself planning to teach and earn a living. My latest scheme is to make up a year of French and take 3rd year next year; besides, after the examinations I am going to practice an hour every day.

“I really would like to teach German, French (if I could) and music. I really do want to teach after we are married. Besides being domestic, I want more irons in the fire than just the flat iron.

“Now dearest, don’t look so dark and threatening or hurt or I don’t know what. No doubt I shall be a great trial to you to know what to do with such a wife.”

Storrs’ sense of humor and wit remains undaunted; the reader is encouraged to follow his logic here as he explains to Ida, in November of 1896, how he sees things regarding enthusiasm:

“I can imagine Fraulien Wenckebach becoming exasperated with anyone who did not have a voice like a fog horn—the Germans all speak as if they were talking across a pond. I think Anne caught it from her—poor child, its the bane of her life to be told that she is talking too loud. I think too she is apt to lay too much stress upon enthusiasm. A good many women and men do. Some day when you want to write an essay, take enthusiasm as a subject but treat it in the opposite way from the usual mode—wade into it. Now of course you will say at once that I say this because I have no enthusiasm to speak of—and that is true. I am cultivating the quality in myself to some extent, though it is a good thing in its place. But you see there is a splendid chance for attacking it. Everybody says, “O for enthusiasm, enthusiasm, enthusiasm”—fiddle sticks. They’d better give more time to a development of good judgment faculties than to work up a lot of enthusiasm and then go around hunting for some subject (not much matter what it is, so long as it will extract the bottled enthusiasm) upon which to expatiate.

“That is what Ken Shedd has been doing his whole life. He has seen that enthusiasm is a good thing, ergo he will be enthusiastic; and being inclined that way anyway, he has enthusiasm under high pressure on top at all times. Prick him on art, religion, politics, fashion—whisk! There comes a wild gurgle of vocables mostly nonsense. No man can talk as much as he does without talking such nonsense and some untruth.

“Look at the enthusiasm in bad causes. In the rebelism in the last election. How enthusiastic were Napoleon soldiers on behalf of a leader who was wrongfully ambitions. If then enthusiasm is to be seen equal on the wrong and the right side, and granting that the world is growing better (i.e., the right side is conquering more often than the wrong), we have on one side of the equation,
judgment + enthusiasm, and on the other only enthusiasm, because the wrong side has no good reasons for their stand and must therefore depend upon enthusiasm entirely.

“Of course you see that most of what I have written is nonsense. I could pick it to pieces myself. But I have a germ of truth here somewhere, concealed like Saul ‘among the stuff’.”

In March of 1897, we learn that Storrs is staying with Robert and Anne in a little flat near the University School. In his letter to Ida he tells of Robert’s new position, but reflects on his own:

“Mr. Coulter of the University School has suggested that I take the fifth form boys next year. But as this means the teaching of English grammar and geography and American history with a small salary, I shall not consider it except as a last resort. It would of course be a great advantage to live with Anne and Bob and stay in town, but my own specialty would be of no use at all and I should be putting off getting into it with the chances becoming less and less as time went on.

“Aunt Susie writes in anticipation of your visit during the Easter holidays. I’ve no doubt she is very lonesome for her old friends. She writes of going back to Kingsville in the summer and of leaving Vic to stay until November. She wanted to know when I could come to K. I have written her that it is extremely improbable that I shall go east at all this summer, and if I do go, that it will be late in the season.

“If I get a chance to make any money next summer, I must do it. And the summer time promises to be the harvest time.”

After five years, Ida graduates from Wellesley in June of ’97 and begins a year of teaching school. In January of 1898, Auntie Warner writes to Ida with her thoughts on the subject of marriage and independence:

“My last letter from sister (Emily Warner) tells me you have returned to your school duties. I hope you have not gone too soon.

“Have you found the school work wearing or is it so fascinating that you want to continue it another year.

“I sympathized fully with your desire to teach at least a year after leaving school. Every true woman I think when she marries gives up something of her individual freedom, and while this sacrifice has its compensation in much that is gained, yet it is natural that every one should wish to test her abilities to plan and do for herself. It’s best to try one’s wings and learn that it is wearisome flying alone, then the companionship of the loved one will be so welcome that one will overlook the duties that union imposes.”

In July of 1898, Mother Barrett is writing to Storrs who is staying with the Wilmarth family in Lake Geneva, WI. Storrs has asked her to come there to visit him, but she regretfully declines, stating her need to be with Robert and Anne in Chicago, helping to take care of baby Emily. She says that they keep the table set for him and hope that he will come strolling in someday.
Evidently he does, for on Oct 19, 1898, he writes to Ida from Chicago, after first explaining the sad news about baby Emily’s death:

“I must write however about those things that more nearly concern you and me. I have agreed to take charge of the two (Kohl) boys for a year or thereabouts. I give them every morning from 9 to 12 and shall go with them on some Saturdays on various excursions. For this I get twenty dollars a week. then I have two nights at the Lewis Institute which brings me in seven more dollars. This last position lasts for twenty weeks.

“Supposing that I keep the boys ’till the first of September [’99] and throwing out two weeks vacation will give me an income of $980. There is a chance of picking up tutoring for the afternoons. Last year it was over $120 during the school year. Then at Oconomowoc (Wisconsin) there would be leisure for summer tutoring. So that I have an assured income of a thousand at any rate.”

He goes on to explain that when he accompanies the Kohl family to Wisconsin, she could be with him during the summer after they are married, where they could live at a nearby boarding house (at $6 per week). And if he went to California in the winter, which he doubted, she could stay with Anne and Robert. But first and foremost on his mind is the fact that he wants to get married as soon as possible:

“Now this is what I am very anxious to do—get married by Thanksgiving. I can’t see the use of waiting until December. What’s the matter with your graduation gown for the ceremony? I am anxious for a very simple wedding and I should feel miserable if I thought you or Mrs. Clark felt that much preparation was necessary. I know (just between you and me) that your mother will want to have as much sewing and as large a wedding for you as for Celia—bless her dear heart—couldn’t you head her off?

“This letter is to make you decide on Thanksgiving. Make your dressmaker come. Just set your foot down and she will do it. If she won’t, take those graduating sleeves and take a ruf thus (sketch) and it’s all done. Mebbe [sic] put a few frills in the skirt this away (sketch) and that will be all that is necessary. Anyway, no one would be fool enough to quit looking at that sweet face of your just to look at a gown. Them’s my opinions.”

On November 10, 1898, Mother Barrett writes to Ida from Chicago, explaining why she cannot leave Anne at this time to attend their forthcoming wedding, addressing her as “My dear Daughter.”

“We find there are quite a few questions to be settled when we sit down to say just how things are to be. But I fancy if the time had been postponed until Christmas, at the last there would have been the same little flurry. Since Storrs wrote last evening Anne and I have been thinking that he should go on a day sooner. If he should be delayed by any accident he would have hardly time to reach you. Then he and Nellie would like time for a little visit, to say nothing of a quiet hour that you might like together. Robert could take his students for once and that would leave him free to go on Tuesday. Don’t you think this the better
plan?

“I am sorry that I cannot see you married, but it does not seem wise for me to
leave Anne, even for a few days. Then the fatigue of such a journey is something
for me to consider. Little Emily’s death has changed so many things and one is
the fact that I have lost in a measure my courage. To start for the east seemed
such an easy thing to do only a few months ago. Now it is a long and wearisome
journey.

“Give my love to your dear Mother. I understand her sorrow. But I give to
her a lovely son. There could be no better.

“Now dear heart, do not work to finish up things. Just let things slip out of
your hands while you rest and enjoy these last days at home.

“Once more, with a loving kiss and a cordial greeting to Celia and Art, I am
and shall always be, Your loving Mother...Emily B. Barrett.”

Then, just before the wedding, Mother Barrett again writes to Ida:

“The hour for Storrs’ departure draws near and I think if I could go with him I
should be very happy. It is all so different from the wedding we had planned. If
Emily had lived I could have left her with Margaret and I should join you with
Nellie. But now no one of the children needs me as Anne does. I can see from
day to day that she is having all she can bear, and sometimes I fear that physically
this great sorrow may prove too heavy for her. She is so happy in the thought of
your coming. We shall try not to sadden this joyful time by tears, and you may
feel sure that at no time could your marriage prove a greater blessing.

“We had hoped that this last week might be sunny, giving us a little glimpse
of those golden hazy autumn days. But the western blizzard is moving steadily
toward us and I fear by Thursday it will be with you! If we could only harness
and drive it in another direction!

“The evening wedding will be bright in spite of the storm and you will have
just guests enough to fill the house. So if no disaster overtakes Storrs on his way,
I know there will be a quiet lovely wedding and I hope and pray the united life
may be full of the sweetest, tenderest love. I believe it will be.

“I give my boy to your father and mother to be theirs in very truth. I hope
they will give him a warm place in their home. I feel sure they will.”
Early Marriage

Storrs and Ida are married in Conneaut Township, Ohio, on Nov. 24, 1898, presumably at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clark. Auntie Warner recalls the event in this thoughtful letter to Ida, shortly after their marriage:

“I am very glad that Ida feels at home with and admires Storrs’ circle of friends. I knew of course that they were fine or he would not care for them, but it is a more important thing than we realize sometimes, that a man’s friends are his wife’s friends, and vice versa.

“If only, you can keep well and strong, life’s pathway looks very inviting. If there are rocks and pitfalls ahead, let us be thankful we can not see them, and enjoy the flowers by the way, so shall we be stronger to meet them when they rise.

“It was a source of regret that more of us could not be present when you were married. If Nellie could not have gone I should have been greatly disappointed, but she alone was a host.”

“Of course the holiday season is an unusually busy one with me. We have one little boy named Solomon. Imagine my consternation when a little colored boy in a Christmas recitation, announced that, “The earth in Solomon stillness lay.”

Ida remembers in later years that they spent their first winter living with Robert and Anne Hughes, when baby Judson was about 3 months old. Storrs and Robert were now the best of friends and the couples get along beautifully. Storrs begins to lecture and Mother Barrett hopes he may be situated by the coming winter so that he can accept the invitations given him.

By May of 1899, Storrs is tutoring the Kohl boys in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin while Ida returns to her parent’s home in Farnham, Ohio. Their letters express wishes of being together again, and in one of them, Ida reveals a little bit of her cultural upbringing:

“Sat. evening we went to the Concert of the Young People. I had to play an accompaniment, rather difficult, which there did not seem to be any one else who would attempt. The piece was a very elaborate piece of sacred music, some thing like ‘The Holy City’, which has been so popular with heavy accompaniment. It was too much for the singer to attempt. We had only a few minutes to practice it over together. She had not sung it or practiced it in some time and was all off on the time. A mother spoke to me after the concert to thank me for playing it and
seemed to enjoy it very much. I myself tho’t it a grand fizzle. I could not do justice to the accom. on the organ or with trying to keep with her and she was terribly and excruciatingly off key. It was dreadful.

“Such mediocrity as was assembled! Not a minister of the five present, or all of them combined could give a really fine sermon. I am dreadfully afraid that I am a condemned Pharisaič. Of course everyone must be judged by the use they make of their opportunities and none of these people have had exceptional or even liberal advantages, and the Grace of God cannot supply them and brains too. I wish I did not feel so critical.”

In the middle of July, Ida joins Storrs in Oconomowoc and Mrs. Kohl shows Ida a grand time. Mother Barrett writes back to her “Chilluns” with her usual, wise observations:

“Glad to get your letters and to know you are having such a fine time. Yes, it was kind in Mrs. Kohl to pay you such polite attention, but you and Ida have something to give in return—not horses and a carriage, or a fine home to entertain in—but certain graces of mind and heart that help to adorn them.”

Soon other prospects of employment for Storrs find their way into the family letters. There is the possibility of a European trip, with Nellie gushing: “My day dreams have already seen him [Storrs] and Ida started for the Paris Exposition having in tow some wealthy & ambitions boy whose people want him to do the whole”.

Lake Geneva is famous as a summer resort area, especially for wealthy families from Chicago only 85 miles to the south. The lake shore is rimmed by large and expensive estates and Storrs has the prospect of tutoring two daughters of a wealthy Drummer family over the winter in California. Mother Barrett is not exactly keen on the idea, as she explains in this letter to Ida:

“As much as I would like to have you both go to California, I would rather he should get started in the City Schools. Preparing for College is good work, and will count; but tutoring young boys, it seems to me does not, when he wishes to secure a position.”

Anne also has mixed feelings on the prospect of Storrs and Ida leaving for California. In a letter to them on August 6, 1899 she writes:

“I think it will be lovely for you to go to California but I’m afraid you have not charged enough to pay hotel bills for you both. If you can get in here in the schools it will be better yet for same reasons.

“I think of you as having an ideal time together. It must be pleasant in every way.

“Robert has only one more week of Vacation Schools and then he will work for his examinations which come August twenty-ninth. He has worked awfully hard this summer.”
Storrs is still undecided about his future and continues to work on his City examinations. Mother Barrett expresses concern about his health and admonishes: “Get shiny and well. That is the first duty. I wish dyspepsia might be forever banished. And I believe with the right exercise and food it will be.” This ailment would follow Storrs into his later life.

A few days later she writes to him on his birthday, allowing her thoughts to drift back to when he was a little boy:

“I have had all morning to think over the years that have passed since the happy day—when a son was born to us. It does not (seem) so very far away, those first years in Kingsville. Do you remember a picture of a little fellow in a plaid dress with a toy wagon in the foreground. The hair is curled on top of the head, in what is now considered most unartistic, but it was in good style then. Even to the anklet ties of patent leather.

“Later the same little fellow is dressed in a darker plaid with Turkish trousers of the same. He is mounted on a hobby horse and is a very happy looking little fellow.

“I have distinct recollections of a little fellow climbing into the back of my chair, when I was hearing a class or receiving a call, twisting a lock of my hair about his fingers. Always quiet because of the thumb that was such a comfort to him.

“There came the days at the Institute. I recall the time when you followed me about with a sad, tearful face, all because Papa, in his anxiety to make the children thoughtful, had given too much emphasis to the fact that I was not strong and might not live.”

Finally, in September of 1899, Storrs makes his decision. Professor Hale has offered him a position at the Yerkes Observatory as secretary and librarian plus a chance to do solar observation with the Rumford spectroheliograph. This was his true destiny. The teaching jobs had only been a means of support until he found what he wanted:

“You have heard through Mama of our plans. We are feeling pretty good over it all. Of course at the observatory the salary will be small at first and perhaps always so, but it will be congenial work, I am sure. The long winter is a drawback, especially for Ida. We think it kind of Mr. Hale to wait until next June for me so that we can get in our winter at Coronado Beach. I stay here two or three weeks longer and then go to Lake Geneva.”

Mother Barrett is delighted with the news:

“What a beautiful year seems opening before you. It is, so far as we can see, just the way Ida should spend the year—free from the care of a house, associated with cultivated people, and in the mild climate of California during the winter! And Storrs, freed from all financial worry, just teaching the branches in which he is well prepared, with an income that allows comforts if not elegancies!”
At this same time, Robert has found a new position in Whiting, Indiana, and so everything is in a flurry as both families prepare to move. Storrs’ and Ida’s things are still stored in Robert’s flat in Chicago, and the letters go back and forth trying to sort out what to pack, what to store, where do the books go and which trunk to take on the trip to California:

“Now to the question of dress,” writes Mother Barrett to Ida.

“The one tailor made suit seems the dress to have. A pretty silk waist for dinner with the one you have remodeled. Your evening dress for concerts and one second wool dress may seem best but perhaps not. Still, traveling here is not like traveling in Europe.

“I suppose a silk dress now should have a train. Anyway, you should have one skirt entrain for the dinners and other mild amusements you may have.”

Mother Barrett continues to go through Ida’s clothing, and for the next four pages she comments on each dress and waist and how it could be altered or combined differently to become more stylish. She warns Ida that in California the nights and mornings are cool, and the letter continues on into a discussion of capes and warm wraps.

After their trip to California, Storrs begins to prepare for his work at Yerkes Observatory. In May we find him in a one room boarding house at Lake Geneva where he takes a launch across the lake with other staff members when they journey to the Observatory. Sometimes the telescope is out of commission and other times the weather prevents any useful observations. Ida has remained with her parents and sister in Farnham, Ohio, while Storrs searches in his spare time for a proper place for them to stay. He reads the Montgomery Ward catalog at nighttime, jotting down the useful items of furniture they might need including the prices. He has allocated $300 for furnishing their house and encourages Ida to get books and magazines and “begin at once on a systematic study of the furnishings of each of the rooms.” He never loses his sense of humor, however, and in a following letter he writes:

“As I was coming home on my wheel this noon I felt so happy and saw so many new birds flying around that I determined to spend the afternoon in studying them and this I should have done, had one of the birds flying high overhead been more circumspect and less unerring. Instead, I put in my spare time looking over the catalog of shotguns.

“I love to see the happy birds
Go flying through the trees,
I love to see them soaring high
Against the stiffening breeze;

“It makes me glad to see them hunt
For food along the ground,
And I rejoice as well as they,
When e’er a bug is found.
“I like them almost anywhere
   But this one thing I dread:
   To have an evil-minded bird
   Go flying o’er my head.”

And written a few days later, shortly after wearing his new clothes for the first time at dinner:

“When e’er I get a suit of clothes,
   I take the best of care;
Before I go to my repose,
   To fold them o’er the chair.

“I mean I mean to fold them so,
   And usually do;
(If not too tired to bed I go),
   For the first week or two.

“But when the knees begin to bag,
   And the bottoms streak with mud;
My good resolves begin to lag,
   My clothes drop with a thud.

“Upon a chair or on the floor,
   Or almost anywhere;
And oft they’ve shed behind the door,
   And left to wrinkle there.

“And when I’m very tired I go
   To bed in them I fear;
But that is only when I know,
   My wife will not appear.”

Storrs continues to search for a house to rent but can find nothing suitable. He occupies himself by working on the telescope and developing photographic plates. In August, a few days before his 36th birthday, the extended family has gathered together without him at Nellie’s Forrest Lawn home and send him a birthday greeting. Nellie’s home is on the shore of Lake Ontario just north Rochester, and for the travelers from Whiting, the train trip is an easy overnight ride on the sleeper. They are all in grand spirits and send their individual greetings to him, conversing in the vernacular of the day:

My Dear Storrs,

We are at the supper table and are thinking of you on this your birthday. I intended to write you so you would read my letter today, but your Mother forgot and now the children have started now on a family letter. Will is playing some sort of a game with baby Judson. Nellie and Edith [Nellie’s adopted daughter] are playing bean porridge hot—the table is a big jiggle. But no matter we are a happy crowd and we send a big greeting to you on this your birthday. I shall send
another greeting some other day as baby says.

Love and love from Mother  [Emily Barrows Barrett]

Well Brer Rabbit

As Mama says we are in a good deal of a jiggle. My ribs are sore laughing at Judson. He has been having a dreadful spell of hawking & spitting, resting his hands on his fat knees & spitting far out. He has so many capers that are cunning.

This afternoon I was rocking with my knees crossed and reading the Outlook. He seated himself in his little rocking chair, crossed his diminutive legs, read a paper and sung, ‘Let a little Sunshine In’.

Here’s to your honorable health & to many birthdays, each friskier & happier than the other.

As ever, your lubbin—Helen Maria  [Helen Barrett Montgomery]

Dear Brer Rabbit:

You will doubtless see wonderful promise in this pencil scrawl of Judson’s [all over the letter]. Billy says Storrs will be charmed with that I know. Judson kissed the place where he made the circle.

Wish you and Ida were here—we have such good times. Here’s to your health and happiness and may you live long and prosper. I’ll stop my feeble remarks and give the others a chance.

Love to you both from—-Burr Ann  [Anne Barrett Hughes]

How are you on old boy?

We are living on the fat of the land. We still have olives and as I write I find that we may have to chew the rag for breakfast as Mother B. has just discovered a fine mess of baked ‘diddies’ in the oven.

Yours, Bill  [William Montgomery]

P.S. We are little fearful of an epidemic of ‘lint on the lungs’

My Dear Storrie

Here you are at another milestone, with your corns multiplying and your hairs fewer in number! May you increase and be great in the land! I hope it will be with you as it is with me, the powers that be have been very good to me.

I have a new pair of pants—white ducks, and I have smoked two cigars at one time. Wire me at once if anything happens.

Bob  [Robert Hughes]

As I am at this table I must add my greetings for your Birthday & to wish you many happy returns of the day.

H. G. Montgomery”  [Hugh Montgomery]

Dear Uncle Storres Storrs,

I didn’t know how to spell name and that is why I had to cross it out. Mama and I start for Boston tonight. We’re going to stay at Aunt Susies a day or two, then we are goin to Nantucket.

Edith  Edith Montgomery]

Years later, Storrs’ youngest daughter, Emily, wrote in the margin of this letter: “‘Burr’ seems to be Uncle Remus influence, as shown by Storrs B. always being called ‘Brer Rabbit’ by family ‘n friends. S.B.B.’s children were brought up on the Uncle Remus books—E. B. Williams.”
One can just imagine the giggles of the children as the story teller would add inflections to his or her voice, trying to imitate old Uncle Remus as he told his tales, such as this wonderful *Tar Baby Story*:

“Didn’t the fox never catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?” asked the little boy the next evening.

“He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho’s you born—Brer Fox did. One day atter Brer Rabbit fool ’im wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got ’im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun w’at he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby en he sot ’er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer to see what de news wuz gwine ter be. En he didn’t hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin’ down de road—lippity-clippity, clipity -lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low.

“Brer Rabbit come prancin’ ’long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz ‘stonished. De Tar Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“ ‘Mawnin!’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee—’nice wedder dis mawnin’,’ sezee. Tar-Baby ain’t sayin’ nuthin’, en Brer Fox he lay low.

“ ‘How duz yo’ sym’tums seem ter segashuate?’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. Brer Fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain’t sayin’ nuthin.’


“ ‘You er stuck up, dat’s w’at you is’ says Brer Rabbit, sezee, ‘en I’m gwine ter kyore you, dat’s w’at I’m a gwine ter do,’ sezee. Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummick, he did, but Tar-Baby ain’t sayin’ nothin’.

“ ‘I’m gwine ter larn you how ter talk ter ‘spectubble folks ef hit’s de las’ ack,’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. ‘Ef you don’t take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I’m gwine ter bus’ you wide open,’ sezee. Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“Brer Rabbit keep on axin’ ‘im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin’ nothin’, twel present’y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis’, he did, en blip he tuck ’er side er de head. Right dar’s whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis’ stuck, en he can’t pull loose. De tar hilt ’im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“ ‘Ef you don’t lemme loose, I’ll knock you agin’, sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he fotch ’er a wipe wid de udder han’, en dat stuck. Tar-Baby, she ain’y sayin’ nuthin’, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“ ‘Tu’n me loose, fo’ I kick de natal stuffin’ outen you,’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain’t sayin’ nuthin’. She des hilt on, en de Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don’t tu’n ’im loose he butt ’er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa’ntered fort’, lookin’ dez ez innercent ez wunner yo’ mammy's mockin’-birds.

“ ‘Howdy, Brer Rabbit,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee. ‘You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin’, sezee, en den he rolled on de groun’, en laft en laft twel he couldn’t laff no mo’. ‘I speck you’ll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain’t gwineter take no skuse’, sez Brer Fox, sezee.”

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

“Did the fox eat the rabbit?” asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.
“Dat’s all de fur de tale goes,” replied the old man. “He mout, an den agin he moutent. Some say Judge B’ar come ‘long en loosed ‘im—some say he didn’t. I hear Miss Sally callin’. You better run ‘long.”

In February of 1902, Nellie writes to Ida from Paris when she learns that Ida’s father has died:

“How swiftly our little years are flying and how silently faces we have loved long since disappear from our sides in the mysterious journey. The most beautiful thing about death seems to me the clear light that it sheds on relative values of things. All at once we know the inexorable and noble laws of life, how little time we have and what after all is worth while. It is worth seeing the vision even if one has to see it through tears, and hearing the music even if all pleasant little sounds must be hushed to hear it.”

In early September, Storrs is feeling quite good about how things are going, as noted in this letter to his mother, written on Yerkes Observatory stationery:

“Ought to see me now with a stenographer in the office, just a strutting around thinking of things to have her do. She is capable and steady, no ‘followers’ have as yet developed; perhaps her name keeps them off—Myr a C. Hole! Wouldn’t that jar you? Although there ought to be young men with a love for euphony (a pleasing sound) who would be glad to marry her just for the sake of changing her name.

“The Grand Duke Boris, a cousin of the czar, was at the observatory last week. He is third in the line of succession. He and his suite with Dr. Harper and two or three from the lake came up by boat, climbing the hill. They ordered carriages to take them to their special train at Williams Bay, but the carriages did not come in time and the whole party started out through the dust—walking past our house. There’s democracy for you.

“Robert’s mother is visiting a brother and so Robert has come up for a week. We are all going to play golf and have a good time.”

He is also planning on building their future home within walking distance from the observatory:

“Ida and I drove down to Mrs. Hutchinson’s with Mrs. Hale to see the little cottage they have built for their gardener in which, however, they themselves live in this summer pending the erection of a more pretentious house. Mrs. Hutchinson is to let us have the plans and we may build from them instead of using the plans we have obtained from our architect. The plan is somewhat as follows:’’
The sketch he drew above is a fairly accurate description of the 100 year old Barrett family home in Williams Bay that is presently owned by Kathleen and David Barrett Williams, and whose attic is the repository for all of these wonderful letters. The letter concludes with a description of some gifts he has received:

“Mrs. Wilmarth has recently sent me an electric candle which lights at one end on pressing a button [sketch]. This is for going around in dark parts of the observatory. She also sent one like this for the house [sketch]. It looks for all the world like a candle. It has a little electric lamp where the flame of a candle should be. Ida can use this for getting up at night and for looking at the clock.”

On September 9, 1902, Ida goes to the Hahnemann Hospital in Chicago to await the arrival of their first baby. She arrives on September 22 and they name her Helen Montgomery Barrett. Storrs writes to her a week later from Williams Bay about the fact that he has just let the contract for building their new home. “They will not guarantee the completion before Jan 15, but hope to complete it before Christmas.” He goes on:

“Please ask Miss Coulton to look out for baby’s ears. I don’t believe those scales are correct. Frost last night—farewell melons. Lean-horse Baker’s horse in the corn. Potatoes dug. Supper last night at the Parkhurst’s. Mrs. P. sends love to you. The Hales will be home Monday. Piles to do—.

Love and love to my sweetest little wife and daughter.”

In May of 1903, Mother Clark learns that Ida is ill and is concerned about the accuracy of a medical diagnosis made by her physician. Her thoughts on the subject reflect her wisdom, and the letter is repeated in full due to its historical significance regarding the state of medicine at the time:

Conneaut, O. R.F.D. No. 3
May 24, 1903

Dear Storrs,

I must write you a word—you can imagine how distressed I am from the contents of Ida’s letter received yesterday—and I want to ask you if there has been any other physician consulted but Dr. Shears. I know you both have always seemed to have so much confidence in him, but surely it could do no harm or he could not object to having counsel. Is it possible there can be nothing done to improve her condition without the operation or if it must be, would it not be better to have treatment longer than ten days before it is done.

You may have considered all these questions—if so do please write me. I don’t want to write Ida all my fears for it seems just more than I can bear and I doubt not you may have the same feelings—unless you have been made to see the way clearer than I can.

Two or three years ago esc. Mayor Stanley of Conneaut was told by all Cleveland physicians that he must have one of his kidneys removed as there was
no other way. It was thought by them to have a cancerous growth—I think it was—he would not submit to it and went to Battlebuck, Mich. to the sanitarium. They told him they could tell after treating him a while if an operation was necessary—and he got well without it and is well yet, for ought I know.

It must be that all this time that Dr. McGibbons was giving her medicine for her liver, it was her kidneys that should have had the remedies. Uncle Fernan [sic] and Aunt Nettie think they would never submit to an operation by the advice of any single man and think too she ought to have longer treatment before hand—but you may have had other advice.

I cannot bear to have anything left undone to avoid having to have the operation, but I know from her letter she talked as tho’ it was the only thing to do. Is there any such thing as telling by the X rays the condition of the kidney? Dr. Leet in town has a new and very powerful X ray instrument by which the bones in the arm are made visible. I don’t see why other parts of the body could not be examined as well.

Do please write me soon for I am so anxious...

Your loving Mother

Ida has been admitted to the Hahnemann Hospital in Chicago and it is believed that her right liver is the source of her illness. She is anxious to have the issue resolved, but the days pass in a sort of “wait and see” attitude. Storrs remains for the most part at Lake Geneva and her mother has care of the new baby. She has visits by her cousins in Chicago, and Anne, Robert and Judson are finally able to visit her after nearly two weeks. Her health continues to improve, with the only complaint now of a backache on her right side. The letters stop for a couple of years and we assume she has hurried back to Storrs and baby Helen in their new home in Williams Bay, near the observatory.

The first director of Yerkes Observatory was George Ellery Hale, who was just 24 when he and University of Chicago president William Raineway Harper called upon Charles Yerkes and made their case for an observatory to top the legacy of eccentric California businessman James Lick. Hale saw to it that the observatory would lead the world in the new science of astrophysics. Hale was young and ambitions with a tremendous amount of nervous energy. It was this same energy to excel at all costs that lured Hale to California’s Mount Wilson in November of 1903, leaving Yerkes under the guidance of Edwin Brant Frost. Frost did not have the vision or drive of his predecessor, but as the new director he was well liked by his staff and the residents of Williams Bay.

The following April, 1904, four other staff members leave the observatory to join Hale in the new undertaking at Mount Wilson, taking with them a good deal of experience and equipment. A month later, Storrs begins observing with the Bruce spectrograph, which he continued to do on a regular basis for the next twenty-three years. Edwin Frost recalls in his autobiography that it
was several years before the staff could be called at all adequate for the continuation of the work. He also gives tribute to Storrs:

“The observatory was fortunate in keeping at this time Mr. S. B. Barrett as secretary and librarian. I have been greatly indebted to him for his friendly cooperation in the administrative work of the observatory, and I greatly valued his advice on quasi-legal affairs and his faithful and valuable observational work with the stellar spectrograph.”

What he didn’t say was that after 1909, Professor Frost observed only occasionally due to the onset of blindness, and that nearly half of all the observations made between 1907 and 1920 were taken by Storrs. These 5000 plates formed the backbone of the spectrographic program at Yerkes.

In early December, 1905, Ida is expecting her second baby, so Mother Barrett has volunteered to stay with them in Williams Bay to help out. Ida is admitted to Hahnemann Hospital in Chicago on December 5, but the baby isn’t born until December 17. They name her Laura Colby. Recovery was slow in those days, for she remains in the hospital for nearly four additional weeks.

In late April of 1906, Anne takes ill and what follows are weeks of uncertainty and heartbreak. The doctors are not sure what the matter is and they try different treatments. Ida’s baby Laura is also sick at the time—more so than some had believed, as in this letter from Mother Barrett:

“The condition of Anne has upset us so and you, Ida dear, have had a double portion in the illness of baby Laura. I did not realize that you considered her illness at all serious, until more recently. It must be that you have not struck the right food that would nourish her yet properly.

“The latest news from Anne seems so discouraging but I do think she will begin to rally her forces before much longer.”

But several days later she writes again:

“Yesterday I spent in an agony of suspense—and tears about our darling Anne. It seems as though we cannot give her up and may be the dear lord will spare her to us yet.

“I have thought about you too, dear. It is so hard for you to bear; with Storrs away and your own wee one so delicate and poorly. Well, let us keep up heart and lean all to Him who rules all. We can pray to be reconciled, whatever come.”

“I am so sorry for Storrs. His love for Anne was always so tender—.”

Ida is having a difficult time dealing with all of this and wishes that Storrs was at home with her:

“Don’t seem’s if I could have you away much longer, but I don’t want even to
say it under the present stress. Hon—my heart aches for you all.”

Anne dies on June 14, 1906, and the tragic event is recorded through letters in the Hughes Ancestry. Then in early October, we learn of another tragedy in a letter from Auntie Warner:

“Susie rested well last night due somewhat to opiates perhaps for all the evening she moaned or talked to herself of things gone by. I could always recall her & get an answer if I tried but we think it best not to get her to concentrate her thoughts, as it seems an effort & she seems more restless afterwards.

“Yesterday for the first time she told the Dr. she could not see him but she has seen very little if any since her attack. Her breath is offensive—the true apoplectic breath.”

Auntie Warner is staying with Vic in Aunt Susie’s home and they have a nurse to help out. They keep expecting her to die at any moment. She receives a long letter from Clinton, her eldest brother, who has definite ideas on the subject of funerals which he feels should be discussed at this time. He then goes on to explain in morbid detail the differences between burial, cremation and incineration; he is encouraging the latter. Auntie Warner writes to Nellie about this, and we get another insight into the strength and character of this woman:

“I had a letter from Clint about cremation but have written him that I knew her wishes, having talked it over after her last illness. She wished to be taken to Kingsville and laid beside Father & Mother. I could not think of going contrary to her wishes in this case, any more than of calling in a Christian Science Healer as another had suggested. She did not favor either.

“Our expenses of course will be heavy. Would a metallic casket be necessary in the winter? The nurse’s bill will be large but it is unavoidable. The Missionary Board will, I think, do something, but how much I cannot say. Neither Susie or I can expect any salary since Nov. 1. She has, in the bank & in her purse, nearly $200. She owes nothing much here. Vic & I have seen that her bills are all settled so far as possible.

“As for myself I am still able to care for myself & hope to do so till I am called home. I want you to promise me that if possible my illness, if I have one, shall be spent in a Hospital where friends can visit & cheer me, but where trained nurses can give me every needed care & no home be upset & every one inconvenienced by having an invalid in the house.

“I mean to have, by the time I am seventy, enough put by to get into an old Ladies Home. So keep a place for me in the Rochester one. Of course if I can get an annuity or some money for the Utah land I shall be glad—but am not worrying.

“Now you ought to know too that Susie made a will a number of years ago & in it she gave the Kingsville home to Vic & me, share & share alike. Vic has certainly earned her half of it & Susie considered that I had advanced money for repairs & necessary expenses when she was not earning enough to give me some right.

“But Vic & I both think that if it is ever sold and there is anything left, there should be a stone of some kind in the cemetery lot for Susie has always wished it. I do not believe in tall monuments—a boulder with a polished space for name
appeals to me. There is space for my grave in my own lot in Kingsville & there will be no need of a stone.

“I am keeping quite well & have a good appetite. Of course I get tired, more especially head tired, for her illness is of such a nature that it is wearing. If she was herself I should not mind her constant talk.

“I do not think it will be many weeks longer. For her dear sake I hope not.”

Unfortunately, Aunt Susie lives on until May 1, 1907, aged 65. And sadly, Auntie Warner dies the same year at the age of 68. They are both buried in Lulu Falls Cemetery, Kingsville, Ohio.

In September of 1908, Ida takes Helen and Laura for a visit with Nellie for a few weeks. The girls enjoy all of the attention from the relatives and friends, and Nellie and Ida have fun shopping together. They even go to a 5 cent show of moving pictures which Ida has never seen before.

Ida writes home to Storrs about all of the activities, and from a notation by Emily Williams on the front of this letter, we learn that Helen is going to stay with Nellie and go to school in Rochester for a while. By reading between the lines, we also learn something else:

“...I could go all to pieces thinking it is cruel to leave her for so long. Other times I am glad she can be here. I know she will have a lovely time. Last night she slept alone in Edith’s room and likes it very much and seems to be fast becoming accustomed to the tho’t of staying. She doesn’t really realize that I am going to leave her.

“If you come to Chicago I hope we can stay over night and I wouldn’t try to go to Chicago again this fall. If I go right home I’d like to go to Chicago soon again, for my chances are lessening or will be day by day. As yet no one would notice any change.

“I did not tell Mother Barrett our expectations. Nellie was rather sorry but took it as a matter-of-course. Auntie thought it all right and meant to be since it came unasked for.”

Ida is expecting another baby in February, and this schooling arrangement has obviously been made to make things easier for the family when the time comes. The baby arrives on Feb. 2, 1909 and they name him Richard Storrs. “We are so happy to have a little son. Everybody so glad for us”, writes Ida in her diary.

The Astronomer

On December 30, 1909, Storrs hears from his old friend George E. Hale at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California. Hale became director there in 1904 and played a leading role in the formation of the California Institute of Technology. He soon completed the 60 inch reflector telescope, which would again be the world’s largest telescope at the time and revolutionize
astronomy. The 40 inch telescope at Yerkes is still the largest refracting telescope in the world.

Hale writes:

My Dear Barrett.

I can’t tell you how many happy memories that little volume of Keats recalls. We had my own small copy in the Monastery [Yerkes], where it was read on many a windy night as yours shall be in the new Monastery [Mt. Wilson]. But my thoughts go back to the old days at the Bay, and to our pleasant readings there. What a pity that circumstances are always arising to separate us from our friends!

I feel the pull of old friendships more and more each year, and the little Keats makes the pull strong. In April, when I go on to the National Academy, I hope to accept that invitation from you, which I assume is still open.

Thank you most heartily for the Keats and for the fine group of little Barretts, who also tell me that time is flying.

With warm regards from all of us to all of you,
Sincerely Yours,
George E. Hale.

In late January of 1910, Baby Richard takes sick with a cold and high fever. Ida’s diary records the events that follow as she tries to save her baby:

Jan. 26 I am so worried about Baby & so tired from being up nearly all night that I am quite unstrung. I went to bed about 7 am & slept until 9 am when the Dr. came.

Jan. 28 Dr. came in morning & again at 4 pm. Said he felt 100% better for Baby’s kidneys were acting better. He feared complications from so high temp. Storrs, Persis divide the night sitting up with Baby.

Jan. 29 We thought Baby better. I bathed & changed his clothes. Doctor had been here & found Baby worse, limbs cold.

Jan. 30 Storrs had last half of night. I came down at 7 to take a bath & found Baby’s temp. 105. I telephoned Dr. who wanted Dr. Macdonald to see him. I began bathing to reduce his temp.

Jan. 31 Baby’s temp. went up high again. I am distracted trying to be with him as I want to all the time & see to kitchen.

Feb. 1 Miriam helped what she could in the kitchen.

Feb. 2 Baby’s birthday & he so sick. I hugged him close to my breast while I remarked that he had been with us one beautiful year. Oh if we can still keep him.

Feb 3 Dr. Macdonald again called in council & advises a trained nurse. Baby’s bowels bloated.
Feb. 4 Nurse came at 11 am. Baby had sinking spell at 10 pm. Dr. F. here about 2 am. Dr. Mead at 7 am.

Feb. 5 Another sinking spell came on at 10 am. A little after noon the little fellow opened his eyes & seemed to recognize father & mother, almost for the last time.

Feb. 6 O, the agony of this day!

Feb. 7 At 12:15 am “the little craft so happily launched a year ago sailed from our port.”

George Hale hears of the sad event and writes again from California:

Feb 15, 1910

My dear Barrett,

I can’t begin to tell you how deeply I sympathize with you both in your cruel loss. It has come to me again and again, for I have passed through such a trial when my father and mother were taken away and I know how you feel and how hopeless the future seem. But you are fortunate in having the other children to cling to, and time will slowly but surely heal the pain, sharp as it is now.

If we can possibly be of the smallest service, be sure to let us know. At this distance we find it so difficult to express what we sincerely feel. The news came so unexpectedly that I can hardly believe it yet, even though it is so often in my mind. Many a time, when our children have been ill, I have thought myself face to face with the terrible disaster that has fallen upon you. Yes, you surely have all my sympathy—I wish there were real service that I might offer. Do not fail to let me know if there is.

Your sincere friend,
George E. Hale

Hale attends his conference in the East, and on the way back he stops by Williams Bay to visit Storrs and Ida and reminisce over old times. After returning to his duties at Mount Wilson, which includes a once in a lifetime observation of Halley’s comet, he writes a letter of thanks to Ida:

May 11, 1910

My Dear Mrs. Barrett.

It does not seem possible, now that I am once more in the thick of work, that only a short time ago we were so pleasantly recalling old times together. I enjoyed every moment of my visit, and appreciate more than I can tell the time and trouble you spent for me. It was a delight which I shall always enjoy in memory—-to read with the children, and to believe from their ready approach that they had not forgotten an old friend. And the return to Keats and Shelly after too long an interval was another great pleasure.

How I wish that the continent were narrower, or that in some way the old days might come back again.

I found everyone well at home, the flowers rioting under a glorious sun, and many other welcoming beauties of California life. Now the comet—not to speak
of scores of other things—is keeping us so closely occupied that it is hard to get a
glimpse into the world beyond the mountains.

Mrs. Hale joins me in warmest regards to you all. She wishes that she might
have shared the visit, of which I have told her all the details.

Yours most Cordially,

George E. Hale

Hale goes on to complete the largest yet telescope in the world, the 100 inch reflector at Mount
Wilson, in 1917. This was surpassed again by Hale, when he sets out to build the 200-inch
reflector at the Palomar Observatory on Palomar Mountain, California. It was finally completed
in 1948, 10 years after Hale had died, and was named the Hale Telescope. Hale had set the stage
for modern cosmology. Edwin Hubble, who joined the staff of the Mount Wilson Observatory in
1919, capitalized on Hale’s development of large telescopes and was able to confirm the theory
of an expanding universe through observation using the 100-inch telescope at Mt. Wilson. This
of course led to the “big-bang” theory which is the basis for modern cosmology.

The sorrows of the loss of their baby boy are soon lightened with the arrival of a 3rd baby girl on
Feb. 1, 1911. She is named Emily Barrows. There is only one letter that documents this blessed
event and it is from another astronomer friend of Storrs at the University of Pittsburgh’s
Allegheny Observatory. Only astronomers, physicists and engineers will appreciate the
vernacular in this priceless letter:

Feb 7, 1911

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Barrett,

I wish to congratulate you on the discovery of Nova Barretti, and am only
sorry that distance prevents any visual observations.

However, as the days and weeks go on, a Nova of this type (first class,
undoubtedly) decreases in numerical magnitude and increases in “brightness”, so
that by mutual approach we may later be enabled to make more satisfactory
observations than could be done now. I judge the Nova in these early days is
decidedly red in tint, but that later the maximum intensity will shift so that it will
become more nearly white.

Its spectrum doubtless shows many good points which can serve as a basis for
speculation as to its future development.

We hope to be able to make a photographic study of it in due time.

With best wishes

T. C. Jordan

Storrs and Ida become immersed in the social life of the tight knit community of Observatory
families on the hill and the civic affairs of the village of Williams Bay below them. As secretary
for the observatory, Storrs maintains correspondence with hundreds of visiting scientists and
dignitaries from throughout the world, and thus he and Ida become central figures during their
stays in Williams Bay. These families were well-educated in the cultural arts in addition to their
own scientific fields, and they enjoy sharing their talents and enthusiasm for fine literature,
music and foreign languages with one another.

There is a famous group photograph hanging in a hall of the observatory showing the Yerkes staff (including Storrs) posing with Albert Einstein. Einstein’s theory of relativity had been first advanced in 1905 and was regarded as rather speculative at the time. He had proposed three definite tests for his theory which were all astronomical, and it was therefore fitting that the astronomers should make these crucial experiments. Einstein had shown mathematically that light must have inertia, that its energy could be expressed in mass of matter. Therefore the gravitational pull of the sun on the light from a star grazing the edge of the sun during an eclipse would result in a slight shift in its apparent position. Edwin Frost writes in his autobiography that this observation was attempted by them on June 18, 1918 using the Denver equatorial telescope, but cloudy skies prevented any photographs. During an eclipse a year later, the Greenwich Observatory successfully measures a slight shift of a star of the order predicted by Einstein, confirming his famous equation: \( E = mc^2 \).

In 1907, Storrs learns of a building on the west shore of Lake Geneva that is going to be torn down. It had previously been built by one of the estate owners to house a club room and bowling alley. Storrs and Ida convince them that there is a better solution; and with the help of other residents of the area, the building is subsequently moved to the village of Williams Bay to become its first library. When the village is finally incorporated in 1922, the library league presents the building and contents to the village free of debt (with a generous donation from Helen Barrett Montgomery). It still stands today and bears the name: “Barrett Memorial Library.”

Storrs became the first president of the village of Williams Bay and was instrumental in setting up a new school district that grows from a one room basement with a single teacher into a first rate high school. He and Ida were also active in the Congregational Church, and Ida worked with other observatory ladies to hold musical and artistic events in their homes—much to the enjoyment of the observatory visitors.

All three of their daughters grew up in this rich environment, filled with newsy letters and long visits from relatives; especially their cousins Judson and Harley. The girls all attend Williams Bay High School, then go their own separate ways to pursue their dreams and ambitions.

In 1924, Storrs is given an honorary degree of Doctor of Science from the University of Rochester. He retires from his position as associate professor of astrophysics in 1930, continuing to live in Williams Bay but wintering in St. Petersburg, Florida. After several years of illness, however, he finally dies in St. Petersburg on Nov. 25, 1937. He was 72 years old.
At his memorial service, several friends speak; eulogizing his friendship, character and the effect he had on their lives. His pastor provides a fine example:

“We are met this afternoon to pay tribute to the memory of Mr. Storrs B. Barrett. Let us remember that we are holding a memorial service and not a funeral, and so let us keep in a happy mood. I am sure it is appropriate to be predominantly happy rather than sad when we are paying honor to a life so well and usefully lived as Mr. Barrett’s.

“Speaking for the church of which Mr. Barrett has so long been a member and generous supporter, I feel sure that we shall never know how very valuable his interest and support have been. He always rendered his aid so quietly and unobtrusively most of us never knew what he was doing. Yet as we look back we can see that it was just the right remark dropped at a strategic time and place, or maybe a humorous comment made at a ticklish point in a discussion grown too hot for constructive results, or perhaps a generous gift made just when a good cause might otherwise have failed, that has helped the church at many critical points in its growth and development.”

But the best example comes from his wife, who has just received a letter of condolence from Storrs’ nephew, Judson B. Hughes. On Dec. 28, 1937, Ida writes back to Judson from St. Petersburg:

“I thank you so much for your dear letter, just the kind of one I knew you would write, for you loved Uncle Storrs as he loved you—whom he always spoke
of as ‘Juddy’. Do you recall?

“I said to him when he was so sick that perhaps we should not have driven down and he did not think it made any difference. It would have come any way. He had dropped remarks all summer that kept me in a continued state of depression, telling me and suggesting what I would better do when I was alone. I would tell him maybe I would go first, which would close the subject for the time being.

“As a friend has written, there comes a time when God is ready for his children—has the place prepared—that he calls them as naturally as when they came into the world thru the mother’s body. Uncle was ready to go; he felt his work was done. He never finished the life of Aunt Nellie for which he regretted, but his main life work was done.

“His greatest achievement was his beautiful character. The effect of his personality is evidenced in all the letters that keep coming in. To know him was to love him. He will still go on in all our hearts, the thought of his standard of conduct setting us an example to live up to. After all there is nothing greater than a great personality.”

Nine years later on Aug. 16, 1946, Ida passes away. She was 76 years old. Their ashes, including those of baby Richard, are buried in Lulu Falls Cemetery, Kingsville, Ohio.

Children

Helen graduates from the University of Chicago and in 1928 she marries William F. Morgan (b. Jan 3, 1906), a young man who obtained an assistantship at the Yerkes Observatory in 1926 when a 3rd year student of English literature, but with an interest in astronomy. He receives his bachelor’s degree through correspondence courses from the University of Chicago and then goes on to obtain degrees in astronomy and astrophysics. Bill Morgan gained worldwide fame when he developed a system of spectral classification of stars and presented his “Atlas of the Stellar Spectra” in 1943. It was a magnificent collection of maps of the heavens, years in the making, charting all known stars on the basis of two-dimensional physical features for the first time in astronomical history.

Then in 1951 Bill announces to the American Astronomical Society his proof of the spiral structure of the Milky Way, to which he received a standing ovation. “This was the first time that the existence of a spiral pattern was established without question,” said Dr. Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar, a Nobel Prize winning professor emeritus of astronomy and physics at the University of Chicago. He became one of the outstanding astronomers of the 20th century and was listed by Connoisseur Magazine in 1984 as one of 131 American Living Monuments. These people were acknowledged as the super achievers—chosen from 72 categories that span the arts, architecture, science, business, labor and government.

Bill Morgan and Helen have two children:
i) Emily Wilson, b. Jan 2, 1934, who never married.


Helen was very active in the First Congregational Church in Williams Bay, WI and also the Barrett Memorial Library. She dies on May 22, 1963 and Bill dies on Jun 21, 1994 at his home in Williams Bay.

Laura, the second daughter, did her undergraduate work at Steven’s College and the University of Wisconsin and later held master’s degrees from Columbia and Fordham Universities in sociology and social work. She pursued a career as a psychiatric social worker, but is primarily remembered as Ruth Lake—poet and artist.
Her poems, *The Astronomer and Other Poems*, were published after her death with the help of her sister Emily and friends.

On April 16, 1943, Laura marries Francis Gerard Lake. Emily Williams recalled later that Laura was kind of a free spirit and that she and her husband were both members of Subud—a fellowship of Indonesian origin in which members achieve an inward view of their own nature—“resulting in an inner harmony permeating their being.” “Ruth” was a name change given to her in the ‘50s by Pak Subuh (with an “h”), the founder of Subud (with a “d”), which she accepted in lieu of her given name, “Laura.”

The youngest sister, Emily, began the study of piano at a very early age—undoubtedly at the urging of her mother. She and her sister Laura gave formal piano recitals together at Williams Bay High School when Emily was just 10 and Laura was 16. Emily was a gifted pianist, and after attending Steven’s College in Missouri (the second oldest women’s college in the nation), she went on to earn a Bachelor of Arts Degree from the University of Rochester and a Bachelor of Music Degree from the University’s Eastman School of Music in 1932.

After graduation, Emily travels to Chicago to work at Jane Addam’s Hull House, an organization of well-educated idealists seeking solutions to improve the lives of the less fortunate through literacy classes, adult education, theater and dance programs, and development of numerous social and political reforms. This group of young people made Hull House the most famous settlement house in the United States and generated ideas, proposals, and policy reforms still felt 100 years later. It was there that she met her future husband.

On Aug. 2, 1935 Emily marries Harold Leo Booch, a Congregational minister. They subsequently have three children: Storrs Barrett, b. Feb 14, 1938; David Barrett, b. Jun. 29, 1939; and Peter Colby, b. Apr. 7, 1943. Emily and Harold become divorced, however, and on Oct 5, 1952, Emily marries again, this time to Mark Lindsay Williams. Two years later, Emily and Mark have a son of their own, Lindsay Clark Williams, b. Jul. 26, 1954. That same year, Mark adopts Emily’s two sons from her previous marriage, changing their surnames from Booch to Williams.

In 1966, the family moves to Salinas, California where Mark continues his career by teaching French and German in the local High School and Emily continues her career teaching music. Her talent and love of music was an important part of her life and she taught piano for nearly fifty years. She was also the organist for churches in both Salinas and the Williams Bay area. Their eldest son, Storrs Barrett Williams, marries first in 1963, Sandra Baird Buck and they have one daughter, Laura (Williams) Lehnen, b. Nov. 8 1964. Laura later marries David Grayling Paul on Dec. 31, 1996. Barrett marries second in 1971, Laurie Lindauer Taylor and they have two children: Alexandra Brooke (Shasha) Williams, b. Feb. 14, 1973, and Colby Barrett
Williams, b. Feb. 15, 1975. He next marries Carol Potzek and they have no children. Barrett eventually becomes a Buddhist monk and changes his name to Lama Kunga Gyaltser.

David Barrett Williams, the middle son, marries Kathleen Elizabeth Fiedler on Sep. 11, 1971 and they have two sons: Benjamin Barrett Williams, b. Aug. 24, 1973, and Frost Davidson Williams, b. Dec. 18, 1975. Ben has a Ph.D. in Medical Physics from the University of Chicago and teaches and does cancer research at Dartmouth College in NH. He is married to Margaret (Megan) Darrow, b. Feb 2, 1973, and they have one daughter, Emilia Nelle Williams, b. Mar 27, 2007. Frost is a Sales Manager with Hyatt Hotels. David is retired after serving many years as a Municipal Judge in Williams Bay, Wisconsin.


Emily dies in Madison, Wisconsin on Feb. 23, 2001, at the age of 90. A wonderful recording of her piano rendition of the Overture to William Tell, recorded in 1984 when she was 73, was played at her memorial service held at her father’s Church in Williams Bay, WI. This was also her church, where she had played the organ for many years. Connie and I attended her memorial service, together with all of the extended Barrett and Williams families. We also visited the Barrett Memorial Library in Williams Bay that was created by a grant from Helen Barrett Montgomery. It was pleasant to walk around the stacks of books, watch the people reading by the fireplace, kids bent over tables studying, and knowing that Helen Barrett and her husband had made a difference in their lives.

When Laura’s book The Astronomer and Other Poems was finally published, Emily sent me a copy of it with the following notation: “The Astronomer, of course, was our father, Storrs Barrows Barrett. As many times as I have read it and the poem about Mother, Redeem the Time, and about the ‘Little Brother’ Richard whom I never knew, I cannot read them without tears. You’ll find Aunt Anne’s name several times and Harley’s once.”

Two of her poems, written and published privately under the pen name, Ruth Lake, follow. After visiting their home (The Brown House) and the Yerkes Observatory in Lake Geneva, WI, her words take on a special meaning for me:
THE ASTRONOMER

For my father

I

The stars in the man-made dome were no less bright than shimmered in the dome of dark; the spiral stairs he climbed reflected pinwheels in Andromeda, and Cassiopeia served the place he sat. Or so it seemed to three he fathered late, as love displaced the orbits of the moons of Jupiter, and made them circle round, a Northern Crown, his gay and knowing head.

II

A fat and laughing boy there was whose feet were never to travel the mud and gravel, sidewalks, stairs and skies of this multi-colored planet. Chickadees always stay through deepest snows, but this one could not wait a second spring; the dark and shiny cherry near the porch grew tall with the daughters, swaying in his mind with a boy’s limbs around its slippery throat.

III

His tall and beauteous black-haired wife, her eyes the blue of sapphires, wearing pink and white with roses in her hat, played Chopin until the notes were drowned by lullabies. (Beneath her breath she hummed the same two songs for a lonely boy who played beyond her reach.) She freely gave him love and trust, and made his frugal home an anchor and a port.

IV

He walked as far as he could throw four stones to where a Byzantine had carved his mark in arabesques on the Roman pillared porch. The big domes squatted on earth the Indians loved: inlaid with lakes and wide blue western skies, fields and woods, corn and cows; sparked with the bright red paint of barns, and fired with falls — where minarets are silos and muezzins birds.
The mornings sprang to his whistle, spread in the sun; 
the girls' bare toes cooled by the marble halls, 
they ranged the cellars, balconies, pebbled roof; 
rode up and down on the moving circular floor. 
He tickled their necks, taught them the constellations, 
and the distance of storms by counting from flash to clap. 
They gaped at his pickled scorpion, urchin shell, 
and stood bewitched before his willow flute.

Muffled in bearskin coat and sheepskin boots, 
a man on a hill aloof from the crashing of cities, 
he set his sights in the dome's dim silence on 
a point of light so far away it left 
its shining source a couple of hours before 
the birth of Christ. Like a bird to a pioneer's gun, 
plunging through snowy wastes to the telescope's barrel, 
the stellar quarry fell to the hunter of space.

The eye-piece polished by his steaming breath, 
his mind and body lost to the spectral image, 
he photographed the astral light refracted 
into rainbows; watched while ghostlike gases scratched 
in black the inner secret of a star. 
Precision clocks and owls made friendly sounds, 
yet some nights were as long as they could be, 
and still be night and not eternity.

His days were spent in measuring these lines, 
in cataloguing books; composing letters, 
and being eyes for a man who earned his love. 
Like other seekers of the heavens who are 
cartographers of one small piece of sky, 
he gathered facts against the hour when a new Copernicus or Galileo 
should chart a larger journey from their years.
IX

He longed to find a star to call his own,
and blamed himself for being too small a man.
In pity for a student's desperation,
he gave away research which could have earned
a doctor's salutation, and labored then
that other men might star. The heavens were huge,
could even hold the failure of a man,
he thought, though he regretted it must be his.

X

When the Forty-Inch refractor swung it's arms,
stretched, and shot its single glittering eye
through the ceiling of this father's Baptist heaven,
immensities—like gliding monsters of
the sea—swam before his mind. He knew
the earth hung lonely in a dark abyss,
yet certain words, like certain stars, shone
like brilliant beacons from the depths of space.

XI

He tested the beams which housed his father's faith,
and slowly built a structure of his own,
where Christ conversed with classic philosophers
among the rooms. His mother vowed to search
from star to star until she found her husband:
he told the story with a gentle smile,
but seeing this timber had no easy fit,
he ruled it out, though allowing space for wings.

XII

The barometer in the hall could not foretell
his daughters' seasons; he scanned with fearful joy
the shy out-reachings of his first-born's spring,
the youngest—fair and warm with summer music,
the different stormy one who caught his heart
in winter worry. He searched with shaded eyes
for hurricanes, and wished he could by looking
know the nature of their coming weather.
XIII

His heart was frail, and so they memorized:
his toed-out walk, his speech; at the supper table,
they sketched his line of head and Nordic nose,
drew his blunt and gentle fingers, settling
points by the dictionary behind his chair.
They traced his grin, the way he smacked his lips
when pleased, his chin in laughter; etched his eyes
as near as warmth, far as an eagle’s flight.

XIV

They tried to capture the water of his wit:
like summer rain, shot with sun, it spilt
from effervescing eaves, dispersing mists;
sprinkled dusty porches, perspiring people;
chuckled in cisterns, but spared the chipmunk’s hole.
His humour spread to the roots of all their growing,
and where it flashed, buttercups glistened among
cool grasses, crickets danced, and bluebirds sang.

XV

From the brown-stained shingled house his life went forth
to lilacs, oaks, hickories, Jonathan apples—
to mushrooms, moths, and orioles on his lawn—
and words with Greek and Roman sparks exploding;
he knew by heart four friends who fell too soon;
aware of peril, he walked the quiet grass.
Holding the village needs a trust, he sowed
fresh grain to help enrich its widening meadows.

XVI

Descending the dark stair, he searched for words
to dull his family’s pain, and stepped aside.
As the moon’s deep shadow stole the blackening sun,
its midnight disc revealed the sun’s corona:
no longer god, they say no night eclipsed
the bright dimensions of his mind and heart;
while rising far in the luminous sea of space,
the morning star shone on his lifted face.
REDEEM THE TIME

i

When I think of other mothers
who abandon their children
who possess them with pseudo-love
and burn their fingers
who beat them—even unto death,
you were a saint of a mother.
When I think how I hugged to my heart
small hurts from years long gone,
sickened, groped under a dark spell,
I want to remember only the times we touched.
Now, thirty years after your death,
fingering a fragile silver spoon
bequeathed me by ancestral women,
I wish to tread lightly on times we failed
each other, casting them to nepenthe,
to look at our similar yet disparate natures,
see how you were in yourself, accept
myself as I was, and am—this one last thing
I need to do for you, for me.

ii

When Father lay dying on a Florida bed,
you met my plane in the still-dark morning,
had kept your bed warm with your body,
urged me to crawl into this warm nest.
On Thanksgiving Day, your 39th wedding anniversary,
we left the hospital room to have dinner
with your friends at long laughing tables;
you told jokes which I had never heard you do;
you laughed; your eyes were filled with light.

Returning, a rainstorm had started to rage.
In the dusk of the room, a nun emerged
in snow white robes; radiant, silent,
rested an arm around your shoulders,
smiled and left without a word.
You sent him off with a psalm in which I joined:
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death. . . He was gone, quietly slipping his bonds.
You asked me to close your car windows. I ran
through the rain, ran ran ran through the rain.
You were smoothing the bedclothes when I returned,
removing his wedding band; the eyes of the nurse were wet.
At the crematorium, disguised as a country club,
you stood by his body (in white linen suit, azure tie),
looked like a bride as you smiled and said,
"Wouldn't he have liked how nice he looks!"
An awful toothache was sent you, dulling your pain.
I sat on the edge of your bed where you lay smiling.

What is it, Laura, that keeps us at odds?
At a loss, leaning over and kissing my mother, I said
We can love each other even if
we don't understand each other.
When Aunt Anne came, you sat on her lap
in your small living room, the second time
I saw you cry. Gentle Aunt Anne said softly
This is the one loss impossible to accept.

Precious daughter, you wrote, I finally got off
the memorial service... Aunt Anne and I
have had an orgy of missions this week...
Dear Daughter, my heart's comfort.

iii

Your own mother, conventional, placid
chocolate bars hidden in voluminous skirts,
wrote you every day and you to her.
Your younger sister, Celia, an angry child—
artistic, mischievous, and a trial to her mother
not like you, beautiful and good.
Your first daughter Helen without half trying, so good;
small sister Emily, dear and sweet-tempered,
the middle daughter impossible to understand,
the only one in the family who stormed.
Mother, I couldn't be as good, I couldn't be
the boy you lost when I was four,
the first time I heard you cry.

You wrote your mother: I cannot, I dare not
think of the little body past caressing.

iv

I learned the Lord's Prayer at your knees;
you let me say as far as I could, patiently prompted
until I got the whole thing; your knees were large.
At your insistence, I dredged up a prayer of my own:
Dear God, help me to do what I know is right.

When I was very young and screamed at you,
you sent me away until I could
in a thin voice say, "I'm sorry I was cross."
You leaned down then, let me hug you around your neck, and bursting with joy, skip away singing, forgiven again.

An Aries who never lost her temper, your fire was held in a fireplace, held in a home; your daughter a fire sign too—bush fire, flame flaring. When you spanked me for climbing onto a table to reach some cookies, you were calm as a clam.

Cousin Harley heard me bawl. And only once in the yard by the kitchen your eyes blazed at my shoulder, you grabbed me: Don't you ever say I WON'T to me again! When I was eleven, a revelation at camp: no single tantrum assailed the summer. Precious childie, when Mother prays for grace to get through the day, she doesn't forget her little Laura . . . Say your prayers every night and remember no one loves you more than your devoted Mother.

At boarding school you faithfully wrote me admonishing, encouraging, always sending me something—jam, a dress you had fixed, and everlastingly, laundry. Dear Laura, your blue letter was certainly pretty bad. Try another time to forget yourself. Maybe some other girl is just as lonely as you. Your being lonesome is not unlike hundreds of girls all over the country, from one cause or another, real homesickness or disappointment in not getting in with the girls you like best, as yours is. But lie low, you will come to know the best girls if you are worthy of them. Does your roommate rave over the way you keep your room? if so . . . do not give her the chance! Love from your faithful unto death, Mother.

One day you beat to death an enormous snake we met near Aunt Celia's in Ohio woods; it allowed you to kill it in the deadly torpor of a dusty August. I was sixteen, wild for living among the droning bees and tiger lilies. Wellesley mother, botany major, you had shown me a flower on our front porch, pointed to pistil and stamen. I was embarrassed.
At the first angina attack one August morning, blue jays calling, orioles singing in the hickory tree, Observatory standing in the sun across the meadow, you called for your checkbook:
    If I'm going to die, I want to take care of funeral expenses.
Emily said, Mother! You're not going to die!
But you did, in half an hour with the second assault, the check neatly made in your feminine hand.

On Cape Cod in our cabin, I lay on my cot, unable to bring myself to Wisconsin.
I saw your tiny figure on the other side of a dark river in flowing garments and a cowl-like veil with arms held out, smiling, beckoning.
In phantasy I crossed to your island home but the vestments stood by themselves, empty. Slowly I returned to my waiting husband.

Your scarlet geraniums upset me most, so recently watered—less than a week in their window boxes of the brown-stained house, had felt your touch as you picked off dead leaves, dead flowers; and in your garden still stood your lupines, larkspur, and leaves of valley lilies.

You had been beautiful in your casket, Helen said; your hair now white, marcelled, smooth skin, eyebrows still black, pretty straight nose; but the deep blue sapphire eyes were closed.
I carried your ashes inside the trunk of the elderly Buick, which you kept polished, through the village—where you lived your married life before I left for Ohio and the graveyard near the Falls where you picnicked when Father came to visit his Aunt Susie who gave you music lessons. Three cylinders vertically placed, the baby son's secure between his father's and his mother's.
    Dearest Laura, Aunt Anne wrote, the smock you made for your mother came. She must have been very lovely in it. I am glad to have it because it was hers. Wasn't she exquisite!

Impelled to see Menotti's Medium, I heard four times the daughter's call from the dead:
    Mother, Mother are you there?
    And, O black swan take me down with you.
I sought a medium; as he went into trance
a small bright light danced about my head.

His control said, "It's your mother's light."
And then came the crucial voice, deeply
perceived as yours, never mind the sound:

*Forgive me.*

Stunned, bursting into riotous sobs, I cried

It is *I* who should ask *you* to forgive *me*!

The voice came again, calm and firm: *No. Forgive me.*

That was all; a glued-shut window flew open.

In a dream my mother lay, lovely as a flower
on top of a cloud that hovered over
the Observatory; she started to fall off the side.
I felt that danger lurked, cried out in alarm.
The whole day I kept you by my side, walked you
through places where you had been loved.

viii

Should you be my child in another life,
I would love God first, myself, your father and you,
nurture a loving woman, wrap you in love;
delight in your bright new freshness,
respect your uniqueness, listen and learn;
search for the source of rebellious fires,
accept my dark side perceived by my child
in the clear deep well of intuitive being.

You needn't be good all the time my dear!
Get beautifully muddy, be passionate!
Kick up your heels!

I would be strict as well as loving, and then—
then I would let you go, Ida Mary
my black-haired beauty.

Stirring now a fragile silver spoon
in your Haviland teacup, white with rim of gold,
jasmine tea fragrant in my nostrils,
I feel the warmth of a lighted dining room
on a stormy, snowy Wisconsin night; see
curtains of pink and turquoise, a Persian garden,
drawn against delicious banshee wailings of the wind;
hear our family grace: *Bless the Lord,*
*O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*

Drinking our tomato soup, for dessert
homemade custard in rosy ramikins,
we, acceptable three, sitting around
the big oak table (sturdy and strong as the tree),
our father saying, "Aren't we a happy family!"
And you, smiling too, and nodding assent.
BARROWS ANCESTRY
EARLY SETTLERS IN AMERICA

Historical Background

Not long after the Plymouth colony was founded by the Pilgrims in Massachusetts, the first colonies that were to become Connecticut began to develop along the shores of Long Island Sound and the banks of the Housatonic and Connecticut rivers. This area had been previously claimed by the Dutch, who first sailed up the Connecticut river in 1614. The Dutch, however, did not act on this claim until 1633 when they finally built a small fort on the river at the present site of Hartford, 40 miles inland. During the same period, the English founded a settlement at Windsor, 15 miles further up the river. Although the Dutch continued to claim various parts until 1674, they never built a permanent settlement in Connecticut and so the English were able to drive them out. Other early settlements included New Haven, New London, Saybrook, and Wethersfield. Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor united in 1636 to form the Connecticut Colony.

These early settlements coexisted with Native American villages. Before the white man came, there were between 6,000 and 7,000 Indians in this area, including the powerful Pequot tribe. The early colonists feared the Pequot Indians because small bands of the tribe would attack their settlements. This led to the Pequot War of 1637, which resulted in between 600 and 700 of the Indians being burned alive at the Pequot village near West Mystic, Conn., and others sold into slavery in Bermuda.

Many early Connecticut settlers had previously been in Massachusetts colonies, but they had left in search of more political and religious freedom, away from imperial influence. These settlers traveled primarily by foot along old Indian paths to reach the newly formed colony. The most famous of these early settlers was Thomas Hooker, a Congregationalist minister and the chief founder of Hartford. In 1638, Hooker preached a sermon calling for a government based on the will of the people. The Connecticut Colony put Hooker's principle into practice in 1639, when it adopted the Fundamental Orders as its law. The Fundamental Orders gave voters the right to elect government officials. These Orders were sometimes called the “first written constitution”.

Connecticut's homogeneous population and community-centered form of government existed away from the mainstream of royal imperial affairs and remained focused on the town and its people. In the early days, each town functioned without county government and kept their own records. By 1650, registration of births, marriages, and deaths had become the town clerk’s
responsibility. Ten years later, several new towns had joined the Connecticut Colony; and in 1662, the New Haven Colony became a part of it.

As the colonies grew, the original Indian trails were improved into roads. The original purpose of these roads was to carry dispatches between the governors of the colonies, such as those of Boston and New York. They were called Post Roads and were used primarily to carry mail between the towns. But with the onset of the Revolutionary war, the earliest route between Boston and New York was expanded into several routes so as to be able to alert the many towns and villages during the Revolution. These were known as the Upper, Middle and Lower Post Roads until they converged at New Haven and continued on into New York.

With voices of the impending Revolution espousing the principles of freedom of expression, Connecticut began to move away from a sole focus on the town and look out toward the broader community of colonies opposing Royal authority. Connecticut people, however, fought on both sides of this fight for independence, with many Loyalists migrating northeast to what are now known as the eastern provinces in Canada. By the end of the War of the Revolution, family farms were unable to support the large number of young people in the area. The population
boom made it necessary for more and more descendants of these settlers to leave available and
cheaper land elsewhere in order to provide for themselves and their families. This included Vermont, which was largely settled by people from Connecticut and who duplicated many of the Connecticut town names and their form of government.

Our Barrows ancestors were part of this early colonial migration period, beginning in Salem Mass., moving on to the Plymouth Colony, then the Connecticut Colony, and finally ending up on the Western frontier of Oneida County, N.Y.

First Immigrants and Early Descendants

Many of our Barrows ancestors married into lines that can also be traced back to the colonial period and their English origins. For this Family History, however, only the Barrows and Storrs families will be documented.

The Barrows family can be traced back to the early 1600’s in England. Our direct ancestral line is recorded as follows:

**John Barrowe [704]**

The first immigrant to America from this line was John Barrowe. He was the son of Ralf and Audrey Deye Barrowe and was born on Sep. 16, 1609 in Great Yarmouth, England. Ralf Barrowe[1408] was the son of Hugh and Thomasine Barryford Borrowe and was Christened in same town on Jan 4, 1575. His father, Hughe Borrow [2816], was born about 1545 in England.

John Barrowe married Anne Thompson in England in 1634 and sailed to Salem, Mass. in 1637. He was only 28 at the time and she was 40. Records show that there was also a John Barrowe, aged 26, who sailed from London for Virginia in 1635. It is quite possible that he traveled to the new world to see it for himself and then return for his wife. Remember, the Plymouth Colony had begun to be established only 15 years earlier with the arrival of the Pilgrims on the Mayflower on Dec. 26, 1620. The reader is referred to the Barrett Ancestry for an historical background on why these early colonists left England and sought new freedom and opportunity in America.

John Barrowe and Anne had one son, Robert, who was born in Salem on May 11,1639. Anne died in Salem around 1666 and shortly thereafter John and his son Robert remove to Plymouth, Mass. where John marries again in 1667 and has 5 more children. He died in Plymouth on Jun. 12,1692 at the age of 82. In his will, he leaves all of his land to his son by his first wife, Robert [352].

**Robert Barrow [352]**

Robert Barrow, son of John and Anne Barrowe, had six children by his first wife, Ruth Bonum, and was left considerable property by his father-in-law. One of these is known as the Sparrow House on Summer St. in Plymouth, Mass. It is one of the oldest standing homes in Plymouth and is owned by the Preservation Society. After the death of his first wife, Robert married Lydia Dunham in 1684.
She was the daughter of John Dunham of Barnstable, Mass. They had six children, including our direct ancestor, Robert [176]. Robert (Sr.) died in Plymouth on Dec. 19, 1707.

**Robert Barrows [176]**
Robert Barrows (Jr), son of Robert Barrow and his 2nd wife Lydia Dunham, was born on Nov. 8, 1689. He married Bethia Ford, daughter of Michael and Bethia Hatch Ford, at Plymouth, Mass. on Apr. 25, 1711. They later settled in Mansfield, Conn., around 1720. They had seven children, including our direct ancestor, Thomas [88]. Robert died Aug. 17, 1779 at the age of 90. Bethia died Nov. 12, 1773 at the age of 83.

**Lt. Thomas Barrows [88]**
Thomas Barrows, son of Robert Barrows and Bethia Ford, was born on Sep. 13, 1716 at Plymouth, Mass. He married, 3rd, Elizabeth Turner in 1751. She was originally from Plymouth, Mass. They had nine children, including our direct ancestor Lemuel [44] who married Hannah Moore Storrs [45]. Lt Thomas Barrows died Oct 28, 1776 in Mansfield.

The ancestry of Hanna Moore Storrs can also be traced back to her English forefathers:

**Samuel Storrs [720]**
Samuel Storrs, progenitor of the Storrs family in America, was the fourth son and fourth child of Thomas and Mary Storrs of Sutton-cum-Lound, Nottinghamshire, England, and was baptized there Dec. 7, 1640. He immigrated to Barnstable, Mass. in 1663. Three years later, on 6 Dec. 1666, he married Mary Huckins, daughter of Thomas Huckins of Barnstable. Thomas Huckins had lived in or near Boston and was of the Artillery Company in 1637 and bore its standard in 1639. He married Mary Wells in 1642. She died in 1648. Thomas Huckins died Nov. 29, 1679 at the age of 62.

Samuel and Mary had six children—Mary, Sarah, Hannah, Elizabeth, Samuel Jr. [360] and Lydia. Mary Storrs died in 1683 after giving birth to her seventh child, Mehetabel, who died in infancy. In 1685, Samuel Storrs married the widow Esther Agard and by her had three more children—Thomas, Esther and Cordial. It is through his two sons, Samuel (1677-1727), our direct ancestor, and Thomas (1686-1755) that most Storrs families in America are descended.

**Samuel Storrs Jr. [360]**
Samuel Storrs, Jr., son of Samuel Storrs and Mary Wells, was born in Barnstable, Mass., May 17, 1677, and went with his father to Mansfield, Conn., in or about the year 1698. On the last day of October, 1700, he married Martha Burge and they had seven children—Samuel, John [180], Huckins, Joseph, Martha, Elizabeth, and Mary.

Samuel Storrs, Jr., was one of the original proprietors of the town of Mansfield and a member of its first church. He lived, as did his father and his brother Thomas, in the South Parish, the earliest settled part of the town. He was a capable, prominent man. He died early at the age of 49 on Aug. 9, 1727. His wife Martha died a year later aged 57. Unfortunately, he died without a will, and with her death, the children were left orphans—three of them yet minors. The administration and settlement of the estate was very complex and resulted in
Charles Storrs, a descendant of Joseph Storrs (son of Samuel Storrs Jr. [360]) founded, with his brother, Augustus, the Storrs Agricultural School in Mansfield in 1881 by giving 70 acres of land and money to the State of Connecticut. This was the same Charles that compiled the book, *The Storrs Family*, published in 1886, a copy of which is in the possession of Peter Williams of Madison, Wis.. That small school eventually grew to become the University of Connecticut which is located in Storrs, a district of Mansfield. Mansfield will be celebrating its 300th anniversary in the year 2002.

**John Storrs [180]**

John Storrs, second son of Samuel Storrs, Jr. and Martha Burge, was born in Mansfield, Oct 7,1702, and married Esther, daughter of Samuel and Experience Rust Gurley of Coventry and Mansfield on Jan 2 1735. She was born Feb. 24, 1713.

John and Esther Gurley Storrs had three children; one, however, died less than 2 weeks after birth. The surviving son (our direct ancestor) was also named John [90]. Esther died Mar 15,1746, aged 33 and John in 1753, aged 51.

**Rev. John Storrs [90]**

John Storrs, surviving son of John and Esther Gurley Storrs, was born on Dec. 1,1735. He first married, on Nov. 29, 1762, Mrs. Eunice Conant Howe, widow of Dr. Samuel Howe, a surgeon in the army that marched against Canada in 1759. They had one son, Richard Salter, who was born in Mansfield, Conn.. on Aug. 30,1763, fifteen days after his father’s ordination as pastor at Southold, L.I. John Storrs graduated at Yale College in 1756 where he tutored and studied for the ministry. His son, Richard Salter, also graduated at Yale College, was Salutatorian of his class, and became a beloved minister of the church in Longmeadow, Mass.


John Storrs and Hannah Moore had six children; the 4th was named Hannah Moore Storrs[45], our direct ancestor. Rev. John Storrs was driven from Southold in August of 1776 by the ravages of the British in his parish, and “domiciled in Mansfield where his patrimony lay, and in Windham, Conn.., until 1782.” During a considerable part of this time he was a chaplain in the army with the 2nd battalion of Wadsworth’s Connecticut Brigade where he was taken prisoner in 1776, and later with General Waterbury’s State Brigade in 1781.

In 1782, Rev. John Storrs was cordially welcomed back to Southold where he resumed his pastorate until April of 1787, when he resigned due to ill health. He returned to Mansfield with his family and died there in 1799. His wife, Hanna Moore, then joined two of her sons out on the frontier of New York where she died on Mar 1,1821 at the age of 82.

Five years earlier, in 1794, the oldest son John, who was baptized on Nov. 24, 1771, had traveled to the wilderness in Oneida Co., N.Y. where he helped settle the town of Trenton. He was joined the following year by his younger brother, Luther. From Luther’s obituary notice in 1858, we have the following:

“At Trenton, NY, after an illness of a few days, Mr. Luther
Storrs, in the 81st year of his age.

“Mr. Storrs was a native of Southold, LI, born Dec. 15, 1776 and was the youngest son of Rev John Storrs, a puritan clergyman who preached in that town for many years, and afterward removed with his family during the Revolutionary War, and settled in Mansfield Conn. When a youth, he came into this region of country when it was wilderness, meeting his brother John, the late Judge Storrs who had arrived here in 1794, one year previous. These two brothers were among the pioneer settlers of Trenton and were distinguished for their enterprise, intelligence, and sterling probity of character. They built the first mill in the town and were engaged under Colonel Boon, an enterprising citizen of Holland and the original proprietor of this township of land.

“In 1797 they erected the large stone building near the depot, and designed by them for a flouring-mill. In other enterprises their influence was felt at an early day. Luther survived his brother John twelve years, and was almost the last of the primitive settlers—a link between the present and the past generations. Unmarried, he had no family of his own, and he died among his relatives, an object of their strong affection and attachment. His hope was alone in Christ. The study of the Bible was his daily enjoyment. Long will his friends miss him at the old desk by the window, poring over his books, as they see his vacant seat. But they trust he is now at rest. His funeral was attended, April 3, by a large number of friends from the Presbyterian Church in Trenton, where an able discourse was preached by the pastor, Rev Mr. Thomas, from Phil. i.21, ‘for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain’.”

Their sister, Hanna Moore Storrs [45] and her husband, Lemuel Barrows [44] and two children joined them in Trenton N.Y. in 1798 where they bought land, built their log cabin and settled down to raise their family.
Lemuel Barrows [44] and Hannah Moore Storrs [45]


Storrs Barrows Barrett (1864-1937), g.grandson of Lemuel Barrows, writes in his notes that before they were married, Lemuel may have met Hannah in a church in Mansfield while her father Rev. John Storrs had been exiled from his church at Southold, L.I. from 1776 to 1782. She was 13 when she went back to Long Island with her father. He also notes that in 1786, Lemuel, who had been teaching school around Mansfield, desires to go to the seashore on account of impaired health, according to letters of recommendation by Experience Storrs and Constant Southworth in May of that year. “Lemuel may have wished the seashore of Southold, L.I.!” Storrs writes.

The following year Lemuel was certified by the minister Elijah Gridley of Mansfield, as “a gentleman of good moral character and hath been much employed as a schoolmaster in this town.”

Lemuel Barrows and Hannah Moore Storrs had five children: Sophronia, born Aug. 18, 1795; Harriet, born Aug. 7, 1797; Sally, born Nov. 19, 1799; John Thomas Storrs [22], born Oct 5, 1802; and Hannah Moore, born Jun. 24, 1806. After the second child was born, they removed to the wilderness of Oneida Co., N.Y. where they joined Hanna’s mother and two of her brothers. They later bought a farm in Trenton, N.Y. in 1803. A newspaper article records that in 1814, Lemuel Barrows and his family were still living in a log house at that time.

Hannah, wife of Lemuel Barrows, died Feb. 2, 1828. Lemuel next married Sally Fitch of Coventry, Conn. on Sep. 19, 1830. Lemuel died Nov. 26, 1852, aged 83 and Sally on Apr. 5, 1866, aged 88. They are all buried in the Olde Barneveld Cemetery in Trenton, N.Y.

The following ancient book of Lemuel Barrows, dated 1812, is in the possession of David and Kathy Williams of Williams Bay, Wisconsin. Notice that the book has been stamped with the name of his son, Storrs (our direct ancestor) and that John Storrs, brother of Hanna Moore Storrs, signed the certification as President of the Society:
John Thomas Storrs Barrows, son of Lemuel Barrows and Hannah Moore Storrs, was born in Trenton, N.Y. on Oct 5, 1802. One can only imagine the conditions that his parents and their children endured after first coming to the wilderness 4 years earlier. They probably arrived in the early spring so that they could begin clearing the land, plowing the soil and planting the seed so that they could raise enough crops to provide a supply of food for the coming winter. There usually was no time to build a home that first year, and like other pioneer families, they most likely built a temporary shelter (called a half-camp) made of twisted bark and branches forming a three-sided structure with a flat roof. The open side would face a fire, which during the day would be used to cook the food, and at night for warmth and to keep the wild animals away.
In his early life, Storrs was a farmer like his father. In a worn and tattered 1829 Farmers Almanac, with the name “Storrs Barrows” stamped in ink on the first page, we have the following entries written in the margins:

January, 1829
“Lost my horse the 22 January”

April, 1829
“Began to plow the 13 of April”
“Snow the 17”

May, 1829
“The young bay Misty foaled the 15th May”
“Young sorrel the 16th May
“Old Mare the 23 May”
“Washed sheep the 31 May”
“Began to plant the 19th of May”
“Finished the 20th”

June, 1829
“Sheared sheep the 4th of June”
“___the sheep _____’

July, 1829
“Commesd. haying—13th”
“An election on the cavalry the 18”
“Election in our camp(?) over the 18th”
“Hannah takes sick 30”

August 1829
“Married the 15 — came home the 18”
“train’d the 2:4 at H. Patent”
“Hannah died 23”
“Burried 24”
“Train’d .7. at Casc’d & 24 at Whitesborough”

[Under the August 1829 entries, the “Married the 15—came home the 18” refers to his marriage to Sally Fitch after the death of his first wife, Hanna Moore Storrs. Also, the “Hannah died 23” entry refers to his sister, Hanna Moore Barrows, who according to her tombstone died Sep. 23,1829 at the age of 23.]

In 1829, Storrs Barrows [22] marries Sylvia Trumbull [23], daughter and one of seven children of Elijah Trumbull and Abigail Cary. The Trumbull (or Trumble) family can be traced back to Suffield, Conn., in the early 1700’s (Barbour Collection of Connecticut Vital Records) and possibly to James Trumbull of New Castle, Upon Tyne, Northumberland, England who was born in 1584. The validity of this connection has not yet been established.

Storrs and Sylvia had two children: Emily Julia Barrows [11] (our direct ancestor), born Mar 20,
1830, and Lemuel Fitch Barrows, born in Nov. of 1832. In a barely legible little notebook kept by Lemuel Fitch in 1850 are found a mixture of handwritten entries including poetry, receipts and lists of expenses, from groceries to lodging: “commenced boarding with Dr. Wakeley Dec. 17, 1850 at $2.00 for week everything included”. There are also problems in algebra, trigonometry and solid geometry that were worked out, supposedly for school. And on one page we have this solemn, handwritten pledge signed by Fitch and two of his friends:

“We the undersigned do agree to abstain from the pernicious practice of profanity for the term of three months under the penalty of 6 1/4 cents for every 5th time of indulgence and we pledge ourselves to this effect by our Social Honor.

Lemuel F. Barrows
Andrew J. B____
Dudley W. Rhodes”

Sadly, Fitch died the following year on Sep. 15, 1851—he was only 19 years old. His sister Emily was deeply affected by his death, as recorded by Emily’s daughter, Helen Barrett Montgomery, in Old Time Memories:

“Some of the things which my mother has told me concerning her early life I shall try to set down for those who love her. I cannot be sure that they are all accurate for her life was so lived in the present that she never took time to put in writing details that I should be so glad to have now.

“Her people were emigrants from Connecticut in the opening of the nineteenth century when the wilderness of Central New York began to be settled by Americans from the older states. Storrs, Barrows, Trumbull, all good Connecticut names, were in her immediate ancestry. I think she was born in the log house which her grandfather, Lemuel Barrows, one of the first settlers in South Trenton, built and in which her father Storrs Barrows was born. At any rate, here much of her girlhood was spent.

“When she was a small child her father became interested in railroad building, and superintended the gangs of men who constructed some of the first stretches of track laid in the Empire State. His business took the family away from South Trenton for a time, during which they lived in Skaneateles and Syracuse. Memories belonging to this period in her life were of her jumping rope on the newly constructed railroad track, and along the top of a rail fence. The child’s nimbleness and daring evidently amused her father’s friends, for my mother remembers their giving her pennies to perform these feats.

“The other memory was of another sort. Her father was so injured in an accident that for three days his bones were not set, since it was supposed that he was dying. There were no merciful anesthetics in those days, and my mother remembers running with her hands to her ears to escape the sounds of his cries. My grandfather lived to be a hale, handsome old man of seventy-five, but always walked with a limp.

“I used to love to hear stories of the life on the farm at the edge of the quaint little village of South Trenton. The busy industry, the fun and merry makings, the sleigh rides and sugar pulls, the tea-parties to which the girls walked sometimes
two and three miles, the spellings-down in the school house, the debates and literary societies, the dances in the town hall made up her happy, busy, wholesome girlhood in a neighborhood where life was simple, to be sure, but lived among people of fine traditions and high ideals and intelligence.

“Miss Kelly’s Seminary in Utica was, at that time, as for many years, a famous school, carrying out ideas in regard to the education of girls that were in advance of that day. In this boarding school, the girls received not only sound mental discipline, but from the Christian gentlewoman who was its head, they gained a courtesy, social tact, and gracious ideals of womanhood that were precious.

“My mother looked back at her school life with regret in one particular. She always resented the sharp distinction that was made in their studies when her only brother, Fitch, was sent to the academy to prepare for college and she to the seminary. ‘We had always studied together’, she would say, ‘and I was able to go right along with him; when he went away he studied Latin and Algebra, but they would not let me take them because I was a girl. So I studied French and Literature.’

“She studied both these branches to such good advantage that she was able to teach both with success and pleasure. Only the week before her death she saw Maeterlinck’s Blue Bird at the Lyceum, and wrote me about her delight in its beauty and symbolism. ‘I believe I will buy a copy in the original and rub up my French this summer’, the letter concluded.

“The first great grief of her life came to her soon after the end of her school days in the death from typhoid fever of this loved and only brother, Fitch. To the day of her death she kept a slate of his covered with neatly written problems in Algebra. His picture hung above her bed, I remember, and I used often to look at the brave, handsome face of the boy whose going almost broke her heart.

“After leaving the seminary she taught in an academy in Illinois, where she saw her first prairie, and had her first taste of life on the pioneer edge of the country. An engagement to teach as preceptress in the academy in Nunda, N.Y. brought her the acquaintance of the principal, Adoniram Judson Barrett, to whom she was married in 1860. Her grandfather had been much troubled because she had remained so long unmarried, and would say to her, ‘Emily, Emily, if you are so particular you will go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last.’

“‘Well, grandfather,’ was her laughing answer, ‘if I must pick up a crooked stick I would rather do it at the end rather than at the beginning of the woods’”

The story of Storrs and Sylvia Barrows continues, this time from Helen Barrett Montgomery’s autobiography:

“Grandfather Barrows lived in the village of South Trenton on the line to Utica. The three of us made trips in the train with the conductor in charge of us, and we were met by our grandfather, now lame, with Doll, the aged buckskin mare that had long been soured with humanity and looked it. Grandfather Barrows was a handsome old man, with intellectual interests. He had a barometer with catgut coiled around a drum attached to an index pointer. For many years he reported the weather to the Smithsonian Institution.

“Grandmother Barrows was not quite so educated as her husband. But she had a great influence on me. If one of my grandmothers taught me to pray, the other taught me to work. She was a better manager than my grandfather, and after his
death she brought the farm into fine condition. I used to spend months at a time with her, helping her to knit and sew, bake bread and cake, make soup and sausages, feed the hens and the pigs, dig the potatoes, shell the peas, hunt for eggs, collect the cows, and harness old Doll.

“At Grandfather Barrow’s, I was not much interested in the Reports of the Smithsonian Institute, nor in Young’s Night Thoughts, nor in Butler’s Analogy and the Call to the Unconverted. But Foxe’s Book of Martyrs was by no means to be sniffed at, and there was Pilgrim’s Progress. We skipped the piety and dramatized the narrative, playing it day after day throughout the house. The City of Destruction was in the cellar, the Celestial Regions on the third floor. A pillow-case provided the burden of sin that rolled away on the first turn of the second-floor stairs, and Appolyon lurked in the clothes closet near by. The Delectable Mountains were viewed after crawling through a trap door onto the parapet below the roof.

“There was a narrow little cupboard on one side of the fireplace at South Trenton where I rummaged amid old almanacs and newspapers for some book to read. I found a worn little volume called Letty’s Gold Locket. Letty wore this locket and showed herself to be a wonderfully thoughtful little girl. She read to her grandmother, picked up stitches in her knitting when she dropped them, ran errands, and dusted the rooms. Not until the end of the book was the locket opened, and it was found to contain the words, ‘He pleased not himself.’ It was doubtless one of those despised books that were written for the Sunday school but it fascinated me. It made more of an impression on me than many another volume of greater literary merit. A thorn-bush may be, I suppose, a cathedral to a sparrow.”

The grandchildren continued to spend their summers on the Barrows’ farm in Trenton, N.Y., even through their college years. Storrs Barrows [22] lived to be 74, dying Mar 5, 1877. Sylvia [23] died Jan 12, 1888, at the age of 81. They are both buried in the family plot in the Olde Barneveld Cemetery in Trenton. The story of Emily Julia Barrows [11] after she marries Adoniram Judson Barrett [10] is told under their marriage in the Barrett Ancestry.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

The following bibliography lists the major sources of published material that were used in the writing of this family history. These are in addition to the thousands of vital records, census records, land records, probate records, court records, tax records, cemetery records, church records and newspaper accounts plus family letters and diaries that document the lives of these ancestors. These original records were extracted from original county sources and local archives plus microfilmed records made available through the National Archives and the LDS Family History Library. They will be cited in more detailed, computerized Family History Records that will hopefully be made available someday. Notes and hard copies of these records are contained within the author’s files at his present home in Glendora, CA and are willed into the possession of his daughter, Karen Louise Gulley of Anaheim Hills, CA.

HUGHES ANCESTRY

EARLY SETTLERS IN AMERICA

Millard F. Roberts, History of Remsen, New York (New York: Published by the Author, 1914).
Documents regarding the commitment of Robert Hughes to the State Asylum in Utica found at the B-1 Records Center, Oneida County Clerk’s Office, Utica, NY.

WILLIAM J. HUGHES

History of Buffalo County, 1885-1985 (Gann Valley, South Dakota: compiled by the Lady Helpers Society, 1985).

ROBERT LEE HUGHES

Family letters in the possession of Richard M. Hughes of Glendora, CA.
Academic records regarding Robert L. Hughes found at the University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

ROBERT LEE HUGHES AND ANNE LOUISE BARRETT

Family letters in the possession of Richard M. Hughes of Glendora, CA.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

JUDSON BARRETT HUGHES

Family letters in the possession of Richard M. Hughes of Glendora, CA

JUDSON B. HUGHES AND CYNTHIA MCFANN

Family letters in the possession of Richard M. Hughes of Glendora, CA

JOHN HARLEY HUGHES

Family letters in the possession of Richard M. Hughes of Glendora, CA
Remembrances of Connie Rusk, daughter of Harley Hughes.

BARRETT ANCESTRY

FIRST SETTLERS IN AMERICA

Palmer, Palmer-Barrett Genealogy (Concord Library, Concord, MA).
Zander/Nash Linage (Los Angeles Public Library, Genealogy).
1000 Years of Hubbard History (Concord Library, Concord, MA: 1895).
Joseph G. Minot, Search of Genealogical Record of Minot Family (Concord Library, Concord, MA)
James Brooks, My Grandfather’s House (Concord Library, Concord, MA, 1932).
Charles Pope, Merriam Genealogy in England and America (Boston, MA: 1906).
Jacobus, Rev. Peter Bulkeley (Concord Library, Concord, MA, 1933).
Charles E. Rice, By the Name of Rice (Alliance, OH: Williams Print Co., 1911).
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR

Capt Amos Barrett (Cousin of Benjamin Barrett [40]), *Narrative of the North Bridge Fight* (Concord: text of a memorial plaque in the Concord Museum written in 1825).

THE NEW FRONTIER

*Minutes of the Meetings of the Paris Society, Book No. 1*, Paris, NY.

THE EDUCATORS

Gertrude Van Rensselaer Wickham, ed., *Memorial to the Pioneer Women of the Western Reserve* (Cleveland: Women’s Department of the Cleveland Centennial commission, 1896).


**HELEN MARIA BARRETT**


Essay, Susan B. Anthony and Helen Barrett Montgomery (Baptist History and Heritage, Summer-Fall 2005).

Essay, Helen Barrett Montgomery (Western Yew York Suffragists: Winning the Vote).


Copy of hand written note by Susan B. Anthony, 1899.


Family letters and diaries in the possession of Kathy and David Williams, Williams Bay, WI.

Diaries of Helen Barrett Montgomery and Edith Montgomery in the possession of Humphrey Simson, Stuart, Florida.

**ANNE LOUISE BARRETT**

Family letters in the possession of Richard M. Hughes of Glendora, CA, and family letters and diaries in the possession of Kathleen and David Barrett Williams of Williams Bay, WI.

Academic Records and mementos regarding Anne Louise Barrett found in the Wellesley College Archives, Wellesley, MA.


STORRS BARROWS BARRETT

Family letters in the possession of Kathleen and David Barrett Williams of Williams Bay, WI.
Author Unknown, A transcription of the Diary of George A. Crawford, 1881-1882, (Museum of Western Colorado, Grand Junction, CO.)

STORRS BARROWS BARRETT and IDA MARY CLARK

Family letters and diaries in the possession of Kathleen and David Barrett Williams of Williams Bay, WI.
Ruth Lake, The Astronomer and Other Poems (Published privately by the Estate of E. Gerard Lake, 1982).

BARROWS ANCESTRY

EARLY SETTLERS IN AMERICA

Sharon Judith Barrows, The Barrows Family—14 Generations (Unpublished, a copy is located in the Mansfield, CT, Historical Society).
Isaac Watson Dunham, Dunham Genealogy. English and American Branches of the Dunham Family (Norwich Conn.: Bulletin Print ca. 1907)

*Town Records of Mansfield, Conn.* (Connecticut Historical Society).


**THE PIONEERS**

